

THE DELINEATOR



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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

SOMETHING happened in Indiana recently that is a challenge to the pessimist. It was a glorious thought in the soul of a poor, weak human being. He was a prisoner in the State penitentiary, a life-termer, convicted of murder. He was an old man. He had served in the Civil War in an Ohio regiment.

The State newspapers announced the reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Henry Romine, who fought for his country in '61, longed for a sight of his old comrades. Finally he wrote a letter to the Governor of the State, in which he said that "the ranks of the Grand Army are getting thin and only a few years more are left for reunions." He asked to be paroled for four days to attend the encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic. He gave his "word of honor as a soldier" to return to the penitentiary, in which he is doomed to spend the rest of his life, after having this last opportunity to march under the flag.

Romine was given his parole. He donned his old blue uniform and went down to Indianapolis. He marched with the ancient doughboys past the Governor, down crowded streets of cheering men, attended the reunion banquet, swapped stories with old-timers, and when it was all over and the other old veterans turned back to their soldier homes, or more fortunate abodes, Romine carefully folded his beloved uniform and knocked at the barred gate in time to keep his "word of honor as a soldier."

Governor McCray attended the reunion. He watched Romine, and later asked the prison authorities if he kept the "word of honor of a soldier."

The Governor has half promised that the next reunion of the G. A. R. will be attended by Henry Romine, a free man.

INTERESTING—BUT NOT TRUE

WE HAVE been ridden by committees and resolutions. We are cursed with people in authority making interesting but incorrect statements.

Recently there was a convention of the National Dietetic Association. One of the officers in the opening address made this statement:

"The Government of the United States spends annually millions of dollars on domestic animals and the prevention of disease among them and spends thousands only on the children."

We believe there is still much room for improvement, but nothing is to be gained by untruth or by curtailing one cent of wise expenditure to save the cattle of America.

A careful survey of the facts shows that the United States spends millions of dollars to conserve the health of children.

Better hogs mean prosperity and prosperity brings better living conditions.

It may be sensational and dramatic to shout at the United States Government that it spends more money on beasts than babies, but the statement lacks the merit of being true.

THE SINS OF PARENTS

IF YOU are a mother or a father, you may be shocked to find that there are seven cardinal sins of parents. Angelo Patri, one of the foremost educators of New York and student of child psychology, has spent his life working on the problems of the relationship between parents and children. Families in New York have moved from other parts of town to the Bronx in order to bring their children under the influence of Angelo Patri. Prominent men living some distance from the public school over which Dr. Patri presides attend his parents' meetings for guidance.

THE DELINEATOR desires to broaden the field of service of so important a man. We have persuaded Dr. Patri to write for the readers of THE DELINEATOR and to answer any questions which may help to solve the problem of the child in your home.

THE WOMAN WHO HAS LIVED

ON THE east side of the Seine in Paris there lives a quiet woman who has been a big force for good in her country. During the war she was one of the organizers of welfare work for women and aid for hopelessly wounded soldiers.

Madame Roché lost most of her worldly possessions in the war. It did not trouble her because she still had enough for a modest living. Her days are filled with work for others. Her sayings have become bywords and inspirations to the people whose lives she has influenced. THE DELINEATOR has, through a friend of hers, obtained some of the nuggets of her fine philosophy, which we shall publish from time to time. Here are a few of them:

People who do nothing have a gift for keeping every one else busy.

In love, better never than late.

Devotion is woman's real career.

There are women and men who resist the temptation of falling in love, not from austerity of principle but from hardness of heart.

Happiness is a Wandering Jew: always on the road and forbidden to enter anywhere.

The invisible, above all, we must never lose from sight.

Let us separate from time to time, that we may not hate each other.

The poor are patient; that is why poverty is eternal.

I must esteem those I love, and understand what I believe.

Lucky potatoes! When they grow old they sprout hair.

I am willing to efface myself, but I will not submit to being suppressed by others.

Suffering sours and weakens the weak; it mellows and strengthens the strong.

The heart is the sunlight of books.

WHY NATIONS DISTRUST EACH OTHER

By NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT

Instructor in History, Harvard University

IN CONSIDERING the problems which confronted the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, we must face the fact squarely that nations do not trust each other.

If you were a Frenchman or a Belgian, would you trust the Germans? If you were a Pole, with Bolshevik Russia as your neighbor, would you trust the Russians? Do the Italians trust the Servians, or the Servians the Italians?

The world we live in is a jealous world. Many nations are ruled over by men who have eaten the bread of wickedness and drunk the wine of violence. So long as some nations are covetous and other nations jealous, it behooves us to walk circumspectly.

No one can have peace longer than his neighbor pleases.

While this distrust remains in the world, the nations are going to protect themselves one from the other. We may be bound to love our enemies, but we are not bound to put our swords into their hands.

Of what use is limitation of armaments if it does not diminish the chances of war? Did the unpreparedness of this country in 1916 and 1917 keep us out of war?

The main problem facing the delegates to the Washington conference is to *remove the principal causes of distrust* between the nations.

President Harding, with great wisdom and justice, saw that until these causes for friction were eliminated the nations would refuse to talk limitation of armaments. He knew that the passions and jealousies of the world are even greater to-day than before the war. He knew that in this age, which is an economic age, nations are striving for markets for their goods. He knew that wars spring from unseen causes that generally appear insignificant. And he knew that wars and rumors of wars are frequent.

The story has been told of Japan's awakening, and how in 1872 and 1873 she sent her first embassy to study the Christian world that had so rudely broken her sleep. The mission reached Washington in March, 1872, seven years after our Civil War. It reached Europe six years after the Austro-Prussian war and two years after the Franco-Prussian war. And on its return it reported that western civilization was founded on force and that the mighty triumphed. So Japan developed her army under Prussia's inspiration and modeled her navy after Great Britain, that she might hold her own with the western powers.

Of all the remedies advanced for the limitation of naval armaments, a naval holiday for a given period of years—a complete holiday, dropping all construction where it is—has the advantage of simplicity. But it can not bring the millennium. No one who digs a well expects to find water at the first stroke of the spade.

Judge the conference not by your hopes but by its accomplishments. It is undertaking a task which the world has so far failed to achieve. Recognize the tremendous obstacles it faced, and remember that the path of the peacemaker is beset with pitfalls dug by the wicked.

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On the BENEFITS of BEING FLIMFLAMMED

Learn to recognize the fake stock-broker's rosy promises

By LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

ONCE every so often, some great swindle, such as the Ponzi investment scheme, is exposed; thousands of people lose their money, and immediately many articles anent human gullibility appear. These articles give statistics and compute how many people each year in the United States make fools of themselves by falling for some get-rich-quick scheme.

Now, I feel impelled to state at the outset that I am not one of these wise ones. Let me make an honest confession: *I have been flimflammed!*

Before I bought bogus stocks I knew that there were swindlers in the world, but up to the time I was about twenty my more or less conservative bringing up protected me almost automatically against them. I knew them only by hearsay, and vicariously through old Aunt Lou, our negro cook, who apparently took the keenest delight in being swindled. You might try to persuade her that the string of pearls she had bought at the back door from an unscrupulous pedler were palpable imitations; she preferred to believe that, because he needed the money and liked her, he had parted with fifty dollars' worth of pearls for four dollars. So, too, she invested nearly all her wages in a Mutual Burial Society, which purported to insure that she would be buried in a royal robe and to the strains of a brass band.

"But, Aunty Lou," I would say, "it's now you want good things, not after you're dead."

"Why, of course, Aunty Lou," interposed a male member of the family, "you'll be so busy walking up the golden streets in your golden slippers——"

"Yes, Marse Willie, hallelujah!"

"——that you won't care about a brass band."

"Marse Willie, you done *fo'git*, dere's goin' to be trombones!"

BUT those were only of the lower strata of flimflammers, the back-door, kitchen variety.

Then, by a sudden reversion of fortune, I lost my place among the moneyed and protected, and became one of the wage-earners of the world. Then it was that wildcat schemes began to have for me being and reality.

I had not long been in that susceptible state when I heard of a since notorious company that offered wonderful investment opportunities. Details and statistics as to their plan have long since escaped me, but these really do not matter. The flimflam game is in essence very much the same the world over. It consists in rousing hopes and expectations, in making promises of enormous gains that are to cost the investor very little. I remember that I was to invest in certain shares in a Securities Investment Company, a company composed of men of enormous experience in making investments. They would invest my money for me. Enormous profits were to be made. Of these profits (sometimes as much as two or three hundred per cent.) I was to have two-thirds, they were to retain one-third for themselves. Was that not fair? Some companies (the circular reminded me) promised larger profits, but let me beware of such. Was it not best to be on the safe side?

I remember that investors were promised reports each week of their gain, and a check representing dividends was to be mailed to each investor at the end of each month.

The friend who first called my attention to this alluring proposition was the daughter of a wealthy man. She wanted to go abroad. Her father did not forbid it, but he declined to finance it. It was Wintertime. By a happy investment of some funds she had with the company I have described, my friend would by Summer have made enough money to pay the expenses of a trip abroad.

She invested fifty dollars. It was not long before the most satisfactory returns came rolling in. The world seemed a kind place. Of course, undoubtedly, there *were* swindlers, but these appeared to be honest people who paid you a large return on your money. The proof was that they not only gave my friend large returns on her investment, but when she wished to withdraw the principal, they gave that to her also. What more could one ask?

It was this convincing matter of the return of the principal on demand that won me. As a matter of fact, I had no money to invest. I was earning barely enough, as a young writer, to keep body and soul together. Then, one day I received a check for seventy-five dollars for a story. I invested twenty-five in necessities, and then I went gaily to invest the rest with that kind firm.

I received acknowledgment from the company of my investment, with words to the effect that they were pleased to note my thriftiness, and that they would certainly do their part. There was, as I recall it, something positively benevolent and fatherly about that letter.

No monthly dividend was sent at the end of the first month, but instead a letter saying that some particularly promising investments were on foot and that I might expect especially large returns shortly. Two weeks more went by, during which my investment was, as I dreamed, rolling up interest.

By and by, when I received neither returns nor letters, I began to be uneasy. Then I grew suspicious. I wrote several letters to the company, and received no reply.

The end of the story is that I opened an evening paper not long after that, and saw by shocking headlines that the abode of this kindly, beneficent, fatherly organization had been raided by the police for a bucket-shop.

The plan this firm used was the old one of paying interest and keeping the principal. They could in this way afford to pay very flattering returns. For every dollar you invested they could give you back twenty-five cents "interest" and still carry away a neat sum. They made it a point to keep a certain number of very successful accounts, like that of my friend. In such cases they would return the principal if that were demanded. These accounts did the better share of their advertising.

NOW, it seems that by the playing of flimflam games of that sort, the public in this country is robbed (this is according to Government statistics) to the tune of five hundred millions of dollars every year. When you consider, too, that this vast amount of money is lost, as a rule, in comparatively small sums, in tens and fifteens and twenties and fifties, it is clear there are a great many credulous people duped yearly by shrewd and unscrupulous ones. So, you see, the flimflam game really is a serious menace.

Laws have been enacted to prevent the swindler from using the mails with impunity, as he did formerly; but there are ways of evading the law, and he can usually find some way of getting his proposal before the gullible. If the mails are not safe for him, the telephone is, and so are personal representatives. Lists of likely and gullible investors are kept and sold. One fake concern plays into the hands of another. The swindler can in most cases count on his prey keeping quiet about the whole transaction, because it is not pleasant to admit that one has been duped.

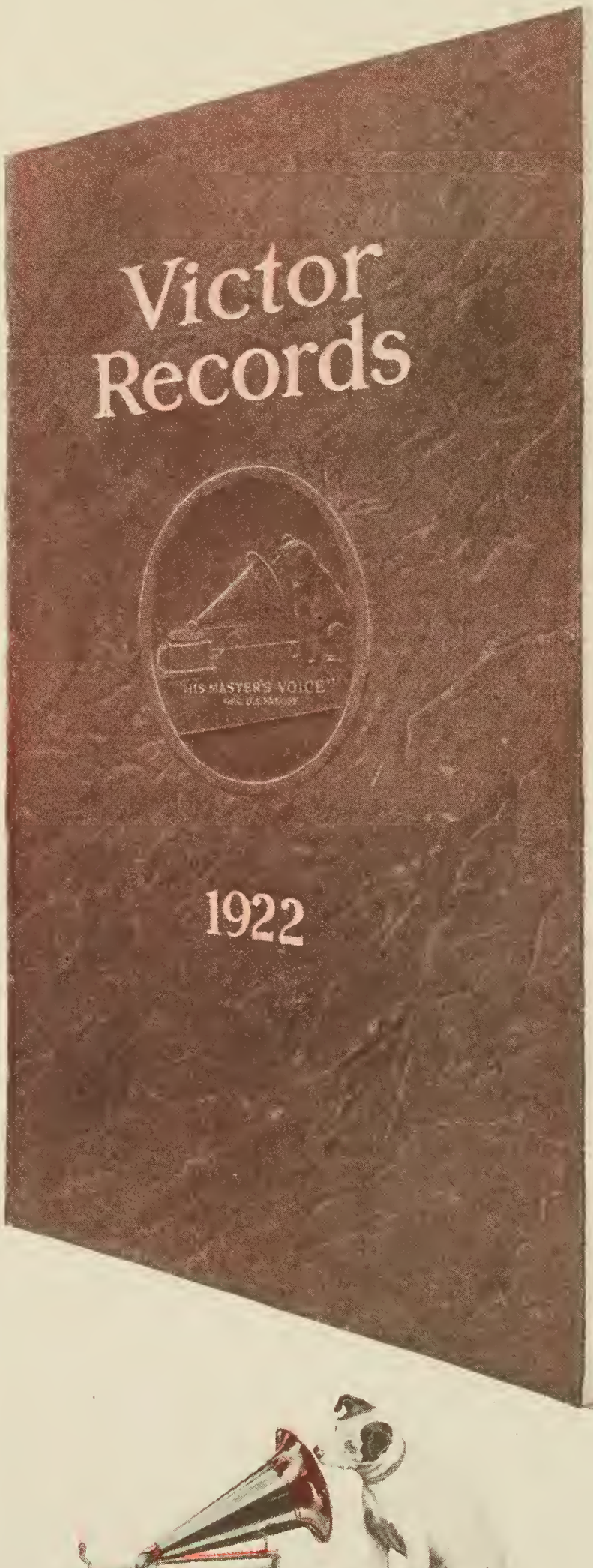
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A PROMINENT AMERICAN BANKER, Mr. A. Barton Hepburn, Chairman of the Advisory Board of the Chase National Bank of New York, commenting on this article, writes: "Your analysis of the human nature back of successful faking is very good.

"When Adam and Eve were turned out of the Garden of Eden, they were told that henceforth they would eat by the sweat of their brows. No one since has been able to side-step this rule for any very great length of time. The real and lasting fortunes are made through service rendered, and not through any get-rich-quick scheme. A real contribution to the world's need in the way of something created, something manufactured which the world wants, something transported to a place where it is demanded, is the only dependable basis for securing wealth.

"Women without experience should invest only after consultation with a reliable business man or banker in whom they have confidence. If they will then study the reports of the business, they can educate themselves in investment matters. Bonds, as opposed to stocks, are, of course, the more conservative investment generally, and a woman may wisely stick to this form unless she has competent advice or until she gains some real investment knowledge."

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SEVEN GREAT SINS *Against* CHILDHOOD

By ANGELO PATRI

Every parent is guilty on one or more counts. In this article the author picks out yours and tells you how to remedy it. Mr. Patri is that rare type of teacher—he knows what children need and has the ability to impart that knowledge to others. Visitors from all parts of the country come to his model public school in New York to learn the "secret" of his success, not only with the normal child but with the backward, the indolent, and the incorrigible.

The fruits of a lifetime devoted to developing children into successful men and women are condensed and clearly explained in the series of DELINEATOR articles of which this is the first. Their importance to parents is immeasurable.

EVERYBODY has his blind side. Parents seem to have theirs turned toward their children. Blinded by love or fear or ignorance, they sin against the childhood they would protect and make happy and successful.

No parent willingly injures his child. Then why do parents so frequently try to force their children to be something they never were intended to be? Why do they make themselves and their children unhappy by doing a thousand things that lead to friction and rebellion and failure? Parental blindness is the only possible explanation for the sins that parents commit against their children.

When a child comes into the world he faces a tremendous struggle. Helpless in body, with but the germ of a mind, he must begin at once the search for experiences and growth that will, in the next twenty or thirty years, make him a man who will measure himself successfully against the forces of a complex civilization.

NATURE armed him for the struggle by endowing him with an insatiable curiosity. That is his lever. With it he will lift the dead weight of ignorance that presses him down. With it he will poke and pry and dig and delve into the secrets of the life about him, commonplaces to his parents, but as fresh as the dawn of a new creation to him.

Do his parents appreciate this and lend themselves to the working of his questioning mind? Hardly. And here they commit the first great sin against childhood.

The child sees a bright box on the table and reaches for it. He will feel out this strange object. He will find out what it means. "No, no; baby must not touch," says his mother. He persists, and she slaps his hands.

At the very outset he is in combat with those who should be fighting at his side.

"You must not go there. You will fall and be hurt. Sit quietly here on this nice mat and play with your Teddy."

"You must not tear things apart to see what is inside them. Only bad boys do that."

"No, you can't go down the road to watch the men lay the pipes. Those men do not want little boys in their way."

"I don't know what that strange noise is, and I don't care. Be still!"

"'What makes the humming-bird hang in the air?' What a question! Never you mind. He's just a bird."

Do you remember the story Kipling wrote about the Elephant Child?—the one whose curiosity gave so much trouble? His friends and relatives spanked and spanked, but he kept on until his curiosity led him into the place where his nose, poking into where it wasn't supposed to be at all, was stretched into a trunk, and he became "different"—a new sort of elephant, with advantages over the old ones who had spanked him.

That is the story. Early and late the child searches and explores and questions, only to be snubbed and scolded and put off. He is hedged in with all sorts of prohibitions, until, by the time he leaves high school, when his initiative should be in full swing, he is a dull, listless, lifeless thing, dependent and fearful.

Instead of a youth willing and eager and industrious, instead of an inquiring, searching, experimenting young man, we have the "average" individual who has been trained along "safe" lines. He is doomed to submersion unless some merciful upheaval occurs and frees him from the dominance of his friends.

It is a fearful mistake, a tragedy, this inhibiting of a child's curiosity.

THE second cardinal error parents make is in neglecting to study their particular child. They decide what manner of child this ought to be, and proceed to train him accordingly. They would make another child instead of accepting the one they have.

A distressed father called at my school one day. He was an old neighbor, and I liked him. He came of a line of land-loving folk, who for centuries have toiled in the vineyards of Europe. One branch had emigrated, and this American-born son had become a doctor. Now his only boy was entering the second term in high school, and there was trouble. The boy was unhappy. He could not learn Latin and mathematics. He begged his father to let him change courses.

"The boy is a good boy," said his father. "You gave him a good record. But he is a failure in high school. There must be something the matter with the school or with the teachers. What is to be done?"

"What does John want to do instead of Latin and mathematics?"

The doctor looked around him, and dropped his voice. "He wants us to send him to an agricultural school. He wants to be a farmer. Think of it—my son a farmer!"

I thought of the long line of people who had made this child possible. I thought of them gathering the purple grapes on vine-clad hills, with a love for their work that raised it to the level of an art.

"Would you rob John of his heritage? Can't you see that he belongs to the soil?"

"No; it is only his fancy. I want him to carry on my work. I can not let him go backward."

The man was so sure, in his fatherly egotism, that what he wanted for the boy was best for him!

Nobody ever *forced* a child into being anything worth while. One should never force a child's will, never impose oneself upon him. To do so is to incur the responsibility for a soul gone wrong. The thought one forces is one's own thought; the deed one forces is one's own deed. Sitting back in the silence is the hurt soul of a child, dwindling into a stunted, dwarfed thing.

MANY parents do not realize that childhood is a distinct phase of growth, and, in their innocent desire to give the child happiness, they bring disaster upon him. This is the third great parental sin.

For eight years Michael's father went in and out of the school, trying to get Michael to absorb enough of the course to enable us to graduate him. Each time he came we told him the cause of Michael's failure and suggested the remedy. "You see," the teacher would begin hopefully, "you must remember that Michael is a little boy. He isn't a man. He shouldn't go to the theaters and restaurants with you and listen to the talk of those grown people. He should go to bed, as other children do. You are spoiling Michael."

"Ah, no. Michael is smart. You ought to hear him. He can talk to anybody. I only wish he could be as smart in school. Please try to get him to study."

At last Michael was graduated. His father wanted him to go to high school; but Michael had had enough of school. His father begged me to talk to him.

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DELIA KNEW THAT HER WONDERFUL MOMENT HAD COME

The PI-ANNA GENTLEMAN

Plays a melody on some responsive heart-strings

By JANE HICKS

AS DELIA let her magazine sink to her lap—her heart was beating so and, her breath was coming so full she had to wait a minute. The hero was telling the heroine he loved her. It doesn't matter what hero or what heroine; they all affected Delia the same way. The breathless, wonderful moment was the breathless, wonderful moment, so thrilling to Delia because in every love-story she read—and she didn't care for any other kind—she was the loved, the wooed, the adored; the dreamy blonde, the bewitching gipsy, the stately, haughty Titian beauty.

"Isn't it beautiful!" Delia sighed as she tenderly lifted the magazine to reread that part.

"Eh? What's that? Who you talkin' to?" came a voice heavy and metallic, as the thumping of a cane stopped at Delia's door.

"Nobody, pa. I was just looking at something in the fashion-book," as a pink wave rose over her soft skin.

It *did* have fashions in the back, and Delia's father had once made a remark about her having no beau and Delia had defended herself by declaring that she didn't care a fig for beaus of any kind whatsoever. Delia often thought that her father had pounded all the softness, all the romance, out of his nature during those many, many years of blacksmithing. He sometimes seemed so hard, like the iron and the anvil and all. "It is said that folks grow to be like the things they work with." She looked wistfully out of the small window, where, through the vine on the narrow little porch, she caught glimpses of her flowers. "I wonder if I could ever be like—" She stopped even the thought—the roses; the dainty, exquisite poppies; the tender, thoughtful pansies. "And the dresses!" she breathed as her eyes fell on the lovely, fluffy things on the bed.

"Anybody comin' for try-ons?" her father's voice came in through the porch window.

"Not till after six, pa. Lucy Williams, when she's done at the store." Delia looked at Lucy's dress on the bed—pale, pale pink and ruffles and ruffles. "I'm fixin' to rest a while now, pa," Delia said gently out of the window as another pink wave rose over her face. The pink waves came when—well, when she had to guard against his scoffing at things foreign to iron.

She took off her shoes and tiptoed about on the rag rug she'd made from folks' scraps. She closed the door into the hall. She drew the shade to the window on the porch. The one by the old bureau was safe; pa never went into the flower garden. And besides, a dim light like moonlight—the twilight glow— With heart beating fast, Delia took off her plain, serviceable shirt-waist and black skirt, and with slender, thin-skinned, fluttering hands took up Lucy's dress—the pale, pale pink with ruffles, ruffles, ruffles. When she had it on, she leaned for one moment over that column in the magazine—yes, she knew it by heart!

THEN Delia lifted the lovely ruffled skirt so as not to rumple it and sat on the two-foot pattern-box. She closed her eyes. The pattern-box became a lovely garden bench and she was beautiful, she was loved, wooed, adored; beside her, an ardent lover who took her hand, whose arm slipped around her waist, whose breath was near, very near.

"Sweetheart, little flower, I love you! Can you——"

And as always—yes, as always, for the dark secret of Delia's heart-hungry life must come out: this was not the first time she'd stolen a wear of a lovely dress, stolen a lover, stolen a heroine's personality; she did it with *every* dainty dress and with *every* story—right at that point her heart beat so and her breath came so full that Delia had to open her eyes—to the old bureau, the sewing-machine, the rag carpet. Slowly she took off the dress.

"Not hurt a *bit*," just a little defiantly as she examined it carefully.

She put back her plain white serviceable shirt-waist and black skirt, she put on her shoes, she raised the shade to the window on the porch, she unbolted the door into the hall. She'd had her rest. With a gentle, cautious sigh she went to the porch door.

"Anything you want, pa?"

"No—what's to want?"

"Well—any folks pass while I was—resting?"

"Nobody, lackin' Hannah Stiles. Called in she'd stop as she come on back."

"Well, I'm going on to the garden."

"Better stay outer that garden. Which I done told you that before," the old man objected, turning back toward the street, his eyes waiting for what would pass.

WITH her large hat far down on her head to protect her soft skin, Delia went to the garden, her flower-town she called it, because, like every town, she said, "all kinds were mixed up together—the hardy and the frail, the bold and the modest, the young and the old, the gay and the gentle, just like folks wherever you find 'em." She stood looking about among them as among a crowd of people.

"Oh! You beauty! You little *beauty*—beauty!" she cried under her breath to a pale, silken poppy. "You've just come out of your green calyx. Been hiding there till you were so lovely you'd make all the butterflies dizzy and the birds mad with love. Ah, I knew it!" as a great black-and-blue butterfly lighted on the poppy, bending and swaying it with its weight, then flew away. "What did he say to you, beauty—was he making love to you? Do you hear that mocking-bird bursting his throat for you, tossing there on your little green stem?"

Delia's color came a little as she stooped and loosened the dirt around her flower-people, weaving romances about them all. Love they all spelled in one way or another, and beauty. Beauty of some kind—gay and flaunting, or delicate and quiet. All but herself!

"Why wasn't I beautiful," she would whisper to them, "so that butterflies would come and birds would sing to me? That's why I never had beaus. They say that folks grow to be like the things they work with," wistfully; "oh, flowers and the dresses!"

"Heigh!" a voice called from the road. "Delia, you home?"

It was Hannah leaning out of her buggy. Delia went out of the tangled flower-town to practical, strident Hannah waiting in the dusty street of practical, sleepy Slocum.

"Heigh!" Delia used gently the common greeting, lifting the enveloping hat from over her small face. "Get out, can't you?"

"No, just stopped by a minute to see how you all was. How's your pa, all right? He's always all right, heigh, if he does be so old? Like iron, some ways, he is. Wasn't for his arm got hurt, he'd be workin' right on to-day, if he is 'most eighty, eh?"

"Yes. Won't you get out and come in?"

"No; just stopped. I belong to be home 'fore now. In your flowers, was you?"

"Yes. Would you wait till I picked you some?"

"Well, if you got 'em to spare. Won't be robbin' yourself none? I thought you might, which we're due to have company to supper, and flowers sort o' fill up the table, seems like, when th'ain't so much victuals, though all that men-folks is seein' is the victuals, I reckon," with a hearty laugh as Delia went to the garden.

DELIA didn't like to ask questions, but she couldn't help wondering who Hannah's man company was going to be. As she cut each flower she guessed a different man in town, discarding some, retaining others under the question-mark column. Hannah'd always had beaus—before she was married and now again as a widow. Delia took the bouquet to her where she'd driven her buggy under a tree.

"Ain't they pretty!" Hannah said, holding out her homely, capable hand for the flowers—those of the flower-people that Delia'd thought were like Hannah. She always chose her bouquets that way. Hannah's was made up of strong colors—of marigolds, of nasturtiums, of brick-red and orange zinnias and dahlias.

"I wouldn't bother with 'em for some men-folks," she laughed, "but I always tries to please the different ones,

Continued on page 74



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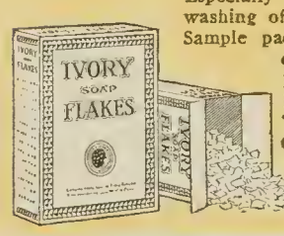
For toilet, bath, nursery, shampoo, fine laundry. Can be divided in two for individual toilet use.



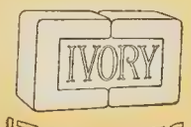
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The FEUD

A broken friendship leaves a dead spot in life. If you have ever lost a friend or loved a man, read this story

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

PART I



A WAVE OF EXASPERATED BLOOD FLOODED STEER'S THIN CHEEKS. "LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON," HE SAID. "WE KNOW WHAT YOUR FATHER WAS LIKE"

ITS psychic origin, like that of most human loves and hates, was obscure, and yet, like most human hates and loves, had a definite point of physical departure—the moment when Bowden's yellow dog bit Steer's ungaitered calf. Even then it might not have "got going," as they say, but for the village sense of justice which caused Steer to bring his gun next day and solemnly execute the dog. He was the third person the dog had bitten.

Not even Bowden, who was fond of his whippet, opposed the execution, but the shot left him with an obscure feeling of lost property, a dim sense of disloyalty to his dog. Steer was a Northerner, an Easterner, a man from a part called Lincolnshire, outlandish like the Friesian cattle he mixed with the Devons on his farm; this, Bowden could not help feeling in the bottom of his soul, was what had moved his dog. Snip had not liked, any more than his master, that thin, spry, red-gray-bearded chap's experimental ways of farming, his habit of always being an hour, a week, a month earlier than Bowden; had not liked his lean, dry activity, his thin legs, his east-wind air. Bowden knew that he would have shot Steer's dog if he himself had been the third person Steer's dog had bitten; but then Steer's dog had *not* bitten Bowden, and Bowden's dog *had* bitten Steer; and this seemed to Bowden to show that his dog knew what was what. And while he was burying the poor brute he had muttered: "Damn the man! What did he want trapesin' about my yard in his Sunday breeks—seein' what he could get, I suppose!" And with each shovel of earth he threw on the limp yellow body a sticky resentment had oozed from his spirit and clung, undissolving, round the springs of its action.

To inter the dog properly was a long, hot job. "He comes and shoots my dog—of a Sunday too, and leaves me to bury 'un," he thought, wiping his round, well-colored face; and he spat as if the ground in front of him were Steer. When he had finished and rolled a big stone on to the little mound, he went in, and, sitting down moodily in the kitchen, said: "Girl, draw me a glass o' cider." Having drunk it, he looked up and added: "I've a-burried she up to Crossovers." The dog was male, but Bowden had called it "she" from puppyhood.

The dark-haired, broad-faced, rather sullen-looking girl whom he addressed flushed and her gray eyes widened with pain. "'Twas a shame!" she muttered.

"Ah!" said Bowden.

Bowden farmed about a hundred acres of half-and-half sort of land, some good, some poor, just under the down. He was a widower, with a mother and an only son. A broad, easy man with a dark round head, a rosy face, and immense capacity for living in the moment. Looking at him you would have said, not a man in whom things would rankle. But then to look at a West Country man you would say so many things that have their lurking negations. He was a native of the natives—his family went back in the parish to times beyond the opening of the register; his ancestors had been churchwardens in remote days. His father, Daddy Bowden, an easy-going, handsome old fellow and a bit of a rip, had died at ninety. He himself was well over fifty, but had no gray hair as yet. He took life easy, and let his farm off lightly, keeping it nearly all in pasture, with a conservative grin (Bowden was a Liberal) at the outlandish efforts of his neighbor Steer (a Tory) to grow wheat, bring in Friesian stock, and use newfangled machines.

Steer had originally come to that part of the country as a gentleman's bailiff, and this induced a sort of secret contempt in Bowden, whose forefathers in the old days had farmed their own land here round about. Bowden's mother, eighty-eight years old, was a little pocket-woman almost past speech, with dark bright eyes and innumerable wrinkles, who sat all day long in any warmth there was, conserving energy. His son Ned, a youth of twenty-four, bullet-headed like all the Bowdens, was of a lighter color in hair and eyes. At the moment of history when Steer shot Bowden's dog he was keeping company with Steer's niece, Molly Winch, who kept house for the confirmed bachelor that Steer was. The other member of Bowden's household, the girl Pansy, was an orphan, some said born under the rose, who came from the other side of the moor and earned fourteen pounds a year. She kept to herself, had dark fine hair, gray eyes, a pale broad face; "broody" she was, given somewhat to the "tantrums"; now looking quite plain; now, when moved or excited, quite pretty. Hers was all the housework and much of the poultry-feeding, wood-cutting, and water-drawing. She was hard-worked, and often sullen because of it.

HAVING finished his cider, Bowden stood in the kitchen-porch looking idly at a dance of gnats. The weather was fine and the hay was in. It was one of those intervals between harvests which he was wont to take easy, and it would amuse him to think of his neighbor always "puzzivanting" over some improvement or other. But it did not amuse him this evening. The chap was forever trying to sneak ahead of his neighbors! His son, who had just milked the cows, was turning them down the lane. Now the lad would slick himself up and go courting that niece of Steer's! The courtship seemed to Bowden suddenly unnatural. A cough made him conscious of the girl Pansy standing behind him with her sleeves rolled up.

"Butiful evenin'," he said, "gude for the corn." When Bowden indulged his sense of the esthetic, he would apologize with some comment that implied commercial benefit or loss; while Steer would pass on with only a dry "Fine evenin'." In talking with Steer one never lost consciousness of his keen on-the-makeness, as of a progressive individualist who has nothing to cover his nature from one's eyes. Bowden one might meet for weeks without realizing that beneath his uncontradictious pleasantry was a self-preservative individualism quite as stubborn. To the casual eye Steer was much more up to date and civilized; to one looking deeper, Bowden had been civilized much longer. He had grown protective covering in a softer climate, or drawn it outward from an older strain of blood.

"The gnats are dancin'," he said; "fine weather." And the girl Pansy nodded. Watching her turn the handle of the separator, he marked her glance straying down the yard to where Ned was shutting the lane gate. She was a likely-looking wench, with her shapely browned arms, and her black hair fine as silk, which she kept brushing back from her eyes with her free hand; and it gave him a kind of farmyard amusement to see those eyes of hers following his son about. "She's Ned's if he wants her—young hussy!" he thought. "Begad, but it would put Steer's nose out of joint properly if that girl got in front of his precious niece!" To say that his thought was father to a wish would too definitely express the circumambulatory mind of Bowden—a lazy and unprecise thinker; but it lurked and hovered when he browsed his way out of the yard to have a look at the young bull before supper. The young bull was "lukin' up bravely"—in another year he would lay over that bull of Steer's—ah! he would that! And a dim savagery stirred in Bowden, then passed in the sensuous enjoyment—which a farmer never admits—of the scent, sight, sounds, of his fields in fine weather; at the song of a lark and the murmuring in the ash-trees; at the glistening ruddy coat of the young bull and the sound of his cropping! Three rabbits ran into the hedge. So that fellow had shot his dog—his dog, that had nipped up more rabbits out of corn than any dog he ever owned! He tapped his stick on the gate. The young bull raised a lazy head, gazed at his master, and, flicking his tail at the flies, resumed his pasturing.

"Shot my dog!" thought Bowden; "shot my dog! Yu wait a bit!"

The girl Pansy turned the handle of the separator, and its whining drone mixed with the thought and feelings poignant, yet formless, of one who had little say in her own career. There was an ache in her loins, for hay harvest was ever a hard week; and an ache in her heart, because she had no leisure, like Molly Winch and other girls who could find time for the piano and to make their dresses. She touched her hard frieze skirt. She was sick of the ugly thing! And she hastened the

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separator. She had to feed the calves, and set the supper before she could change into her Sunday frock and go to evening church—her one weekly festivity. Ned Bowden! Her fancy soared to the monstrous extravagance of herself and Ned walking across the fields to church together, singing out of one hymn-book; Ned, who had given her a look when he passed, just now, as if he realized at last that she had been thinking of him for weeks. A dusky flush crept up in her pale cheeks. A girl must think of somebody—she wasn't old Mother Bowden, with her hands on her lap all day, in sunlight or fire-shine—content just to be warm! And she turned the handle with a sort of frenzy. Would the milk never finish running through? Ned never saw her in her frock—her frock sprigged with corn-flowers; he went off too early to his courting, Sunday evenings. In this old skirt she looked so thick and muddy! And her arms——

Gazing despairingly at arms that were browned and roughened, her fancy took another monstrous flight: She saw herself and Molly Winch side by side ungarbed. Ah! She would make two of that Molly Winch! The thought at once pained and pleased her. It was genteel to be thin and elegant; and yet—instinct told her—strength and firmness of flesh had been desirable before ever gentility existed. She let the handle go, and, lifting the pail of waste, hurried down with it to the dark byre, whence the young calves were thrusting their red muzzles. She pushed them back in turn—greedy little things—smacking their wet noses, scolding them. Ugh! How mucky it was in there—they ought to give that byre a good clean-up! Banging down the empty pail, she threw the door open; and out came the calves one by one. She drove them through the yard into the home field, watched them fling high their ridiculous tails in the run of freedom, then ran herself to set out supper on the long deal table. In the last of the sunlight old Mother Bowden's bright eye seemed to watch her inhumanly. She would never be done in time—never be done in time!

The beef, the cider, the cheese, the bread, the pickles—what else? Lettuce! Yes, and it wasn't washed, and Bowden loved his lettuce! But she couldn't wait—she couldn't! Perhaps he'd forget it—if she put some cream out! From the cool dark dairy, down the little stone passage she fetched the remains of the scalded cream. "Watch the cat, Missis Bowden!" And she ran up the wriggling narrow stairs.

THE room she slept in was like a ship's cabin—no bigger. She drew the curtain over the porthole-like window, tore off her things and flung them on the narrow bed. This was her weekly change. There was a hole in her undergarment, and she tore it wider in her hurry. "I won't have time for a good wash," she thought. Taking her one towel, she damped and rubbed it over her, and began to dress furiously. The church-bell had begun its dull hard single chime. The little room was fiery hot and beads of sweat stood on the girl's brow. Savagely she thought: "Why can't I have time to be cool, like Molly Winch?" A large spider, a little way out from one corner of the ceiling, seemed watching her, and she shuddered. She couldn't bear spiders—great hairy things! But she had no time to stretch up her hand and kill it. Glancing through a chink left by the drawn curtain, to see whether Ned had come down into the yard, she snatched up her powder-puff—precious possession, nearest approach to gentility—and solemnly rubbed it over face and neck. Now she wouldn't shine, anyway!

Pansy fastened on her Sunday hat, a broad-brimmed straw trimmed with wide-eyed artificial daisies, and stood a moment contemplating her image in a mirror the size of her two hands. The scent of the powder, as of gone-off violets, soothed her nerves. But why was her hair so fine that it wouldn't stay in place—and why black, instead of goldeny brown like Molly Winch's hair? Her lip drooped—her eyes looked wide and mournful in the glass. She snatched up her pair of dirty white cotton gloves, took her prayer-book, threw open the door, and stood listening. Dead silence in the house! Ned Bowden's room, with his father's and his old grandmother's, was up the other stairs. She would have liked him to see her coming down—like what the young men did in the magazines, looking up at the young ladies, beautiful and cool, descending slowly. But would he look at her when he had his best on, going to Molly Winch? She went down the wriggling staircase. Gnats were still dancing outside the porch, ducks bathing and preening their feathers in sunlight which had lost all sting. She did not sit down, for fear of being caught too obviously waiting; but stood, changing from tired foot to foot, while the scent of powder mingled queerly with the homely odor of the farmyard and the lingering perfume of the hay stacked up close by.

The bell stopped ringing. Should she wait? Perhaps he wasn't going to church at all; just going to sit with Molly Winch, or to walk in the lanes with her. Oh, no, that Molly Winch was too prim and proper; she wouldn't miss church! And suddenly something stirred within the girl. What would *she* not miss for a walk in the lanes with Ned? It wasn't fair! Some people had everything! The sound of heavy boots from stair to stair came to her ears, and, more swiftly than one would have thought natural to that firm body, she sped through the yard and passed through the door, in its high wall, to the field-path.

Scarcely more than a rut, it was strewn with wisps of hay, for they had not yet raked this last field, and the air smelled very sweet. She dawdled, every sense throbbing, aware of his approach behind her, and its measured dwelling on each foot which no Bowden could abandon, even when late for church. He ranged up; his hair was greased, his square figure stuffed handsome into board-like Sunday dittoes. His red face shone from soap, his gray eyes shone from surplus energy. From head to foot—he was wonderful! Would he pass her, or fall in alongside? He fell into step. The girl's heart thumped, her cheeks burned under the powder,



PANSY WAS A LIKELY-LOOKING WENCH, WITH HER SHAPELY BROWNED ARMS AND HER BLACK HAIR

so that the scent thereof was released. Young Bowden's arm, that felt like iron, bumped her own, and at the thrill that went through her she half closed her eyes.

"I reckon we're tu late," he said.

Her widened eyes challenged his stare.

"Don't you want to see Molly Winch, then?"

"No; I don't want any words about that dog." Quick to see her chance, the girl exclaimed:

"'Twas a shame—it was; but she'd think more of her uncle's leg than of 'im, I know."

Again his arm pressed hers; he said: "Let's go down into the brake."

The bit of common land below the field was high with furze, where a few brown-gold blossoms were still clinging. A late cuckoo called shrilly from an ash-tree below. The breeze stirred a faint rustling out of the hedgerow trees. Young Bowden sat down among the bracken that smelled of sap, and put his arm about her.

In parishes whose farms are scattered and there is no real village, gossip has not quite its proper wings; and the first intimation Steer had that his niece was being slighted came from Bowden himself. Steer was wont to drive the seven miles to market in a small spring-cart filled with produce on the journey in and with groceries on the journey out. He held his east-wind face steadily, with eyes fixed on the ears of his mare. His niece sometimes sat beside him—one of those girls whose china is a little too thin for farm life. She was educated, and played the piano. Steer was proud of her, in spite of his low opinion of her father, who had died of consumption and left Steer's sister in poor circumstances and health. Molly Winch's face, indeed, had refinement; it colored easily a faint rose-pink, was pointed in the chin, had a slightly tiptilted nose, and pretty, truthful eyes—a nice face.

Steer's mare usually did the seven miles in just under forty minutes, and he was proud of her, especially when she overhauled Bowden's mare. The two spring-carts traveled abreast of each other just long enough for these words to be exchanged:

"Mornin', Bowden!"

"Mornin'! Mornin', Miss Molly; 'aven't seen yu lately; thought yu were visitin'!"

"No, Mr. Bowden."

"Glad to see yu lukin' up s'well. Reckon Ned's tu busy elsewhere just now."

It was then that Steer's mare drew well ahead.

"My old mare's worth two of his," he thought.

Bowden's cart was distant dust before he turned to his niece and said: "What's the matter with Ned Bowden? When did you see him last?" His shrewd light eyes noted her lips quivering and the stain on her cheeks.

"It's—it's a month now."

"It is—is it?" was all Steer said. But he flicked the mare sharply with his whip, thinking: "What's this? Didn't like that fellow's face—was he makin' game of us?"

Steer was an abstemious man; a tot of slow gin before he embarked for home was the extent of his usual potations at The Drake. But that day he took two tots because of the grin on the face of Bowden, who would sit an hour and more after he had gone, absorbing gin and cider. Was that grin meant for him and for his niece?

A discreet man, too, he let a fortnight pass while he watched out. Ned Bowden did not come to church, nor was he seen at Steer's. Molly looked pale and peaky. And something deep stirred in Steer. "If he don't mean to keep his word to her," he thought, "I'll have the law of him, young pup!"

People talked no more freely to Steer, than he to them.

Another week had passed before he had fresh evidence. It came, after a parish-meeting, from the school-mistress, a gray-haired single lady, much respected.

"I don't like Molly looking so pale and daverdy, Mr. Steer; I'm grieved about Ned Bowden; I thought he was a steady boy."

"What about him?"

"That girl at Bowden's."

Steer flopped into the depths of consciousness. So everybody round had known, maybe for weeks, that his niece was being jilted for that cross-bred slut; known, and been grinning up their sleeves, had they? He announced to his niece that evening: "I'm goin' round to Bowden's." She colored, then went pale. "They sha'n't put it upon you," he said; "I'll see to that. Give me that ring of his—I may want it." Molly Winch silently slipped off her amethyst engagement ring, and gave it to him.

Steer put on his best hat, breeches, and gaiters, took a thin stick, and set out.

Corn harvest was coming near, and he crossed a field of his own wheat into a field of Bowden's oats. Steer was the only farmer round about who grew wheat. Wheat! In Bowden's view it was all his politics! But Steer was thinking: "My wheat's lookin' well—don't think much of these oats" (another of his foreign expressions, for oats were "corn" to Bowden), "he'll have no straw."

He had not been in Bowden's yard since the day he executed the yellow whippet dog, and his calf twitched—the brute had given it a shrewd nip.

The girl Pansy opened the door to him. And seeing the flush rise into her pale cheeks, he thought, "If I were to lay my stick across your back you'd know it, my girl!"

Bowden had just finished his supper of bacon, beans, and cider, and was smoking his pipe before the embers of a wood fire. He did not get up, and there seemed to Steer something studied and insulting in the way he nodded to a chair. He sat down with his stick across his knees, while the girl went quickly out.

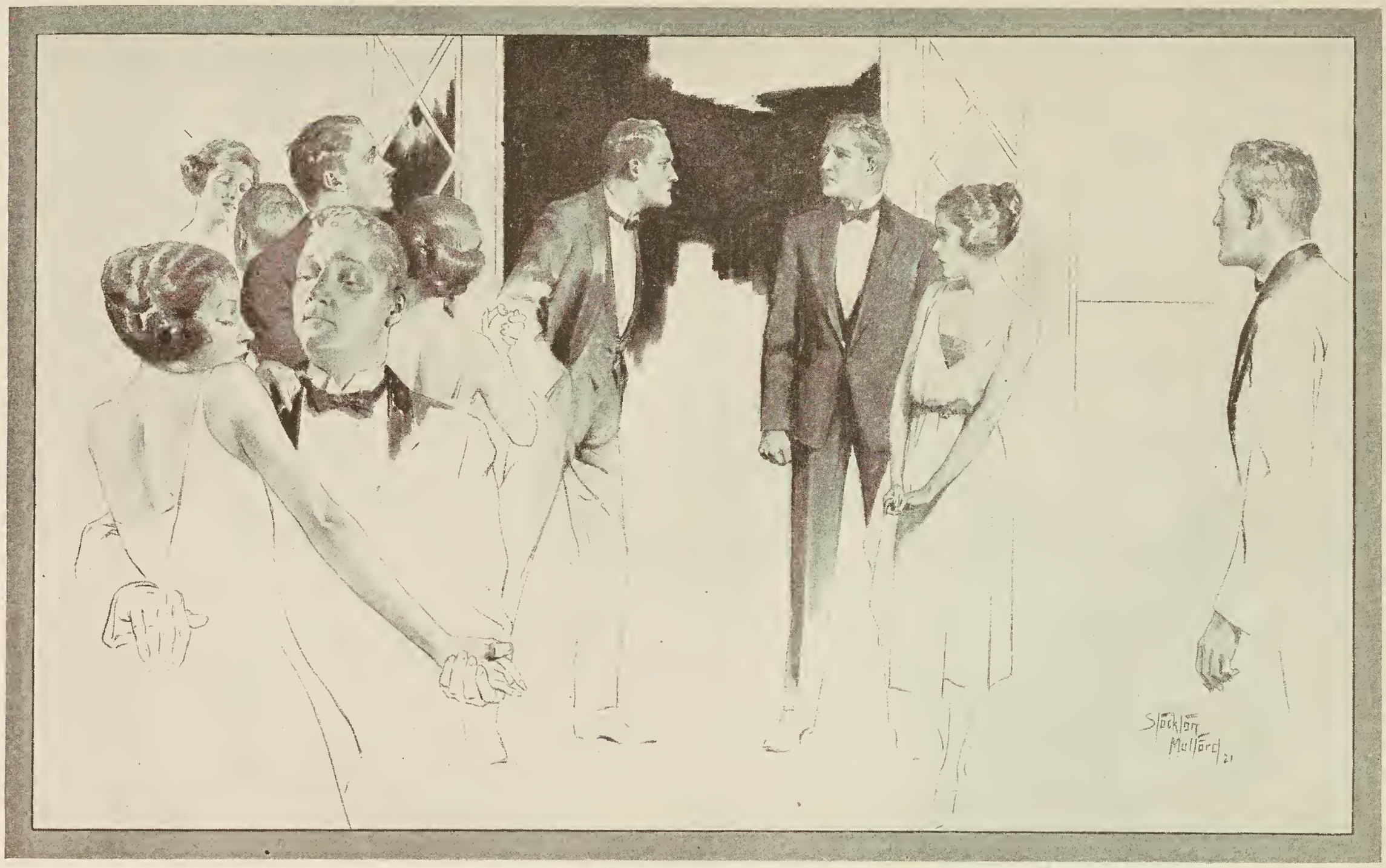
"Butiful evenin'," said Bowden. "Fine weather for the corn. Have a drink o' cider?"

STEER shook his head. The cautious man was making sure of his surroundings before he opened fire. Old Mrs. Bowden sat in her chair by the recessed fire, with her little old back turned to the room. Bowden's white-headed bobtail was stretched out with his chin on his paws; a yellow cat crouched, still as the Sphinx, with half-closed eyes; nothing else was alive, except the slow-ticking clock.

Steer held up the amethyst ring. "See this!"

Undisturbed by meaning or emotion, Bowden turned

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GRANT'S EYES GLITTERED. "WOULD YOU MIND STATING WHAT BUSINESS IT IS OF YOURS WHO JOY GOES TO A DANCE WITH?" HE ASKED

DANCERS *in the* DARK

The novel of the new youth

By DOROTHY SPEARE

"LOOK at that sailboat," said Grant Grey.

"Yes," said Joy contentedly.

The two were sitting on the piazza of the Greys' Summer home, which fronted the beach.

It had not been Grant who had finally called Joy up, but Betty, all thrills and eagerness. She asked Joy to come down for the week-end. "And Grant wants you to come, too!" she had added.

Joy had traveled down to the Greys' in rather a somber frame of mind. Her father had returned home, and she had just escaped his descending upon her, on the way, by business necessity which had made him hasten on through and write her, wishing her to return as soon as she could. She had written him that she was at a critical period in voice-placing and did not want to leave her teacher just now, especially when she was so lucky as to have him in Boston during the Summer. But she knew that was not the real reason she had signified her wish to remain in Boston. Was it this boy—this boy whom she had seen only once? She ought to know by this time how transient her fancies were. But this was so different—she knew more about men now.

Betty had met her at the station in a little runabout, and had driven away the flurry in Joy's brain with her eager chatter. Grant had been intending to come to the station too, she informed her; but at the last minute Mrs. Grey had found a number of things for him to do. Grant humored mother a lot. Betty didn't believe in it: encourage mothers too much, and they'll expect everything of you.

It had been a shock to meet Mrs. Grey. She was the woman who had surveyed Joy so critically the night of the dance. A tall, large woman, of independent

THE STORY

It was at her first prom that Joy Nelson, of Foxhollow Corners, had her first disillusioning encounter with what she thought was love. There, too, she met the excitement-eater, Jerry, whose invitation to live with her and Sarah in Boston introduced Joy to an experience that completely changed her life. It was her opportunity to escape the dull life of her home town and to satisfy her most cherished ambition—to study singing with a real teacher. All the extravagances of jazzing and "excitement-eating" become a part of Joy's daily existence—and then, at the zenith of her gaiety, she meets and falls in love with Grant Grey, the proper son of a proper Boston family

demeanor, marcelled white hair, and snapping eyes still almost as blue as Grant's. She was gracious, but far from cordial. Very little appeared to escape the scrutiny of those eyes, and she made Joy feel exceedingly uncomfortable. She remembered what Packy had said: "His mother's the Gorgon of the beach." Joy had had no moment alone with Grant, and both were silent most of the evening, acutely conscious of each other's presence.

Betty came in while Joy was undressing, her eyes dancing with excitement. "Joy, mother thinks Grant's crazy about you—I heard her tell father. Do you think so? It would be so screaming! He never gets that way."

"I think so? Why, Betty——"

"Well—can't you always tell when a man's crazy about you? I can!"

Joy laughed hysterically. "Maybe I haven't had as much experience as you, Betty," she suggested.

AFTER Betty had gone, something happened that terrified her. She burst into tears, and the more she cried the more hysterical she became. Of course she was very much excited; and her nerves were pretty raw, and she had not had the usual "prescription" with which to deaden them. But it couldn't be because she had not had recourse to alcohol that she felt this way. That was the way only awful people got, and after they had been drinking for years and years and years! She finally fell into a tear-tinted slumber, from which she awoke barely in time for breakfast.

And now she and Grant found themselves miraculously left alone. Betty had gone to play tennis with some friends, and Mr. and Mrs. Grey had motored up to town. The two sat on the piazza, wrapped in an anticipatory silence.

They watched the sailboat out of sight, then Grant turned to her. "I say—let's get away from everything. Let's take the roadster and some lunch and go 'way off in the country—will you?"

There are few perfect days in life that stand out golden, untarnished, with no flaws or worrisome little details to bar the way of loving memory; but that Saturday was one for Joy. The hours seemed to be resting motionless. Time, as well as everything else, had gone away and left them alone.

They ate beside a pebble-hindered brook, with tall trees gossiping above them. It was so peaceful! Joy had not realized how the hectic life in the apartment

had been wearing upon her. She closed her eyes with a little shiver of ecstasy. "Let's stay here a little while," she said. "It's cool under the trees."

"I was just going to suggest that," said Grant. "We think the same in almost everything, don't we?"

"Yes," responded Joy dreamily. By now they had passed into the "you and I" stage. He was telling her about his years at Harvard. He had just graduated—Packy's class.

"But Packy and I never ran much together," he said. "Packy is a natural-born fusser; I've always been more or less of a woman-hater."

"They say woman-haters are really the most romantic," said Joy lightly.

"Well, they usually have the highest ideals; that's what makes 'em dislike most women. I had almost impossibly high ideals, so high that I was getting afraid I'd never meet her."

Silence. A twig fell from a tree, and the two started.

"I said," continued Grant, looking up at a patch of sky through the branches, "I said—I *was* getting afraid I'd never meet her."

A throbbing stillness in the woods; then Joy spoke breathlessly. "So—was I," she said.

A blue jay shrieked discordantly near by, and, with a hitch, they resumed more general subjects. Somehow, when one talks about ideals one always gets personal.

"GIRLS nowadays don't encourage men to look up to them," said Grant. "There isn't the respect there used to be—and the girls don't seem to miss it."

"Some girls miss it," said Joy; "but what can they do about it? If they object, and try to bring back past conditions, they are labeled old-fashioned, slow, stiff, and—let alone. Respect and what some men consider a good time can no longer be combined."

"That's the girl's side, I suppose. But a man's position is hard, too. No man wants to fall in love with a girl who is unattractive to other men. Probably you would call that sheep-like, but it's something we can't help. And the popular girls nowadays, the girls that men run after, are spoiled by that very quality that makes them popular. Most of them seem to me hard, flippant, and—well, unreserved.

"It seems," Grant went on, "almost as if girls were trying to break down every difference that exists between them and men. Smoking and drinking are only two examples——"

Joy winced. Vaguely conscious of her unrest, he turned to her with an impulsive gesture. "The only reason I'm saying all this is because it's so wonderful to find a girl like *you* nowadays."

"Oh, I don't think things are as bad as all that!" said Joy.

They started home when the sun began to gleam redly through the trees. The way seemed shorter than it had coming, and they talked more, whirling through a world of fiery golden sun. Betty, with an accusing face, awaited them on the piazza.

"Do you call this nice, to go off and leave me for a whole day?" she demanded, pouting. "Lucky mother and father haven't got back yet. And now you'll have to hurry like everything to get ready for the dance. I'm not going to wait for you two—here comes my man now, and there's a wonderful orchestra!" She waved to her "man," possibly all of seventeen, and ran off to meet him.

"I had forgotten all about the dance," said Grant.

"Let's not go!" It was Joy who spoke impulsively. "I—I dance so much up in town—and it's so beautiful here by the sea——"

"We ought to go," Grant considered. "Mother would think Betty and I weren't entertaining you very well. We'll get dressed, and then we can decide whether it's too late to go or not." He met her eyes with a twinkle in his. "I dress—very slowly!"

"I've torn my evening gown—and it will take me a long time to mend it!" Joy returned with a laugh.

JOY dressed as slowly as she dared. When she finally went down, about nine o'clock, Grant was on the piazza. She stood in the doorway and looked at him as he came toward her. Why couldn't all boys be like Grant—Grant, with reverence and purity shining in those clear blue eyes?

"I was hoping that you'd wear that dress," he was saying. "It's the one you wore the first time I ever saw you."

"That's why I wore it," said Joy matter-of-factly.

"I've never heard you sing, you know," said Grant. "Will you sing to me before we go?"

They went into the music-room. Her fingers trembled as she played a few chords. What if he shouldn't like it? That was something she could not bear. Unconsciously, music was already a part of herself. She could almost hear her heart trembling as she modulated into the song. The accompaniment stole out—a sound as of little bells chiming from far away—and then Joy's voice, muted and shaky, but all the more poignant.

A pause—a little wistful interlude of tinkling notes in a minor key.

Grant had risen and come over to her, his eyes blazing. "You have never sung that to Packy, have you, Joy?"

"No; I—haven't ever sung it to anybody."

"Somehow, I couldn't have borne it if you had, Joy!"

A COOL voice from the doorway smote upon their throbbing hearts. "Dear me! Have you two not gone to the dance yet?"

Mrs. Grey came forward into the room, her chill eyes dwelling first upon Grant, then upon Joy. "It was a great pity Mr. Grey and I were delayed in town." She turned to Joy. "So you are—a singer! I rather thought you—expressed yourself in some way. What are you going to do with your voice?"

Joy took a deep breath. "I am going to study for opera." It was the first time she had admitted it, even to herself.

"Oh, indeed! A professional—with all that that entails." The bleak words fell between Joy and Grant; and although neither dreamed it then, those words stayed between them.

It was determined that they start at once for the dance. Grant remarked that he and Joy would walk up the beach—the tide had gone out. The moon was up, full and round, staring down upon them with friendly curiosity.

"I always used to wonder why people raved so about a moon," remarked Grant, when they were on a lonely stretch of beach and sky. "Joy, when you sang, I felt—I can't explain how I felt. It's wonderful—it's you!"

Somehow they came to a pause on the sands, looking far out to the moon's reflection on the water.

"I—I once read some of Shelley—in college," and Grant looked down at her, suddenly scarlet.

"See the mountains kiss high heaven
And the wavelets kiss the sea:
What is all this kissing worth
If thou kiss not me?"

Almost a gasp in the murmuring ocean air—and then their lips met, brushing shyly in a frightened thistledown of contact.

"Joy—I worship you," came his trembling whisper in her ear. "I love you—and I love you so! Joy——"

This time they clung together, half frightened at the passion that surged to their lips. And then a long interval without words—until they found themselves sitting on the sand, she with her head on his shoulder, he stroking her hair.

"You have the prettiest hair I've ever seen. Everything about you is the most wonderful I've ever seen. Your eyes, your voice, your lips—" Another interval. "Joy, I never knew what it was to feel like this. You—you're the only girl I've ever kissed."



MRS. BOWMAN'S LORGNETTE SURVEYED JOY. "THAT NEGLIGEE," THE VOICE SOUGHED, "IS MINE. I HAVE TO HAVE IT. I COULDN'T EVEN CONSIDER ANYTHING ELSE——"

"I didn't know a man—existed who could say that," said Joy, with a happy laugh, which died away on his next words:

"And I didn't know there were girls like you—until I met you. For I am the first with you—am I not?"

"I've been kissed before—once."

An intake of breath. Then, before she could continue: "Don't tell me about it, Joy dear—" A pause to accustom oneself to the unfamiliar "dear." "Don't tell me about it—I'd rather not hear any more. I'll make you forget him. Just once isn't much——"

After a month of whiles, they walked slowly up the beach. Their conversation was incoherent but adequate.

"The dance will be almost over—what does it matter to *us?* Isn't it all strange and wonderful? Your mother will think we were drowned."

They entered the club-house with unmistakably luminous faces.

Joy saw Packy at the far corner of the room. He looked at them, first carelessly, then in swift incredulity, then with a face that grew thunderous as, hands in pockets, he strode across to where they were about to join the dancers.

"Hello, Joy!" he said shortly. "Doesn't take you a long time to change running-mates, does it?"

"My goodness! Look at Packy, entirely surrounded by a frown," she tossed back at him. How easily Jerry's line came to one's lips!

"Is that all you've got to say?" he demanded, blocking their way as they started again to join the dancers.

She laughed. Packy was a grotesque figure, with his glowering face and childish remarks. "You make me feel like dancing-school, with all this talk of changing partners," she observed, and turned to Grant. She was amazed at the transformation. Grant's lips were drawn over his teeth, his eyes glittering.

"Would you mind stating what business it is of yours who Joy goes to a dance with?" he asked, in a voice as chill and cold as Mrs. Grey's.

IT WAS the end of the dance, and Joy realized, in a sort of detached horror, that they were becoming conspicuous. Grant and Packy were facing each other in the same tense, bristly pose that dogs assume before a pitched battle. Faces were turning their way; she could see Mrs. Grey rising.

A voice assailed her memory: "Is it really you, Miss Nelson?"

Standing alone near by, his eyes upon their group in grave attention, was a good-looking boy of medium height, with blond, wavy hair that had been plastered back in an attempt to make it straight. At her look of vague recognition, he stepped nearer, said to Grant and Packy in an undertone, "Couldn't you talk it over just as well outdoors?" then smiled at Joy. "You don't remember me, do you? I met you at prom this spring—my name is Dalton."

"Mr. Dalton—of course!" she exclaimed. "I remember you very well—" She stopped, and twinkled.

The echo of his blunt lecture seemed for a moment to hang in the air. She turned to introduce him to Grant and Packy; but Packy had gone. The scene was over.

"I'll cut in later," said Jim Dalton, and moved away. The music had started again, the orchestra leader announcing that this was the last dance.

"Hope that fellow who said he'd cut in will have sense enough not to do it on the last dance," Grant growled, clasping her almost fiercely to him.

"If 'that fellow' hadn't come up just then, I don't know what might have happened," Joy suggested.

"Damn Packy! Forgive me, Joy; but don't you think Packy rates a damn or two? Of all the cake-eating parlor pythons——"

"Your mother was watching us. In fact, she still is. That was an awful scene to make, Grant."

"Scene! Asking him one question? It was nothing to what I wanted to do. At that, though, he faded away pretty quick. Joy, you dance like—like nothing at all."

"So do you," she thrilled up at him; and they drifted rapturously past Mrs. Grey, whose eyes, freshly iced, followed them closely.

JIM DALTON did not cut in until the very last encore.

"I want to thank you—for coming up when you did," Joy said.

"It was nothing; I wanted to see you. How have you been? You look——"

"I look—what?"

"It's not easy to describe the change. I should hardly have known you if I hadn't overheard one of those two young men—ah—mentioning your name. You look older, for one thing—and——"

"And—what?"

"And as if—well, as if you were—unsettled in your mind—looking for something you hadn't found."

"Every one—always is looking for something they haven't found—don't you think so?" she countered, watching Grant from the corner of her eye, while her heart beat a painful tattoo of triumph against her side. She had found what she had always been looking for! "I haven't asked you how you happened to be around these parts."

She told him she was studying music in Boston, and living with Jerry. This he received in a silence which became so long that she did not know what thread he was taking up when he finally demanded:

"Did you mean that?"

"Mean what?"

"That you were living with Jerry. Were you serious?" He fell back again into a silence which lasted until Grant cut back on him at the end of the dance.

GRANT and Joy rode home with Betty and her "man," escaping Mrs. Grey, and Joy and Betty went upstairs before Mr. and Mrs. Grey returned. Betty was full of thrills. She confided to Joy that she "had found some one harmonious, even to dancing, at last." He was her escort of the evening, and they were engaged.

"Engaged!" Joy exclaimed. "You, at your age—you don't want to be married at sixteen, do you?"

"Of course not!" Betty tossed her head. "My goodness, Joy, I've been engaged three times already—being engaged and getting married have got nothing to do with each other!" She departed, leaving Joy undecided whether to laugh or to be horrified. Decidedly there was more to these naïve, sunburned kittens than met the eye.

Sunday breakfast at the Greys' was a late affair, and the table was not fully assembled until eleven. Joy and Grant met each other's eyes for one glowing moment, then devoted their attention to their plates. It was Mr. Grey who grew expansive over his soft-boiled eggs and toast.

"In my day," he remarked, with a chuckle, "we didn't choose a club-house dance in which to pick a fight. We chose some vacant lot, where there was no one around to get in the way."

"We weren't fighting," said Grant curtly.

Mrs. Grey allowed her sea-blue eyes, cold and sparkling as salt water, to rest on Joy for one pungent moment. The air tingled with omission. She spoke finally, as she rose from the table: "We shall hope to hear you sing later in the day, Miss Nelson."

A STUPID, hot Sunday. Grant and Joy had no excuse to slip away, with the events of the day before stalking in the minds, if not the words, of the Greys.

Toward evening, as it grew cooler, Betty announced that "Mr. Cortland" was coming to take her driving, and Joy and Grant could come along too. The four set off without even a pretense of asking Mr. and Mrs. Grey to accompany them. They went in Mr. Cortland's racer, which necessitated three in one seat and one on the floor. "No use taking a larger car," said the fiancé, in a bored man-of-the-world tone. "Every one would scrap as to who wouldn't drive, and I'd have to, and I can't drive with one arm—I can only stop."

"Oh, Nick, you do tear off the worst line!" trilled Betty. "Come on—take the Jerusalem road—of course we'll go to Nantasket. I want a ride in the roller-coasters!"

Grant turned and looked up at Betty. "You are not going to Nantasket to-night!" he said. "Where do you get your low-brow tastes?"

"Stuffy old thing! I've been cooped in all day till I could *scream.* Thank goodness, we can forget it's Sunday at Paragon Park!"

What was there about visiting an amusement park on Sunday to call forth such dignity from Grant? It was almost as his mother might have spoken. Joy anxiously intervened before the brother-and-sister controversy became too distressing: "It's Mr. Cortland's car, so we can't help where they go; but we can sit and wait for them."

So they sat in the car outside Paragon Park while the time raced by as swiftly as their heart-beats; they had a whole day to catch up with, Grant said.

"Our whole lives, too, Grant," Joy whispered.

"To think that we never knew each other—before!"

"But—loving this way is much more beautiful! If we had known each other always, love would have made no more impression than a—a candle lighted in a room blazing with electricity. But what a difference—when the candle is lit in the darkness!"

"Joy, how can you say such wonderful things? You say them all—everything that I can only feel, you say—or sing! How can you ever be satisfied with me?"

"Don't, Grant; that's blasphemy—or something!"

"I can't bear to think of your going away to-morrow. We've seen each other so little. I'll be coming up to Boston every day, though."

"Every day! Every single day? Could—could we honestly keep that up?"

"Now you make me feel almost up to your level. Do you realize how much we'll have to see of each other before we dare spring an engagement on my people?"

"Oh, I had forgotten all about—people and things!" The exalted rhythm of her heart-beat sagged ever so little. Mrs. Grey had such adequately discouraging eyes!

JOY let herself into the apartment with her key and started to walk down the hall to her room, humming a little under her breath. She poked her head inside the reception-room, and dropped the suitcase at what she saw.

A strange woman sitting on the comfortable sofa—a woman with very blond hair and a figure that would have been expansive if given a chance by her corsets; an earringed, bejeweled woman, with dark, hard hollows for eyes in a face whose pink and white layers gave her skin an ironed-out look which trembled into telltale wrinkles and creases in the neck. Jerry was standing before her—a changed Jerry, in a bright, bizarre gown of some rough green silk which clung to her like a wet bathing-suit, her hair pulled back straight and confined by a ribbon of the same bright silk, jade earrings lilting from her ears. Her face was rouged, her lips a splotch of scarlet. She swayed lithely as Joy stared spellbound, and was saying, in a silken, rustling voice which reminded Joy oddly of the dress she wore: "I am sure you will enjoy the little frock, Mrs. Bowman. Florence Fay was in Saturday, and I am creating one for her."

Joy felt her jaw dropping, and closed it with a click that made Jerry turn swiftly. "Mrs. Bowman" followed her glance, and lifted a jeweled lorgnette to stare at Joy. "One of your models, madame?" she asked in a voice as thick and flabby as her eyelids. Jerry nodded languidly, with a swift, imping wink at Joy.

"She's just my coloring—" the doughy voice went on. "I'd like to see her in some negligées; I'm looking for just the right kind, and I must say it's hard to suit me."

"Of course you are at your best in dark, which brings out your hair to a vividness," Jerry murmured. "I have in mind something all made up, which is distinctly your negligée from the first moment one looks at it. Pardon me for one swift moment—" And she curved out into the hall, gathering Joy after her.

"Joy," she whispered, a goblin grin disturbing her blobby lips, "Joy—do you mind going and putting on that purple negligée Packy sent the other day, and coming back here to show her how she would look? Sorry, but you peeked yourself into this!"

Joy went to Jerry's room, fighting a wild desire to laugh hysterically. She snapped the clasp that held the negligée together, and went down the hall again. It was a wonderful negligée—it would make even Mrs. Bowman look like a fresh young twig of a girl. How did models walk? She took her cue from Jerry's modulated ambulations, and swayed into the reception-room. Mrs. Bowman's lorgnette surveyed her.

"That negligée," the voice soughed, "is mine. I have to have it. I couldn't even consider anything else——"

JERRY'S hands fluttered "But, my dear Mrs. Bowman, Florence Fay——"

"I tell you, I must have it! I'll pay you twice as much as she would!"

"The works of art that I put out," said Jerry smoothly, "as works of art, contain in their price no relation to material or cost of labor. My years of study and design, of creating lesser works of art, set the price. Mrs. Bowman, I do not change my values. For you, or for Florence Fay, they remain the same. The negligée is three hundred and fifty dollars."

Joy's pose almost disintegrated at this; but Mrs. Bowman showed no sign of shock.

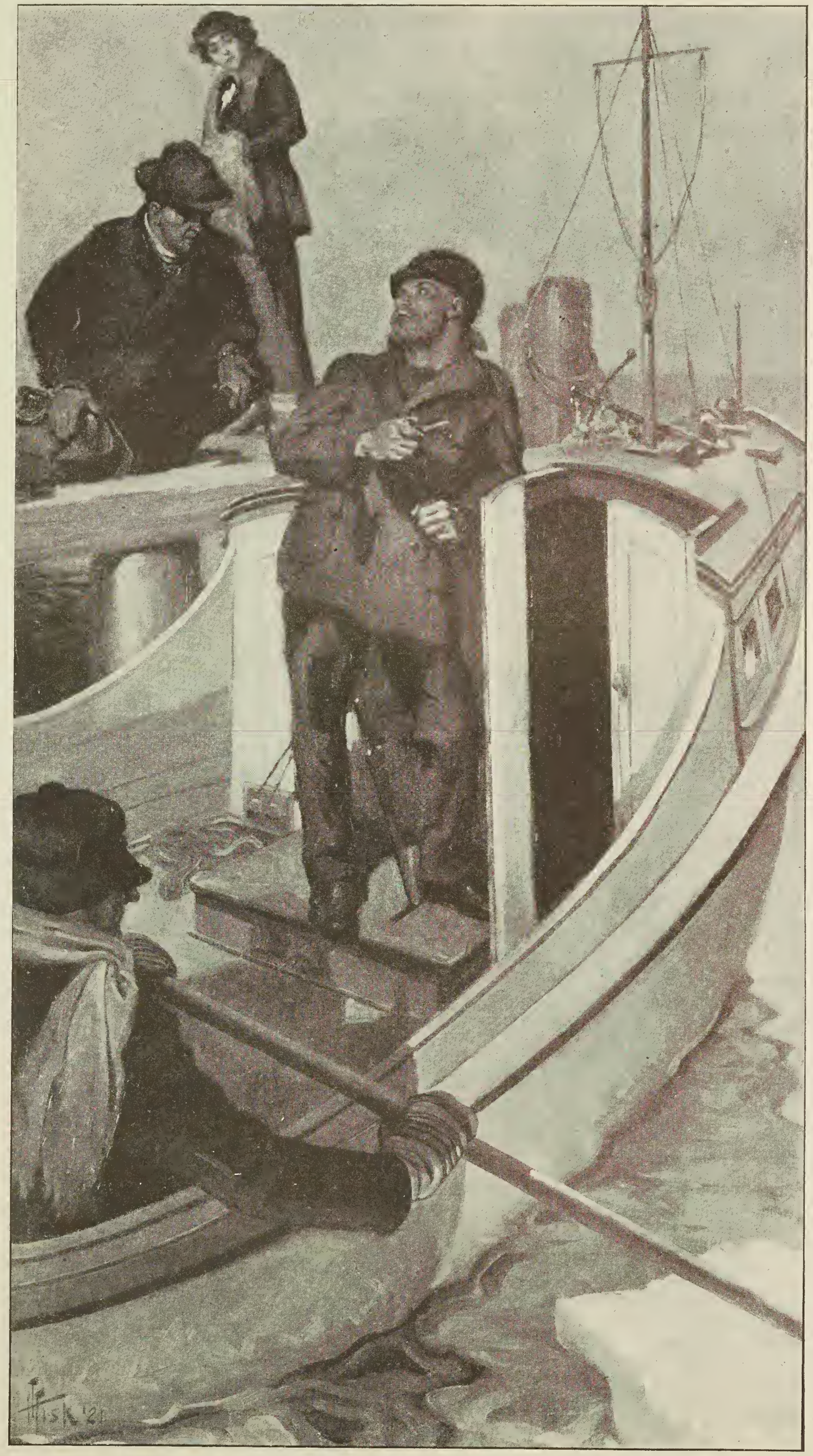
"Have it done up at once, and have the two boxes

Continued on page 68



WITH A GROWL PACKY SEIZED HER BY ONE ARM

To BEAT the BANSHEE



THE MEETING OF THE MEN WAS IN KEEPING WITH THEIR KIND: A GRUFF WORD, A HALF SMILE, A CASUAL CLASP OF HANDS

Young love endures a terrible ordeal in the ice-floes of Lake Michigan

By HAROLD TITUS

A GREAT deal had gone into the making of Mory Gallagher which Anne Burke did not understand and which, it must be recorded, was scarcely more clear to the boy himself. The fact that she did not make him out readily was the thing that first attracted the girl; he was different from other boys she knew, stronger, with a fresh directness in his clean eye, a gentle laugh, a lighter manner. And when it came to courtship he was equally distinctive; and Anne, with her red-gold hair and trim body and pretty face, had had ample opportunity to study the ways of swains.

Mory came to Chicago to work for United Fisheries from St. James, which is on Beaver Island, away at the other end of Lake Michigan. He had grown up there, and his father before him, and that is a process which can not help but set lads apart from most. Far back of them is the parentage of poor Irish fisher-people on their native Donegal coast, and later comes the influence of their struggles on the Great Lakes, first against frontier conditions, then against Strang and his Mormons, and from then on against the lake itself with its whims and dangers which always threaten poverty and disaster: of such things are courage and strength bred. Set against this rugged quality is the lyrical mysticism which induces mature people to see fairies and believe in their strength, and hear the banshee cry when death impends, and which impels old women, even to-day, to play on Irish harps and lilt ancient melodies while boys and girls dance. The isolation (the Beavers are thirty miles off the mainland) excludes skepticism, and the occupation of the people, which is entirely fishing, concentrates manner and habit until a distinctive culture has developed there in the heart of the inland seas.

Because he knew the fishing, Mory was valuable to United Fisheries, and because he had intelligence and strength he was indispensable to Anne Burke, who took down dictation and up detail for Morrison, the manager. Now young Gallagher's value to his employer was proved before the girl became convinced of his value for her, because with the one he was on familiar ground, while where Anne was concerned the boy was not sure of himself and held aloof. In fact, months passed before they were anything but casual acquaintances; but all the time Mory had his eye on the girl, marveling at her ability and confidence and composure—and looks. He would have known her well sooner had not his island training caused him to suspect doubtful merit in things unfamiliar, and particularly in people who were unfamiliar, into which class might be grouped all outsiders. He was yet an islander; Anne was an outsider: he was annoyed at his acute interest in her.

WHEN he did brave the unfamiliar and talk to the girl, the very interest he aroused confused Mory, and when she first made him tell her of the Beavers he feared that this outsider was thinking him odd, and the instinctive loyalty to clan and neighbor made him put her off. But Anne persisted, and he found himself talking about his people, about fairies and the banshee with that half-way seriousness characteristic of the present generation, and saw that she listened with a delightful appreciation. Then he discovered that he was talking about himself and that she hung on his words, and from himself to his hopes was but a short step, and when a girl listens to a boy's hopes as she did there is not much which remains between a meeting of their lips.

They were married in December and took a furnished flat, and Anne held her job because she was Irish and thrifty. They were both much in love and very happy indeed. In fact, Mory often wondered how he had thought of happiness with any other sort of girl. If he had remained on the island he would never have met any

like her, for they were not born there, and he would have continued to think them strange and not fit to share his life. He often thought that if his lusty, brusk sisters and cousins could see his wife they would not approve of his choice.

They, too, had been deprived of opportunities of knowing that women of Anne's type were deserving of respect and devotion. Yes, the stranger who finds welcome on the island must show fitness first, and according to their standards there was little indeed that a woman of Anne's type could do to show that fitness: so her husband reasoned.

Anne used to talk about going to St. James for their vacation, but Mory put her off. Some time he would have his father and mother come to Chicago, but he had no time for the islands now; he wanted a larger environment. He did not confide in Anne that it was no place for a city girl such as she was, because she would not understand and would only be hurt. He was very tender of her. But he did not suspect that the time would come when the islands would reach out for him and he would fear what the future held and be miserable; when their venture into happiness would be imperiled because there were things about Mory which even the boy himself did not understand.

THAT time was even there, perhaps, while Anne was teasing to be taken up the lake, but he could not know. In Summer communication by boat with the islands is regular; when Winter is severe the mail goes over the ice to Cross Village, but when the ice is not safe for travel and when there is yet too much of it afloat to make the lake possible for navigation, the islanders are cut off from the world.

It was at such a season that Mory's father died and it was not until a month later that a fishing-tug made its way across and put into the mail the letter which Mory's mother had written. That letter brought two distressing pieces of news. The first, of course, was that Mory's rugged father had gone. The other was that his mother had called him home to take his father's place as a fisherman! There were other children, three sons and six daughters, but the two older brothers had families and troubles of their own, and the youngest was just fifteen. Besides, there were three younger girls—and none but Mory to feed them.

"Is it right for me to stay here, when they need me?" he asked his wife.

She told him that it was not right. Had the situation been hypothetical instead of actual she would have answered so, because she saw now that there was a loyalty in her husband which could not evade the duty.

She saw that loyalty and understood, and saw another thing which she did not understand, for with her answer there leaped into Mory's mind a picture of Anne up there, among people as brusk in manner as they were in body. She was an outsider, as she had been an outsider to him at first; they would be doubtful of her real worth, as he had been; for long she would go unaccepted and might even be discredited finally by people who could not understand as he had once failed to understand that in the strain which produces delicacy of body and sweetness of manner may also be courage and fortitude—and that would hurt her and shame him!

He saw his wife through the eyes of his people and he feared to take her to them and have her found wanting! He desired to protect her; but something in him which had taken firm root in boyhood whispered to the meanness that is in the best of men that this was a girl for the life he had planned to live in the future, not for the life he had lived in the past. He tried to stifle it, to kill it, but was not strong enough, and so it remained, a specter leering at him. He tried to hide from it, but could not.

HE RAKED and scraped for a reason to justify a deaf ear for the call that had come. He could have invented makeshifts, but they would not have satisfied himself. Furthermore, there was about Anne's attitude a quality that drove him toward his duty, an unqualified acceptance of the fact—and a queer willingness to step from what was familiar into the unknown, a venturesome spirit he had not detected in her before.

"But there is nothing else to do!" she cried after one of their lengthy discussions of the matter. "It is your duty, our duty; it only means a year or two at the most, and I'll like it, Mory, I'll like the Beavers and your people!"

"I suppose so," he said glumly, and went down to the corner for tobacco.

Anne, alone in the flat, saw his filled pouch and knew that he had conjured an excuse to be alone, and she was disturbed. Something was troubling him which he would not share with her. Before he came back she had gone over everything they had said in argument from the beginning and nothing seemed to be of significance except their very last: ". . . like it, Mory, I'll like the Beavers and your people," she had said.



THEY HEARD HER MAKESHIFT CREEPERS BITE FIRMLY AS SHE TROTTED AWAY INTO DARKNESS AND PERHAPS ETERNITY

And he had replied dully: "I suppose so." Without enthusiasm. And what else was lacking?

She walked the tiny room, and when she heard his key in the latch she whirled and faced the door. As it opened she took one searching look at his face and scuttled for the bedroom and closed the door and flung herself down and asked him not to come in when his voice, trembling with concern, reached her pounding ears.

She lay there a long time, putting her palms against her ears to shut out the sound of her own distressed breathing. Finally she quieted and muttered: "I must! I can!" And then dried her eyes and went out to him.

The bewildered boy took her in his arms and begged to know her trouble.

"It is you," she said bravely. "You don't want to go back, but you *must!*" and her eyes held desperately on his until he answered.

"I do want to go back," he declared. "I couldn't feel right, not going."

He did not understand why she looked away and shuddered at that assurance.

Mory wrote that he was coming, and the letter reached the island and a reply came hastening back; but in it was scant mention of his wife, which made him certain that his mother and those about her were distrustful of the sort Mory had brought into the family.

IT WAS the gasoline-boat *Golden Gull* that nosed her way through the drifting floes to meet Mory and his wife in Charlevoix; and Gam Gallagher himself, her owner, the boy's uncle, the most consequential man of the name, wheeled her, while Don Gallagher, Mory's oldest brother, handled the motor. The lad's heart sank when he saw these men, and then a dull cynicism came as partial relief: it was as well to present Anne first to those people who would be most rigid in their judgment. His uncle, gray-bearded, hard-eyed, big and thick of body, a man of few words and of prejudices deeply fixed by the success that had attended his dogged efforts and limited circle of thought, and his brother, the dour, petulant member of his immediate family, made a sweet pair to greet his wife!

The meeting of the men was in keeping with their kind: a gruff word, a half smile, a casual clasp of hands—and then the eyes of the Gallaghers went to the girl.

"This is my uncle, Gam Gallagher, and my brother Don."

The older man took Anne's small, kid-gloved hand in his and looked down at it in his thick fingers, and into her face, and then let his gaze travel quickly and casually from her shoes to her hair. And then he asked: "What's her name?" He turned to Mory with the question, and when he had been answered he looked up at the sky as though Anne had passed completely from his thoughts, a person of no consequence.

"Lots of ice," he said. "Drove in from the west Monday. Been blowin' s'th-east all morning and it's colder. We'd better pull out; if it tightens up——"

"You might be here a week," finished Don for him, but he obviously meant only Mory, and did not include Anne in the possible delay.

MORY had known it would be like that, but such was only the beginning. The greeting was hard enough, but it would not stop there. Tongues would later say biting things about Anne and about him. And as they made their way out of the piers into Lake Michigan he sat in the stern with his wife, silent and crushed. He looked at her gloomily and she smiled back; but he saw her chin quiver, though her eyes were steady, and felt that the specter which had been over them was leaning closer and grinning his torment so that unsuspecting Anne could see and understand that her husband, or a part of him, was not proud of her. They had been so happy! and to have it end in such a way— To have her become angered to the point of forgetting her love would have hurt him less!

Don came and sat beside him and talked in a surly manner, and what he had to say did not include Anne. Later Gam came and talked likewise, and once, after looking at Anne, he stared hard at his nephew as though thinking:

"Why in hell, boy, did you bring home a doll like that?"

Charlevoix fell behind and they held to the eastward to avoid ice-fields, skirting others that drifted between

them and the shore. Though the wind was brisk at first there was little sea, for the ice held it down; anyhow, the wind was dying. After the first hour their course was not straight, but wound among floes. Once they were forced to back, and Gam Gallagher swore irritably as he extricated his boat from the closing channel. He swore again an hour later and turned to mutter one word: "Fog."

Don moved to take the wheel while his uncle went outside with his glass to see as much as possible before the thickness closed about him. Mory lowered a window and hung through and scanned the lake also, and Anne asked:

"What does it mean, Mory?"

"Nothing much," he said. "We can't travel through ice if we can't see, but it's all right; no worry."

The heed that they gave to lake and weather alarmed her, he knew, and the fact that she displayed it made him impatient, and unreasonably so, because lake and weather are not matters to be taken lightly.

The *Golden Gull* felt her way along carefully, Mory and Gam staring into the thickness, Don at the motor, ready and expectant; and Anne felt very much alone.

Ice scraped the side and the wheel went hard over, and they backed again, bumping the ice into which they had blundered blindly.

"Current!" muttered Gam. "She's driftin' fast, and——"

He rang for speed ahead and Anne wondered what the rest of his sentence would have been: she looked from his face to Don's and saw that their expression was somewhat strained.

FIRST the ice, then the fog, then darkness, just as the cold seemed to be eating up the murk; and then, as though fate scrambled to offset their efforts to overcome obstacles, the motor stopped. It stopped with a grind and a screech and a thud, and if the girl who was different had not thoroughly caught the tensity of the situation before that happened, she did at that moment. A lantern had been lighted and it showed their faces as they leaned low, and she saw Gam look at Don inquiringly and saw her husband watching both the others; then she saw that the surliness was gone from Don's face, giving way to apprehension. For a brief interval, no word. Then Don dropped to his knees and reached for a wrench. But at that instant there came into the muffled silence about them a thin, uncertain, horrible cry.

Don Gallagher's hand stopped, suspended in its errand. Mory started quickly, turning to look at his wife, whose face was lifted toward the roof of the housing, for the cry seemed to come from above. And Gam Gallagher, with a slow whiff of breath, started to his feet, dropping the lantern. None spoke; all listened—and it came again, swooping nearer, then seemed to retreat.

"The banshee!" whispered Gam, and crossed himself.

"There's nobody sick—at home?" said Don, his tone unfamiliar.

Gam shook his head. "But there's death somewhere—and we——"

Mory started up. "Nonsense!" he said gruffly. "It's noth——"

"Hush!" His uncle gestured warningly as it came again, seeming to wing through the air, beating on their ears, filling the void outside, dying off swiftly as though the thing which made it departed at tremendous speed.

By accident Gam Gallagher's eyes were on Anne when she looked at Mory and summoned a skeptical smile, but his words cut that smile down.

"The banshee cries before death," he said, a flare of displeasure at her doubting smile in his frightened eyes. "An' we hear it when we're in a fix, girl!"

She made no reply to the rebuke. Nor did her eyes fall. A slow flush came into her face, but it was curiously free from shame. Her lips trembled as though she wanted to speak, but she said no word. Mory had gone white, she saw with a start, and though he smiled at her it was a shallow grimace, for the traditions of his boyhood had a stronger hold on Mory Gallagher at that moment than they had had in years. The uncanny wail had wakened all that was mystic and imaginative in him, and he needed all his courage to retain composure.

"Let's see what we can do," said Gam as he knelt beside the useless motor, but his tone had a queer hollowness, his movements a listless quality, as though he made this gesture to extricate himself and them from the situation without any hope whatever.

They tried, but could not make repairs. The fog thinned until the stars came through and they tried to make out the lights of St. James, but they were behind Hog Island reef, with ice piled on it close to twenty feet high, screening them from view of the nearest, the only, help. The floe which had been creeping in from the south and eastward caught them as it drifted and in the darkness their efforts only jammed them tightly between blocks of heavy ice, which became more solid with every moment of that cold.

"It's solid ice all around us. Cakes of it, and—" Again Gam left a sentence raveling out.

"Can't we build a flare?" asked Mory.

"We'd have to burn th' boat up to be noticed," Gam replied. "They won't look for us to be startin' before to-morrow, so—" Still again the exasperating suggestion that he had left the worst unsaid, and as her husband looked up at the windrow of ice, scarcely their length away now, Anne read actual alarm in his face.

WHEN they first went broadside against that luminous wall it was as though the boat arrested the motion of the field, but the ice was only taking its time, gathering strength as it made itself compact. It filled in all about them slowly, and brittle needles commenced creeping up the side of the *Golden Gull* and up the face of the berg with a hissing tinkle, reaching, clutching, until they were spilling to the stern deck, almost slyly, as if stealing in to weight the craft down. And Gam, prodding with the hook, knew that this finer ice was being shoved over blocks that were too heavy to rise, solid ice, thick, low in the water, tight against the skin of his boat. Then came another sound: a dull snap which made the boat vibrate. It was stout oak, giving before the tremendous strain!

Mory looked at his uncle and then at his wife.

"Is it all right?" she asked, her voice not just steady, and he said bruskly that there was nothing to worry over, yet. He knew the others would have no charity for her apprehension—rather, for the voicing of it.

The *Golden Gull* stirred and moved—upward. Again something snapped; and there followed a report like a gun fired under water.

"It's breakin' her ribs," muttered Don.

"Which is her heart," added his uncle as he tore up the flooring to watch water pouring in.

To the westward, between them and Beaver Island, was open water with no floating ice in sight. It was very quiet, so quiet that the stars were reflected without much blur. With a yawl they could have reached safety without danger, because the faint outline of the island was visible under the starlight. But there was no yawl. The other men joined Gam.

"Be careful, Mory," Anne said evenly and saw the lad's uncle turn his head toward her impatiently.

Again the snapping of timbers and the sound of running water became louder. Then the hummock of ice which had made one jaw of the vise for them stirred. The men scrambled aboard the boat as it creaked and heaved and shuddered.

"Breakin' loose, by God!" cried Don, the surly quality gone from his tone, the fright gone too, and hope suddenly present.

"But feel her!" said Mory as the boat slipped and settled.

"Take the ice; it's safer," ordered Gam, but without hope, as if making the move through habit of self-preservation though knowing he was at the end of his rope.

The four stood on the solid cake that had pierced the *Golden Gull* while, with a slow, pivoting movement, the windrow was ground from its reef and the vitals of the craft rent again. Her stern dropped suddenly and she canted to starboard. There she hung, solidly wedged.

There was nothing to say, even had those men been naturally loquacious. They listened and watched without comment while the huge mound tilted and turned and, with a sound like a heavy sigh, settled back to normal.

"We're afloat," muttered Mory.

"Aye—afloat!" Gam said, very bitterly.

"They'd see a flare now," said Don.

"If there's anybody about to see," muttered Gam, with the life drained out of his voice. Still, he did not say that until he had taken four net buoys from the top of the *Golden Gull's* house, split one with his knife, and made a fire.

THEY hovered close to the blaze, moving to keep off the cold, and staring steadily, silently, toward the island. No answering light was seen. Mory stood beside his wife and now and then she looked up at him and touched his arm, but when he returned her gaze it was briefly and guiltily. He knew what they faced and it was right for her to know. He wanted to lead her away from the others and tell her; but his mind seemed to congest when he tried to put his emotions into thoughts as his voice would have choked had he tried to speak.

An hour later Gam lifted his hand quickly.

"Listen!"

It was a tinkling sound once more, and it came from the westward, from open water, and it seemed to have come to life quite suddenly.

"New ice," said Don and laughed, relief in his manner.

"She's making!" Mory cried with a ring of exultation.

They were not two hundred feet from the island side of the field and Don Gallagher, crawling into the wheelhouse of the *Golden Gull*, came back with a flooring-board and, shoving it beside his shuffling feet, worked to the very edge.

"Quarter-inch!" he called back, and Anne heard her husband sigh sharply, as though the suspense was unbearable.

They tore doors from the boat and built the fire higher. They shouted islandward in unison, Gam half-heartedly, but there were miles between them and ears.

"It's even colder," said Don, trying to keep an excess of hope from his voice. "And only ten," he added as he looked at his watch in the firelight.

"But they couldn't get across to us," Gam growled. "There's nobody to see, and if they did—" he stared silently to the westward a moment—"new ice 'uld be a handicap. An' if it blows west with dawn——"

ANNE looked up at her husband. "What then?" she asked.

He gestured before he spoke, to give his voice a chance to be sure of itself. "It would carry us out—into the lake again," he said. "Our only chance is an east wind, and that wouldn't be much of a chance. And it's not likely to blow that way again—to-morrow."

This was the thing she should know; this was a situation in which he had dreaded seeing her. The others were watching, and judging. They saw her hand come from its muff and slip into Mory's arm and saw her draw closer to him. Her face was very white and they stood as if expecting her to speak, with a degree of interest as to what she would say. But she did not, and after a moment they began staring shoreward again, hungrily. Eleven o'clock, and the sound of breaking ice was louder, snapping savagely, not so constantly, as if it offered greater resistance to the heavy floe. They could see a fringe of up-ended panes along the edge. Midnight, and the sound was not constant; and with that hour they ceased watching off yonder where the island lay. They kept the fire up, but not because they hoped it would attract help; they did it for comfort. Two o'clock, and they had not spoken of aid in the brace of hours.

Mory looked into his wife's eyes and tried to smile.

"We'll get out all right," she said, but her voice trembled and the cheerfulness sounded banal, and Gam Gallagher looked at her in disgust.

Three, and there was no perceptible movement.

"Near an inch," called Don, again at the edge of the floe, and the other men moved nearer him, leaving Anne by the fire.

Don slid his board from the last cake of old ice to the new black surface, and walked gingerly across and stepped off. Gam grunted a warning as the stuff sagged and bent and crackled with his weight.

"An' you're the lightest," he said. "If——"

The girl walked to them and had just halted beside Mory when Gam's head was flung back.

"Wind!" he said weakly, betraying the fact that he, also, had retained a measure of hope only to have it blasted now. "S'thwest; and she'll blow by dawn!"

THE following silence was terrific. Then Mory said in a strained whisper: "If it was only strong enough to get one of us across! A steam-tug could get back before it's too late."

"We've been proud of our big men," said Gam. "Now, though——"

Anne turned to the man. "You mean the ice would hold a lighter person?" she asked, and her question, though lowly put, came like an explosion.

Gam nodded his head and clasped his hands behind his back. "But we're all big men."

"Yes, *you* are. But there's a lighter Gallagher here!"

Mory gasped. Don, who had been staring westward, faced about. Gam let his hands swing down to his sides.

"What do you mean, girl?"

"I can go!"

"Anne!" It was Mory's cry of protest.

Gam Gallagher swallowed with an exaggerated movement of neck and head.

"You?" he said and eyed her as he had in Charlevoix, and laughed. "You? Do you know what it means if——"

"I am eighty pounds lighter than any of you. See!" With a spring she was on the board and from that to the new ice. It sagged slightly beneath her, but she ran out and faced back and cried: "See?"

"Come back!" Mory called. "You'd never get over. It may not all be like this!"

She came back, but she said: "And if none of us can get help? And if it blows, won't we all drown?" The light of the fire fell on her face, which was frost-white, but it also met the dark fire in her eyes, when she turned from her husband to Gam Gallagher. "Is there any other chance?" she asked.

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MY FIRST FORMAL DINNER IN FRANCE WAS A PLEASANT SURPRISE. IT WAS LIKE A GREAT FAMILY PARTY—EVER SO MUCH FUN

THE LOG-CABIN LADY

She learns the geography of social customs

INSTALMENT III

THE Scotch lady of aristocratic birth and social experience lived with me one terrible week. On the seventh day I came home from shopping with presents for the twins back in Wisconsin. A day or so earlier, while my mentor was out of the room, I had asked the chef-waiter of our floor about himself and his family, and found that his family too included twins. So with the presents for my family I also brought some for his.

Mr. MacLeod, the member of Parliament from Scotland, and Lord Lansdowne happened to be calling when I arrived, and Tom and the Scotch lady were there. The chef-waiter was taking the coats of the gentlemen callers. I received the guests, acknowledged the introductions, and then, as I removed my own coat, I handed him the little package.

When we were alone the Scotch lady turned to me. "In England," she said, "ladies never converse with their servants, particularly in the presence of guests."

Then she sealed her doom. "Ladies never make gifts to their servants," she added. "Their secretaries, housekeepers, or companions disburse their bounty."

I remembered the old U. S. A. An American chef-waiter might hope to be the father of a President. On the ranch I had cooked for men of less education and much worse manners than this domestic who brought my athletic husband's breakfast to his bedside and who happened to be the proud father of twins.

I would learn table manners from an English lady of aristocratic birth and social experience; but when it came to the human act of a little gift to a faithful servant, I declared my American independence.

She Shook the Queen by the Hand

all in the American tradition, but to the horror of the court and the humiliation of her husband. She knew nothing of the distinguished European society into which her marriage to a young diplomat had plunged her. To-day this woman is a famous hostess on two continents. Yet she was born in a log cabin, never saw a table napkin until she was fourteen, and learned the ways of society by bitter experience. Because for years her social blunders were a sorrow and a cross to her and because she believes ignorance causes unhappiness, she has written her life story for THE DELINEATOR.

I was homesick for Wisconsin, homesick for real and simple people. I wanted to go home!

That night Tom and I had our first real quarrel, and it was over my dismissal of the Scotch lady of aristocratic birth.

Life became intolerable for a while. I dragged through days of bitter homesickness. Nothing seemed real. No one seemed sincere. Life was a stage. Everybody seemed to be acting a part and speaking their pieces with guttural voices. Even my husband's voice sounded different—or else I realized for the first time that Boston apes London English. Tom had learned his mother tongue in Boston, and now suddenly he seemed like a foreigner to me simply because he spoke like these other foreigners. The sun went out of my heaven. I was dumb with loneliness and sick with the fear of lost faith. Could it be that my husband was affecting these English mannerisms? Certainly he seemed at home in England, while I seemed to be adrift, alone in an arctic ocean.

I had no friend in England, and more and more my husband's special work was engrossing him. When we were together I felt tongue-tied. He had tried to be gentle with me; but I was strange in this world of his, and lonely and sensitive. I had dreamed so much of this world, and now that I was in it, it was false and petty. I longed for the United States, for my Northwest, for my hills and wide, far plains. I wanted to meet somebody from Madison who smiled like a friend.

One day Tom looked at me searchingly, and said I must be ill.

I confessed to a little homesickness. Tom became very attentive. He took me sight-seeing. We lunched at the quaint inn where Dickens found his inspiration for "Pickwick Papers" and where the literary lights of London foregathered and still foregather for luncheon. We sat in one of the cozy little stalls—just Tom and I.

Suddenly it swept over me that life had gone all wrong. Here was a dream come true, and no joy in my heart. Tom asked me for my thoughts. I told him, quite frankly, I was thinking of home. I was thinking of mother in her cotton house dress with her knitted shawl around her shoulders, of father in his jeans and high boots tramping over the range with the men; I saw the cow and the pigs and the chickens, the smelly corral and the water-hole, the twins trying to rub each other's face in the mud. And I was thinking—Tom wouldn't fit into my world, and I could not belong to his. That was the second time I heard Tom swear. He wanted to know what kind of a —— snob I thought he was. He'd be as much at home with dad on the ranch as he was in London. "The fault is with you," he said. "You're not adaptable, and you don't try to be."

Tom didn't understand. He never did. In all the years together, which he made so rich and happy, Tom never understood how hard and bitter a school was that first year of my married life.

But Tom did try to give me a good time in London. He took me to interesting places and we were entertained by a number of people, mostly ponderous and stupid. Tom did not suggest that we entertain in our turn. I think he felt I was not ready for it, although even in after years, when we talked frankly about many things, he would never admit this.

I shall never forget my first week-end party in England. I was not well, and Tom, manlike, felt sure the change, a trip down to Essex and new people, would do me good. The thought of the country and a visit with some good simple country folk appealed to me too, so I packed the bags and met Tom at Victoria Station at eleven o'clock. Alas! It is a far cry from a Montana ranch to a gentleman's estate in England! My vision of a quiet visit "down on a farm" vanished the minute we stepped off the train. Liveried coachmen collected our baggage. They seemed to be discussing something; then I heard Tom say: "I guess that's all. I'll wire back for the rest of it."

WE WERE led to a handsome cart drawn by a fine tandem team, and Tom and I were alone for a minute.

"My God, Mary!" he burst out, "didn't you bring any clothes for us?"

"I certainly have," I retorted, sure I was in the right this time. "Your nightshirt and my nightgown; your toilet articles and mine; a change of underclothes; a clean shirt and two collars for you, and my new striped-silk waist."

I shall never forget Tom's expression.

"Do you know where we are going?" he groaned. "To one of the grandest houses in England! Oh, Lord! I ought to have told you. You'll need all the clothes you have down here. And—and a valet and maid will unpack the bags—oh, hell!" After more of the same kind of talk, he began to cook up some yarn to tell the valet.

Suddenly all that is free-born in me rose to the surface.

"Is it the thing for gentlemen to be afraid of the valet?" I asked my husband. "Does a servant regulate your life and set your standards?"

Tom was quiet for several moments; then he took my hand and said very earnestly: "Mary, don't you ever lose your respect for the real things. It will save both of us." After a minute he added: "Just the same, I'll have to lie out of this baggage hole."

He did, in a very casual, laughing way—such a positive set of lies that I marveled and began to wonder how much of Tom was acting and how much was real.

Tom went back to London on the next train, and reached the "farm" with our baggage before it was time to dress for the eight-o'clock dinner.

The dinner was long and stupid. After dinner the women went into the drawing-room and gossiped about politics and personalities until the men joined them, when they sat down to cards. I did not know how to play cards, and so was left with a garrulous old woman who had eaten and drunk over-much.

IT HAD been a long day for me. I was ill and tired. Suddenly sleep began to overpower me. I batted my eyes to keep them open. I tried looking at the crystal lights, but my leaden eyes could not face them. The constant drone of that old woman was putting me to sleep. I tried to say a few words now and then to wake myself. I felt myself slipping. Once my head dropped and came up with a jerk. I watched the great French clock. Its hands did not seem to move. I looked at Tom. He was absorbed in his game. I could not endure it another minute. I went over and said good night to my hostess, who had spoken to me only once since my arrival.

Drowsy as I was, I noticed she seemed surprised. "Oh, no," I told her; "I am not ill, only very sleepy."

How good my pillow felt!

The next morning Tom was cross. I had made a *faux pas*. I had shown I was bored and peeved and had gone to bed before the hostess indicated it was bed-time. It "wasn't done" in England.

"What do you do if you can't keep awake?" I asked.

"You slip out quietly, go to your room, ask one of the maids to call you after you have had forty winks, then you go back and pretend you are having a good time," said Tom.

There were some bitter hours after we got back to London. But Tom won, and I promised to get a companion. Then there came into my life the most wonderful of friends. She was the widow of a British Army officer who had been killed in India, and her only child was dead. She was a woman of education and heart; she understood my needs, all of them, and I interested her. She had seen great suffering; she had a deep feeling for humanity and an honest desire to be of use in the world. In the English register my companion was listed as the Honorable Evelyn, but we quickly got down to Mary and Eve. We loved each other. Eve went to France with us a few months later. She made me talk French with her.

My first formal dinner in France was a pleasant surprise. It was like a great family party—not dull and quiet, like the English dinner, and ever so much more fun. Everybody participated. If there was one lion at the table, everybody shared him.

THERE is something in being born on a silken couch. Nothing surprises you. You are at ease anywhere in the world. Eve fitted into Paris as naturally as in her native London. I began to feel at home there myself. It was a city of happy people—care-free, natural, sympathetic. There was a lack of restraint which, after the oppressive dignity of London, was a rare treat. No one was critical. Every one accepted my halting and faulty French without ridicule or condescension. The amiability and the friendliness of the French people thawed my heart and began to lift me out of my slough of homesickness. Happiness came back to me.

There had been hours in England when only the knowledge that a woman's rarest gift was coming to me, and that Tom was proud and happy about it, kept me from running away—back to the simple life of my own United States.

I WAS homesick for mother. Babies were a mystery to me, although I had helped mother with all of hers. We had buried three of them in home-made coffins—pioneering is a ruthless scythe, and only the fit survive. I began to understand my mother and the glory in the character which never faltered, although she was alone and life had been hard. How could I whine when I had Tom and a good friend—and life was like a playground?

I loved the French. They regard life with a frankness which sometimes shocked my reserved Boston husband. He never accepted intimacy. The restraint of old England was still in his blood. The free winds of the prairie had swept it from mine.

My new friends in Paris discovered my happy secret. It was my all-absorbing thought, and I was delighted to be able to discuss it frankly. Motherhood is the great and natural event in the life of a woman in France, and no one makes a secret of it. I was very happy in Paris. And then—Tom had to go to Vienna.

Not even Tom, Eve, and the promised baby could make me happy there.

In all the world I had seen no place where the line of class distinction was so closely drawn, where social customs were so rigid and court forms so sacred, as at the Austrian capital. Learning the social customs of Vienna seemed as endless as counting the pebbles on the beach—and about as useful. The clock regulated our habits in Vienna. Up to eleven o'clock certain attire was proper. If your watch stopped you were sure to break a social law. I once saw a distinguished diplomat in distress because he found himself at an official function at eleven-thirty with a black tie—or without one, I have forgotten which!

At first it offended me to receive an invitation—or a command—to appear at a formal function, with an accompanying slip telling exactly what to wear. Then I laughed about it.

Finally I rebelled. On the plea of ill health, I made Tom do the social honors for me, while Eve and I did the museums and the galleries and the music fêtes.

Years later I went back to Vienna, and I did not discredit my country. But I never loved the city. I enjoyed its art, its fascinating shops, its picturesque streets and people, and its beautiful women. But for me Vienna has the faults of France and England, the poverty and arrogance of London, and the frivolity of Paris, without their redeeming qualities.

SO I was glad to return to England. The second day in London, Tom took me to an exhibition important in the art world, or at least in the official life of London. Everybody who was somebody was there. I saw the Princess of Wales and the Marquis of Salisbury, who was then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. I saw Mr. Balfour, so handsome and gracious that I refused to believe there had ever been cause to call him "Bloody Balfour." There was something kingly about him—yet he was simply Mr. Balfour. Years afterward I realized that to know Mr. Balfour is either to worship him or hate him. No one takes the middle course.

I had begun to have a beautiful time that afternoon. I felt happy, acutely conscious of my blessings and of one coming blessing in particular. Mr. Gladstone joined us, and Sir Henry Irving came over to speak to Eve. She told him I had just said that England had a mold for handsome men. Irving was interesting and striking though certainly not handsome; but he took the compliment to himself, smiled, bowed his thanks, and said:

"And America for beautiful women."

Mr. Gladstone, too, could indulge in small talk. "You should have seen her rosy cheeks before she went to the Continent," he said, and added kindly that I looked very tired and should go down to Hawarden Castle and rest.

"Oh," I explained happily, "it isn't that—I'm not tired. It is such a happy reason!"

I felt Eve gasp. Mr. Gladstone opened his kind eyes very wide, and his heavy chin settled down in his collar.

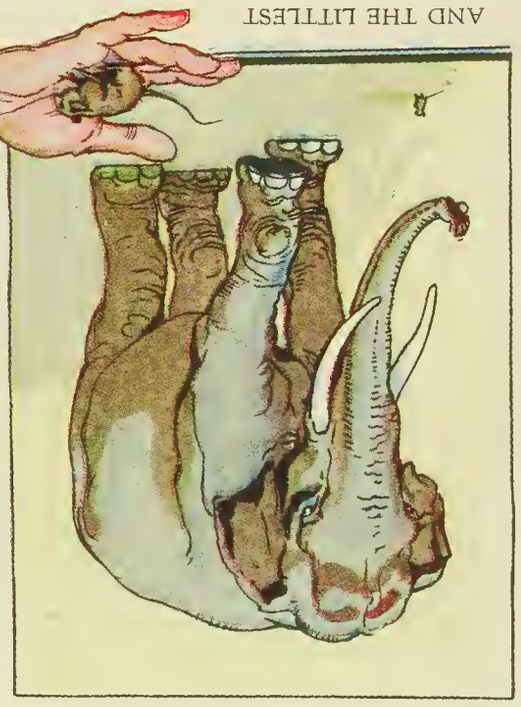
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WHAT KIND OF WOMAN AM I?

By Marion McLean

Am I the kind of woman who makes fun of her husband before other people?
Or do I consider it no disgrace to be happily married?
Do I know what is going on inside the funny little heads of my children?
Or am I satisfied if they are well-dressed, washed, and behave with reasonable mannerliness before guests?
If the living-room curtains are clean, do I really care much whether the ice-box is scalded out or not?
Am I strictly honest in making out my household accounts?
Or do I sneak in an occasional shampoo under "cleaning" and let it go at that?
Which is more important to me—the smocking on the little girls' dresses or the books they read?
Do I take the job of marriage like a good sport, the worse with the better?
Or do I whine for special consideration because, forsooth, I am a woman?
Can I be a good sport and *keep on being one?*
Or, after being fine and decent for a while, do I kick over my bucket of milk with a mean dig and then act surprised that no one appreciated the fine quality of milk that I produced?
Do I burn my own smoke?
Or do I discuss my family affairs with my friends?
Would I read a letter that I found in my son's bureau drawer?
Or do I believe that adolescents are people, too?
Do I have my dark-gray blankets washed as often as my white ones?
Why don't I?
Can I keep a confidence?
Or do I go teapotting to my husband with every bit of gossip that turns up?
Do I respect myself and my job, knowing that on the material basis alone a hundred dollars a week would only just replace me in my home?
Or do I sometimes think of myself as a mixture of servant and concubine, with the cringing and rebellion of both?
Am I thin and irritable?
Am I fat and flabby?
Or do I keep fit physically and mentally?
Will my children respect me when I am forty-five?
What will I be like when I am sixty?
What kind of woman am I?

THE BIGGEST ANIMAL IN THE WORLD



HERE is a picture of the biggest animal in the world and the littest.

The biggest animal was an elephant named Jumbo. About fifty years ago he was a baby elephant living in Africa.

Baby elephant's Father and Mother stuck their sharp tusks in the ground and dug up roots to eat. Sometimes Father and Mother stuck their long trunks in the river and sucked up water through their nose-holes, like two little pipes, and when the water got to their mouths they swallowed it.

One day when Father and Mother Elephant were away from home, some men found Baby Elephant. He fought very hard, but they took him away on a boat to France and named him Jumbo.

When Jumbo was twenty-three years old an American man named Mr. Barnum bought him for ten thousand dollars and took him on a boat to America and put him in Barnum's Circus. Jumbo was twelve feet high when he stood on four feet, and he weighed twelve thousand pounds.

Ask your father if he ever saw Jumbo.

Then, oh, dear! one day Jumbo was crossing a railroad track in Connecticut and he got run over and died.

His skeleton is in the Museum of Natural History in New York. If you ever go there, you can see it.

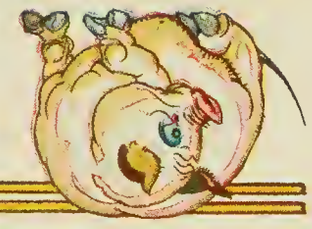
And right under the skeleton of Jumbo, the biggest animal in the world, you will see the littest animal in the world—a field-mouse two and a half inches long. He is in a little glass case, and he looks *so* little beside the skeleton of old Jumbo.

The little field-mouse in the Museum isn't alive now, but he has lots of little field-mice brothers living outdoors in the field. They have big black eyes and big round ears and a fur coat and black-and-white whiskers. They dig for roots with their sharp little toe-nails just the way the big elephants in Africa dig with their big sharp tusks. On very cold Winter days, when these littest animals in the world can't find grass or roots, they eat bark.

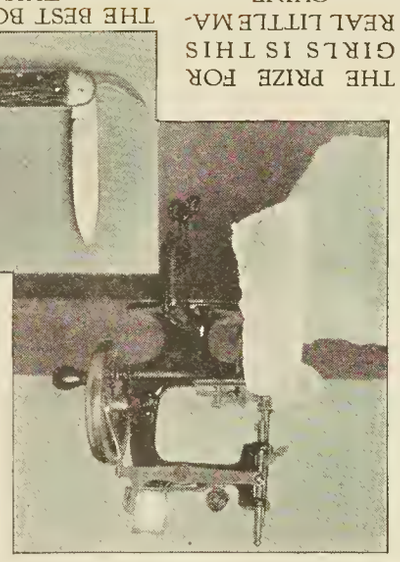
Which would you rather be, a BIG ELEPHANT in Africa or a *teeny weeny little field-mouse* in America?

NEXT MONTH

The deer that look their own photograph



A fat little Pig-pig said: "Hey!
My tail-tail won't curl-curl to-day."
So. . . . . .
(What did he do?)



PIG CONTEST—WIN A PRIZE!

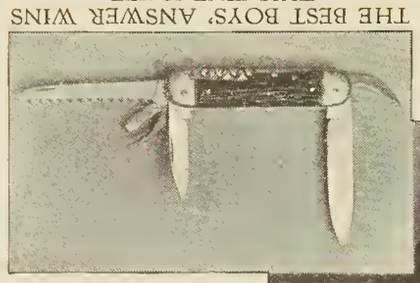
READ the little verse next to the pig picture and then write a line telling what the pig did next. It must end in a word that rimes with "Hey" and "to-day." You can find lots of words: say, play, gay, away, pay, and many more.

Copy the Pig Verse and write your line under it. Then write your name, age and address and send it to PIG CONTEST, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, Care of the Big DELINEATOR, New York.

Your answer must be in by the twenty-second of February.

The funniest answers that rime best will win the two prizes.

THE PRIZE FOR GIRLS IS THIS REAL LITTLE MACHINE



THE BEST BOYS' ANSWER WINS THIS FINE KNIFE

RAINY-DAY PAGE

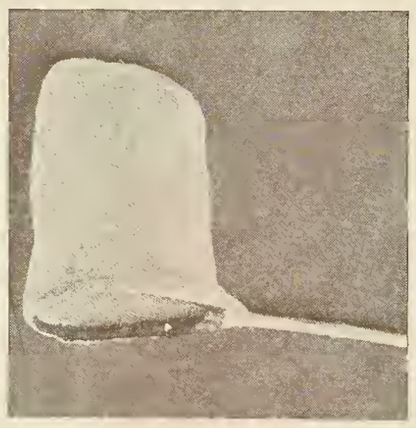


A NET FOR YOUR GOLDFISH

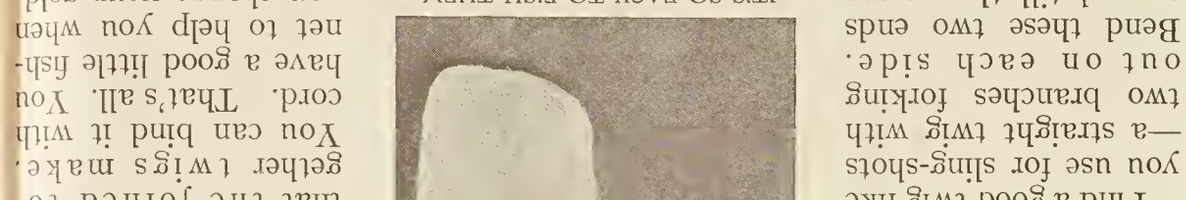


DO YOU ever have a hard time changing your goldfishes' water? Make a little net to fish them out with.

Find a good twig like you use for sling-shots—a straight twig with two branches forking out on each side. Bend these two ends around till they come together and wrap them tightly with cord so they won't come apart. Then take a square piece of mosquito netting and bind it around on the circle that the joined-together twigs make. You can bind it with cord. That's all. You have a good little fishnet to help you when you change your goldfishes' water.



IT'S SO EASY TO FISH THEM OUT WITH THIS



MY LITTLE PAGE

HELLO, Kiddoes!

Hello, all you boys and girls whose names I don't know yet, but who are going to write to me very soon and tell me who you are! Hello, everybody!

Do you know who I am? I'm your editor. That means I'm the person who makes this little magazine for you, and my goodness, I've tried so hard to make it funny and interesting. Do you like our LITTLE DELINEATOR? If you write me a letter and say yes, the Big DELINEATOR will let us have our LITTLE DELINEATOR every month.

So please write to me and say yes. Tell me your name and your age and what grade you're in. Do you want to call me Harriet Eager, or Harriet, or Miss Eager, or Aunt Harriet, or My Editor, or what? Choose the name you like best and call me that in your letter.

I have to say good-by now, because there's no more room on this page. HARRIET EAGER.

P. S. I promise to answer *every single letter*. I'll tell you about New York. My address is Harriet Eager, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, care of the Big DELINEATOR, New York City.



WHAT DAY IN FEBRUARY IS THIS?



WHAT HOLIDAY IN FEBRUARY DOES THIS STAND FOR?



WHOSE BIRTHDAY IN FEBRUARY DOES THIS MEAN?

HOW TO CUT OUT THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

Now, kiddoes, don't stand on your heads trying to read this page without cutting it out and folding it first. Look on the last page of the Big DELINEATOR for directions.

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

FEBRUARY 1922

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER



LOOK AT THE COVER OUTSIDE OF THE BIG DELINEATOR AND THEN LOOK AT THIS. WHAT HAPPENED?



THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF LITTLE PRINCE TOOFAT

By George Randolph Chester

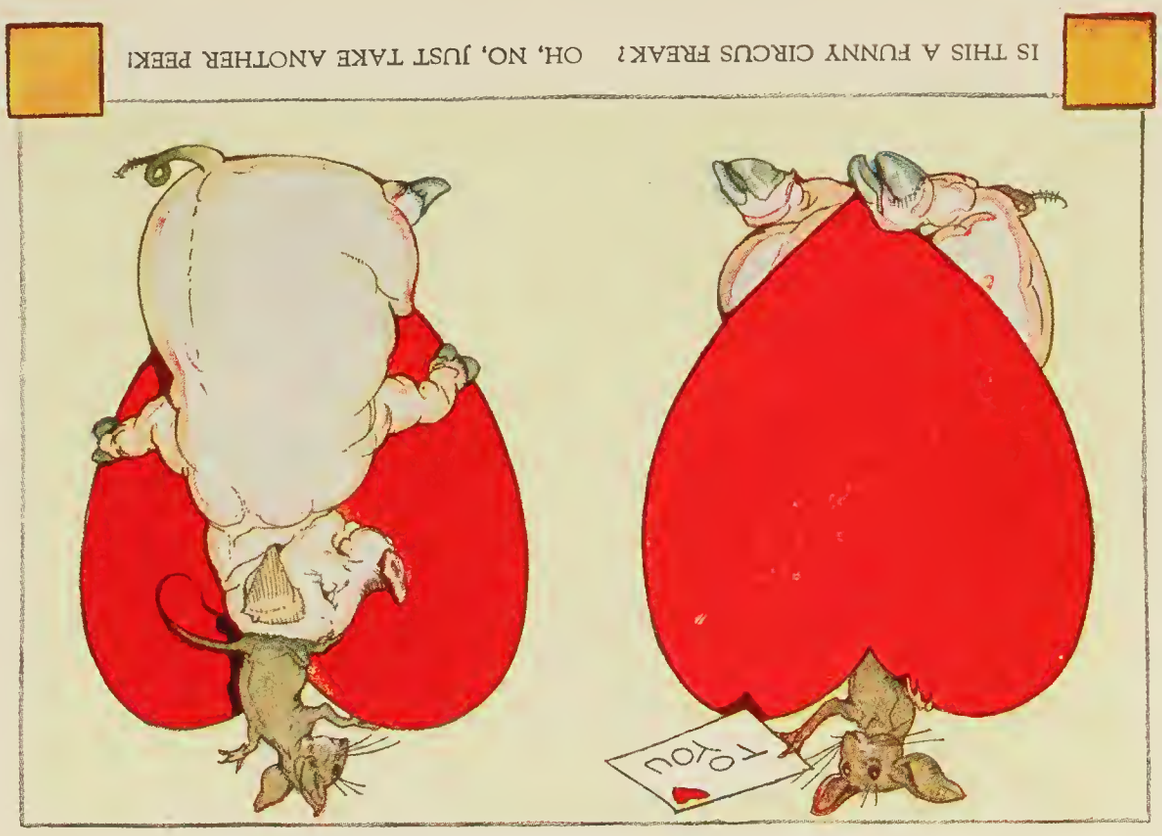
AFTER the Prince and Himself had met the Princess Oogalally and got chased by the Great Foozlewhich, they all jumped straight up in the air till they struck a comet, and they took a toboggan slide down its tail and landed on the moon. The Man in the Moon was just as tickled to see them as anything.

"Walk right in," he said. "All the Moonaticks are out on the Milky Way just driving the cows back. We don't have anything but cheese here. Even the dresses of the Moonaticks are green cheese-cloth."

"Does the Great Foozlewhich ever come here?" said Himself.

"The Great Foozlewhich!" roared the Man in the Moon, while his nose turned green. "I'd like to catch the Great Foozlewhich coming up here!" And the Man in the Moon's eyes flashed fire and one of the sparks flew on his bundle of fagots

3







ISN'T this a pretty picture of little Baby Jesus sitting on his mother's lap, hugging a sweet little lamb? His mother is smiling because Baby Jesus feels nice and soft, just like Baby Lamb. It's a warm Spring day, so little Jesus doesn't feel cold. The leaves are beginning to come out on the tree and the flowers are blooming. Can you see them?

An Italian artist named Leonardo da Vinci painted this picture a long, long time ago, before your great-great-grandfather was even born, and ever since little children have loved to look at it.

PRINCE TOOFAT (Continued)

and started a blaze, and they had to call out the Fire Department.

"Oh, let's stay here!" said the Prince.

"Walk in," said the Man in the Moon pleasantly, "and take any house you like and eat it all up."

"Oh, how lovely!" said the Princess as they stepped inside.

All the trees were made out of green cheese and there were pretty little Swiss cottages there, made out of Swiss cheese, and Cottage-cheese cottages. Of course the beams in the roof were moonbeams, but the rest of the roof was made out of Limburger cheese, because that is so strong. They ate one of the little cottages up, and then the Moonaticks came home.

Moonaticks are *awfully* funny little fellows—they have two eyes and two ears and two hands and a nose and a mouth!

Then everybody played hide-and-seek. Up there, when you find anybody, and you say "King's X," they have to give you anything you want, and if they haven't got it they have to dream it true for you.

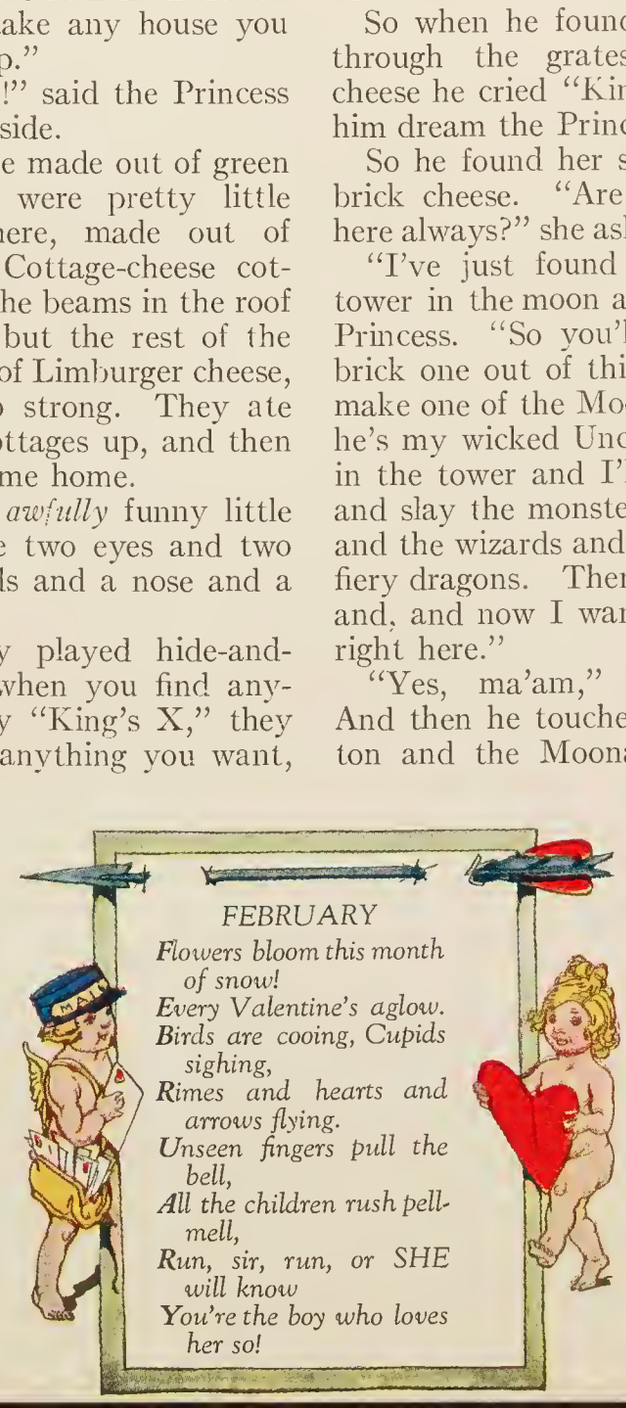
Well, the Prince found them all but Himself and the Princess, and he had a wagon-load of gum-drops and a little locomotive with a head-light that didn't wind up with a spring, but ran with real steam and went *Sst, sst, sst,* when the wheels went around, and too much raspberry jam, and oh! almost everything except the Princess.

So when he found Himself looking through the grates of some grated cheese he cried "King's X" and made him dream the Princess for him.

So he found her sitting on a pile of brick cheese. "Are we going to stay here always?" she asked.

"I've just found out there isn't a tower in the moon any place," said the Princess. "So you'll have to build a brick one out of this brick cheese and make one of the Moonaticks let on like he's my wicked Uncle and lock me up in the tower and I'll weep till you go and slay the monsters and the witches and the wizards and the giants and the fiery dragons. Then we'll get married, and, and now I want this tower built right here."

"Yes, ma'am," said the Prince. And then he touched the electric button and the Moonaticks came flying through the moonatsphere and built that tower, nice and round and tight, with just one window in the top for the Princess Oogalally to look out and weep, in just two-thirds of a jiffy. And you have your father take out his watch and explain to you just how big a jiffy is.





The STORY of MY LIFE

By MARIE CURIE

An inspiring personal record of a great woman's success

This is the second instalment of Madame Curie's story of her life. It carries a message to every woman. Hers is an inspiring example of the triumph of faith. With no money, with a home and a young baby to care for and a doubting world to discourage her, Madame Curie never wavered. Here she tells how she gave radium to the world—the new element which has been so great a blessing to suffering humanity.

WITH my marriage there began for me a new existence, entirely different from the solitary life I had known during the preceding years. My husband and I were so closely united by our affection and our common work that we passed nearly all of our hours together. I believe that I have almost no letters from him, we were so little apart.

My husband spent all the time he could spare from his teaching at his research work in the laboratory of the school in which he was professor, and I obtained permission to work with him.

It was not easy to reconcile household duties with my scientific work; yet, with good will, I managed it. The great thing was that we were alone together in the little home, which gave us a peace and intimacy that were very enjoyable to us.

At the same time that I was working in the laboratory I was taking a few study courses, for I had decided to take part in the examination for a certificate that would allow me to teach young girls. If I succeeded, I would be entitled to be named professor. In August, 1896, after having devoted some months to preparation, I came out first in the examination.

Our principal distraction from the close work of the laboratory was long walks in the country. My husband greatly enjoyed outdoor life, and took great interest in the plants and animals of woods and meadow. Hardly a corner in the vicinity of Paris was unknown to him. I also loved the country, and these excursions were a great joy for me. We also visited regularly my husband's parents, where our room was always ready.

In the vacations we went on extended outings, often by means of our bicycles. In this way we covered much ground in Auvergne and in the Cévennes, and visited several regions at the seashore. We took a great delight in these all-day excursions, arriving at night always in a new place. If we stayed in one place too long my husband began to wish to get back to the laboratory.

But first of all in our life was our scientific work. My husband gave much care to the preparation of his courses, and I rendered him some assistance in this, which at the same time helped me in my education. Most of our time, however, was devoted to laboratory research.

My husband did not then have a private laboratory. He could use the teaching laboratory of the school to some advantage, but found more freedom by installing himself in an unused corner of the Physics School building.

At this time my husband was occupied with researches on crystals, while I undertook an investigation of the magnetic properties of steel. This work was completed and published in 1897.

In that same year the birth of our first daughter brought a great change in our lives. About this time my husband's mother died and his father came to live with us. We took a small house with a garden, and we occupied this house as long as my husband lived.

It became a serious problem how to take care of our little Irene and the house without giving up my scientific work. We had to have a servant, but I personally saw to all details of the baby's care. While I was in the laboratory she was in the care of her grandfather, who loved her tenderly and whose life was made brighter by her.

It can be easily understood that there was no place in our life for worldly relations. We spent quiet evenings at home and paid almost no visits. We saw but a few friends—scientific workers, like ourselves. We also maintained affectionate relations with my husband's brother and his family. But I was separated from all my own relatives, for my sister had left Paris with her husband to live in Poland.

IT WAS under this mode of quiet living, organized according to our desires, that we achieved the great work of our lives—work begun about the end of 1907 and lasting for many years.

I had to decide on a theme for my doctorate. My attention had been drawn to the interesting experiments of Henri Becquerel on the salts of the rare metal uranium. Becquerel had shown that by placing a little uranium salt on a photographic plate covered with black paper the plate would be affected as if light had fallen on it.

The effect is produced by special rays which are emitted by the uranium salt and are different from ordinary luminous rays, as they can pass through black paper. Becquerel also showed that these rays can discharge an electroscope. He at first thought that rays were produced as a result of exposing the uranium salt to light; but experiment showed that salts kept for several months in the dark continued to emit the peculiar rays.

My husband and I were much excited by this new phenomenon, and I resolved to undertake the special study of it. It seemed to me that the first thing to do was to measure the phenomenon with precision. One of the models of the apparatus used by me for the first measurement of rays is now in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Philadelphia.

I was about to undertake a detailed study of the uranium and thorium rays when I discovered a new interesting fact. Some of these minerals revealed an activity three or four times greater than that of pure uranium. Speculating about the reason for this, there seemed to be but one explanation.

There *must be*, I thought, *some unknown substance*, very active, in these minerals.

My husband agreed with me, and I urged that we search for this unknown substance, thinking that a result could be quickly obtained.

Neither of us could foresee that in beginning this work we were to enter on a new path in science which we should follow for all our future.

THE more we worked, the more clearly we realized that the radioactive element could exist only in very small quantities. However, it also became clearer that this unknown substance possessed marvelous properties and that its activity was very great.

This realization held us absorbed in a passionate research, despite the ever-increasing difficulties of the work. As a matter of fact, it was only after years of the most arduous labor that we finally succeeded in separating the new substance, now known to everybody as radium. Here is, briefly, the story of the search and discovery:

Since we did not know at the beginning any of the chemical properties of the unknown substance, but only that it emitted rays, it was by these rays that we had to search. We first undertook the analysis of a pitchblende from St. Joachimsthal. Analyzing this ore by the usual chemical methods, we added an examination of its different separated parts for radioactivity by the use of our delicate electrical apparatus. This was the beginning of a new method of analysis, which, following our work, has been greatly extended, with the result that a large number of radioactive elements have been discovered. A few months' more work permitted us to understand its chemical properties.

In July, 1898, we announced the existence of a new substance, to which I gave the name of *polonium*, in memory of my native country.

But in discovering polonium we had also discovered another new element. We were able to separate this second new substance, which was afterward shown to be much more important than polonium.

In December, 1898, we could announce the discovery

of this new and now famous element, to which we gave the name of RADIUM.

But the greatest part of the work had yet to be done. We had, to be sure, discovered the existence of the remarkable new element. We had still to reduce it to a pure element. On this work we now started.

We were very poorly equipped with facilities for this undertaking. It was necessary to subject large quantities of matter to careful chemical treatment. We had neither money, suitable laboratory, nor personal help for this great and difficult undertaking.

The School of Physics could give us no suitable premises, but the director permitted us to use an abandoned shed that had been used by the School of Medicine as a dissecting-room. Its glass roof was an inadequate shelter against the rain. The heat was suffocating in Summer, and the bitter cold of Winter was only a little lessened by a cast-iron stove.

There was no possibility of obtaining the proper apparatus in common use by chemists. We simply had some old tables with furnaces and gas-burners. It was with this equipment that we entered on our exhausting work. We had to use the adjoining yard for those of our chemical operations that produced irritating gases.

Yet it was in this miserable old shed that we passed the best and happiest years of our life, devoting all our days to our work. Often I prepared our lunch in the shed, so as not to interrupt some particularly important operation.

Sometimes I had to spend a whole day mixing a boiling mass with a heavy iron rod nearly as large as myself. I would be broken with fatigue at that day's end.

Other days, on the contrary, the work would be a most minute and delicate fractional crystallization in the effort to concentrate the radium. I was then annoyed by the floating dust of iron and coal from which I could not protect my precious products.

BUT I shall never be able to express the joy of the untroubled quietness of this atmosphere of work and the excitement of actual progress and encouraged hope of still better results. The moments of discouragement that sometimes came after some unsuccessful toil did not last long and gave way to renewed activity.

One of our joys was to go into our rough little shack at night. We then saw on all sides the feebly luminous silhouettes of the bottles or capsules containing our radium products: it was really a lovely sight, and one always new to us. They were like earthly stars—those glowing tubes in that poor rough shack.

Thus the months passed, and our efforts, hardly interrupted by short vacations, brought forth more and more complete results. Our faith grew ever stronger.

About this time we found a little means to get new quantities of raw material and to carry on some of our cruder processes in a factory, allowing me to devote more time to the more delicate finishing treatment.

At this stage I devoted myself more especially to the purification of the radium. My husband had just been named professor in the Sorbonne. He was preoccupied with his teaching duties and with the study of the physical properties of the rays of the new substance.

It was only after treating one ton of raw material that I could get definitive results.

But finally the day came when the isolated substance showed all the characteristics of a pure chemical body. This was determined in 1902.

I then possessed one decigram of very pure chloride of radium.

It had taken me almost four years to produce the kind of evidence that chemical science demands to prove that radium was truly a new element.

This demonstration, which cost so much effort and money, was the basis of the new science of radioactivity.

In later years I was able to prepare several decigrams of pure radium salt and to make a more accurate determination of the atomic weight and even to isolate the radium in the state of pure metal; but 1902 was the year in which the existence and character of radium was first shown.

WE had been able to live for several years entirely engrossed in the work of research, but gradually circumstances changed. In 1900 my husband was offered a professorship in the University of Geneva, but almost simultaneously he was offered a position as chief of courses in the Sorbonne, and I was made professor of physics at the Normal Superior School for young girls at Sèvres. So we remained in France.

A growing reputation because of the announcement of our discoveries began to trouble the quiet work in our own laboratory, and little by little life became more difficult. In 1903 I finished my doctor's thesis and obtained my degree. At the end of the same year the Nobel prize was awarded jointly to Becquerel, my husband, and me for the discovery of radioactivity and the new radioactive substances.

This event greatly increased the publicity of our work. For some time there was no more quiet. Visitors and demands for lectures and articles interrupted every day.

This overturn of our voluntary isolation was a cause of real suffering for us. It had all the effect of disaster. It was serious trouble brought into the organization of our life. I have already explained how indispensable was our freedom from external distraction in order to maintain our scientific and family life.

In 1904 our second daughter, Eve Denise, came to us. I had, of course, to interrupt my work in the laboratory for a while. In the same year, because of the results of our work, the awarding of the Nobel prize, and the general public recognition, a new chair of physics was created in the Sorbonne and my husband was named as its occupant. At the same time I was named chief of the work in the laboratory that was to be created for him. But in reality the laboratory was not constructed at that time, and only a few rooms taken from other uses were available to us.

Just as we were definitely giving up the old shed laboratory where we had been so happy, there came the dreadful catastrophe which took my husband away from me, and left me alone to bring up our children and at the same time to continue our work of research.

IT IS impossible for me to express the profoundness and importance of the crisis brought into my life by the loss of the one who had been my closest companion and best friend. The public, and especially scientific circles, also felt this loss deeply.

The death of my husband, coming just after the general knowledge of the discoveries with which his name is associated, was felt to be a national misfortune.

It was largely under the influence of this emotion that the Faculty of Sciences of Paris decided to offer me the chair, as professor, which my husband had occupied so short a time in the Sorbonne. It was an exceptional decision, as up to then no woman had occupied such a position.

The honor that now came to me was really painful under the circumstances of its coming. I wondered whether I would be able to face so grave a responsibility. After much hesitation, I decided that I ought at least to try to meet the task; and so I began in 1906 my teaching in the Sorbonne as chief of courses, and two years later I was named titular professor.

In my new position the difficulties in my life were considerably augmented, as I now had to bear alone the burden formerly carried jointly by my husband and myself.

As our strong desire was to live in the country, we took a house with a garden in Sceaux, in the suburbs of Paris, from which we could reach the city in half an hour.

There were few resources for the education of my daughters in Sceaux. The second one, still quite young, needed principally outdoor walks, a hygienic life, and elementary schooling. She had already shown a vivid intelligence and an unusual disposition for music.

The elder daughter resembled her father in her intelligence. She was not so quick as her sister, but one could already see that she had a gift of reasoning power and that she would like science.

She had some training in a private school in Paris, but I had not wanted to keep her in a *lycée*, as I considered the class hours too long for the health of children.

I have always been convinced that in the education of children their growth necessities and physical evolution should be respected, and that some time should be left for their artistic culture.

In most schools, as they exist to-day, the time spent in various reading and writing exercises is too great and the study required to be done at home too much. I also find these schools lacking, in general, in practical exercises to accompany these scientific studies.

With a few friends in the university circle, therefore, who shared these views, we organized a cooperative group for the education of our children, each of us taking charge of the teaching of a particular subject.

We were all very busy with other things, and the children varied in age. Nevertheless, the trial thus made was very interesting. With a small number of classes, we yet succeeded in uniting the scientific and literary elements of a desirable culture. The courses in science were accompanied by practical exercises in which the children took great interest.

This arrangement, which lasted two years, proved to be very beneficial for the larger number of the children: it was certainly so for my elder daughter. Following this preparation, she was able to enter a higher class in one of the colleges of Paris, and had no difficulty in passing her bachelor's examination before the usual age, after which she continued her scientific studies in the Sorbonne.

My second daughter, although not benefiting by a similar arrangement for her earlier studies, first took only partially and later completed the classes of a college in which she showed herself a good pupil.

I wanted very much to assure for my children a rational physical education. Next to outdoor walks, I attach great importance to gymnastics and sports. This side of a girl's education is still much neglected in France. I made sure that my children did gymnastics regularly.

Thus, with the care of my children's education and my professional occupation, I had a hard life in the years following my husband's death. I had but one provisional laboratory with little space and limited equipment. With the help of my assistants and students, I was able to continue my researches with some success.

IN 1907 I received a precious mark of sympathy from Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who donated to my laboratory an annual income for research fellowships which enabled a number of advanced students to devote their whole time to investigation. Such foundations are very encouraging to those whose inclination and talents are such as to warrant their entire devotion to research work.

During the year 1911 I occupied myself with the preparation of an international standard sample of radium. This was an important and much-needed work. Work on radium was now being done in many laboratories, and in addition the industry of producing radium commercially was developing in several parts of the world, and it was highly desirable that some standard should be established by which the relative purity of any sample of radium could be measured. A commission composed of scientific men of different countries was therefore formed, which agreed to take as a base an international standard formed of a carefully weighed quantity of pure radium salt, and to prepare, by comparison with this primary standard, a secondary standard for each country.

I was charged with the preparation of the primary standard.

Near the end of the year 1910 I was proposed for the decoration of the Legion of Honor. A similar proposal had been made earlier in favor of my husband, who, however, being opposed to all honorary distinctions, had not accepted the nomination. Following my husband's example, I also refused the decoration.

About this time several of my colleagues persuaded me to be a candidate for election to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, of which my husband had been a member in the last months of his life.

I hesitated very much, as such a candidacy requires by custom a great number of personal visits to Academy members. However, I consented to offer myself as candidate because of the great advantages an election would have for my laboratory.

My candidacy provoked a vivid interest. It involved the question of the admission of women to the Academy. Many of the Academicians were opposed to this on principle, and when the scrutiny was made I had a few less votes than were necessary.

I do not ever wish to renew my candidacy because of my strong distaste of the personal solicitation required. I believe that all such elections should be based wholly on a consideration of merit, with no personal effort involved. Other scientific academies and societies have made me a member by spontaneous decisions.

As a result of all the cares devolving on me, I fell seriously ill at the end of 1911. At this time I received the award for the second time, this time alone, of the Nobel prize. The journey that I had to make to Stockholm to receive the prize was extremely painful for me.

I was accompanied by my oldest sister and my daughter Irene. But I was already suffering so much that when I returned I had to stay in bed for several months. This illness, as well as the necessities of my children's education, obliged me to move my home from Sceaux to Paris.

DURING the year 1912 I had the opportunity of collaborating in the creation of a laboratory of radium at Warsaw. This laboratory was founded by the Scientific Society of Warsaw, which offered me its direction.

I could not leave France to go back to my native country, but I willingly agreed to occupy myself with the organization of studies in the new laboratory, of which the immediate direction was given to young physicists trained in my laboratory.

In 1913 I attended in Warsaw an inauguration fête which left with me an unforgettable memory of a national sentiment which succeeded in creating a useful work under political conditions that were particularly difficult.

While still only partially recovered from my illness I renewed my efforts for the construction of a suitable laboratory in Paris. Finally it was arranged for and work begun in 1912. But, because of the lack of financial means, the construction work proceeded very slowly, and was not yet entirely finished when the war broke out in 1914.

The years of human agony that followed were to be hard ones for me, but they brought spiritual satisfaction in the knowledge that my labors in life were to prove a service to mankind.

To be concluded in the March DELINEATOR

TRAVELERS ALL

By ELEANOR CHALMERS



The fringe of society is of silk for the house and monkey fur for the street. In silk it appears in black and white below the black velvet casque of a Molyneux gown photographed by O'Doyé

WE ARE a nation of travelers. Naturally. None of us would be here at all if some one more or less remotely related to us hadn't taken a three-thousand-mile jaunt to see America first, and handed down to us among many other admirable things our hereditary restlessness. The two little Panama girls who travel back and forth from the Atlantic to the Pacific every day to school, and who swim in one ocean in the morning and the other in the afternoon, do very little more traveling than the average American, who seems to devote a great part of his life to getting somewhere else and back again.

Yet although we go about a great deal and in a degree of luxury and comfort unknown abroad, we are not noted for either good taste or judgment in the matter of our traveling clothes. It isn't that we begrudge the money for a suitable outfit, for Americans are notoriously generous—to themselves—in the amounts they are willing to spend on their clothes. It is rather that we seem to have a dislike for the simple, inconspicuous clothes suitable for ship or train, that we would rather wear silk than serge, and duvetyn than tweed. Certainly the worst offenders against good taste in this direction are the women who spend a great deal on their clothes, the young motion-picture actresses who take a child-like and exuberant delight in the newly acquired magnificence of their wardrobes, and women of certain types who seem to look upon a trans-atlantic voyage as a sort of dress competition, and who try to express their own success and standing by the gorgeousness of their apparel, by the purple velvet and near-ermine of their traveling rugs, the gold lace and sequins of their evening clothes. Women of position and good breeding dress as quietly and inconspicuously for traveling as they do for the street. Their clothes are always smart, well made, but sober in cut and color.

MIDWINTER is the time when those of us who can will go South to Florida, and later to White Sulphur, or perhaps to what even we Easterners admit is "the Coast." A little later, the newspapers tell us, we will go in thousands to the European resorts. What are we to wear?

You will find that there is quite a difference in the things that you will need for a train trip and a voyage, but that it is difference mainly of weight and warmth. For either you should have smart, simple, inconspicuous clothes, and for the train they should be darker in color and lighter in weight. The same type of suit with the classical tailored jacket or patch-pocket coat, the same character of simple chemise dress answers for either trip. The train, however, is dirtier and warmer, and most women prefer a collarless dress of serge, twills, repp, tricotine, etc., for there is nothing about it to get out of order, nothing that requires freshening or changing en route. The suit, on the contrary, must have its fresh blouses, which refuse to stay fresh over unelectrified routes. On the other hand, the suit is admirable on shipboard, for you can use a sweater under the jacket on cold days and add a traveling coat when you are sitting still in your chair. The tweeds and homespuns and mixtures make excellent traveling suits, for they show soil far less than serge or plain wool materials. On shipboard, especially on the oil burners, it is clean enough, but you will do a good deal of train travel once you reach the other side. A top-coat of some kind is advisable for a long train trip, but it isn't an absolute necessity as it is on the ocean. On shipboard you must have a sweater and also steamer rugs, unless you don't mind renting rugs.

For either trip you should have a small, light, close-fitting hat. Be sure that it is comfortable and that there is no back brim to keep you from leaning back comfortably in your Pullman seat or steamer chair.

YOUR shoes, gloves and hand-bag should be of a character that is suitable with a tailored suit or traveling dress. On a boat you can wear white or light-colored fabric gloves. They look very smart, and it is easy to wash them out and dry them, but they are not practical for the train as they soil too quickly. On shipboard many women, especially young girls, wear low, white sports shoes as they are very suitable for walking and for deck sports. On warm days in the Spring and Summer, you see many white flannel or serge skirts, white blouses and white, black or dark-blue sweaters. The bright-colored sweaters are also worn.

On board ship most women change for dinner, though it is perfectly permissible to dine in your traveling suit if you prefer to. Full evening dress is incorrect for the steamer. The best-dressed women wear very simple, semi-formal dresses of the type you would wear to a restaurant, usually in black and sometimes with a hat. For the ship dances young girls wear simple, light-colored dinner dresses of taffeta or a crêpe silk.

On the boat you'll need a warm bathrobe and on the train a dark-colored dressing-gown or kimono of thin silk.

Correct traveling clothes are not a matter of money. Any one can make for herself the correct, simple things that women of wealth and good breeding wear on a train or ship. This is particularly true since the invention of the Deltor, which enables women to make even their top-coats and tailored suits so that they have the right air, and which shows them, also, how to give the French turn, so often a matter of the appropriate trimming and finish, to their dresses. It is a mistake to feel that traveling is out of the question because traveling clothes add exorbitantly to the cost of a trip. They do not. They are not expensive in themselves and they are of the utmost usefulness after the trip is over.

FEW SPRING STYLES ARE COMPLETE WITHOUT THE CAPE, SLEEVES VARY IN LENGTH, BUT THE LAW OF THE LOW WAISTLINE IS UNIVERSAL

SKETCHES BY SOULIÉ



Paris, after dropping the coat belt, has now gone back to it reasonably enough, for it gives the low-waistline definition to the suit. Rolande uses it on a suit of gray serge entirely tucked. The collar is monkey skin, and the vest-like blouse of pale yellow silk

That the long sleeve does not take its own wide way in all cases is demonstrated by a delightful afternoon dress from Rolande. The black antar crêpe is draped on the hip, the sash is drawn through an ornament, and the neck follows the now very general boat line

Silver threads among the pearls form chains and festoons at the low waistline of a dress from Charlotte in which the ashes of roses "fulgurante" crosses itself in the skirt and falls into brief trains at the side

The black tulle train of a dinner gown from Alice Bernard should adopt the Texan motto of "Don't Tread On Me." The dress itself is one of the new all-over beaded type, of rose net embroidered with jet sequins and striped with rows of black beads

One wonders how the lady inserts herself into the jacket cape of Jean Patou's excessively smart costume of black kasha and blue and black tartan, but undoubtedly over the head is in. The jacket buttons at the side and the high collar is of petit gris



Jean Patou makes an art of extreme simplicity in a dress of white Mongol crêpe touched with silver at the girdle. It is a characteristic evening gown of the year—the neck high and wide, the waistline low, the skirt irregular of outline and the sleeve replaced by the top of the bodice



The tea-gown of the French woman is deshabillé in name only. It is in reality a home dinner-gown when it is a robe like this of rose and silver cloth festooned with velvet fruit and worn with a scarf coat of painted chiffon.
From Molyneux



Plaited cloth interlaces itself into the wide sleeve of a Charlotte suit made of black repp and gray squirrel, with a coat that flares at the side



The cape strikes unmistakably the new note in costumes for the Spring. Molyneux has been unusually successful with a cape coat of gray duvetyn trimmed with steel and copper braid, lovely in color, graceful in design

Although the coat may vary widely as to type, the low waistline follows through into the suit, and the skirt in all cases remains narrow and fairly short. In this instance Alice Bernard has embroidered blue popla with gold thread and fringed the coat with monkey fur

Dress 3559

Dress 3518
Embroidery design 10876

Dress 3552

Blouse 3547
Jumper dress 3537

Dress 3560

Dress 3544
Embroidery design 10734

Dress 3528

Other views and descriptions are shown on page 88

IF YOU ARE SPENDING LATE WINTER OR ONLY PLANNING EARLY

DOWN AMONG THE SHELTERING PALMS FOR SUMMER SKIES

Other views and descriptions of these garments are shown on page 91

Dress 3540
Embroidery design 10882

Dress 3503

Dress 3556

Dress 3546

Dress 3553

Blouse 3547
Jumper dress 3539
Smocking design 10610

Dress 3516
Embroidery design 10921

3557—10945—A devotee of Oriental designs and gay colors works a wide band of them about the hem of her skirt and the edge of her sleeves. Other pyramidal motifs on the waist and skirt are separated by a smart metal belt. A combination of outline or satin-stitch embroidery and bugle beads or one-stitch is best for the designs. The one-piece dress has a straight lower edge and slips over the head. The low waistline may be marked with an elastic in a casing, which gives the blouse effect. Without it the dress is straight. There is a blouse body lining. Use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, foulard, Georgette, etc. Lower edge 53½ inches.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards of serge 44 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses.



Dress 3557
Embroidery design 10945



Dress 3562
Embroidery design 10886



Dress 3511



Dress 3526

3526—A simple slip-over dress is clever enough to give its front and back panels complete freedom. The dress has a kimono body and a straight skirt which is attached at a rather low waistline. The closing is under the left arm. A long body lining may be used if you like. Use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, wool crêpe, crêpe voile, in one or two colors or figured with plain; crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, all one side of the material, or combining the dull and shiny sides, or over Georgette. Make the panels of velvet and the dress of silk crêpes or Georgette; combine lace with crêpe de Chine and crêpe satin, etc. Lower edge 1½ yard.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard of brocaded chiffon 36 inches wide and 3⅛ yards of plain chiffon 40 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3562—10886—The course of a striking strip of handwork is uninterrupted by a mere tie belt. The design may be worked in a combination of satin-stitch, outline or chain-stitch and bugle beads or one-stitch embroidery. The one-piece dress slips over the head and may have an elastic at the waist and a blouse body lining, if you wish. Use silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, wool crêpe, all one color or with sleeves and collar in a contrasting color or figured with plain; crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards of crêpe satin 40 inches wide and ⅞ yard of contrasting Georgette 40 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses.

3511—Braid winds round and round the straight skirt and the rather wide sleeves of a most correct street dress. The bloused or drawn-down waist has an armhole that is fairly deep. The skirt is attached at a waistline that is also slightly below normal, and a long blouse body lining may be used or not, as you like. The dress slips over the head and closes under the left arm. A little round collar and a large soft sash make the costume complete. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse, satin, taffeta, foulard, velvet or Georgette. The sleeves may be made shorter, or longer, with a cuff. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 4 yards of silk crêpe 40 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3497—3428—10922—Effective hand trimming follows the lines of a slip-over tunic blouse with a straight edge. The motifs may be carried out in soutache or Hercules braid or in outline, couching or chain-stitch. A slip is an inseparable companion if the blouse is transparent. For the blouse use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, Georgette, crêpe satin, tricolette, chiffon velvet or jersey cloth. For the slip use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, wash satin, Japanese silk, etc.

36 bust requires for the blouse and slip 5½ yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide, with ¼ yard of contrasting color 40 inches wide. Lower edge 52 inches.

The tunic blouse, 3497, is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses. The slip, 3428, is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3524—10925—Tired of the rounded neckline she boldly decides on a deep V-shaped one with narrow lapels which reach almost to her trim tie belt. This gives her all sorts of opportunity for gay or dainty vestees. The dress is in one piece and slips over the head. A blouse body lining is possible. Brilliant embroidery climbs half-way up the skirt and even finds the sleeves and vestee. Bands of this type may be worked in one-stitch embroidery or bugle beads. Wool crêpe, serge, tricotine, soft twills, or sports silks may be used especially well at this season.

36 bust requires 2½ yards of tricotine 54 inches wide. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust; it is also nice for misses.

3469—The conundrum when is a coat not a coat is answered by a dress which wraps about its wearer in the easy, fashionable way. It is made in one piece, with an elastic in a casing at the low waistline if you wish to have a blouse. The blouse body lining is also a matter of choice. Large buttons, carrying out the coat idea, are an attractive way of trimming it. Use serge, tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, wool crêpe, silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse or crêpe de Chine.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards of serge 54 inches wide and ¼ yard of satin 36 inches wide for the vestee. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This coat dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust; it is also nice for misses.

3530—2930—10786—A brilliant strip of embroidery cries halt, for the moment, to the wide sleeves of a tunic blouse in peasant style. The designs may be worked in satin-stitch or outline embroidery. The blouse may have an elastic at the low waistline and should be accompanied by a slip or a skirt. Use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, Georgette, crêpe satin, chiffon velvet, lace. Make the blouse of navy blue and the sleeve band and vestee of scarlet or jade green braided in gold, etc.

36 bust requires 5¼ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide for the blouse and slip and ⅜ yard of contrasting material 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This tunic blouse, 3530, is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses. The slip, 2930, is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3477—The point of this uneven hem line is easy enough to see. The cascades and the full sleeves carry on the soft flowing lines begun by the little cape, which may be left off when you like. The dress may also be made without its side draperies. A blouse body lining and elastic at the low waistline, to give a becoming blouse effect, may be used, but neither is essential. Use silk crêpes, heavy crêpe de Chine, plain or broché; crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, foulard, chiffon velvet, soft serge, tricotine or gabardine.

36 bust requires 4 yards of crêpe satin 40 inches wide and 1 yard of contrasting material 40 inches wide. Lower edge 53½ inches.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses.

3495—10930—So devoted to Winter coats that she pretends to wear a second one—a one-piece redingote over the slip-over underbody of her dress. The two-piece skirt of this under part closes at the left side and is attached at the low waistline. The little vestee may be removed. Circles of large beads contrast with the square corners of the dress. Designs of this type may also be worked in French-knot embroidery. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, with vestee in contrasting color or of linen, piqué or checked gingham, or with vestee and skirt in contrasting color; crêpe-back satin, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards of serge 54 inches wide and ¼ yard of flannel or broadcloth 27 inches wide. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 89

Tunic blouse 3497
Slip 3428
Embroidery
design 10922

Dress 3477

Dress 3524
Embroidery design 10925

Tunic blouse 3530
Slip 2930
Embroidery design 10786

Dress 3495
Embroidery design 10930

Other views of these garments are shown on page 89

Dress 3508
Embroidery design 10922

Dress 3543

Tunic blouse 3509
Slip 3489

Dress 3510
Embroidery design 10826

Other views of these garments are shown on page 90

Dress 3549
Embroidery design 10858

Dress 3545



Coat 3533
Skirt 3520



Dress 3481
Embroidery design 10895



Coat 3525
Skirt 3414



Coat 3554
Skirt 3520

FOR THE IN BETWEEN SEASON THE GLASS OF FASHION REFLECTS VANISHING WINTER AND APPROACHING SPRING

3525—3414—A coat is especially interesting when it may serve several purposes, as part of a suit or a knicker costume, or as a substitute for a sweater without sleeves. This one gains smartness from the inverted plait at the center of the back and the useful patch pockets. Stitched or pressed dart plaits are a matter of taste. The straight skirt is in two pieces with the waistline raised 1¼ inch and with another type of coat may have loose side panels. For the coat use homespun, tweeds, heather mixtures, cheviot, wool jersey, serge, velours, etc. For the skirt use serge, tricotine, soft twills, worsted, duvetyn, heavy silk crêpe, etc.

The coat for 36 bust and the skirt for 38 hip require 3⅜ yards of wool jersey 54 inches wide. Lower edge 53 inches.

The coat, 3525, is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses. The skirt, 3414, is becoming to ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

3533—3520—Just to be original a straight coat may disguise itself with folds of trimming of a slightly circular shape. A soft plait at the back of the armhole is also becoming. The straight skirt in two pieces has its waistline raised about 1¼ inch. The effective band of trimming about the hem may be left off if you wish. For the coat use silk crêpe, satin, wool crêpes, soft serge, soft tricotine, soft twills. For the skirt use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, sports silks, knitted crêpe, wool crêpes, soft serge, soft tricotine, soft twills or wool jersey. Lower edge 52½ inches.

The coat for 36 bust and the skirt for 38 hip require 3⅞ yards of soft twill 54 inches wide.

The coat, 3533, is becoming to ladies 32 to 42 bust; it is also nice for misses. The skirt, 3520, is becoming to ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

3481—10895—The bands of flowers call your attention to the special attractions of her dress. From bateau neckline to hem they follow the Russian closing and edge the fashionable sleeves. They may be worked in a combination of beading or French-knot embroidery and one-stitch or bugle beads. The one-piece dress has a wide shoulder and deep armhole, and may be made with a blouse body lining. Make entirely of serge, tricotine, gabardine, duvetyn, soft twills or with sleeves of silk crêpe; use charmeuse, satin, crêpe meteor, all of one material or with sleeves of silk crêpe or Georgette; heavy silk crêpes, or crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge 53 inches.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards of duvetyn 40 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 40 bust; it is also nice for misses.

3554—3520—Not much chance of losing your pocket-book when your suit coat can have four flapped pockets. The coat with its notched shawl collar may have stitched or pressed dart plaits if you like, and it may also be made without sleeves. The accompanying, straight skirt appears here without its possible band of trimming. It is in two pieces and has its waistline raised 1¼ inch. For the coat use homespun, tweeds, heather mixtures, cheviot, wool jersey, serge, velours, checks, wool khaki or flannel. For the skirt use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, sports silks, knitted crêpe, wool crêpes, soft serge, soft tricotine, soft twills or wool jersey.

The coat for 36 bust and the skirt for 38 hip require 3¼ yards of velours 54 inches wide. Lower edge 52½ inches.

The coat, 3554, is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses. The skirt, 3520, is becoming to ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

3508—10922—As she leans forward to whisper her latest conquest it is evident that loose front and back panels, and armholes and a waistline that are slightly low, secure the fashionable lines of her frock. It slips over the head; the upper part closes under the left arm and the skirt is straight. A body lining is not absolutely necessary. She chooses blocks of braid for further ornament. Bands or motifs may be worked in soutache or Hercules braid, or in outline, couching or chain-stitch. Use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, wool crêpe in one or two colors or figured with plain, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards of Georgette 40 inches wide and 1⅝ yard of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1½ yards.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3510—10826—Inspired by Spring, butterfly-wing sleeves spread from the wide shoulders of a simple one-piece dress. The sleeves are attached to a long body lining at a deep armhole, and are covered with flower and leaf traceries. Motifs or bands of this type are usually worked in one-stitch. The dress slips over the head. Use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, in one or two colors, crêpe meteor, combining dull and shiny sides of the material or with Georgette or lace. Combine velvet or satin with Georgette, silk-crêpe fabrics, chiffon or lace, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards of crêpe satin 40 inches wide and 1¼ yard of chiffon 40 inches wide. Lower edge 53 inches.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses.

3509—3489—So that there will be no jealousy between sides, the belt of this slip-over tunic blouse ties in two places. The blouse may be long or it may be cut in a shorter length. There is an attractive slip in case it is transparent. For the blouse use silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, chiffon cloth, silk voile, lace, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, tricolette, chiffon velvet, serge or jersey cloth. For the slip use crêpe satin, Georgette, wash satin, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide for the blouse and 2⅛ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide for the slip.

This tunic blouse, 3509, is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses. The slip, 3489, is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3549—10858—A certain lady values her good name so highly that she embroiders an initial above the crossed belt of her sports dress. The letter may be worked in satin-stitch or outline embroidery. The dress is in one piece and slips over the head; the lower edge is straight and the becoming side fulness is secured by an elastic at the low waistline. There may be a blouse body lining. Use wool jersey, soft serge, wool crêpe, crêpe jersey, heavy silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, satin, pongee, sports silk or velvet.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards of wool jersey 54 inches wide and ¼ yard of contrasting material 36 inches wide for collar. Lower edge 52 inches.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 46 bust; it is also nice for misses.

For other view of these garments, see page 90

3543—Strips of ribbon are clever indeed when they insist on being caught under the hem and making the favorite irregular line. Wide sleeves and the bateau neckline are also a wise choice. The dress, in one piece, slips over the head. You may have an elastic in a casing at the low waistline and also a blouse body lining if you like, but neither is necessary. Use crêpe faille, heavy silk-crêpes, crêpe satin, charmeuse, satin, velvet, serge, tricotine, gabardine, soft twills or wool crêpe, with straps of the same material as the dress or of ribbon or wide braid.

36 bust requires 3½ yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide and 5⅝ yards of ribbon. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses.

3545—There is not much excuse for turning your back on your friends unless you happen to be wearing one of those new short capes, which hang jauntily from the shoulders and may be taken off when you like. Bands of fur cloth trimming around the neck and sleeves also add greatly. The dress slips over the head and closes under the left arm; the two-piece skirt is attached at the low waistline. If you choose, there may be a blouse body lining. Use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, foulard, chiffon velvet, wool crêpe, serge, tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, charmeuse or satin. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards of brocaded crêpe 40 inches wide and ¼ yard of fur cloth 50 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.



AN ILL WIND BLOWS EVERY ONE GOOD BY SUMMONING SUITS AND WRAPS



3567—To accommodate the lines of the newest dresses a soft coat obligingly provides deep armholes and unusually wide sleeves. If you wish the blouse effect you must put an elastic in a casing at the low waistline; otherwise the coat will hang straight. The shawl collar may be buttoned snugly for blizzards or spread open for warmer weather. Use heavy silk crêpes, satin, velours, duvetyn and similar soft-pile fabrics, camel's-hair cloaking, serge, etc. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards of velours 54 inches wide.

This coat is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses.

3566—3391—A particularly capable cape is a circular one in three pieces which may be made long or longer. Use cheviot, serge, soft twills, tricotine, etc. Accompanying it is an almost jumper dress in one piece with a straight lower edge. The blouse body lining is possible. Use tricotine, serge, soft twills, etc. Lower edge 2⅜ yards. Lower edge of dress 54 inches.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards duvetyn 54 inches wide with the cape in shorter length.

This cape is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust; it is also good for misses. The dress, 3391, is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses.

3564—3267—The French type of tailored coat is fitted just enough to recall the festive hunting jacket. It has the new one-button closing and new sleeves. A straight one-piece skirt has shallow graduated plaits under its tucks, set-in pockets and a waistline raised 1¼ inch. For the coat or skirt use Oxford suiting, twills, tricotine, serge; for the coat camel's-hair mixtures, etc.; for the skirt wool jersey, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3⅜ yards of Oxford suiting 54 inches wide. Lower edge 52½ inches.

The coat, 3564, is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust. The skirt, 3267, is good for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

3565—3188—A gallant circular cape makes quite a mystery of the dress beneath it. In either of its two possible lengths the cape is made with a vest front and a set-in pocket. The dress has a long body of the same or contrasting material, which is joined to a straight skirt. There may be a blouse body lining. The closing is in the back. Use twills, tricotine, etc.

36 bust and hip require 5 yards of serge 50 inches wide for the short-length cape. Lower edge 2¾ yards; of dress 1¾ yard.

The cape, 3565, is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses. The dress, 3188, is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3525—3496—For the golf links, tobogganing, skating and riding, the knickers are the newest sports costume. These have a reinforced seat and may be made with either of two depths of bands. The smart coat has an inverted plait at the center of the back. Pressed dart plaits and sleeves are optional. Use tweeds, heather mixtures, homespuns, etc.

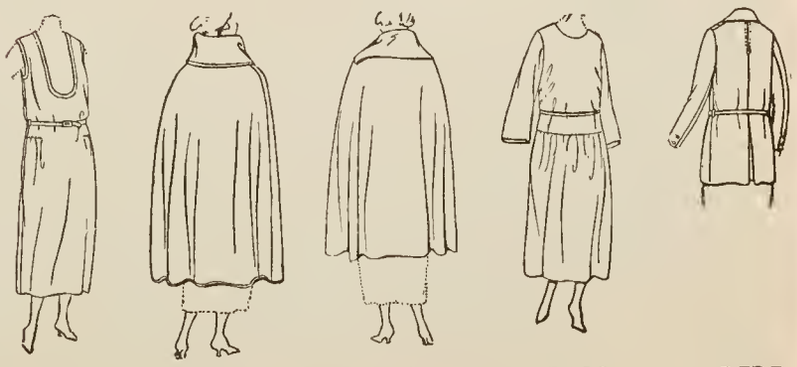
36 bust and 38 hip require 3½ yards of homespun 54 inches wide.

The coat, 3525, is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses. The knickers, 3496, are becoming to ladies 24 to 36 waist; they are also nice for misses or girls 8 to 18 years.

3563—3465—10914—News of fabric flowers and the uneven hem line has reached a cape with straight outer edges. Use silk crêpes, satin, etc., for either of the two possible lengths. The skirt of the slip-over dress is attached to a long body which is attractively embroidered. One-stitch or bugle beads are most effective. Use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge of dress 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 5⅛ yards of silk crêpe 40 inches wide and 1½ yard of 40-inch contrasting crêpe.

The cape, 3563, is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses. The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



THE NOVEL TURN OF SLEEVES IN INDIVIDUAL BLOUSES FOR SPRING



3534—If one would be smartly tailored, one includes just such a blouse with neat Peter Pan collar and trig cuffs. A dainty frilly edging goes about the demure collar and cuffs and all down the front. To recommend it further, the shoulder length is ⅜ of an inch longer than normal and you can make the blouse with the shoulder yoke or without it. For sports wear it is marked for a shorter length and of course there is the possibility of a high neck, with an attached or separate collar, or you can have an open neck. Use dimity, linen, madras, cotton shirtings, pongee, crêpe de Chine, radium, tub silks or satins, China silk.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 32-inch broadcloth silk.

This shirt-waist is suitable for ladies 32 to 50 inches bust. It is also good for misses.

3547—This is the new and much-talked-about peasant blouse, quite unadorned save for the tucking at the neck and two properly sized buttons which flank either side of the mere suggestion of an opening. There is a possibility of shirring or gathers, or even smocking in contrasting color as a finish for the neck. This is an exceptionally pretty blouse to wear with a jumper skirt. The sleeves are in the approved width and length and the waistline may be low or normal, as one likes. Suitable materials for a slip-over blouse are crêpe de Chine, Georgette, China silk, pongee, chiffon cloth, silk voile, cotton voile, batiste, net or fine cotton crêpe.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

This blouse is becoming to ladies 32 to 40 inches bust; it is very good for misses.

3532—There's much to be said for a kimono blouse with panels of novelty silk in bizarre design, where brilliant flowers bloom in quite conventional flower-pots. The blouse slips over the head and wide sleeves in plain colored material mark it as new. The front and back panels are draped loosely and the closing comes at the underarms. Suitable materials are crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, chiffon cloth, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe—all one color or two colors, or figured with plain material. A Georgette blouse may be used with crêpe satin, crêpe meteor or silk crêpes, or lace panels with Georgette or crêpe de Chine.

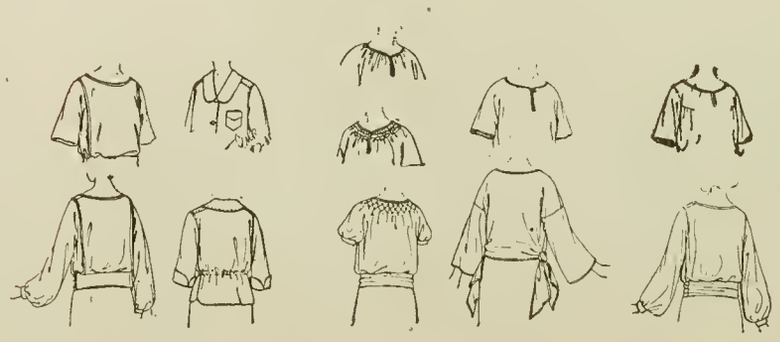
36 bust requires ¾ yard 36-inch novelty silk for panels and belt, and 1⅝ yard 36-inch plain silk for side body and sleeves.

This is a good blouse for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3520—"And will you come a-walking on a new Spring day?" A good invitation comes in a new skirt for sports wear, though indeed we should not limit its usefulness to sports, since if one makes it in any of the silk crêpes, etc., and wears it with a soft little jacket, a very French costume results. This skirt is quite easy to make; it is a two-piece straight skirt and has a waistline which is raised about 1¼ inch. You may omit the band if desired. The narrow belt at the waistline is trim finish. Silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, sports silks, knitted crêpe, wool crêpes, soft serge, soft tricotine, soft twills or wool jersey will make a very becoming skirt. The new materials offer a variety of colors for a sports skirt. Lower edge 52½ inches.

38 hip requires 1¼ yard of 54-inch twill.

This skirt is good for ladies 35 to 47½ inches hip.



3512—Grace is the password which admits this draped blouse into the inner circle of Fashion's favorites for Spring. Some of it comes from the bateau neckline, some from the fall of becoming sleeves, but a great part of its individuality is due to the fulness in front and the cut of the sleeve. One may have a softly tying bow behind or, if individual preference so decides, a rather wide and low fastening at the side. A gay novelty braid gives a dashing bit of color to the neck and at the lower part of the sleeves. Make it of silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, Georgette, chiffon cloth, silk voile, fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile, crêpe voile. The cuff band is a unique ending to a wide flowing sleeve.

36 bust requires 2 yards of 40-inch crêpe meteor.

This blouse is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3536—10913—This new slip-over blouse will inaugurate a gay pre-Lenten season. Worn with the new Spring tailleur the result gives a correct costume for various occasions—the informal reception, afternoon tea or matinée. The graceful sashes at the sides are tipped with gaily colored rings and the sleeves are a Spring variation of the new wider type. The embroidery design coming on the upper part of the sleeves and the ends of the ties is unique. It is to be worked in one-stitch. If you like, a touch of color may be introduced in binding the sleeves. Use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, crêpe meteor, Georgette, chiffon cloth, silk voile, cotton voile, crêpe voile or fine cotton crêpe.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards of 40-inch Canton crêpe.

This is a good blouse for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3561—The question of what to wear with jumper frocks is answered by a guimpe with a new collar and smart sleeves. If you like, make it without the sleeves for wear with gay wool sweaters or the new suit or dress. Collars may be made separately and the body may have a normal or low waistline. Use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etc., all one material, or with body of net or mull. For a sleeveless guimpe of net or mull make the collars and cuffs of white kid, colored leather, light-weight oilcloth, etc., or use linen, satin, plain French flannel, etc., for the collar, cuffs and bosom.

36 bust requires 1⅛ yard of 36-inch batiste for collar, sleeves and bosom, and ⅝ yard 72-inch net for guimpe.

This guimpe is suitable for ladies 32 to 46 bust; it is quite as good for misses.

FOR THE MONTH OF VALENTINES YOUTHFUL COQUETTES FIND FROCKS THAT LEAVE A TRAIL OF BROKEN HEARTS

3513—2564—The tam and the short cape make her look carefree and Bohemian, but when they come off—yes, the cape comes off also—she is only a quiet little schoolgirl. The one-piece dress slips over the head and is made especially becoming by the front fulness, the colored belt and the silk facings. Use wool jersey, serge, tricotine, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, etc. For the tam use velours, duvetyn, velvet, etc.

12-year size requires 1¾ yard of wool jersey 54 inches wide and ¾ yard silk 36 inches wide. 21 head measure requires ⅜ yard of velours 54 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to girls 6 to 15 years; it is also nice for juniors. The tam is becoming to girls, children, misses or ladies.

3474—10832—Bead fringe swishes and glitters very nonchalantly under the bottom of a Winter coat, and when the wrap is removed, showing fringed sleeves and bead motifs on a very simple frock, the effect is complete. The circles may be worked in a combination of outline, one-stitch and beading or French-knot embroidery, or left off altogether if you prefer. The dress with the new sleeves and soft blouse closes at the back and has a long body lining. Use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, Georgette of one color or with sleeves in contrasting color, or figured with plain, etc. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

17-year size requires 2⅞ yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide and ⅝ yard of chiffon 40 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years; it is also nice for small women.

3527—10819—The longing of a certain age to look just a little older is satisfied by this dress. Built if you like on a blouse body lining, it slips over the head in the fashionable way and has a low waistline at which the straight skirt is fastened. The closing is concealed under the left arm. Criss-cross ornaments of ribbon flutter on the skirt. They may also be worked in beading or French-knot embroidery. Make the dress of one material, such as silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, or with body or sleeves of a harmonizing color; crêpe meteor or crêpe satin all one side of the material or combining dull and shiny sides; velvet with body or sleeves of silk-crêpe, etc.

16-year size requires 1¼ yard of silk crêpe 40 inches wide and 1¾ yard of contrasting color 40 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years; it is also nice for small women. Lower edge 62½ inches.



Dress 3513
Tam 2564

Dress 3505

3538—3422—Leading the little procession along the route of fashion comes the serviceable sports dress! The becoming blouse slips over the head and fastens at the back; the straight skirt, which may be either plaited or gathered, is sewed to an underbody. A simple but smart hat has a stitched bias brim turned up to suit the fancy and finished with a ribbon and bow. For the dress use wool jersey, serge, taffeta, gingham, chambray, Indian head, plain cottons, linen, cotton poplin, etc. For the hat use velours, duvetyn, tweeds, piqué, etc.

13-year size requires 2¼ yards of wool jersey 54 inches wide and ⅜ yard of linen 36 inches wide. 21 head measure requires ¾ yard of velvet 36 inches wide.

The dress, 3538, is becoming to girls 6 to 15 years; it is also nice for juniors. The hat, 3422, is becoming to girls or children, misses or ladies.



Dress 3474
Embroidery design 10832

Dress 3527
Embroidery design 10819

3505—Bringing up the rear is a little frock that is wise in the ways of the season. Otherwise the braid belt would not have halted at exactly the correct point and produced the desirable straight effect in front and back. Fulness at the sides is secured by gathering the lower part and sewing it to the upper at the usual low line. The dress is in one piece and slips over the head; an additional blouse body lining may be used, if you wish. Make of wool jersey, serge, tricotine, soft twills, wool crêpe, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, pongee or velvet.

16-year size requires 2¾ yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge 54½ inches.

This dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years; it is also nice for small women.



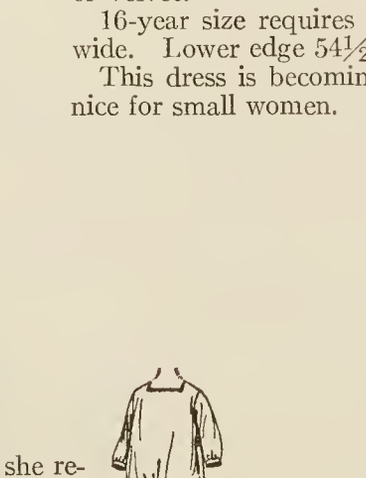
Dress 3538
Hat 3422

3538

3474

3527

3513



3505

3523—10934—Imagine the youthful swain's anguish if she refuses "to be his valentine!" The dress, with blouse and bloomers in one, slips over her head and, surprisingly, is tied in a large bow at the back. We feel that she probably has other love tokens concealed in those gay but diminutive pockets. The healthy young chickens may be worked in outline cr appliqué. They are very popular with children. Make the dress of brown sateen and the blouse and bloomers of tan; combine black with colored sateen, velveteen with crêpe de Chine and serge with pongee. Use pin-check gingham or dimity alone or with chambray, etc.

4-year size requires 1¼ yard of chambray 32 inches wide and 1⅝ yard of a contrasting color chambray 32 inches wide. This dress is becoming to little girls 2 to 6 years.



3523



Dress 3523
Embroidery design 10934

DAZZLED JUDGES HESITATE OVER THE AWARDS IN THE FEBRUARY FASHION SHOW OF YOUTH

3550—10877—We reach a new conclusion in regard to the uneven hem line when loose side panels are artfully fastened at the low waistline and wieghed down by flower medallions. These motifs may be worked in a combination of appliqué, outline or chain-stitch embroidery and beading or French knots. The dress may have a firm foundation in a blouse body lining and a straight skirt. It slips over the head and closes under the left arm. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, serge; or broché silk crêpe with plain panels; foulard with Georgette; velvet or satin with Georgette, silk-crêpe fabrics or chiffon. Lower edge 54 inches.

16-year size requires 1⅞ yard of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide and 1⅜ yard of Georgette 40 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years; it is also nice for small women.

3542—This dress would undoubtedly receive the blue ribbon—if it weren't for the others. Front and back panels are caught loosely under the hem and strewn with plaited ribbon rosettes. The wide sleeves start at a slightly low armhole and end with bands of rosettes. The dress begins with a long body lining, if you wish, and a straight skirt sewed to the rather low waistline. It slips over the head and closes under the left arm. Use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, wool crêpe, in one or two colors, etc.

17-year size requires 2⅝ yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide and 1½ yard of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide in a contrasting color. Lower edge 49½ inches.

This dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years; it is also nice for small women.

3462—3548—Something about her reminds you of grandmother, doesn't it? Yet, especially when it is transparent, the tunic blouse with its accompanying slip is the most modern of costumes. The full sleeves are set into the deep armhole of a rather wide shoulder. Use crêpe de Chine, silk-crêpe fabrics, Georgette all one color, in two colors or figured with plain; crêpe meteor, crêpe satin all one side of material or with sleeves of crêpe side, etc. For the slip use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, wash satin, etc. Lower edge 49½ inches.

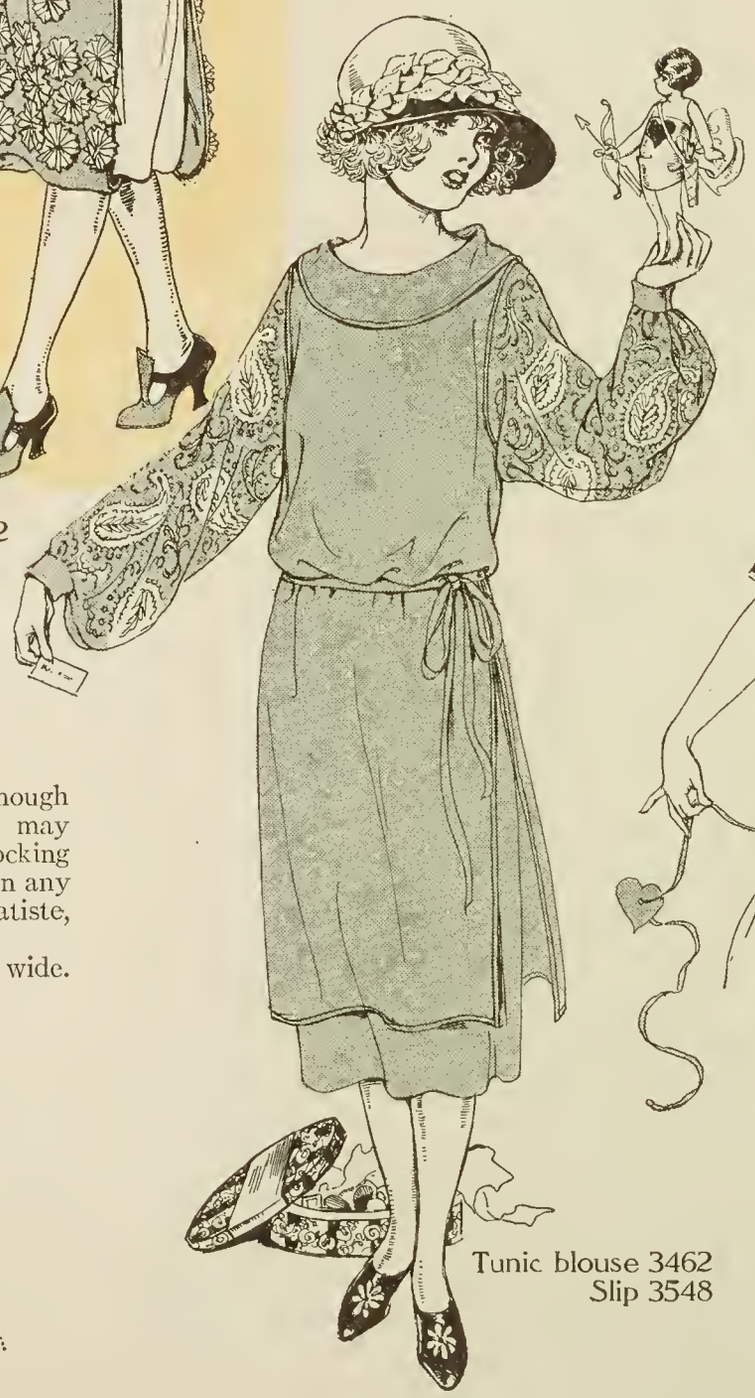
17-year size requires 2⅝ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, and 1⅛ yard of Paisley silk 40 inches wide.

This tunic blouse, 3462, is becoming to misses 32 to 34 bust; it is also nice for ladies. The slip, 3548, is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years; it is also nice for small women.



Dress 3550
Embroidery design 10877

Dress 3542



Tunic blouse 3462
Slip 3548

3506—If the collar and skirt could ever meet, they might dovetail and spoil the irregular effect of the little frock, but fortunately they are forever separated by a tie belt. The skirt is in two pieces, attached to a long body. The dress slips over the head. Make the body of crêpe de Chine and the skirt of taffeta or velvet. Combine taffeta or plaid silk with velvet or serge, plain silk or wool with plaid silk or wool, white cotton or linen with colored cotton or linen, chambray with gingham, or make the whole dress of crêpe de Chine, taffeta, pongee, serge, gingham, cotton homespun or linen.

12-year size requires 1¼ yard of silk 36 inches wide for the body and 1¼ yard of serge 40 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to girls 6 to 15 years; it is also nice for juniors.



Dress 3506



Dress 3517

3531—10610—Not the kind of baby vampire you usually imagine, but probably extremely efficient in her own little way! Grown-up wisdom has planned the peasant dress of raglan style, which has inverted fulness and a straight lower edge or else a gored seam under the arm. Separate frilly bloomers are just bold enough to show themselves beneath the skirt, and the neck may be shirred or gathered and finished with a collar. Smocking is also an attractive trimming. It may be carried out in any dainty little-girl color. Use nainsook, plain lawn, batiste, mull, plain cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe.

4-year size requires 2 yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to children ½ to 5 years.



3531

Dress 3531
Smocking design
10610

3548

3462

3517—"The flowers that bloom in the Spring" are cleverly counterfeited in ribbon and planted round the wide kimono sleeves of this far-sighted little dress. The bodice crosses demurely in front, but only to meet again in a bow at the back. The straight skirt, which is attached at the slightly low waistline, really needs no further argument in its favor, but holds its own the better for three wide tucks. Crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, taffeta, may be used, or cotton materials such as organdy, swiss, batiste, cotton voile, crêpe voile, etc.

14-year size requires 3¾ yards of taffeta 36 inches wide and ¼ yard of Georgette 40 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to juniors 8 to 15 years.



3550



3542



3506

STOUT CLOTHES FOR STURDY BOYS AND WARM SPORTS WRAPS FOR GIRLS



Suit 3541



Coat 3558
Hat 2650

Coat 3521; hat 3332
Smocking design 10592

Coat 3551
Tam 3157



Dress 3515
Embroidery design 10934



Shirt 3529
Trousers 1115

3529

3521—3332—10592—The youngest of them all goes off to school in a soft little smocked coat buttoned and braided, and fur trimmed besides. Collar and cuffs are edged with narrow fur bands and even the little hat swings two demure fur tails. The smocking is a soft trimming and is arranged in clusters. It may be done in contrasting color or the coat may be shirred. Make the coat of broadcloth, serge, cashmere, henrietta, wool taffeta, silk faille, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, pongee, or velvet. For the hat use duvetyn, faille silk, taffeta, etc.

Size 4 years in the coat and 19¾ head measure of the hat requires for coat and hat 1½ yard 54-inch broadcloth and fur banding for trimming.

The coat is good for little girls ½ to 5 years. The hat is becoming to girls or little girls 2 to 12 years.

3529—1115—When he reaches that suave, sophomoric period of first long trousers, the color of a tie or the fit of a collar assumes the greatest importance. And if the particular youth in your house thinks he must have a negligée shirt with a plain back, this is the very style for him. The attached cuff is in regulation style or French style, the shoulder fit is faultless, and the permanent one-piece collar is correct for a negligée shirt. If he likes, the shirt may have a neckband. Use madras, percale, cotton shirtings, etc.

15-inch neck measure requires 3⅛ yards of 32-inch madras. 36 waist of the trousers requires 1¾ yard of serge 54-inches wide.

This shirt is good for men or boys of 12 to 20 inches neck measure; and the trousers are good for men and boys 26 to 50 waist.



3535

Blouse 3535
Knickerbockers 3294

3541—Ho for the nautical scout! It takes a silk tie and a sailor collar and short straight trousers like the grown-ups wear to give one a sense of adventure. When he's a five-year old it is just the style of suit he wants for school-days. The sleeves of this little blouse, which slips on over the head, may be short. Combinations of materials, such as chambray for the blouse and serge for the trousers; or white serge, white jersey, or white cotton blouse with colored serge or colored jersey or cotton trousers are good. Other suitable materials are wool jersey, silk and cotton jersey, poplin, etc.

Size 5 years requires 1 yard 36-inch cotton poplin for trousers, bands, collar and cuffs, and 1 yard contrasting material 36 inches wide.

This little suit is suitable for boys from 2 to 7 years.

3551—3157—A stitch on the collar and cuffs and patch pockets will make nine points for style, especially if it is in wool or chenille of a contrasting color. It's the touch of something different which pleases the fastidious youngster. A piquant tam sets off the whole effect to the very nth point of perfection and completes a becoming sports coat. Camel's-hair cloaking, polo cloth, homespun, tweeds, mixtures, wool ratine, velours, duvetyn, etc, are suitable materials for the coat. For tam use duvetyn, velours, broadcloth, etc.

Size 12 years requires 2 yards 54-inch polo cloth for coat. 21 inches head measure requires for a tam, ½ yard 32-inch or wider velvet.

This coat is suitable for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years. The tam 3157 is good for girls, misses, children or ladies.

3515—10934—This roly-poly girl plays "ducks and drakes" with many a youthful heart. Try as she would, she could not seem anything but merry in such a comfortable slip-over dress. Full separate bloomers have a hint of a ruffle at the knee. In one color or a combination of two colors, linen, linen-finished cottons, cotton homespun, chambray, plain lawn, cotton crêpe, or pongee are suitable. Other combinations are pin-check gingham—one material or used with chambray—unbleached muslin trimmed with colored or appliqué embroidery, taffeta alone or used with crêpe de Chine, or dimity in one material or with lawn, and black with colored sateen. The duck pockets are delightful. Work them in outline or appliqué.

Size 5 years requires 1¾ yard of 36-inch sateen.

This little dress is good for girls 2 to 8 years.

3558—2650—"Just one goal more!"—comes the cheer from the side lines, but don't you know it's impossible to pass that forward if your coat doesn't accommodate a sweeping arm stroke. This raglan coat is ideal for sports. The inverted or box plait at the back is an added recommendation. Use tweeds, mixtures, homespun, camel's-hair cloaking, polo cloth, wool velours, serge, etc., for the coat. The hat with gored crown may be made of velours, corded silks, broadcloth or material to match the coat.

Size 12 years requires 2½ yards of 54-inch velours for coat and hat, and ¼ yard 50-inch fur cloth for collar and hat. Size 12 years in the hat measures 21¼ inches head measure.

This coat is suitable for juniors and girls from 4 to 15 years. The hat is suitable for children and girls 2 to 12 years.



3535—3294—"One good deed a day" is easy if a boy is fresh and clean. Plenty of smart, comfortable blouses like this one, will go a long way toward encouraging the will to cleanliness. It may be made with or without the back yoke and with a permanent one-piece or low turndown collar or just a neckband. The attached cuff is in regulation or French style. Those knickerbockers will stand the gaff of basketball scuffles. The trouser legs may be finished with cuffs, leg-bands, or elastic. For the blouse use madras, galatea, flannel, percale, etc. Use serge mixtures, etc., for the knickerbockers.

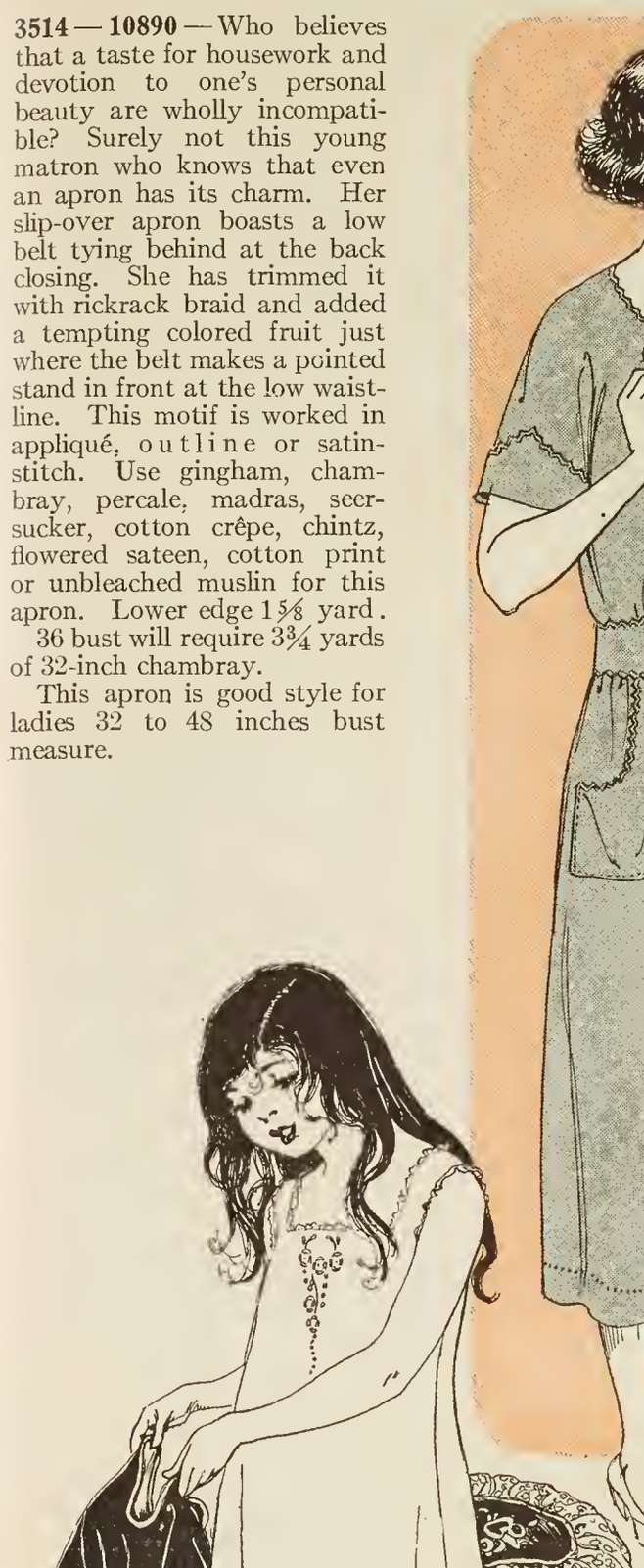
Size 12 years requires 2⅛ yards 32-inch madras for the blouse and ⅞ yard 54-inch cloth mixture for knickerbockers.

Blouse and knickerbockers are suitable for boys 4 to 16 years.

3514 — 10890 — Who believes that a taste for housework and devotion to one's personal beauty are wholly incompatible? Surely not this young matron who knows that even an apron has its charm. Her slip-over apron boasts a low belt tying behind at the back closing. She has trimmed it with rickrack braid and added a tempting colored fruit just where the belt makes a pointed stand in front at the low waistline. This motif is worked in appliqué, outline or satin-stitch. Use gingham, chambray, percale, madras, seersucker, cotton crêpe, chintz, flowered sateen, cotton print or unbleached muslin for this apron. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

36 bust will require 3¾ yards of 32-inch chambray.

This apron is good style for ladies 32 to 48 inches bust measure.



Apron 3514
Embroidery design 10890



Apron 3492

3522—Just a little of mid-Victorian love of conventional neatness and severity comes in a checked gingham house dress for the housewife. The collar and cuffs in contrasting color are only one point in its favor; another is its simple style so easy for any one to make. There is another style of one-seam sleeve, long and close-fitting, and the three-piece skirt is attached to the shirt-waist at a normal waistline. Make this dress of gingham, chambray, madras, percale, seersucker, colored cottons or cotton poplins in any of the bright colors.

36 bust will require 4⅛ yards of 32-inch check gingham, with ⅜ of a yard of 32-inch chambray for collar and cuffs. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is very good for ladies from 32 to 48 inches bust.



House dress 3522

A DIFFERENT TOUCH TO SUNDRY PRACTICAL CLOTHES



Petticoat or slip 3498
Embroidery design 10825

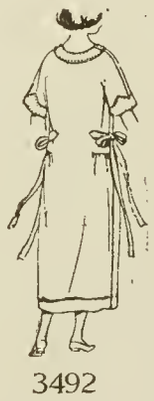
3498

3514



Infants' outfit 3519
Embroidery design 10627





3492



3522



Slip 3548



3548

3498—10825—Frills and furbelows for her petticoats, or else a touch of hand-work in a dainty design on the front and somewhere near the hem, will develop a small girl's taste for personal daintiness more than anything else one knows. This slip may be used under a fluffy, transparent party dress, or under her dresses just as an undergarment. If so, there must be lace for trimming edge on the ruffle and at the neck. The conventional embroidery design is attractive. It is worked in a combination of satin-stitch, eyelets, French stemming, etc. Make the petticoat of nainsook, long-cloth, cambric, muslin, or if used as a slip make it of batiste, mull, crêpe de Chine or China silk.

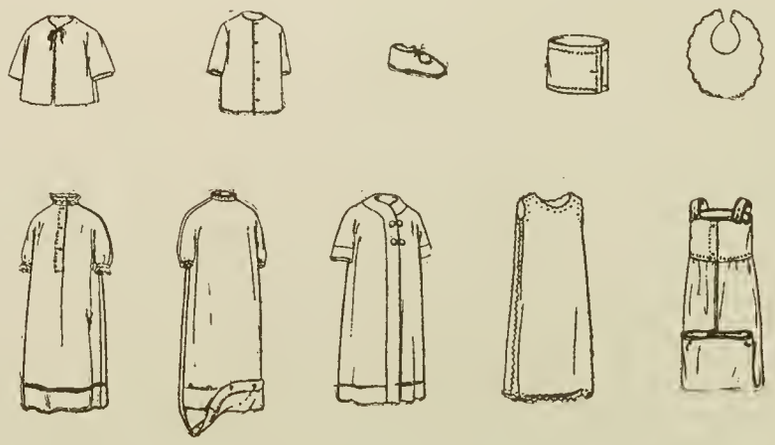
Size 10 years requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch batiste.

The slip is suitable for little girls from 6 to 15 years.

3492—Some March morning you'll wake to find a breath of Spring in the air, and that's the day for greeting the new season with a gay chintz apron. There is a variety of color combinations possible for this slip-over apron. The fulness comes where it should, at the sides under a narrow bit of color which ties in a bow. The becoming square neck and short sleeves will make it practical for wear on warmer days. And then there are two stitched-on pockets to hold the innumerable odds and ends a busy housekeeper collects. Use chintz, flowered sateen, unbleached muslin, cotton crêpe, cotton prints, percale, madras, etc. Lower edge 1½ yard.

36 bust will require 3 yards 36-inch cretonne, with ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting material for belt and pipings.

The apron is becoming to ladies from 32 to 48 bust.



3519 3519 3519

3548—Fashion has given us such low waistlines and so many transparent tunic blouses that the costume slip has become a vital part of the young girl's wardrobe. To wear under sheer costume blouses or one-piece dresses it is really a necessity. The camisole top and the fulness coming at the sides make this garment a very desirable addition to one's outfit. The straps over the shoulders and the straight top tag it as a suitable accessory for the evening gown. Materials to use in making this slip are crêpe de Chine, Georgette, wash satin, Japanese silk, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, cotton voile, etc.

Size 16 years will require 1⅝ yard of 40-inch crêpe de Chine to be cut crosswise. Lower edge 49½ inches.

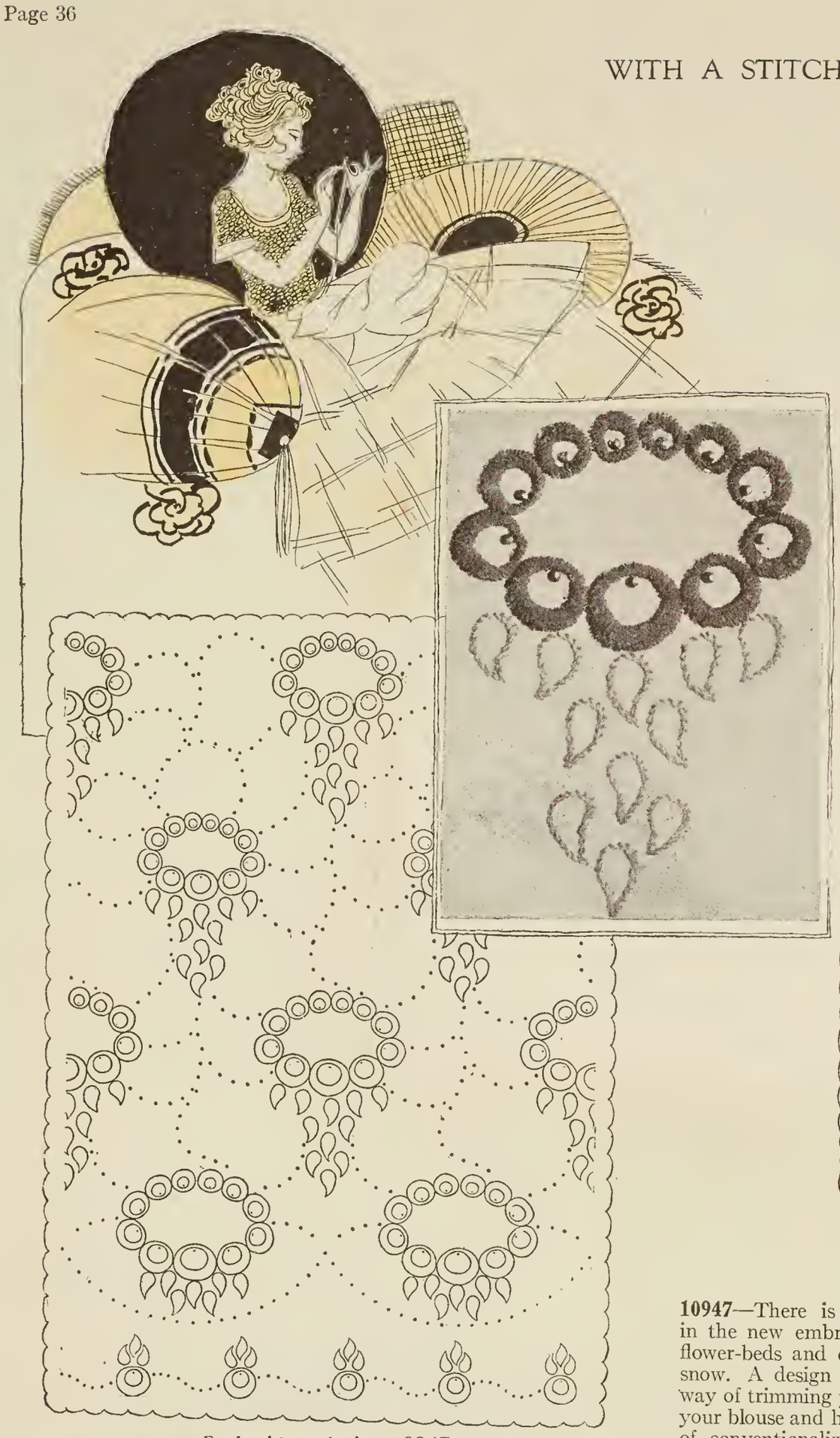
The slip is good for misses from 16 to 20 years. It is also quite suitable for small women.

3519—10627—"Out of the everywhere" of some one's imagination came a dainty little baby dress like this one. Curly golden hair, rosebud mouth and blue eyes are all the more appealing if baby wears short-yoked dresses. This garment is 25 inches in length and one of a set of slip, dress, kimono wrapper, pinning blanket, bib, shirt, band and bootee. A sheer lace edging used at the neck and on the cuffs adds a delicate touch. On the front of the yoke and at intervals along the hem are embroidered little French flower-sprays in an appropriate design for baby clothes. This design is to be worked in satin-stitch, eyelets, buttonholing and French stemming. Make the dress of nainsook, lawn, batiste, etc.

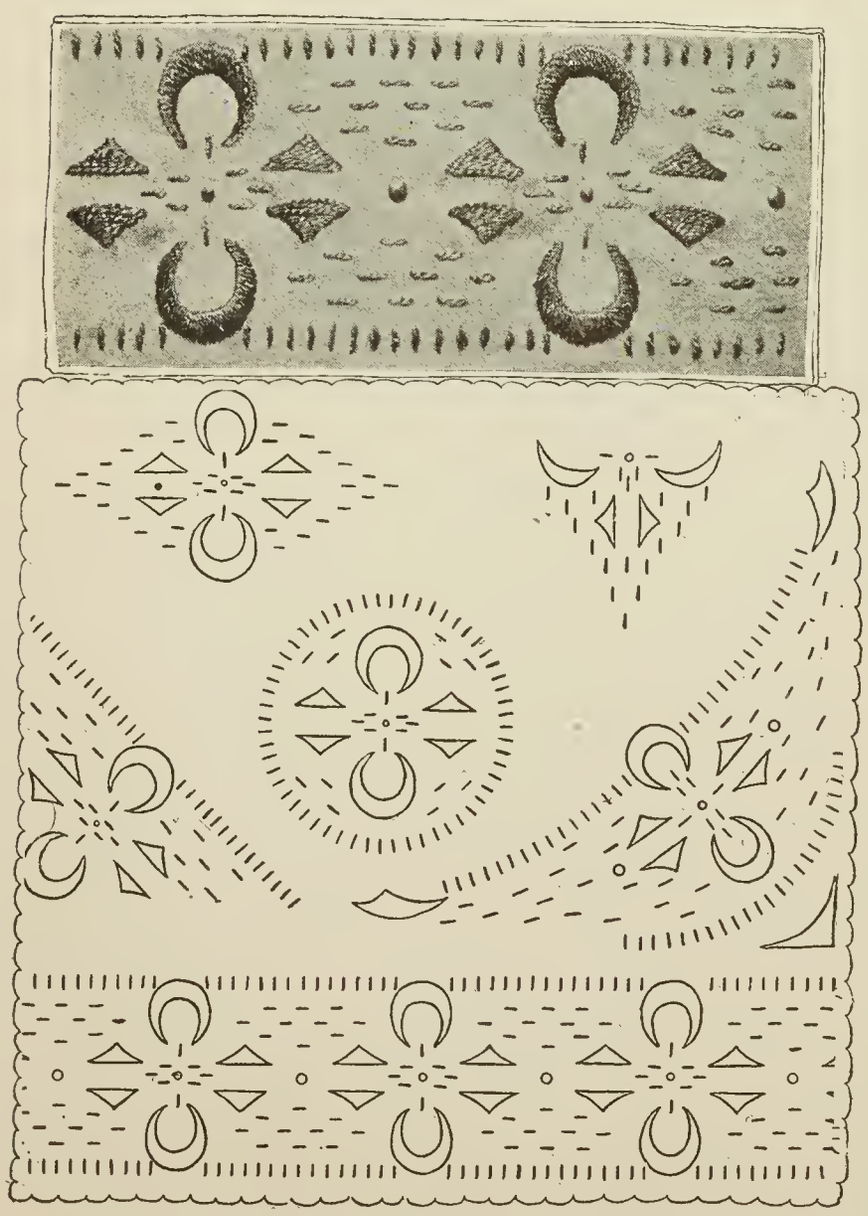
You will need 1¾ yard of 36-inch nainsook for dress.

This little dress is for an infant.

WITH A STITCH HERE AND A BEAD THERE SKILLFUL FEMININE FINGERS "CREATE" THEIR OWN COSTUMES

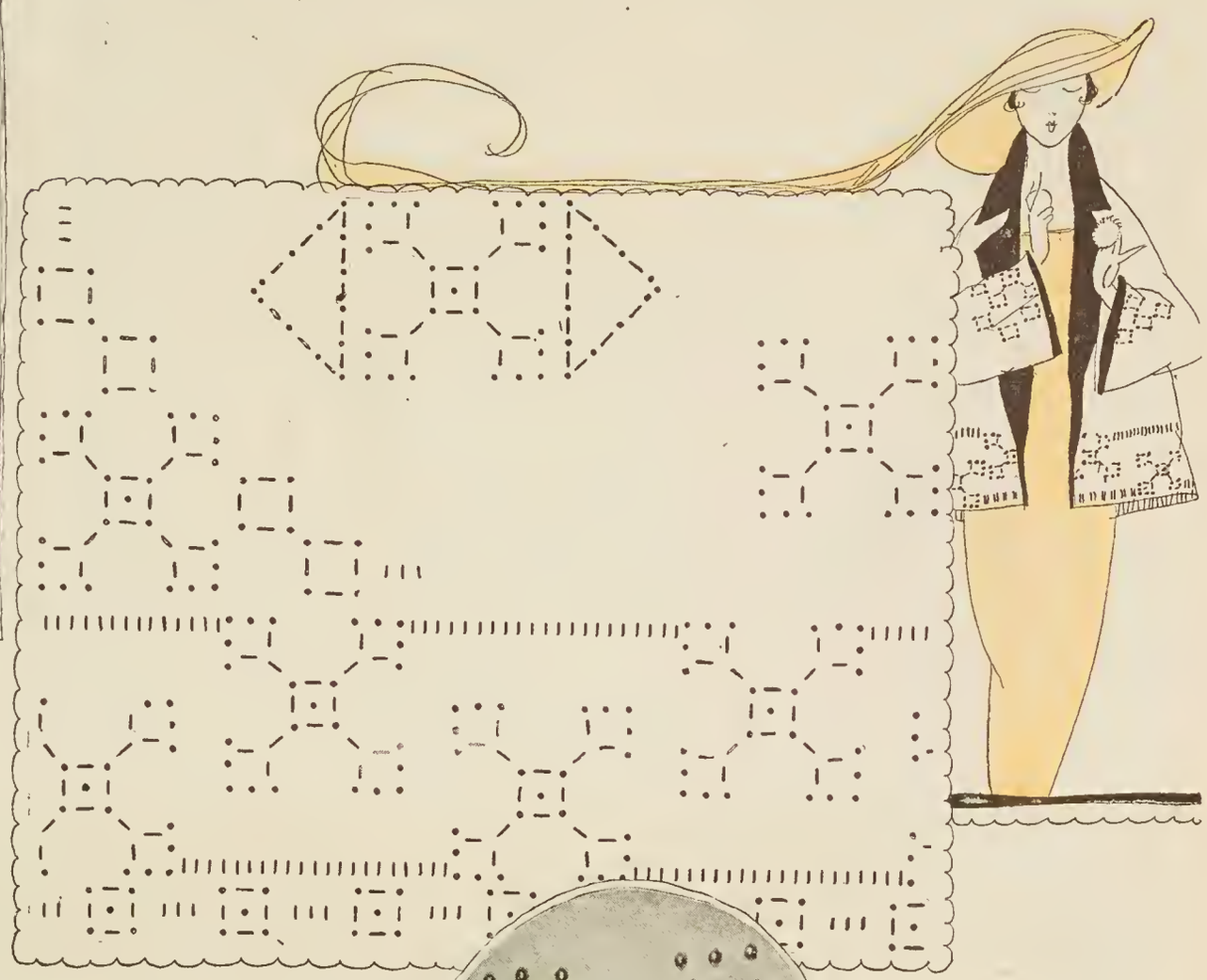


Embroidery design 10947



Embroidery design 10945

10946—The lost gorgeousness of other days returns at last through the medium of the embroidery needle. If you have ever sighed for the gaiety of the brilliant Roumanian embroidery, you can possess it this season, or at least a fashionable interpretation of it. At the expense of only a few idle moments you can reproduce it yourself and satisfy your own particular barbaric love of colors. Such a design as 10946 is attractive on any article of outer apparel; the delicate cross-stitch figures stand out effectively on a sports hat or skirt, or make smart bands on a jacket, blouse or dress. Large wooden beads, bugles or French knots and one-stitch embroidery may be combined. The design can be adapted to 2½ yards of banding 5¾ inches wide, 5 yards of banding 1 inch wide, 12 motifs 3⅞ by 3⅞ inches, 9 corners 8½ by 8½ inches and 6 motifs 9⅛ by 4 inches.

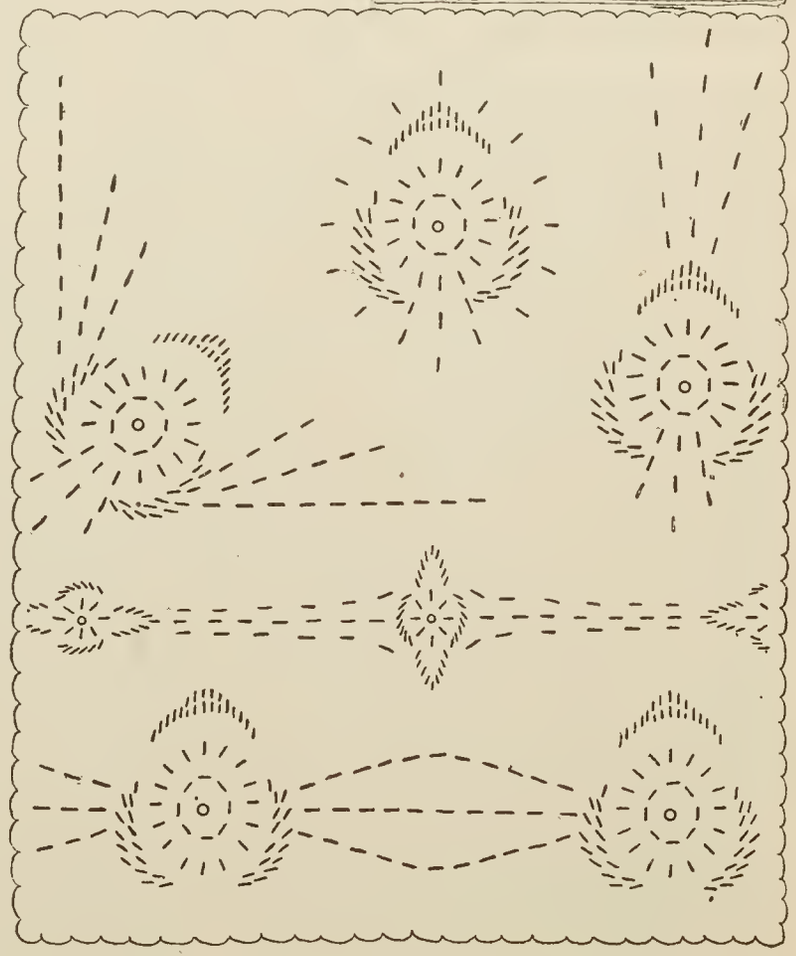


Embroidery design 10946

10947—There is something decidedly Springlike in the new embroidery that must remind you of flower-beds and daffodils pushing up through the snow. A design such as 10947 is a refeshing new way of trimming your dress or coat or skirt, or even your blouse and hat, as the case may be. The ovals of conventionalized flowers with petals dropping from them are attractive when they are worked in a combination of beads or French knots and satin-stitch or outline embroidery. As for colors, the brighter the better, it seems, this season. Exotic combinations, such as bright blue and purple, or jade-green, fuchsia or flame with black, are fashionable. The design can be adapted to 2⅜ yards of banding 27¼ inches wide and 2⅜ yards of banding 2⅜ inches wide.

10944—Embroidery to the front! After generations of remaining in an unobtrusive but delicate and attractive way under the surface of feminine attire, needlework trimming has asserted itself with sufficient gaiety to make up for its period of seclusion. A design such as 10944 is one of the most successful of its modern incarnations. Fine lines of almost geometrical precision end in fanciful circles of no mathematical origin but of sunburst effect. Bugle beads make the designs attractive, alone or combined with one-stitch embroidery. The figures may also be carried out entirely in one-stitch. The design can be adapted to 5⅛ yards of banding 4⅜ inches wide, 3⅞ yards of banding 3¼ inches wide, 6 motifs 11⅛ by 4 inches, 9 motifs 6¾ by 5¼ inches and 3 corners 10⅛ by 13½ inches.

10945—A motif of crescents and circles creates a new form of Turkish delight, an embroidery trimming guaranteed to give quite as much satisfaction as the familiar Eastern sweetmeat. Bandings, corners and motifs lend themselves to the new wide sleeves, short jackets, one-piece dresses and bateau necklines. Single motifs or bands may be worked in a combination of outline or satin-stitch embroidery and bugle beads or one-stitch. To carry out the Oriental note, rather dull colors would be most in harmony, although bright ones are also fashionable. The design can be adapted to 5¼ yards of banding 4¼ inches wide, 9 motifs 7⅜ by 4⅛ inches, 9 motifs 4 by 4 inches, 9 motifs 5½ inches in diameter, 3 corners 13¾ by 7¾ inches and 3 corners 8⅜ by 4⅛ inches.



Embroidery design 10944

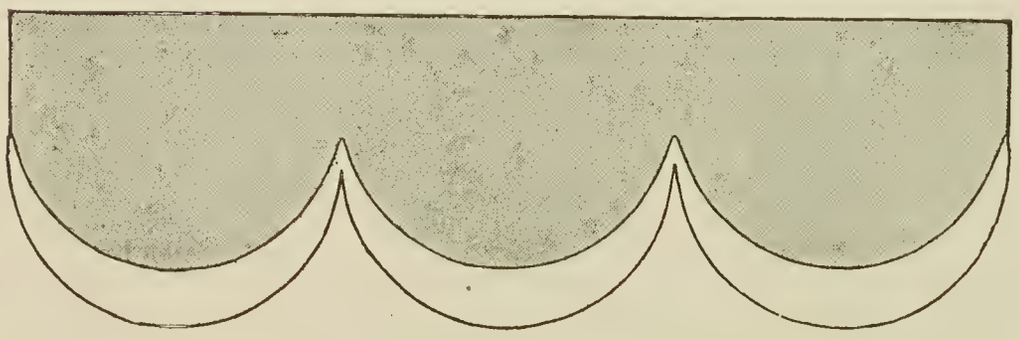


Embroidery design 10942

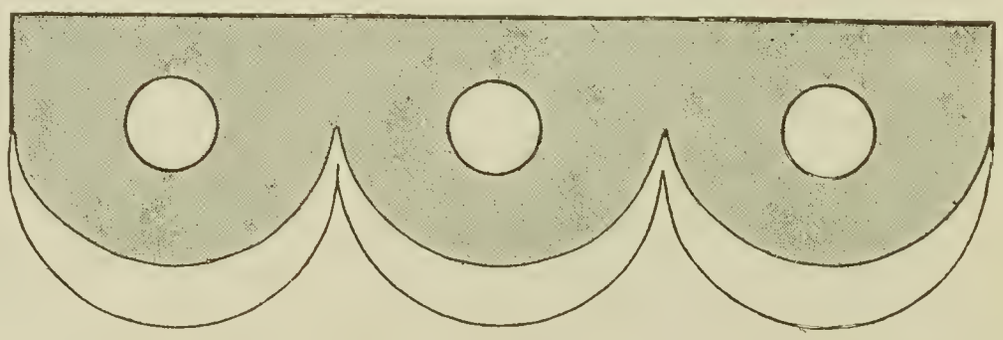
DROWSY BEAUTY ORDERS THE "PLEASANT LAND OF COUNTERPANE" TO BLOOM AHEAD OF TIME WITH GAUDY FLOWER-BEDS AND, FINDING THE SCALLOP STILL PRECIOUS, RESERVES IT FOR HIDDEN PLACES

10942—Beds, like women, are apt to lose all their charm if they are not dressed in appropriate creations. The proud four-poster of august ancestry may become gloomy and uninviting for want of a fashionable counterpane. Decked out in a spread of gorgeous flowers, its mahogany tints will glow again in the morning sun like an old portrait in a splendid frame. Not only that, but the whole bedroom will be brightened. As for those strictly modern beds, the small, painted ones, they positively cry out for flowered spreads. The flowers can be selected in a color scheme to harmonize with them and blend also with the light silk or chintz curtains. Carried out in this way your room will be as gay as a garden and your bed itself as charming as an Easter corsage. Provision is also made for planting "pillow-slip hill." A long spray of fragrant flowers across the slip invests it with that fresh, restful quality that pillow rolls ought to have and usually lack. The flowers are especially decorative in appliqué embroidery which is easy and popular now, but they are also pretty if worked in outline stitch. The design can be adapted to one oval 42½ inches long and 25½ inches wide to be used on a single, double or three-quarter bed, and a spray of flowers 42½ inches long to be used on a pillow roll.

10943—"When in doubt lead trumps," and in the game of needlework scallops are often trumps. Therefore when the question of the counterpane has been settled and the owner of the perfect bedroom hesitates over the rest of her linen—scallops. And by scallops we mean not the large pushing members of the family which have recently made their appearance on afternoon frocks or party gowns, nor again the paper valentine kind which are too fragile to be taken seriously. The particularly correct scallop is the hand-embroidered one which is as dainty and decorative as the other two put together, and is a regular little warrior for withstanding the wear and tear of the world in general and the laundry in particular. Scallops have the magical effect of doubling the assertiveness of the articles they adorn; prim, white guest towels will hang over the rail with twice their customary dash and sheets will have no reason to fall limply when the counterpane comes off. If you decide to go in for scallops, and they are simple to work in buttonhole embroidery, your own undergarments should not be neglected nor small children's dresses, for with the wisdom of the young it is their favorite trimming. The design can be adapted to 11¾ yards of scallop and dots 1¼ inch wide, 11¾ yards of scallop 1¼ inch wide and 4 corners.



Scallop design 10943



Scallop design 10943

ON THE SUBJECT OF YOUR SPRING SUIT

BY ELEANOR CHALMERS



DO YOU think it is too early? Winter is here to-day and weather that is too warm for Winter clothes is upon us to-morrow. Now is the moment to choose, to weigh and to decide on what you really need, for if you let the first Spring days come upon you unawares, you are likely to be stampeded into a hasty and unwise choice. The smart thing this Spring for the street will be the suit. There will be dresses worn, of course, but the suit is the first choice of the Parisienne and of American women of fashion.

THE skirt can be dismissed with a word. It is always narrow and always fairly short, though not in the knee-length meaning of that word. In Paris it is cut straight and in one piece. In New York many women prefer the two-piece skirt, for this cut takes away some of the fulness from the waistline.

When it comes to the coat there are several distinct types. Three that are typically French are made by those great Paris designers—Jenny, Bernard and Chanel. Jenny makes the mandarin coat, rather long, very narrow and with her characteristic wide sleeve. She also makes many of the box-coats, especially for young girls and younger women, but the Chinese coat is peculiarly her own. Bernard, one of the master tailors of Paris, makes the classical tailored jacket, fitting the figure smartly, flaring a bit at the hips, with what the English call "the step collar" and which we know as the notched collar. Chanel, who first made a fashionable success of sports clothes, uses the little soft jacket with a narrow string belt. The belt had practically disappeared in Paris last Spring but it came back with the short fur jackets this Winter and it is most suitable for the jersey materials, crêpe silks and the new satin suits.



The patch-pocket sports coat is more American and is used a good deal with knickers for golf, riding, etc., in the country.

Satin is the newest material for the Spring suit, but it is only appropriate for costumes of the more elegant type. The classical tailored suit is always made in a wool material, usually a gray or beige mixture, or Oxford, a velours check, the navy serges, and blue or black twills, tricotine, repp, poplin or broadcloth.

THE patch-pocket coat suit is also made of these wool materials and of wool jersey. The Chanel and Jenny suits are made for the most part of satin, crêpe silk or the serges, lightweight velours, repps and occasionally broadcloth, and their colors are pretty well limited to black, dark blue, gray or beige.

The Chanel and Jenny suits are frequently composed of a jacket and dress and when they are made of wool the body of the dress is usually of satin, crêpe silk, printed silk, etc., to make a more comfortable costume for Spring. The patch-pocket coat is also used with a jumper dress or rather a jumper skirt as well as with a separate skirt. Very frequently there is a short cape to match the suit of this type, an excellent arrangement for motoring, traveling, etc., when one needs an extra wrap.

WHY THE DELTOR IS A SELF-SUPPORTING HOME DRESSMAKER

THERE are occasions when one feels that women are not the fair sex that tradition has taught us to believe in. Sometimes they are very, very unfair indeed, but when their own injustice is put before them they admit it in a way that is as disarming as it is endearing.

A few days ago, a woman came to a Butterick pattern department to find out how much material she would need for a bathrobe. The saleswoman called her attention to the small amount required by the pattern with the Deltor, when the woman interrupted her by saying:

"Oh, the Deltor is no good whatsoever. I don't even look at it." The saleswoman asked her if it was fair to make a charge of that kind in the same breath that she admitted that she did not even look at the Deltor and so was in no position to pass judgment on its value.

The woman stuck to her guns, however, claiming that she had bought a Deltor dress pattern for her daughter and spoiled the dress so completely by using it that the dress had to be cut over.

The pattern, the woman maintained, was "miles too big." The daughter came in at that moment and the saleswoman measured her and found that she had a thirty-five-inch bust measure. Her mother had "guessed" at the size and had bought a forty-inch pattern. Instead of using the soft materials recommended on the pattern envelope, such as Georgette, crêpe and taffeta, the woman had bought heavy men's-wear serge. They had taken up the shoulder and underarm seams which had reduced the fulness at the dart in front to a mere pucker, and had made it necessary to cut out the armhole, which they did in a very bungling fashion. In their effort to make a size thirty-five from a size forty and to make a stiff heavy serge behave and hang like a soft silk crêpe they had



mutilated the lines of the pattern beyond recognition.

When the saleswoman explained courteously but in no uncertain terms the help the woman would have received from the discarded Deltor in the choice of the correct material alone as well as in the cutting and putting together and finishing, the woman reversed herself generously and admitted that "after all your explaining I see now where I have blundered and that these Deltor patterns are really a benefit."

SHE was a little Italian lady with the bright eyes and expressive hands of her race, and it was evident that she was newly arrived in America. Unable to explain what she wanted she declined all help and searched through the catalog until she found the pattern she was looking for. Then she produced her whole English vocabulary, one master word carefully learned for the occasion.

"Picture?" she asked. When she was shown the Deltor she nodded vigorously in the affirmative.

"We have this experience almost every day," said the saleswoman. "You see there is a large foreign element in this city who can not read English and depend entirely on the Deltor. The pictures are so clear that they don't have the least trouble and I've never had one of them bring in a garment that had "gone wrong" and needed straightening out. You see the Deltor speaks a universal language in its pictures."

SHE was a handsomely dressed woman of the type saleswomen dread most—the type that will spend freely on many things and haggle over the price of a paper of pins. She selected a man's shirt pattern and was offered another, the same pattern but with the Deltor and costing ten cents more.

There was an immediate explosion. The new price was "an imposition—a hold-up." The saleswoman asked her what material she was going to use and she said silk shirting at $1.50 a yard and for six shirts. The saleswoman explained to her that the new pattern with the Deltor saved three-eighths of a yard on each shirt, or two and a quarter yards on the half dozen. The woman was quite staggered. Fortunately she had not bought the shirting and went away feeling that the extra ten cents spent for the Deltor with its saving of $3.38 was what her husband would call "some investment."

A SPRINGTIME QUESTIONNAIRE

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I have read that tailored suits are to be very fashionable for Spring. The skirt, of course, is easily made but I am a little afraid of the jacket, for I have never attempted anything more ambitious than a dress. Would you advise me to try making a tailored coat? MRS. R. A.

THE tailored type of suit is extremely smart and I am sure you will be very well pleased with it. If you work carefully and follow the Deltor you will be just as successful with a tailored jacket as with a dress. The first point is to be sure to be measured so that you will get the right size pattern. After you have bought your material and interlining you must have them sponged so that they will not shrink the first damp day, causing the coat to draw and wrinkle. The Deltor will tell you just what interlining to use for different kinds of material. By interlining I do not mean the interlining used for warmth, but the interling that good tailors put in the fronts, collars and revers of a tailored jacket, not to stiffen them, but to give them the proper body so that the fronts will not break on the figure and the collar, etc., will have a well-tailored look. The revers and fronts are also taped to prevent the edges from stretching. The Deltor Illustrated Instructions show you just how to put in the tape. It is a simple matter but like the other details of handling a coat is extremely important



to give it a well-made look. The Deltor illustrates every step used by the best New York and Paris tailors in making coats of this type so that even a beginner can turn out a well-cut, well-fitted, well-tailored coat with the aid of the Deltor.

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I am going to make some of my Summer cotton dresses before I start my Spring sewing. Do you advise shrinking tub materials before making them up? And what is the best way to shrink them? MISS F. D.

THE heavier wash materials should be shrunken before they are made up. The thinner and more delicate materials such as organdy, cotton voile, fine mulls, swisses, etc., should not be shrunken, for shrinking takes from their freshness and changes their appearance and finish.

To shrink the heavy wash materials clip or cut off the selvage. Lay the material face down on a large table, cover half of it with heavy unbleached muslin which has been dipped in cold water and wrung out. Spread the muslin out carefully, smoothing out its wrinkles. Fold the second half of your material over the muslin and roll the material and sponging cloth together in a tight roll. Cover it with muslin and a piece of newspaper to keep the moisture from evaporating and let it remain all night. In the morning unroll the material, pressing it dry on the wrong side as you unroll it. Double-width material can be opened out and shrunk in the same way, using a double width of muslin. This is the same method of sponging as used for sponging wool materials.

THE SHORT SKIRTS AND THE SHORTCOMINGS OF LONG DRESSES COMPEL ONE TO PUT HER FOOT FOREMOST
THE LOW HEEL AND LOW SHOE ARE AMERICANISMS, WHILE PARIS KEEPS TO SHORT VAMPS



The "five-foot shelf" of sandals provides the woman of fashion with her brocaded evening slippers, the now almost extinct but still lovely be-ribboned cothurn and a smart low shoe usually of patent leather though sometimes of bronze or suède or satin



The tongue of the low Colonial shoe is used for both pumps and slippers, often with a buckle of cut steel



The Greek sandal, seen so much in patent leather, satin, suède and brocade was used first by Hellstern of the Place Vendome for brocaded slippers

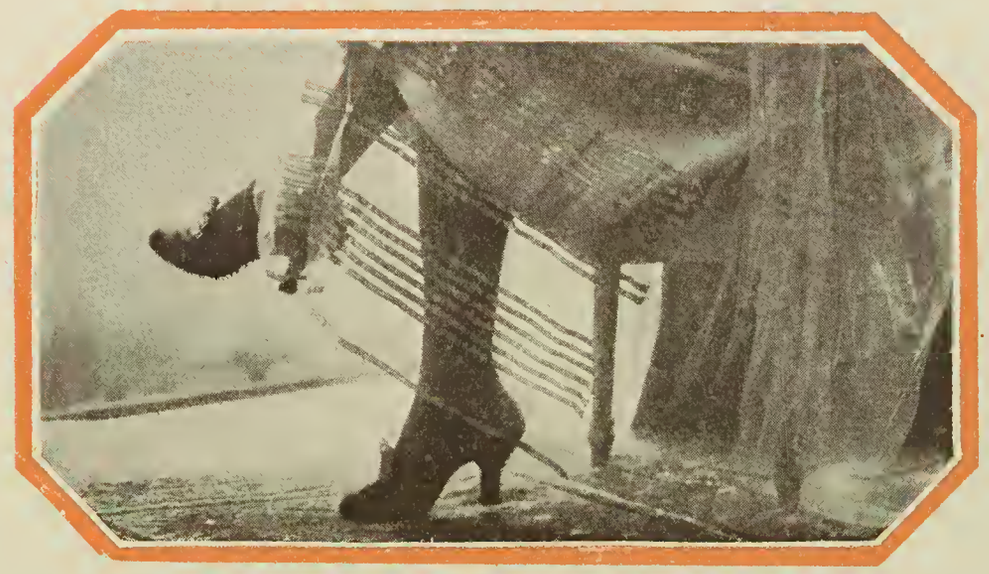


Straps threatening to become too popular, Paris predicts a return to the simple pump in patent leather trimmed with steel



Photograph by Seeberger

The short skirt is responsible for the popularity of the low shoe, pump and sandal in their present exquisite and often fantastic forms



For evening, Paris uses either a Louis slipper or a Greek sandal in satin, brocade, silver, gold or aluminum cloth; the sandal being made most often of brocade



Strap slippers are prettiest with light-colored stockings, and the shades that are preferred are "nude" and gray



Will the return of the long skirt—if it does return—extinguish the present interest in charming footgear and send us back to Victorian sweeping skirts and congress gaiters?



There is much to be said for the comfort of the strap slipper and sandal, for they do not slip on the heel like a pump

MASKS AND MUSIC BRING HOLIDAYS TO LIFE FOR UNCLE SAM'S BALL



Ballet costume 3555

Dress 3178

Evening waist 3236
Skirt 3025

Uncle Sam suit 8145

Continental suit 6235

Martha Washington costume 6169

3555—Pierrette counts hearts instead of scalps. Her costume has the conventional ballet lines, but with a scalloped skirt it has quite the Spanish silhouette and may be transformed into a pretty evening dress. Paper muslin, taffeta, gold tissue, tarlatan, coarse cotton net, pineapple cloth may be used for the skirt, with a waist of sateen, satin or taffeta. Make the ruche of tarlatan or net.

36 bust requires 1 yard of sateen 36 inches wide for the waist and hat and 2⅛ yards of tarlatan 54 inches wide for the skirt and ruff. Lower edge 3 yards.

This ballet costume is becoming to ladies 24 to 38 bust; it is also nice for misses and girls.

3178—If the queen of hearts hadn't lived on the wrong side of the looking-glass, she would have had a "little-girl picture" taken, and it would have looked exactly like this. The dress is easy to make and may have a scalloped finish instead of plaitings, if you prefer. The skirt is straight. Use cotton crêpe, cotton voile, organdy, chambray, gingham, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, net or Georgette. Paper hearts are fastened at the ends of the ribbon streamers and a large paper heart adorns the ribbon diadem.

4-year size requires 1¼ yard of organdy 44 inches wide and ¼ yard of extra material 44 inches wide for frills.

This dress is becoming to little girls 1 to 10 years.

3236—3025—"Seeing America first" is not hard in this case. The costume can be adapted to fancy-dress or other wear. An evening waist with a French body lining can be made separately or joined to a skirt. The straight skirt is in one piece and the waistline is raised about 1¼ inch. Make the body of satin, charmeuse, etc., with sleeves, if you like. For the skirt use novelty silks, wash satin, etc. Lower edge 58 inches.

36 bust requires 1 yard of bunting 32 or 36 inches wide and 2⅛ yards of striped bunting 36 inches wide for a 38-hip skirt. You will also need an American flag 24 by 36 inches.

The evening waist, 3236, is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust. The skirt, 3025, is becoming to ladies 35 to 45 hip.

8145—Uncle Sam, the genial host, stands on a chair to display the amazing length of his striped trousers, his coat-tails and his tight sleeves. The stars of the flag decorate his hat band and vest, and the stripes have wound their way into a large and becoming necktie. This costume is particularly striking on a tall man.

36 breast requires 3⅛ yards of sateen 36 inches wide for the coat, ⅞ yard of sateen 36 inches wide in a contrasting color for the vest and 2⅝ yards of striped sateen 36 inches wide for the trousers.

This Uncle Sam suit is good for men 32 to 40 breast; it is also nice for boys 9 to 16 years.

6235—The spirit of Washington's birthday wears knee breeches, vest, coat, lace ruffle, a cocked hat and all the rest of the traditional paraphernalia as he leads out his dainty partner in the minuet. For this occasion the contrasting colors of his costume may rival his lady love's.

For the coat 38 breast measure requires 2⅝ yards of satin 36 inches wide, ⅞ yard of broadcloth 54 inches wide for vest, collar, cuffs, and pocket-laps, 1¾ yard of satin 36 inches wide for the breeches and 2⅜ yards of lace edging 4 inches wide for jabot and frills.

This Continental suit is good for men 34 to 44 breast; it is also nice for boys 8 to 17 years.

6169—Just for the night she has left her place among the great ancestors along the wall. Her skirts sweep the floor with the romantic rustle which has not been heard these many years and her prim kerchief and bodice are the correct Colonial touch.

36 bust requires 1 yard of sateen 36 inches wide for the body of the waist, 6 yards of figured sateen 36 inches wide for the sleeves and upper skirt, 5¾ yards of plain sateen 36 inches wide for the underskirt and ruffles and 1⅛ yard of net 40 inches wide for the fichu.

This Martha Washington costume is becoming to ladies 32 to 42 bust; it is also nice for misses and girls.

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Now isn't it funny whenever it's sunny
This fellow begins to cry!
I think I will feed him with Campbell's and lead him
Straight home where it's cozy and dry.





A taste of summer-time!

The ground is frozen now in the vegetable garden and the truck field. But this very day you can enjoy in Campbell's Vegetable Soup the delicious and varied blend of the finest vegetables, picked fresh and made into the hearty, full-bodied kind of soup you like so much when you are hungry.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

is such a filling dish that you can make it almost your whole luncheon, if you wish, and at dinner it goes far in supplying the needed balance and nourishment. Succulent vegetables, strengthening cereals and meat stock, herbs and spices—thirty-two ingredients—make it rich, body-building and delightfully appetizing.

Soup makes the ideal luncheon

At home or downtown, in the middle of a business day or in the interval between household tasks, soup is the most attractive, convenient and beneficial food you can have for luncheon. Hot, delicious soup sends you back to your work refreshed and invigorated, with your appetite satisfied and your energy greater.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



EASILY PLANNED MENUS *for the* BANQUET

Meeting the problems of the housewife-caterer

By WINIFRED MOSES

SOCIAL occasions where large numbers of persons eat together have become more and more popular. A committee of housewives is usually appointed to work up the menu and provide for the serving of the meal. The committee's ingenuity is taxed to the utmost after a few occasions of this kind.

"What shall I have for the luncheon?" has also been a perplexing question when guests are coming who have been served before.

The menus in the center of the page may be used on occasion to solve the problem. Recipes for the more unusual dishes follow. They are arranged for eight to ten persons, and may simply be multiplied by the number of guests.

BREADED VEAL CUTLETS

REMOVE skin, dip cutlets in beaten egg to which a few tablespoons of milk and a pinch of salt have been added, then in bread-crums. Place in a hot frying-pan containing a small quantity of bacon drippings or other fat. When one side is well browned, turn and brown the other side. Reduce the heat, cover pan tightly and let cook until tender. Serve with tomato sauce.

PINEAPPLE BAVARIAN CREAM

1 package of gelatin
½ cup cold water
1 pint grated pineapple
Juice of 1 lemon
1 cup sugar
The whip from 3 cups of cream

SOFTEN gelatin in cold water and shredded pineapple with the sugar. Add gelatin, dissolved by standing in hot water and strained through a cheese-cloth, and the lemon-juice. Stir until it begins to thicken, then gradually beat in the cream. When mixture is chilled enough to hold shape, turn into a mold.

BROILED CHÂTEAUBRIANDS

CUT them very thick and shape in round filets. Brush over with olive-oil, season with salt and pepper, and let stand for a half-hour. Broil rare under a clear flame or upon an electric grill, and when done remove to a hot platter, pour over some melted butter and garnish each with a grilled mushroom.

ONIONS, ITALIAN STYLE

PEEL and slice large onions, separate the rings, dust over with flour that has been seasoned with salt and pepper, and fry in deep fat until brown. Drain on brown paper, dust with salt and pepper, and serve very hot.

BAKED POTATOES, EPICURE

SLICE off the top of new potatoes. Scoop out a cavity large enough to admit of laying in two strips of sliced bacon and a generous lump of butter rolled in paprika. Replace the top, secure it by sticking through a wooden toothpick and bake in a hot oven until done.

POLLY'S SALAD

SHRED one-quarter of a medium-sized young cabbage, and add to it one cup of shredded pineapple and one-half cup of finely cut celery. Marinate in French dressing or in German dressing. The latter is made from one-half cup of vinegar, heated to the boiling-point, poured over one spoon mustard, salt, and pepper to season, and allowed to cool after pouring over the vegetables. When cool, toss in one cup of whipped salted cream seasoned with a liberal amount of paprika. Serve on lettuce-heart leaves with a spoon of salted whipped cream over it.

LET THE DELINEATOR HELP YOU

The task of the housewife who is called upon to prepare food in quantities for special occasions can at best be only partially lightened by suggested menus and recipes.

The successful conduct of such affairs is generally the result of careful planning and wise direction. In helping to meet your particular problem, whether it involves a formal banquet, a club supper, a church social, or what not, THE DELINEATOR'S Home-makers' service can be of greatest assistance. When writing us, outline your difficulties briefly, mention the date of the event, and direct your letters to Miss Martha Van Rensselaer, Editor Home Economics Department.

DINNER AND LUNCHEON MENUS

No. 1

Tomato Bouillon
Breaded Veal Cutlets Hot Rolls Butter
New Potatoes in Cream
Asparagus Tips on Toast Radishes
Romaine Salad Russian Dressing
Pineapple Bavarian Cream Cake
Coffee Wafers Cheese

No. 2

Fruit Cocktail
Tomato Broth with Whipped Cream
Leg of Lamb (roasted) Currant Jelly
Franconia Potatoes
Peas and Asparagus Tips in Cream
Cucumber-and-Green-Pepper Salad with French Dressing
Maple Mousse Cake
Coffee Wafers Cheese

No. 3

Clam Bisque or Fruit Cocktail
Broiled Châteaubriands
Onions, Italian Style
Baked Potatoes, Epicure
Polly's Salad
Chocolate Ice-Cream Mint Sauce
Coffee Wafers Cheese

No. 4

Chicken Soup with Rice
Celery Olives
Broiled Porterhouse or Sirloin Steak
Mashed Potatoes
Green Beans, Peas, New Carrots or Asparagus Tips
Tomato-and-Lettuce Salad
Salted Nuts
Pineapple Bavarian Cream
Crackers Cheese Coffee

No. 5

Fruit Cocktail
Halibut Steaks Baked with Tomato Sauce
Savory Rice Croquettes
Buttered Carrots, Peas, New Turnips or String Beans
Olives, Celery or Radishes
Shamrock Salad Café Parfait Coffee

No. 6

Clam Cocktail
Tomato Soup (clear)
Toasted Cheese Crackers
Rolled Ribbed Roast with Brown Gravy
Franconia Potato
Buttered Peas and Carrots
Chiffonade Salad
Lemon Meringue Pie Bonbons
Salted Nuts
Crackers Cheese Coffee

No. 7

Clam Broth with Whipped Cream
Broiled Mutton Chops Currant Jelly
Potato Surprise
Cauliflower, Peas, Carrots or Beets
Lettuce-and-Tomato Salad
Coupe Greenbrier Small Frosted Cakes
Coffee Crackers Cheese

SIMPLE LUNCHEONS

No. 1

Ham à la King
(Eggs or Chicken may be substituted for the Ham)
Rolls and Butter
Baked or Mashed Potatoes
Head-Lettuce Salad, Tomato Salad, Cucumber Salad or Fruit Salad
Chocolate Ice-Cream with Mint Sauce

No. 2

Fruit Cocktail
Swiss Steak with Carrots, Peas and Celery
Parsley Potatoes Lettuce Salad
Marshmallow Crisp Tea, Cocoa or Coffee
Hot Rolls and Marmalade

No. 3

Glorified Meat Balls Scalloped Potatoes
Pineapple Salad
Celery Salted Nuts
Chocolate Blanc-Mange Whipped Cream
Hot Rolls and Jelly

BAKED HALIBUT STEAKS

COOK two cups of tomatoes for twenty minutes with 1 cup of water, 1 slice of onion, 3 cloves and one-half tablespoon sugar. Melt three tablespoons of butter, add three tablespoons flour and stir into hot mixture. Add salt and pepper, cook ten minutes and strain. Clean two pounds of halibut, put in baking-pan, pour around half the sauce and bake thirty-five minutes, basting often. Remove to hot platter, pour around remaining sauce and garnish with parsley.

SAVORY RICE CROQUETTES

COVER one-half cup rice with cold water and bring quickly to the boiling-point; let boil five minutes, then drain, rinse in cold water and drain again. Cook two cups of tomatoes with a slice of onion, parsley, cloves and red pepper fifteen minutes, and pass through a sieve; add to the rice with one cup of stock, paprika and salt, and cook over hot water until the rice is tender and the liquid absorbed; then add cheese, butter and beaten egg. Spread on a dish to cool, then shape and finish as any croquettes.

SHAMROCK SALAD

CUT off the end of a green pepper; remove seeds; stuff with well-seasoned cottage-cheese, and put on ice to chill. Then cut in slices and place upon slices of pineapple. Garnish with lettuce and serve with French dressing.

CHIFFONADE SALAD

MAKE a French dressing, add two cold hard-boiled eggs chopped very fine, together with one small sour cucumber pickle, one-half green pepper minced fine, and one-half small onion, also cut very fine. Mix well together, chill and serve very cold on hearts of lettuce.

POTATO SURPRISE

BAKE large potatoes of uniform size, remove from the skins carefully by cutting off the top, beat the mixture with cream, salt and pepper, and tiny pieces of fried bacon, and return to the skins, serving in a hot dish covered with a napkin.

COUPE GREENBRIER

TAKE one cup of preserved figs, their stems removed, and cut up fine. Stir them into one quart of vanilla ice-cream, pack again in ice and salt, and when wanted fill coupe glasses with the mixture and decorate each with a rosette of whipped cream.

HAM À LA KING

HEAT two cups of white sauce. Add one minced green pepper, pimiento cut in strips, one cup of quartered mushrooms and two cups of ham cooked and diced. Two hard-boiled diced eggs may be used as a garnish or added with the other ingredients.

SWISS STEAK

Round or sirloin steak cut 2 inches thick.
To each 2 pounds of steak add the following:
½ cup flour, salt and pepper (mix)
¼ cup ham or bacon drippings
Few slices onion
½ green pepper, chopped fine
2 cups boiling water or 1 cup water and 1 cup strained tomatoes

POUND flour into meat with wooden potato-masher or edge of heavy plate. Heat the fat. Brown the meat on each side. Add onion, green pepper, boiling water and tomato. Cover closely. Simmer two hours. This may be cooked in a casserole in the oven. Other vegetables may be added if desired.



The real naptha odor means sweet clean clothes

Clothes with the sweetness that tells they are clean through and through—*really clean!* The real naptha in Fels-Naptha goes through every thread, makes the dirt let go, then vanishes, carrying all odors with it.

Because of the great help of the real naptha, less rubbing is needed with Fels-Naptha than with any other soap. After the little rubbing, douse the clothes, and the Fels-Naptha soapy water flushes all the dirt away. Then what a delightful clean-clothes smell!

The combination of splendid soap and *real* naptha gives Fels-Naptha a double cleaning-value—the cleaning-value of soap and the cleaning-value of *real* naptha

The only way you can get this benefit in soap is to be sure you get *Fels-Naptha*—the original and genuine naptha soap—of your grocer. The clean naptha odor and the red-and-green wrapper are your guides.

FREE If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately send for free sample. Write Fels-Naptha, Philadelphia

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Let good soap and real naptha—the excellent, safe cleaner that dry cleaners use—clean your silken and filmy garments. The only way you can get this combination is by using Fels-Naptha. It loosens the dirt so gently that it makes the clothes last longer. It washes fine white fabrics snowy white. It quickly restores the bright fresh look to all your lovely clothes.

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Fels-Naptha not only washes anything washable, but safely cleans anything soap-and-water will clean. It washes dishes and cut-glass free from greasy streaks, and leaves them sweet and glistening. It takes spots out of rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies. Quickly brightens linoleum and painted woodwork. Cleans enamel of bathtub, washstand, sink, refrigerator. Makes everything sweet and sanitary.

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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

CORRECT POSTURE *for* CHILDREN

Proper exercises can't be started too early. Edited and approved

By DR. ALAN DE FOREST SMITH

CORRECT POSTURE for children has recently received special attention from Dr. Lloyd Brown and Dr. Fritz Tabot of Boston, with the help of a number of schools. In the January number THE DELINEATOR published an article on good and bad posture in adults. This article included a number of exercises that are just as applicable to children as to grown-ups. The earlier they are started the better.—*THE EDITOR.*

MANY children are ill nourished, of sallow complexion, easily fatigued, and in general below par. Usually they are constipated and subject to digestive disturbances of varying degrees of frequency and severity. The appetite is poor, often unusual, and the child is apt to decline food at mealtime, eating, if allowed to do so, at irregular periods. Frequently such a child is bad-tempered, easily unstrung, and difficult to manage. There are all grades of this condition, from the child who can not be said definitely to be ill, and yet who is not quite so active and healthy as he should be, to the one whose condition really is serious.

At one time it used to be considered that such cases were the result of bad hygiene, improper food, and various other causes. Undoubtedly many of them are; or at least these conditions are important factors. Not infrequently, however, such a child is seen whose parents have ample means for providing it with the best of everything. Yet, in spite of intelligent supervision of diet, carefully regulated habits, plenty of fresh air, he is underweight, constipated, and lacking in vitality. Dr. Lloyd Brown and Dr. Fritz Tabot of Boston pointed out recently that many of these children have faulty posture, or, as Doctor Brown prefers to express it, bad bodily mechanics. Correcting the posture has in many cases resulted in restoring the child to health.



An example of the usual type of faulty posture in children

Perhaps eighty per cent. of all adults, instead of standing erect, with chest high, shoulders back, chin in, abdomen drawn in, with only a slight forward curve in the lower spine, and with weight distributed on the front of the feet, carry themselves with round, drooping shoulders, flat chest, chin poking forward, the curve in the lower back greatly accentuated, lower abdomen protuberant, hips and knees sprung, and feet turned out. This deranges the whole mechanism, placing an undue strain upon the joints and ligaments, often causing backache, flat feet, etc. It also makes the chest smaller, diminishes its expansion, and thus causes a smaller intake of oxygen and a decreased output of the waste products that are eliminated through the lungs. The abdominal organs are forced downward into an unnatural position which leads to their congestion and tends to interfere with the natural emptying of their contents.



What may be accomplished by instruction and exercise

These facts apply just as truly to children as to adults. Is it any wonder, then, that a child whose abdominal organs are sagging and congested is unable to digest and assimilate his food properly? This means that he receives less nourishment and that there are more waste products to be passed on from the intestines. The latter, however, are congested, kinked, and unable to pass along their contents normally. Furthermore, they have not the needed assistance from the abdominal muscles, which are important factors in expelling the waste products. This stasis naturally leads to the production of a large amount of poisons in the intestines, which are absorbed into the blood-stream. The organs charged with the destruction and elimination of these poisons are working at a disadvantage It can now be understood why a condition of fatigue, indigestion, attacks of vomiting, constipation, and undernourishment is likely to occur. The presence of toxins in the body also may affect the nervous system, causing depression, irritability, etc.

THE purely mechanical effects of bad posture, such as backache, strained joints, etc., are not so apt to manifest themselves in childhood, although many cases of flat and weak feet may be traced to this cause.

The importance of this subject is coming more and more to the front, and it is being widely realized that it is distinctly worth while to teach children how to use their bodies properly. Even though only a small percentage of those who do not may develop immediate trouble as a result, no one can predict what may be the penalty in later years of bad habits of posture acquired in childhood. It is never too late to effect some improvement in one's carriage, but it is infinitely easier in childhood.

At the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, Dr. Lloyd Brown has established a posture clinic for children in which are treated cases varying in their symptoms from chronic constipation to malnutrition, cyclic vomiting, etc. Colleges and grammar and preparatory schools are beginning to make the chief object of their courses in physical instruction the establishment of correct habits of posture. It was found at Harvard that the private schools had a better record than the public preparatory schools in this respect, judged from the showing made by their graduates, although some of the public schools had done well. By constantly instructing and correcting their charges schoolteachers could have an incalculable effect for good upon the health of the nation.

IN ORDER to form a correct estimate of a child's posture, it is necessary to remove the clothing, at least that above the waist, and then to examine the child from the side. It should then be found that the body is erect, chest out, shoulders back, chin in, and, very important, that the lower abdomen is held in and that the normal forward curve in the lower back is not increased. The trunk as a whole should incline slightly forward from the hips. The weight should be more on the front than the back of the feet. In bad posture the chin is thrust forward, the shoulders are somewhat rounded, chest flat, and shoulder-blades sticking out in back. The curve in the lower back is very pronounced and the abdomen somewhat pendulous. The feet, instead of pointing straight forward, may turn out. It once was generally believed that the correct way in which to walk was with the feet pointed out, and children were so instructed. This is entirely erroneous. Toeing out tends to produce strain and flat feet. This in turn has a bad effect on the posture.

How is this condition to be overcome? Even in very young children something may be accomplished by having them make exaggerated efforts to draw in the stomach and keep in the chin. As soon as the child can be made to understand what correct carriage is, and this often can be done between four and five years of age, he should be instructed in how to carry himself. This posture should then be insisted upon repeatedly at all times of the day. Remember that there is a proper way to sit as well as to stand, and that the principles always are the same—chin in, chest out, abdomen in. Children, especially, in first attempting to correct their posture, almost invariably throw out the chest, but at the same time thrust the abdomen forward, thus increasing the curve in the lower back and making the condition worse. It is better at first to stress the holding in of the chin and lower abdomen and to reserve the emphasis upon the position of the chest until later. It is not sufficient to give a child a lesson in posture once a day and then to forget about it for twenty-four hours. Like religion, it should be practised all the time.



This sketch illustrates a common but very faulty posture. (After Scudder)

After the concept of proper posture has been thoroughly grasped and mastered, various exercises may be given, but they are distinctly secondary in importance to the conscious, continual effort to assume the right carriage. The special exercises are intended to teach the child to maintain good posture while doing various things, and also to tone up certain groups of muscles. Thus the specific nature of the exercises is not so important. The more interesting and the more like play they can be made, the better. Playing soldier is an excellent one for boys, the only point being that they must keep the attitude of the soldier throughout. Those described in the article on posture in the January DELINEATOR are also suitable for children. Simple setting-up drills, such as are taught in many schools, are beneficial. As a means of correcting posture all exercises are useless unless the proper poise is maintained every minute while they are being done.



Here is a very familiar pose and—needless to say—a bad one

ESPECIALLY for nervous, energetic children a rest period in the middle of the day is a good thing. The best way in which to lie is flat on the back, with no pillow under the head, but with a small one beneath the shoulders, hands behind the neck and elbows back.

The question of clothing is a very important one. The underwaist worn by young children is usually designed in such a way that the entire weight falls upon the outer part of the shoulders, tending to pull them forward. This can be corrected by having the shoulder-straps made so as to be supported at the base of the neck. Children's shoes now are almost universally made on good lasts. They should be straight along the inner side, and sufficiently broad in front, with a rounded toe.

It would be wrong for a layman to attempt to treat any of the more serious conditions mentioned in this article, by postural correction or otherwise. It is not meant that these symptoms are always caused by bad posture, but simply to point out that many obscure conditions in children do result from it. The more aggravated and difficult cases of bad posture should be treated for a time by special supports and exercises. This can be done only by one who has had special training.



Resting in the hyperextended position, with a small pillow under the back and none beneath the head. (After Goldthwait)

GETTING THIN TO MUSIC

HOW WOMEN EVERYWHERE HAVE LEARNED TO PLAY OFF POUNDS

By WILLIAM R. DURGIN

Photograph by Keedy



HE MAKES THEM THIN TO MUSIC. A PICTURE OF WALLACE, A PHYSICAL DIRECTOR NOW NATIONALLY KNOWN FOR HIS DISCOVERY OF AN UNFAILING, SCIENTIFIC METHOD OF REDUCING WEIGHT. IT IS DONE TO MUSIC. HIS PHONOGRAPHIC REDUCTION RECORDS ARE SENT EVERYWHERE.

ARE you bulky of body, and heavy of heart? Would you really like to reduce? In a way that is effective and loads of fun besides? Then hark to the voice of Wallace. Read what this man has done! Not long ago, in Chicago, it was stated that the scientific secret of weight regulation had been discovered. Wallace, a leading physical director, had worked seventeen years to make the announcement. But it did not take long to prove it was true.

UNDER observation of the press, he took fifty persons, each at least 50 lbs. overweight. Pictures and weights were published daily. In exactly forty days, every member of the class was down to normal weight and measurements! Nothing so crude as starving was employed; the method lets one eat. In fact, Wallace's success in reducing is due to his discovering that food does not cause fat. When you stop and think, some of the most humorously fat folks eat less than a child. Wallace simply found a way to prevent the system from turning too much of what *is* eaten, into fat. His course gives you things to do—to music—which makes your system use every bit of nourishment for blood, bone and sinew. Nothing is left from which to make fat. Getting thin to music is simple enough, but results are fairly astounding.

THIS interesting course has reduced thousands of women living in all parts of the land. Most of them had tried other means of losing weight without success. I am writing of what I have *seen*, not merely heard. For I have read appreciative letters addressed to Wallace; taken a whole handful of them from the postman bearing a single mail. I have met and talked with people he has reduced. A typical example is Mrs. Grace Horchler, who resides at 4625 Indiana Ave., Chicago. She weighed 234 lbs. and in four months reduced to 164 lbs. This seventy-pound reduction was accomplished solely by Wallace's reduction records, sent her by mail. Because of the natural method of reducing, her body was left symmetric, firmly moulded. While we talked, another Chicago lady, Mrs. Wossner, came in. She had reduced twenty pounds with her set of records, in four weeks I think it was. In Philadelphia I met a lady whose distressing stoutness had caused her a year ago virtually to abandon social activities. I saw her at a dance, and she was on the floor every number. Wallace's course had reduced her 48 lbs., and left her in a state of health that spoke for itself. A hundred similar instances are on record, while the loss of fifteen, twenty or thirty pounds seems mere play; innumerable women have, I find, made reductions of these amounts.

GET thin to music, and Nature will make your bodily proportions normal, and keep them so. For this remarkable reduction course on phonograph records—set to music—brings instant and permanent results. As the knowledge of it grows, the number of women who carry a burden of excessive flesh will grow visibly less. Distance is no obstacle, for the lessons are sent everywhere. One's own phonograph is all the equipment needed. No incentive to keep at the course is required—it is all too novel and interesting to be a task. The course is full of surprises, and results come very quickly. But to my mind, the most astonishing thing about it all is not the rapidity of reduction, but the after condition. There seems to be no indication that the person was reduced. No sign of flabbiness, no gaunt look as in the case of deliberate under-nourishment. A relative of the writer's was among the first to reduce by the Wallace method. She had a decided double-chin, and was fearful that wrinkles and loose skin would follow loss of flesh at that point. Not only has her double-chin disappeared completely, but remaining flesh is sleek and smooth as any girl's.

YOU may test this wonderful method of reducing without paying a penny. Wallace will reduce you five pounds *free*. He will do it in five days' time! You don't have to agree to take the course. You don't have to send any money. He will send postpaid, plainly wrapped, a full-sized regular reducing record and instructions. All he asks is to try it. For your own sake, don't doubt what he can do—for his method has proved unfailing. Women of every weight, height, and age have been rid of their fat as if by magic.

How can anybody who really wishes to get thin decline such an offer of proof! Clip or tear off the coupon below; fill it in now; mail it today.

— — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

WALLACE, 178 Jackson Blvd., Chicago: Please send record for first reducing lesson, free and prepaid. I will either enroll or return your record at the end of a five-day trial. (80)

(*Miss or Mrs.*)_____

(*Address*) _____



MILK HYGIENE *for the* BABY

What to do when mother's milk fails

By MARY E. BAYLEY, R. N.

This article has been approved by Dr. Charles Gilmore Kerley, an eminent baby specialist

WHEN the problem of artificial feeding is presented, an inexperienced mother often is at a loss to know just how and where to begin. The first consideration is to secure the proper formula, with the advice of a good physician.

While there is no perfect food that can take the place of mother's milk, it is generally considered that cow's milk properly modified—that is, adapted to the age and peculiarities of the child—is the best substitute. There are, however, some food preparations that are very helpful in the feeding of infants unable to tolerate modified cow's milk.

Indeed, there are many instances when these food preparations are invaluable. During an acute illness, in convalescence from illness, and in certain forms of malnutrition, many of them are readily digested, thus helping the child over difficult places. They are also helpful for purposes of traveling. And when one is so situated that pure milk can not be obtained, it is much wiser to use one of these preparations than to run the risk of giving the child impure milk.

To experiment with these foods, without consulting your baby's doctor or to attempt to feed the baby after the method of a neighbor, is a very unwise procedure.

In modifying milk the object is to make it as nearly like human milk as possible. The relation of human milk to cow's milk, given in percentages, is:

	Human	Cow's
Fat	4 per cent.	4 per cent.
Proteid	2 "	4 "
Carbohydrates	6 "	4 "

From this it will be seen that the proteid in cow's milk is greater and the sugar or carbohydrates lower; the fat is usually considered about equal, although very frequently this has to be changed.

There is such vast difference in the quality and cleanliness of milk that it becomes the duty of every mother to know something of its source. Milk should by preference be purchased from a reputable dealer, selling from a tuberculin-tested herd and an inspected dairy—in other words, certified milk. The extra cost is more than compensated for by the assurance of purity. When compared with the danger and cost of illness due to the use of unclean milk, price is not to be considered.

Milk should always be bought in bottles. Dipped or bulk milk is unfit for use as an infant food, since it is most liable to contain bacteria in large numbers. If one lives in the country where conditions make it impossible to secure certified milk, one should endeavor to make arrangements to induce the producer at least to safeguard the purity of that purchased for formula use. The necessary precautions are:

First. That the udders and teats should, before milking, be wiped off with a damp cloth.

Second. Before milking, a clean duster should be slipped on and the hands well washed.

Third. The milk-pail used should be well cleaned and of the improved type, which means that it should be mostly covered, having only a small opening at the top.

Fourth. The first few jets of milk should be thrown away and the milking should not be done where dust and dirt, as from a hay-loft above, is sifting down upon the milker and into the milk.

AFTER the milk has been drawn it should be strained into quart bottles, through several thicknesses of clean cheese-cloth, previously boiled, into which have been placed several layers of absorbent cotton. The bottles should be placed at once in a pail of cracked ice, in which the milk should be delivered. Those living in the country who control their own milk supply may easily carry out these precautions; those who do not must expect to pay to the producer considerable more for his diligence in safeguarding the milk.

And are all these precautions warranted? When we consider that the vast majority of intestinal derangements in infants during the Summer are caused by impure milk, we answer, Yes! a thousand times. Milk, we must remember, is an ideal food for germs as well as for babies. And if to begin with it is swarming with bacteria, what myriads it must contain by the time it reaches the baby!

There is very little to be gained by securing clean milk if after delivery it is left standing in the sun or in the hot kitchen. The bottles of milk should at once be placed in the ice-box, not in the part where food is kept, but in direct contact with the ice. The necessity for keeping the baby's milk in direct contact with the ice during the warm months can not be too much emphasized. Milk always contains some bacteria, and if allowed to become warm and so remain for several hours these bacteria multiply enormously. It is bacteria that cause milk to sour so quickly. And it is the poisons from the bacteria in the milk that produce so much bowel trouble in infants during the Summer.

THE convenient articles for use in connection with preparing the formula are:

A double boiler for preparing cereal water.

As many graduated eight-ounce feeding-bottles as there are feedings in twenty-four hours.

A new clean cork stopper for each bottle or non-absorbent cotton.

A graduated measuring-glass, holding not less than eight ounces.

One two-quart pitcher for use in mixing formula.

One funnel.

One fork.

One tablespoon.

One teaspoon.

One long-handled spoon for stirring.

Bottle-brush.

Bottle-rack for use in pasteurizing.

A pail or kettle for use in sterilizing the utensils and for pasteurization.

A nipple for each nursing-bottle.

One thermometer for use in connection with pasteurization.

If the formula calls for a cereal water, this should be made fresh every day and must, of course, be prepared considerably in advance of the time needed. The methods of preparing cereal waters are:

Rice Water or Oatmeal Water:

Two tablespoons of ordinary rice or oatmeal to one quart of water; cook three hours in a double boiler, adding water from time to time, that a quart may remain at the end of the boiling period.

Barley Water:

One full tablespoon of prepared barley flour, blended with a little cold water, and added, while stirring, to a pint of boiling water containing a pinch of salt. Cook for thirty minutes in a double boiler and then strain, adding as much boiled water as has boiled away.

Sometimes the baby's formula calls for lime-water and in rare instances whey.

Lime-Water:

To a quart of boiled water add, after it has cooled, eight lime-water tablets. Allow this to stand overnight, then strain and bottle.

Whey:

First, make junket. Heat one pint of milk to 100 degrees Fahrenheit. Add one junket tablet, previously dissolved in a little water, or two teaspoons of essence of pepsin. Allow this to stand until firmly jellied, then stir with a fork, and strain off the whey. This must be heated again to 100 degrees Fahrenheit, then cooled, before milk can be added, else it will return to junket.

A very delicate child often can digest whey when everything else has failed. Milk is gradually added to it, and, as it can be assimilated, a little cream. Whey contains only one per cent. proteid, which is albumin.

AFTER preparing the cereal water or other ingredient, as called for in the formula, the next step is to boil the feeding-bottles and all other articles to be used in mixing the formula. Pour off the water from the bottles and other utensils, put on a big washable apron, wash the hands thoroughly, and you are ready to begin.

Having assembled on a clean table all the things you are going to need, take the milk-bottle from the ice-box, rinse it with cool boiled water and wipe the top with a clean towel. Next, with the fork which is among your implements remove the paper cap. Then, with your formula before you, giving the exact ingredients for the number of feedings necessary for twenty-four hours, begin to mix them. First, pour out the quantity of milk, measuring with the graduate glass and emptying into the pitcher. If the formula calls for whole milk, shake the bottle well before using.

After the milk, measure the necessary amount of boiled water (or cereal water) as may be called for in formula, adding this to milk in the pitcher. Measure the sugar (when milk-sugar is used it must be dissolved in hot water) and, if called for, the lime-water, adding these to the other ingredients in the pitcher, stirring the mixture well with the long-handled spoon. Now take your feeding-bottles (there should be as many bottles as there are feedings in twenty-four hours) and fill with the required number of ounces. The bottles should then be loosely closed with corks or wads of non-absorbent cotton (preferably corks) and placed in the bottle-rack for pasteurization.

TO PASTEURIZE milk, heat to 150 degrees Fahrenheit and keep at this temperature for thirty minutes. There are various kinds of inexpensive pasteurizers on the market; but if unobtainable, pasteurization can be accomplished by securing a wire bottle-rack and placing this in a pan deep enough to allow the water to come to the same line as the milk in the bottles. Starting with cold water, watch the thermometer closely until it has reached 150 degrees, then replace a small quantity of the hot water by cold water from time to time, being careful not to allow the cold water to come in contact with the hot bottles. When the milk has been kept at 150 degrees Fahrenheit for thirty minutes, cool quickly by gradually replacing all the hot water with cold water. The milk should then be placed at once on the ice.

Do not uncork the bottle from the time it is first closed until the baby is to be fed. At feeding time the milk should be warmed by standing the bottle in a pan of slightly warmed water and placing over a low fire until the water is fairly hot. To test the temperature of the milk, place the bottle, after it has been wiped dry, against the cheek, or remove the stopper and pour a few drops of milk on the inner surface of the arm. In either instance if it feels comfortably warm to the skin it will be right for the baby. Before adjusting the nipple on the bottle, wash the hands thoroughly and handle the nipple only by the neck, not allowing the hands to come in contact with the part that goes into the baby's mouth.

IMMEDIATELY after feeding, the baby should be held against the shoulder of the mother or nurse. He may be gently patted on the back to encourage the bringing up of any air that may have been swallowed. After this the child should be at once placed in bed with a small soft pillow under the head and allowed to sleep.

After each feeding, to prevent any milk souring in the bottle, it should be rinsed with cold water. In the morning the bottles should be washed in hot, soapy water, using a long-handled bottle-brush, kept in cold water in a covered receptacle.

The type of nursing-bottle used is an important consideration. It must be so constructed as to be readily cleansed. A long-necked bottle having a sharp angle below or one with corners on the inside should never be used, since to clean such a bottle is difficult if not impossible. The eight-ounce cylindrical bottle (rounded both at top and bottom), with the scale in ounces blown in the side, is the best nursing-bottle.

The nipples, after each feeding, should be removed from the bottle, turned inside out and rinsed with cold or warm (not hot) water. They should be boiled once a day and kept in a covered vessel in a weak solution of boracic acid, and before using should be rinsed with cold boiled water. A fresh nipple should be used for each feeding and extra nipples prepared for emergencies.



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And ten days—these delightful effects

This offers you ten days' enjoyment of a new teeth-cleaning method.

It is used by careful people nearly all the world over. Authorities advise it. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

This test will let you see and feel how much it means to you. It will surprise and delight you. Please accept it.

To combat film on teeth

One object is to fight the film on teeth—that viscous coat you feel. Film is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

Some escapes the tooth brush, some resists it. Old brushing methods left much of it intact. So nearly everyone has suffered from some film attack.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. That is why so many teeth fail to glisten as they should.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. That is why decay starts in so many well-brushed teeth.

Film breeds millions of germs. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. That disease, as a result, has become alarming in extent.

Very few people escape

Very few people have escaped these film-caused troubles. Despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

So dental science long has sought a way to fight that film. That research has discovered two effective methods. Ample tests have proved them. Nearly all the world over now those methods are accepted and employed.

Both are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a scientific tooth paste, based on modern knowledge. With Pepsodent, one may apply those film combatants several times a day.

What else must be done

Science also finds that we should daily bring some aids to Nature.

The saliva contains a starch digestant, designed to digest starch deposits. Otherwise they may gum the teeth, ferment there and form acid.

The saliva contains alkalis, designed to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. But, with modern diet, both these forces are generally too weak.

Authorities have decided that the tooth paste should increase them. So Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant and multiplies the alkalis. It does this in a natural way with every application.

Thus Pepsodent fights film-coats, starch and acids as no other way has done. To people all about you it has brought a new conception of what clean teeth mean.

Watch Them

Watch the changes which this ten-day test will bring.

Note how clean the teeth feel as compared with now.

See how they glisten when the film-coats go.

Mark how each use increases Nature's teeth-protecting forces.

You will quickly realize that this method means a new era in teeth cleaning.

You will know that it means much to you and yours, now and in years to come.



New beauty—new charm

This means for one thing new beauty and new charm. Dingy film-coats are removed, teeth are left highly polished. What your mirror shows you in a week will be a revelation.

To men who smoke it means frequent removal of the smoke-stained film.

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Millions now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. The use is fast spreading the world over.

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Only one tube to a family

KING *of* WINTER SPORTS

By INA KISSEL EATON



GLIDING OVER THE ICE, BREATHING IN THE CRISP COLD AIR AND BATTLING WITH THE WIND, IS LIKE FLYING

SKATING is an ideal sport for old and young. Once learned, it is never forgotten. The thrill of gliding over the ice, breathing the crisp cold air, fighting against a stormy wind or rushing madly back with the wind behind you, gives this sport all the enchantment of flying. It is akin to aviation—on the solid earth. Or the novice at the sport may find a sheltered cove or pond in the sunshine, where she may work on "school figures," getting warmer and warmer, until finally both coat and sweater are discarded. After an hour's fun of this kind, you will wonder that you ever thought of skating as a wintry sport.

There are many styles of skating and many kinds of skates. The latter can be divided into three classes—rockers, hockey. and racing skates. Unfortunately too many girls use hockey skates and thus miss a great deal of the enjoyment of skating. Ice hockey is not a game for women. It is much too strenuous, rough, and dangerous. Beginners are told that hockey skates are easy to skate on.

Why not look ahead a little? When you have learned to skate on hockey skates, what next? You are doomed to a life of limitations. You can go round and round the pond, or up and down the river. You can progress in only one way—increased speed. Should you be young and happen to have other necessary attributes, you could graduate to racing skates and try your luck at speed skating.

For you as well as for all other skaters, rocker skates are the solution. Figure skating is never finished. There are always new figures to be learned and old ones to be improved. You do not need competition to keep up your interest. Have you ever seen any good figure skating? There is nothing more beautiful or graceful to watch, and it is easier than you realize. Some of the most attractive-looking figures are the simplest.

I do not wish to imply that plain round-and-round skating is not good exercise. It is excellent exercise for a cold day. But what is exercise compared to a real sport where the interest is such that the exercise is a mere incidental? In figure skating you can keep busy and interested for hours on the tiniest kind of pond, practising some turn that has eluded you until you finally attain the desired results. Head, shoulders, arms, and legs finally all move in correct relation to one another. You achieve a tremendous feeling of satisfaction. You go home aglow with the joy of living.

SHOULD you have hockey skates, give them away and start again on rockers. If you have never skated, start now on rockers.

I started my little son, who is two and a half years old, on rocker skates last Winter. He could get along by pushing a chair or holding my hand. This year I expect he will be able to skate by himself. Rocker skates are not only necessary for figure skating, but adequate for all other purposes. I have never had on a pair of hockey skates. Yet on my rockers I have won races at gymkhanas, I have played hockey in mixed games, and have held my own on many other occasions where hockey skates seemed necessary.



THE LOCAL SKATING-RINK OR VILLAGE POND IS A SPLENDID PLACE FOR A GYMKHANA OR SKATING FESTIVAL

WATCHING YOUR STEP on the ice and keeping your feet in their place are things to remember when you are learning to skate. If you want more detailed advice, or help in laying out a skating-rink, Mrs. Eaton will be glad to help you, if you will write her, enclosing stamped addressed envelope.—*THE EDITOR.*

Most beginners have an idea that any old thing will do to learn on. This is a mistaken policy, as the more correct your equipment the easier it is to learn and the faster will be your advancement.

Good skates and shoes will last you forever if well cared for. The best rocker skates are those with the toe of the blade curving up to meet the toe of the shoe.

YOU should be sure to have your skates screwed to your shoes by some one who knows just the correct way to place them. Last Winter a friend of mine was having great difficulty with her edges on her left foot. I found that her left skate was not correctly placed on her shoe.

Your shoe should be higher than the regulation walking shoe and large enough for you to wear two pairs of thin woolen stockings. Tight shoes cause cold feet and then skating is poor fun. Personally I prefer a man's boot; the toes are broad, the heels flat, and the leather heavier than a woman's shoe.

One thing more is needed to complete your equipment—a book on figure skating. You will be surprised to find how much you can learn by practising balance and positions before the mirror in your room. This will be especially helpful when you get far enough advanced to try the more intricate figures. Don't get discouraged at the thought of figure skating, for it is surprisingly easy to learn how to waltz. Never mind if at first you scrape and hitch a little on the turns.

Learning to skate is easily compared to the study of music. You must practise your scales and finger exercises before expecting to be able to perform the pieces well. Though you are inexpert and have not progressed far with the former, yet you can get much enjoyment out of the latter, even though imperfectly rendered. So with skating you should study your school figures diligently. Every time you skate you should spend at least half an hour on the skates.

Afterward you can amuse yourself with free skating, waltzing, and pair skating. Of all skating, I think I like pair skating the best. It is such fun to work with some one else, and to arrange a combination of figures which you both know and can do well together. Two or more couples can learn the same program and then all skate together, forming a quadrille or lancers. Many long edges, spirals and turns, hard to do alone, can quite easily be done in pairs. Even though one of the pair is a poor skater, it seems as if two people together can glide more swiftly over the ice than one alone.



THE PERFECT RHYTHM AND BALANCE OF A GOOD PAIR OF FIGURE SKATERS CAN BE LIKENED ONLY TO MUSIC. IN SKATING, AS IN LIFE, TWO SKATE BETTER THAN ONE



FIGURE SKATING DEMANDS PERFECT COORDINATION BETWEEN HEAD AND ARMS AND BODY

If you have never seen any figure skating, you will have found it hard to understand some of my points. Figure skating is the ability to make circles, curves, and turns forward or backward on one foot with the other foot held up at least two feet off the ice.

The school figures can be done four ways: starting forward on the right foot and on the left foot; starting backward on the right foot and on the left foot. If you have never skated at all, a very good way to learn is to push a chair around the ice. The chief thing to remember is not to be afraid to fall. It is no disgrace. The best of skaters fall down frequently. You are not likely to get hurt if you will relax and let yourself fall. You can not learn to skate without falling many times.

As soon as you feel at home on skates you can start in on your edges. A very good way to start is by "grinding the bottle." This is done by taking quick short strokes, crossing one foot over in front of the other, making you go around in a circle.

IT IS a great help in skating to have some one to hold by the hand, as it gives you a little more confidence at first, when you are trying something new. It also helps to have some one watch you and criticize. Of course, lessons from a professional will advance you more quickly than working with amateurs or the help of a book. Lessons are not essential, however. I won two competitions on simple figures for beginners, and yet I had never had a lesson. I had merely taught myself by watching others.

The work on school figures can be made very interesting by forming classes. In order to be admitted to a class you must pass the required test. The test for the first class would be very easy, and as you improved you would pass the next test and move up into a higher class, until finally you reached the top.

Why not form a skating club among your friends? The club can not only take charge of these classes and tests but it can do many interesting things. You could have an ice carnival, and invite some expert skater to give an exhibition of figure skating; hold races; have pair-skating competitions.

The great value of a club organization is the assurance of a good place for skating. Given a good natural pond, the club could hire a man to keep the ice swept. In a bad snow-storm club members could be called to help clear the ice. If there is a water supply near your pond it would pay you to have a hose to spray the ice occasionally when the surface gets rough. Artificial rinks are not difficult or expensive to have. Any good level surface either clay or grass can be boarded in and flooded or sprayed with very good results.

A Perfect Fit For Every Figure

This is one of the six reasons why Warner's Rust-Proof is the most popular Corset in America



BE your figure slender, heavy or average; be it tall or short; be it large above the waist or small—there is a Warner's Rust-Proof model especially made to fit your particular figure and to *improve* its lines.

And when you examine the strong and yet flexible double boning in Warner's Rust-Proof, when you have seen the quality of its cloth and the sturdy stitching at points of strain, you will understand why a Warner's Rust-Proof *continues* to fit you as long as the corset lasts.

You can wash a Warner's Rust-Proof as often as you please and keep it always fresh and clean. There is no danger of breaking or tearing because it is absolutely guaranteed★ *not* to *rust*, *break* or *tear*. In all models where needed the Warner double skirt feature provides extra strength at the hips.

Warner's Rust-Proof is the most popular corset in America because it leads in the six essentials of corset satisfaction—style, fit, comfort, durability, flexibility and economy. Wear it and you will have no other.

Two Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets, one for dress and one for ordinary wear, will last you through the entire year.

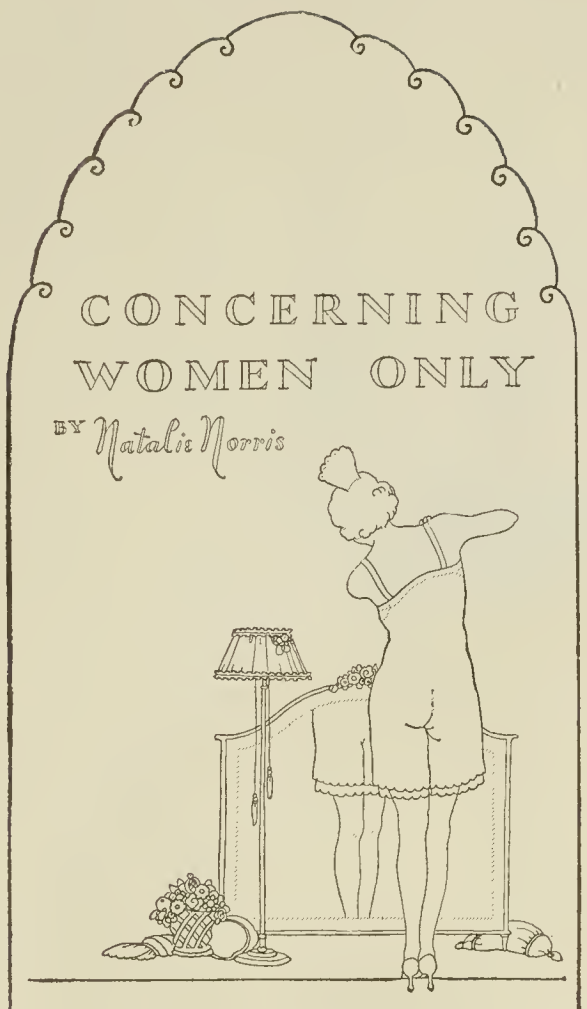
Prices: $1.50, $2, $3 and up to $10.



Also made in Canada by the Warner Brothers Co. Montreal.

★*Remember!*
Warner's Rust-Proof is the guaranteed corset.

Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets



ONCE upon a time, very, very long ago, in the mid-Victorian days, Madame Grundy raised her pious hands in horror at the mere mention of the word, leg. Then, one always said limb, and blushed becomingly.

But, thank heaven, those false modesties have gone the way of the old strait-jacket corset and the hoop skirt. Today, women call a leg, a leg and display them frankly, even proudly.

Why mince matters? Man likes the change and observes shapely ankles with approval. And correct stockings have ever so much to do with setting ankles off to advantage.

Come with me for a walk down any city boulevard when the wind is playful and you will observe there are two kinds of stockings most in evidence: stockings with old-fashioned seams up the back and,—Burson.

If your eye is critical it will tell you that most stocking seams are crooked. Just notice next time you are on the street. Wind-whipped skirts catch seams and pull them all awry until they run every-which way in most unseemly disorder.

Once seams were necessary in order to make poorly shaped stockings fit a little better. But the Burson Company has done away with the old methods by perfecting wonderful machinery that fashions stockings perfectly in the knitting process. So, you see, really there is no longer any need for unsightly seams. Burson Hose follow the graceful contour of the leg perfectly. They have no ungraceful seams to pull awry. Consequently, they set off feminine ankles in a dainty, graceful fashion.

Be sure you ask for Burson Hose.

Silk · Mercerized · Cotton · Lisle

Burson Knitting Company
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BURSON
Fashioned Hose

KEEPING THE NECK YOUTHFUL

By JULIET DIXON

THE LIFE LINES OF BEAUTY are written in the neck. Double chins and scrawny necks are signs of age. Yet good carriage and the proper care of facial muscles will keep your chin and throat young. THE DELINEATOR'S Beauty Editor will answer your questions



ANY WOMAN CAN CORRECT THE SCRAWNY NECK OR THE DOUBLE CHIN BY GIVING A LITTLE TIME TO THE MATTER DAILY. MAY McAVOY'S NECK IS ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN THE "MOVIES"

THE set of a woman's head upon her shoulders is an index of her poise, physical and spiritual. Every woman, no matter how slight her claim to beauty, has a good point. If that point be a good carriage, she can easily compete with the more obvious beauty of perfect face and hair and figure and feet. A straight back, a slender neck that is at the same time well rounded, a softly molded chin, the skin below the collar-bones white and unhollowed—these are the elements of a good carriage.

But, cry the round-shouldered and the dumpy and limp and the too lean, how does one get that way? When grandmother was young, she took daily walking exercises with a book balanced on her prim little head. But this generation suffers from the evil effects of the débutante slouch and the careless, slouching ways of the modern uncorseted figure. Women forget that if you are to stand gracefully and healthfully, muscles and posture must come in as corsets go out. Nine out of ten women face the departure of youth some cold gray morning when, looking in the mirror, they gasp that they must do something about that double chin. Hope gleams in the fact that time can be beaten a little at his own insidious game. Health and exercise will hold him.

MOST important, perhaps, is proper breathing. A few minutes of correct respiration before an open window each morning tones up the whole system. With head erect and shoulders well back, draw in slowly a full, deep breath through the nose. Expel it quickly through the mouth and with force enough to clear the lungs. This exercise, done ten times each day, will reduce the fat neck and the double chin.

The double chin, the first warning of oncoming fat, is preventable. There are plenty of methods by which the loss of beauty and youthful contour can be averted.

To the double chin that is large and hard, apply at night an astringent soap with cold water. An astringent is a binder, strengthening loose muscles and stimulating the skin into healthful activity. Let the soap dry into the skin; then spread on a good reducing jelly. Pat this in with a firm but never a hard touch, using the backs of the hands alternately under the chin, and the fingers upon the neck upward. The jelly also dries in the skin with the patting and tones up the relaxed muscles.

If your chin is inclined to fulness or you fear it will take on unbecoming lines, a good way to keep it in condition is to make a flannel compress with very hot water, wring this out, and encircle the throat and chin with it for one minute. This opens up the pores and stimulates circulation. Then take half a lemon and use it as a sponge—it is a mild astringent. Wash off the lemon and pat in a good cold-cream with the backs of the hands. After a few minutes wipe off the surplus cream, and go over the chin and neck with ice.

Another point at which a woman's beauty is challenged is the familiar sagging under the chin, caused by the weakening of the muscles. Astringents and reducing jellies for this particular disfigurement, patted in with assiduous gentleness, will bring back the youthful contour. Gentleness, remember, is necessary in the successful handling of your throat and facial muscles. It is so easy to pat too vigorously and *hit* instead of touching the right spot with dexterity.

Some mechanical devices are useful. The chin-strap will help to reduce the double chin and to strengthen the sagging muscles. Tailored of satin and lined with linen gauze to fit the facial contour, it is filled with astringent herbs, which shrink the fat or flabby tissues and lift the falling muscles. Fashioned with an additional neck-strap, they remove those distressing lines that often mar the throat. These devices are to be worn at night after treatment with a good astringent.

Appliances of rubber, of various weights and patterns, reduce by means of perspiration. Chin-straps are also made of straight gum-rubber banding two and one-half inches wide. The rubber is thin and flexible and fits easily and snugly over the chin. But never use any device until you have performed the astringent treatment.

For the sagging chin here is a simple remedy that may be applied in the daytime. Saturate a cotton compress with a liquid astringent. Fasten it under the chin by means of a cheese-cloth or linen strap. Leave it on for fifteen or twenty minutes, and in extreme cases let it remain for half an hour. This may be done twice a day.

THINNESS and scragginess are just as much a foe to beauty as the added chins. For the neck that is growing stringy and unbecoming to its owner there are fragrant developing creams that produce almost instant signs of returning form. They are worked in with the fingers gently but firmly with the upward rotary motion and are especially good for those annoying hollows. But caution! Never use upon the face a developing cream intended for the neck.

Another good treatment for the neck that needs tightening and filling is, first, to use one of the pleasant, very mild astringents that will bring the blood to the surface and remove the discoloration that is so often a distressing part of extreme thinness. Then apply gently with the fingers one of the special heavy creams that are prepared for just this trouble. Holding the chin well up, massage gently upward—with the palms of the hands, scarcely touching the sides of the throat, and then with the thumb and fingers.

Every night use the hot flannel compress for one minute in the same manner as for the double chin. Then cover the neck with a very nourishing cream or skin food and mold in gently with the upward rotary motion. Molding is done with the firm pressure of the fingers, lightly applied. It dries in the cream. Be sure not to remove any surplus cream before you retire; it will be absorbed by morning.

In the morning sponge with lemon. The astringent will remove discoloration and tone up the muscles. Wash it off with hot water and mold in the skin food. Wipe off any that remains, and go over the neck with ice.

AFTER a tiring day, before a party, when you want to look your best, follow these directions to relieve fatigue. Thoroughly cleanse your face and neck with the usual cleansing creams, and wash with warm water to open the pores. Then go over the face and neck with absorbent cotton dipped in unbeaten white of egg. Leave this on for ten minutes. It will dry in, forming a mask that will tighten the weary muscles. Be careful, during this time, not to laugh or move the neck in any way to disturb this mask. When the ten minutes are up, wash again with warm water to remove the egg and mold in just enough of a very smooth cream to hold powder.

Many women, in this age of low-necked fashions, are worried by the sunburned or reddish V that shows below the collar-bones. Lemon used every night, removed with hot water and followed by a peroxide cream, will soon bring back the natural color. Two or three drops of benzoin to a basin of water also helps as a whitener.

A very simple remedy for the bump that sometimes comes at the back of the neck is to sleep without a pillow.

Beauty belongs to women. Why not have it, especially when it takes so little effort?



Keep him happy, healthy and successful with vital iron. Raisins contain it.

The Iron Food for Vitality

Raisin Pie

2 cups Sun-Maid Raisins
1½ cups boiling water
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
1 tablespoonful grated lemon rind
Juice of 1 orange
1 tablespoonful grated orange rind
1 cup chopped walnuts

Cook raisins in boiling water for 5 minutes, pour into it sugar and cornstarch which have been mixed. Cook until thick, remove from fire and add other ingredients. Bake between two crusts. Walnuts may be omitted if desired.

All measurements for this recipe are level.

Had Your *Iron* Today?

Renew His Energy—With This Dessert

FULL of tender, juicy, luscious, thin-skinned Sun-Maid Raisins—this pie is the favorite of millions.

Light, tender, flaky pastry; and a rich juice forming a delicious sauce. A delightful morsel fairly melting in the mouth.

Let *your* husband try it. Hear what *he* says.

But even better than its flavor is the *good* that comes from this dessert.

The raisins furnish food-iron in its most assimilable form. Often food-iron is the one lack that keeps thousands under par.

* * * *

Men need but a small bit of iron daily, yet that need *is vital*. Men are happy, alert, virile and successful only when they have that vital iron.

Proper food is the sole source of natural, organic iron. So you, madam, are doubly concerned with it since you choose the food.

A pie like this is the very best dessert because it furnishes energy as well as iron—raisins supply also 1560 calories of practically pre-digested energizing nutriment per pound.

Men are grateful for those dinners that take the tired feeling away. And this pie does that.

So have a raisin pie tonight—hear the call for more—it will be a satisfaction to you and a real benefit to him.



With Breakfast Foods

Stewed raisins lend new charm and zest to cereals of all kinds—increase nutrition and add healthfulness.



Bread Pudding

You'll make a healthful dish and use up left-over bread if you'll put raisins in bread pudding. The raisins lend charm that makes a "new dish" of this and other so-called "plain foods."

SUN-MAID RAISINS



Blue package (seeded) best for pie and bread.

Always ask for Sun-Maid Raisins, made from California's finest table grapes—grapes too delicate to ship long distances in fresh form. Try these raisins. Taste the luscious foods they make.

Raisins are 30% cheaper than formerly—see that you get plenty in your foods.

Seeded, blue package, (*seeds removed*) best for pie and bread; Seedless, red package, (*grown without seeds*) best for stewing; Clusters (*on the stem*). A delicious quick dessert. All dealers sell them. Insist on Sun-Maid Brand.

100 Recipes Sent Free

We've compiled 100 tested recipes in a valuable *free book* which we'll send to any woman on request. They suggest the most attractive ways to serve these fine fruit-meats. Simply mail the coupon and get them by first mail.

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Please send me copy of your free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," also new book, "Eating Raisins for Health and Beauty."

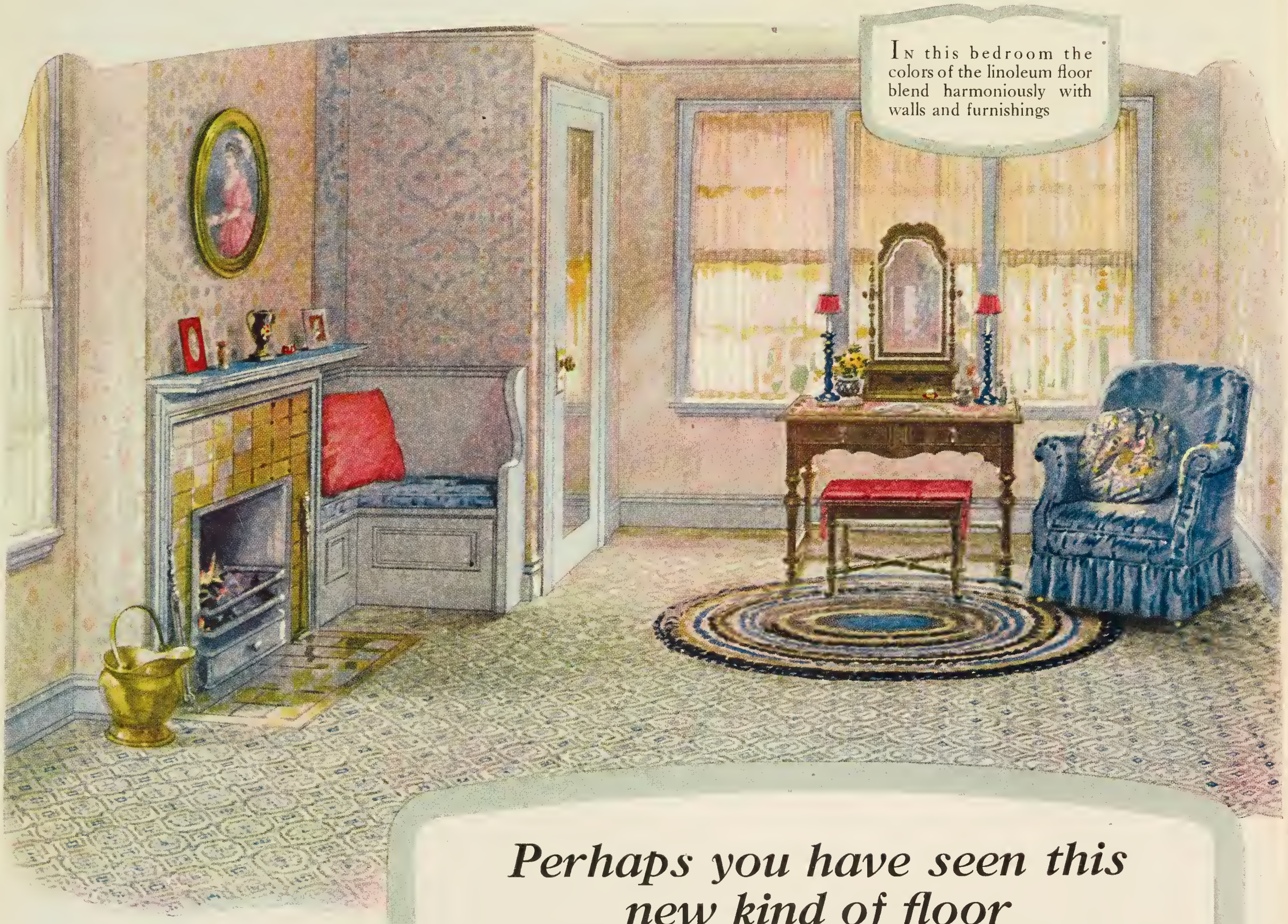
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Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House



In this bedroom the colors of the linoleum floor blend harmoniously with walls and furnishings

Perhaps you have seen this new kind of floor

This charmingly appointed bedroom has a floor of Armstrong's Linoleum. The color and design of the floor furnished the basis for the decorative scheme of the room.

Perhaps you have seen this new kind of floor in the homes of some of your friends. If you have, you must have realized at once how different this modern linoleum is from the linoleum of a few years ago, used in kitchens, pantries, and halls.

You wax and polish floors of this new linoleum, you put your rugs on them. You will find that they are inexpensive in both first cost and upkeep. No expensive refinishing is ever required.

Ask the salesman in any good furniture or department store to show you Armstrong's Linoleum in plain colors, Jaspé (two-tone) effects, parquetry, inlaid, and printed designs. You will see what a smooth, solid floor this modern linoleum makes—how quiet it is under foot, how comfortable to walk on and stand on.

A room 12 x 14 feet can be floored with the Armstrong's Printed Linoleum shown in the picture at a cost of approximately $24.00 (slightly higher in the far West).

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for advice as to proper patterns and colors for use in any scheme of home decoration. No fees are charged.

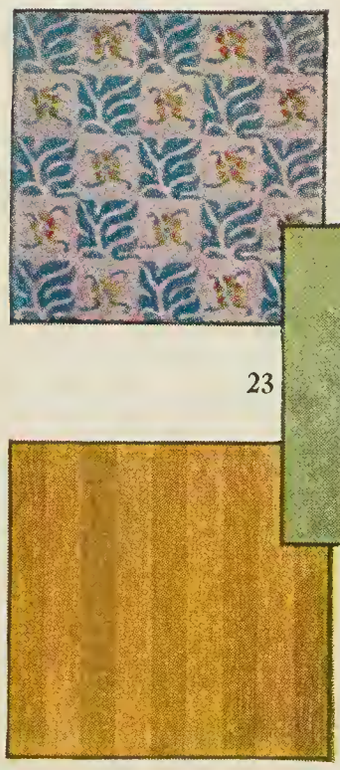
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"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"

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By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe color plates of fine home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

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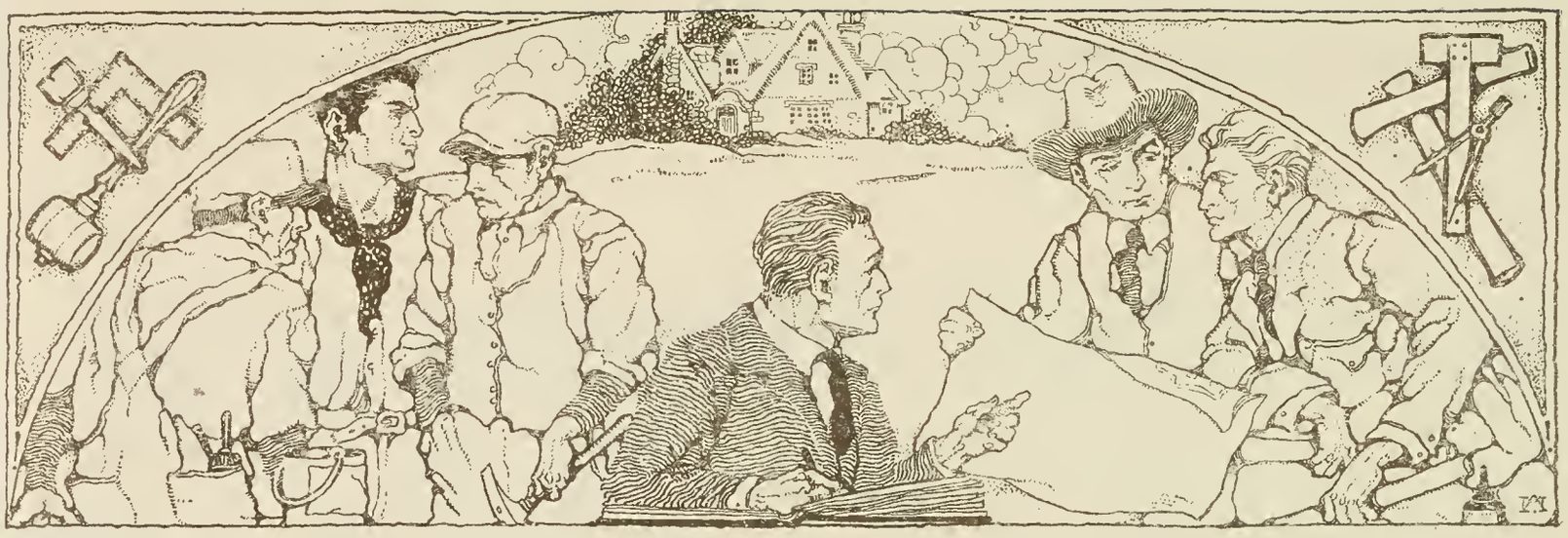
If one of these Armstrong patterns is more appropriate for your bedroom than No. 8353, shown in the illustration, order (by number) from your merchant.

Look for the CIRCLE "A" *trademark on the burlap back*

A

Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs

You can also buy rugs of Armstrong's Linoleum, suitable for kitchen, dining-room, or bedroom, and fully guaranteed. Send for free booklet, "Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs," showing color plates of pleasing and artistic designs.



SYSTEM *in* PAYING *for a* HOME

A businesslike method of paying off fixed charges

By JAMES WARD WELLS

WHILE hundreds of families are seeking places to live in—to rent if possible or to buy when compelled—many more families are on pins and needles because they live in dwellings that are burdened with mortgages. The former have the hope, however slim, of finding suitable quarters, while the latter worry about losing the home they already have. That almost dreaded word "mortgage" haunts the home-owner. The average man or woman considers one mortgage an occasional care, but two mortgages are a very heavy load to carry.

Much of this worry can be avoided if a couple will, in the beginning, look at the matter from a business point of view; and, when they see it in its proper light, will conscientiously keep account of what they have to spend for the building in which they live, and how it is spent. Interest, taxes, and insurance come along as regularly as time and tide. And yet, it is evident that many persons do not realize this fact. A simple method of keeping accounts, that can be done in about ten minutes a week, has been tried and proved to be a really workable scheme that prevented much worry.

Suppose Mr. and Mrs. Average Person have a home on which there are two mortgages, the first a bank mortgage and the second an instalment kind. The first thing for them to consider is how much they have to spend for the fixed charges. The fixed charges would include the interest on the first mortgage, the instalment and interest on the second mortgage, the taxes, water rates, fire insurance, and a fund for repairs.

Figure how much each of these items, including a minimum amount for repairs, will cost for one year. Divide the year's total by fifty-two to get the amount of the fixed charges per week. If your salary is paid by the week, you must figure what you have to spend each week for fixed charges. Do not figure by the month unless you are paid by the month. Say these charges amount to $6.43 or $12.86 or $19.29 a week. Do not put aside the exact amount, but make it a flat sum of $7 or $14 or $20 each week. If you can spare it, add another dollar; it all helps, and besides, you will be saving it, as it will go in your home. Once you have created a fair-sized "working fund," beware of yourself as a borrower. Try to keep this fund for the purpose intended—the home; if you juggle the account you may as well give it up.

NOW that you have figured what money you have on hand and what you must spend, get an account-book; a journal will be the most suitable. If the book contains two hundred pages, apportion it so it will have ten parts, each of twenty pages. On the first page write "Cash," and allow forty pages for this account. At page 41 write "First Mortgage—Interest"; page 61, "Second Mortgage—Principal"; page 81, "Second Mortgage—Interest"; page 101, "Taxes" (allow forty pages); page 141, "Water and Insurance"; and on page 181, "Repairs, Assessments, etc."

As the "Cash" account is the one most often used, it will be well to bear in mind that, although you intend keeping this book in a simple way, you must keep it in a correct way. Even though it is your own money and book, you can not be careless. If you are you will soon get in a tangle.

To keep these accounts properly it matters little how much you know about bookkeeping. You can use "On Hand" on one side of the page for what is on hand to be spent; on the other half of the page write "Paid Out." If you have a slight knowledge of bookkeeping you will probably prefer to follow the usual methods.

Every week enter in the "On Hand" (or whatever term you use) side of the "Cash" account the amount you have to put aside. For example:

CASH

On Hand		*Paid Out*	
Aug. 6	$14.00	Aug. 15	Water bill $12.00
" 13	14.00	Nov. 1	Quarterly int. and instalment on 2nd mortgage 90.00
" 20	14.00		
" 27	14.00		
Sept. 3	14.00		
" 10	14.00		
" 17	14.00		
" 24	14.00		
	$112.00		$102.00

After the second entry, add them and put down the total in pencil at the left. Do this each time an entry is made in either the "On Hand" or the "Paid Out" column; these figures in pencil will show the balance.

The "Second Mortgage—Principal" and the "Second Mortgage—Interest" accounts are kept in the same manner as the "Cash" account. Each week you credit these accounts with the amount apportioned for each. If the instalment payment is $60 every three months, you put aside each week $4.62.

SECOND MORTGAGE—PRINCIPAL

On Hand		*Paid Out*	
Aug. 6	$4.62	Nov. 1	Quarterly instalment $60.00
Repeated for 12 more weeks	55.44		
	$60.06		
Paid	$60.00		
To Cash	.06		
	$60.06		

AT THE end of each period, every three months, settle up the above account; credit the few cents left over to "Cash." The double lines under the lower $60.06 show that the account has been balanced. Begin the first entry for the next period. When the bottom of the page is reached, write on the last line "Carried Forward" and give the amount. Continue the same way as you began the account. At the end of a year the "Paid Out" side will show that $240 of the second mortgage has been paid off.

Keeping account of 4 x $60 may seem like overdoing this bookkeeping; any person could mentally give the total.

However, it would be a mistaken theory, which is the cause of dropping most of the personal-account schemes. When the enthusiasm of buying a home is new, it is easy enough to quote to a cent the amount of this, that, or the other item. But when the novelty wears off the memory will often play little tricks with dates and sums. A seemingly small mistake may prove costly. When this account is five or six years old, it will be much more useful and correct than the memory.

The other accounts, "First Mortgage," "Taxes," "Water and Insurance," are kept the same way as the foregoing, except that you need not use both sides of the page. It is easier to run the entries for both the "On Hand" and the "Paid Out" down the left side and then continue down the right side of this page.

The interest on the first mortgage, say $209 a year, is about $4.02 a week. At the end of six months the account will stand:

FIRST MORTGAGE—INTEREST

Jan. 31—On Hand	$104.52
Feb. 1—Paid Interest	104.50
Balance to Cash	.02

The "Taxes" account is kept the same as the "First Mortgage—Interest" account; likewise the "Water and Insurance" account.

The "Repairs, Assessments, etc.," account requires less bookkeeping. There is no need of the "On Hand" entries; enter only what is paid out. The money for these expenditures comes out of the surplus in the "Cash" account. This surplus grows as the interest on the second mortgage decreases.

It is reasonable to figure that in the beginning, when you have bought a new house and have little if any surplus, the repairs will not require as much money as they will later on. The object in keeping this account is to find out to a cent how much you have spent for repairs, improvements, and assessments. If there is any doubt as to what is chargeable to this account, consider what you would ask a landlord to buy or do if you rented.

WHEN the second mortgage has been paid, keep right on with the weekly amount for the "Cash" account. Start a new account for "First Mortgage—Principal"; credit to it each week the same amount as you did for the second mortgage principal. There are several ways of paying off this first mortgage. Perhaps you can pay off a hundred dollars at a time. But if the owner of the mortgage will not take less than five hundred dollars or more on account, let the money in this account grow. Do not touch it for any other purpose. The building and loan associations will take up a first mortgage with the understanding that you pay the principal and interest within a stated number of years.

There should be some way of keeping or depositing the money you have on hand. The savings bank often is not as convenient, especially when you want to make deposits each week or two, as a checking account in a commercial bank. As a rule these banks charge a fee if your monthly balance is not more than one hundred or two hundred dollars. However, some banks will allow you to open an account without the monthly fee if you explain that the account is to be for a special purpose. You agree to draw checks only for this one object—paying for the home.

The more you stick to it the less likely you are to worry about buying your home; and if your accounts are correct your cash is always ahead of your bills. The only hardship is getting the first week's start and not borrowing from your home funds.



Where foods must have the daintiest appeal

—Quite natural that the careful hostess should choose Del Monte. It shows her high appreciation of fine flavor and delicacy.

Whether it be peaches, pears, apricots, cherries, plums, asparagus, spinach or any of a hundred other delicious fruits and vegetables — she knows that Del Monte always gives her the very choicest that Nature can produce.

The convenience and dependability of Del Monte Products make them ideal for every-day use all the year round. Always ready to serve—at less expense than if you had canned them yourself—they lend themselves to endless tempting, healthful menu combinations.

As an illustration of their ready adaptability to any need, serve the following salad the next time you want an especially dainty dish:

JELLIED ASPARAGUS SALAD—Dissolve 1 envelope of softened gelatin and 2 bouillon cubes in 1½ cups of boiling water; add 1 teaspoon of salt, ¼ teaspoon of pepper, 1 can of DEL MONTE Canned Asparagus Tips cut in pieces, ½ cup of chopped celery, and 1 chopped DEL MONTE Canned Red Pimiento. Pour into a wet mold, set in cold place until firm and serve with mayonnaise.

For 500 other thrifty suggestions for adding tempting variety to every-day meals with canned fruits and vegetables, you should have a copy of our new book, "Del Monte Recipes of Flavor." Write us for a free copy.

Address Department D
CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

DEL MONTE
ASPARAGUS



"And that Means a More Beautiful Frock for Less Money Every Time"

When you can buy from ¼ to 1⅜ yard less material for your gown than you ever bought before—

And can "lay" your pattern swiftly and surely without a moment spent in puzzling it out—

And find that you have bought just the right amount of material with practically no waste.

THEN you save money every time, on every garment you make, don't you?

WELL, that is precisely what the Deltor makes possible. That is the saving that thousands upon thousands of women have found invaluable in the making of their wardrobe. That is the saving that can be turned into exquisite material. That is the saving that means from 50c to $10 saved on every gown that you make!

Every time you use the Deltor, you have reduced the cost of your frock in proportion to the amount of material that the Deltor has saved you.

Each Deltor is a specially prepared picture plan—specially worked out for the pattern it accompanies. Because it is possible for you to lay out your pattern on less material than you ever could before, your Butterick Pattern now calls for less material than other patterns.

You are given a layout chart—photographic in its exactness, especially planned for the garment you are making in your exact size—and there is one chart for each suitable width of material. You can not go wrong. Your pattern must fit—and there is not one inch wasted! The most intricate gown is laid on the fabric just as quickly as you can follow the pictures and pin your pieces together.



"Because of the Deltor, these Paris creations will have cost less money than any similar gowns you ever made before!"

You are guided to Paris' own lines

BUT the Deltor does not stop there. It performs two other functions. It guides you until your gown is finished.

Its second aid is to show you by pictures and words, as simple as the layout chart, how to put your garment together—how each piece should join its partner; and each picture and each description is not a general, but a specific aid in putting together the particular gown the Deltor was planned for. It means fit, it means drape, it means set. It means a "professional" gown.

And finally the finishing touches, the all-important details upon which the success of your garment depends—tell-tale evidence of the professional garment or of the "home-made" one. You are told those little secrets that only the Parisian modiste is aware of; the Deltor shows you how to follow them easily and surely until your gown is finished—an exact reproduction of the original creation!

Because of the Deltor, this Paris creation will have cost less money than any similar gown you ever made before!

BUTTERICK
Style Leaders of the World

The DELTOR

Saves 50c *to* $10 *on Materials*



Every woman will want this new Dromedary book. Your copy is now ready. We invite you to send for it. There is no charge; no obligation. Address Dept. 20.

The book is full of delightful suggestions for salads, desserts and new Dromedary dishes tested in our kitchens for the average American household.

How we found the most delicious Cocoanut Dishes for you

FIRST a group of cooking authorities was consulted, among them the editor of a famous woman's magazine, the head of the domestic science department of a big university and the chef of a famous Fifth Avenue restaurant. The oldest and best cook books were searched. The favorite cocoanut recipes of housewives, social leaders and domestic science teachers were assembled.

Finally from a large number the best were tested and are now published. To make the book more complete we included a number of new and original recipes for dates and tapioca.

Get a package of DROMEDARY COCOANUT from your grocer; make up just one good dessert—any one you select from the book—let every member of the family taste it and DROMEDARY COCOANUT is in your home to stay.

We invite you to send for the book.
There is no charge; no obligation.

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THE OLDEST AND THE LARGEST BUSINESS OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD

Dromedary Cocoanut



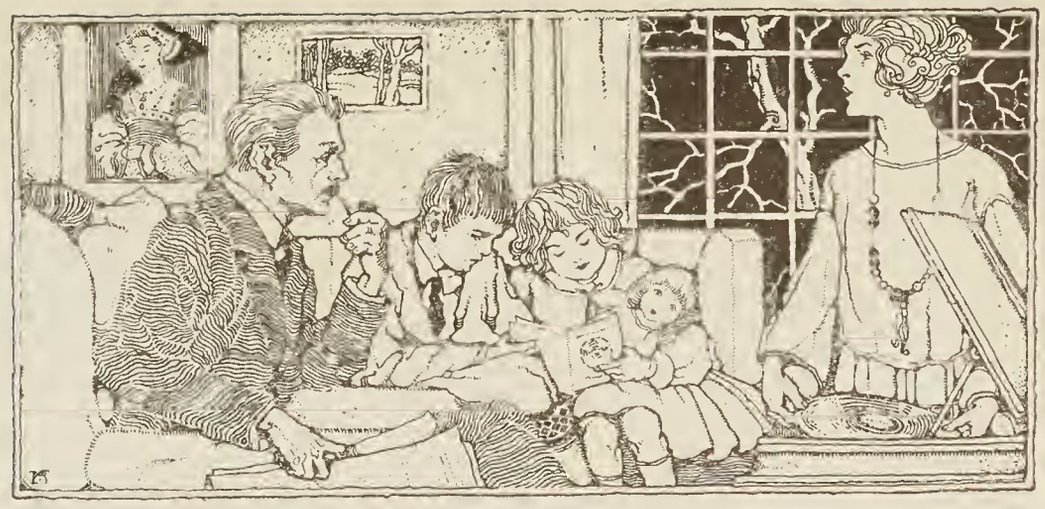
DROMEDARY PRODUCTS

TAPIOCA that is ready in an instant.

COCOANUT that keeps fresh to the last shred.

GOLDEN DATES from the Garden of Eden.





CHOOSING *the* NEW RECORD

By HORACE JOHNSON

MUSIC EDUCATORS SAY that the appreciation of good music depends chiefly on having young children listen to the classics. The education departments of the talking-machine companies have prepared several hundred classical selections specially adapted to stimulate interest in the young. Mr. Johnson will gladly answer questions on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope.—THE EDITOR.

UNTIL very recently the performance of good music—I mean by that term music that is not only melodious but that is spelled correctly and written according to the laws of harmony—was the exception rather than the rule in cities and towns outside the great national centers. There is a gradual change, however, and artists say that each year the audiences that they face show a greater interest in good music. I firmly believe that the greatest single cause of this is the talking-machine record.

A concrete evidence of this fact was shown me not long ago. A young man came to New York from a small town in Kansas. He knew very little about the ways of a large city. There was one thing, however, that he did know, and that was music. He was familiar with the work of every one of the great vocal and instrumental artists in America, either in opera or concert.

I was greatly interested to know how he had learned to appreciate music. He told me that he was the youngest of ten children in a family of farmers. Neither his mother, his father, nor any of his brothers and sisters knew anything about music. When he entered the sixth grade in school, a new teacher came to his class fresh from Teachers College in New York.

One of the first things she did was to buy a small talking-machine and a few educational records, reproductions in simplified orchestral form of the work of great masters. At first the children spent the entire daily music period listening to the records. Then the teacher asked them to tell her what stories they heard in the music, and with eager ears and fascinated minds they listened lest something escape them.

Little by little the interest grew in what seemed to them, not "something more to learn," but a new game to play. Soon all the other teachers in the school had talking-machines and were telling their charges about music. And as the boy moved up a grade each year he learned to analyze the form of the classics, to distinguish the tone and color of each instrument of the modern orchestra. With the first money he earned after graduating from high school he bought a talking-machine and pursued his studies.

THE education departments of the talking-machine companies are responsible for the musical appreciation of this young man. They have been most industrious and zealous in the past ten years in spreading their work over the entire country with such efficiency that there is hardly a school-teacher of the present time who is not thoroughly familiar with these records.

But it is not teachers alone who should be interested in the national musical growth. It is you, the mothers, the aunts, and the grandmothers of the country, who must realize, too, the pleasure and joy that intelligent appreciation of music brings and take into your home the happiness music creates.

You can not feel at this present day that you are doing your full duty by "giving Fred piano lessons" and "letting Louise study singing." Certainly you would not attempt to teach the alphabet to your children before they learned to talk. Then why waste money on music lessons before your children know what music is?

Speech is the first thing a baby hears. Everybody talks to him. Yet he does not learn to talk until he is two years old. When he does talk, however, he develops very rapidly, for he has been listening and absorbing the sound of words from early babyhood, and his ear is attuned.

Now, do not jump to the conclusion that I am trying to infer that your child of two weeks can be trained into a great musician just by putting a talking-machine beside his crib and playing records to him daily until he is five years old. What I am trying to make clear is this: that if any and every child of three hears the best in music and no other kind, his ear will learn to discriminate, and he will reject the bad and prefer the good purely by the unconscious training his ear has received. Then, when he is five years old, he can be taught to read notes as he would be taught to read words. And music will not be a study unintelligent to him, as it has been to so many children, for his sense of musical sound has developed as his sense of word sound has been stimulated from infancy.

Professor Patty S. Hill, Director of Lower Primary Education at Teachers College, Columbia University, says:

"IT IS a well-known fact that music makes its deepest impression in the early years of childhood. While the capacity of little children for listening to music is limited, those who know how to find good music which will make a genuine appeal at this period in the child's development are rewarded by an appreciation which is well worth the effort. In the period of early childhood the ear is easily trained, and neglect at this time can *never* be fully made up by any amount of musical education in later years.

"One of the very best opportunities to develop music appreciation with young children is through their interest in interpreting the appeal of music through motion. At this period in their development children have a singular freedom and confidence in creating their own interpretations through motions and steps that in later childhood seem to disappear. If this confidence and creativity are taken advantage of at the right period, the effect becomes lasting, and a real contribution is made to their musical education for all time."

Several hundred records have been adapted to stimulating the interest of the young in music. In addition to these records, books and pamphlets have been compiled to illustrate the value of the records. These prospectuses and informative booklets may be secured by application to the education departments of the talking-machine companies, or I will be very glad to have the material sent to you if you will write me.



A BOILED SALAD DRESSING

3 Tablespoonfuls Oil
1 Tablespoonful Flour
1 Tablespoonful Sugar
1 Cupful Milk,
Sweet or Slightly Sour
½ Cupful Mild Vinegar
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Teaspoonful Mustard
⅛ Teaspoonful Cayenne
2 Eggs

Stir the dry ingredients in Wesson Oil which has been put in a double boiler top. Add the milk and cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture takes on the consistency of cream. Beat the egg yolks slightly, add the vinegar, pour into the first mixture and cook till thickened, stirring constantly. Chill and fold in the beaten egg whites.

A special favorite on potato salad



NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

"Like mother used to make"



—and Mince Pie with Coffee

What could be better for the end of a good meal than None Such Mince Pie?

The eleven good things that go into None Such are prepared for you in our spotless kitchens. None Such goes to you with nine-tenths of the work in pie-making done. All you have to do is to add the finishing touches. Pie made with None Such is delightful; it is nourishing and easily digested as well.

Order None Such Mince Meat from your grocer or a None Such Pie from your baker. Remember that None Such Mince Meat has set the standard for over thirty-five years.

Many other delightful dishes can be made with None Such Mince Meat.

Try this recipe

NONE SUCH DRESSING FOR DUCK

Make dressing in the usual way; add one package None Such Mince Meat and more apples and some celery to suit individual taste.



None Such Mince Meat comes in two convenient forms: in cans, ready for use; in packages, condensed

Merrell-Soule Sales Corporation, Syracuse, New York

EVERY THURSDAY IS NONE SUCH MINCE PIE DAY



PLANNING *the* SPRING GARDEN

Many needful things can be done before actual planting time

By ROBERT S. LEMMON

WITH the annual sprouting of the seed-catalog crop in January and early February comes the beginning of definite preparations for this year's garden. Although it is still too early for work outdoors, except in extreme southern sections of the country, the time has come to start gathering the essential materials which in a few more weeks should be ready for use.

Suppose we begin with the vegetable-seed order. First and foremost, be sure that the catalog from which you propose to make your selections comes from a reliable firm. Then jot down a list of the vegetables you know you will want—corn, beets, Lima beans, peas. Turn to the pages on which the first of these is listed, and for the time being forget everything else in the book.

Under most vegetables there will be listed several varieties, some maturing early and others late. You will want some of each class—usually the one described as the leader of its type is the best choice. Set down its name and catalog page on your list, and, still without being led astray by intervening attractions, turn to the next subject.

Proceeding thus, you will soon have a specific, simple list of the species and varieties that will form the bulk of your vegetable crop. The next step is to determine the quantities required.

In this connection two factors will determine the decision: the amount of ground available for planting, and the size of the household to be supplied. The accompanying table will serve as a general guide in deciding the quantities to order—subject, of course, to individual preferences in the matter of certain kinds of vegetables. The total amounts indicated should be ample to supply the average family of four throughout the season, making allowance for the several plantings at intervals of two or three weeks that must be made in order to insure a succession of bearing plants. Where "plants" are specified in the table, it indicates things grown from seed planted early in the hotbed or in the house, and set out in the garden after all danger of frost is over and the ground has warmed up.

ONCE the seed order is complete, the next thing is to make sure that the implements and devices with which to plant and cultivate them will be on hand. First of all, you should have a good wheel-hoe, the most generally useful implement a gardener can possess. A regulation spade will be needed; a digging fork; an iron rake; a hoe; a small hand-cultivating "claw"; a man's-size galvanized watering-pot; a small compressed-air sprayer with which to combat insect and disease pests; a line for keeping the rows straight; some marking-stakes; and, where running water is available, enough garden hose to reach the farthest end of your rows.

A wheelbarrow is a most useful addition to this list, but it is not essential. So, also, is one of the modern systems of "overhead irrigation," which will enable you to snap your fingers at the longest spell of dry weather any Summer ever saw.

While it is far from my desire to cry "Wolf, wolf!" there is no evading the fact that after the garden is under way various insects will discover and seek to share its products with you. Lay in a small stock, therefore, of arsenate of lead, Bordeaux mixture, and "black-leaf 40"—the first for potato-bugs, caterpillars, and the like; the second for diseases such as mildew and blight; and the third for those aphides and other mites that subsist on the nourishment they suck from the stems and leaves of the plants.

As several weeks' time can be saved by planting the seeds of some of the vegetables and flowers indoors or under glass long before the season has advanced enough to make outdoor sowing possible, you should have several "flats"—seed-planting boxes of wood that can be set in a sunny window. A convenient size for these is three inches deep by fourteen inches wide and twenty-four inches long. Enough gravel or cinders to form an inch layer over the bottoms of these flats, and sufficient rich, fine, loamy garden soil to fill them almost to the top, complete your materials for this first planting of the year. The paper pots recommended for starting early corn, melons, cucumbers, and other warm-weather plants are excellent if you have room for them.

If you can possibly arrange it, you really should have both a hotbed and a cold-frame. The former will make possible a much more extensive early planting of seed than can be attempted with the indoor flats, and the latter is most valuable for gradually accustoming the young plants to outdoor conditions—a process known as "hardening off."

In their essentials, these two devices are similar; each consists of a low frame six feet wide and any multiple of three feet long, covered with glass sash and so located that it catches the sun's rays. The heat thus accumulated merely supplements, in the case of the hotbed, that generated by the eighteen inches of fresh stable manure which fills an excavation below the frame and underlies the layer of soil in which the seeds are placed. For either hotbed or cold-frame, the frame should rise twelve inches above the ground at the back and eight inches at the front, and face the south.

Frames and sash can be purchased from garden-supply houses, or the former may be made at home out of heavy planks or concrete.

TABLE OF SEED QUANTITIES

Kind of Vegetable	Amount of Seed for 50-foot Row	Distance Between Rows	Amount of Seed for Family of Four
Bean (early)	1 pint	18 in.	½ pint
" (wax)	1 "	18-24 in.	½ "
" (bush Lima)	1 "	18-24 "	½ "
" (pole Lima)	¼ "	4-5 ft.	½ "
Beet (early)	1 oz.	15 in.	1 oz.
" (late)	1 "	15 "	1 "
Cabbage (early)	35 plants	2 ft.	½ "
" (late)	30 "	2-3 ft.	½ "
Carrot (early)	½ oz.	15 in.	½ "
" (late)	½ "	15 "	½ "
Cauliflower	30 plants	2 ft.	1 p'k't
Celery	½ oz.	12 in.	1 oz.
Corn (early)	½ pint	4 ft.	½ pint
" (main crop)	½ "	4 "	½ "
Cucumber	¼ oz.	4 "	¼ oz.
Eggplant	25 plants	30 in.	1 p'k't
Lettuce	¼ oz.	15 "	½ oz.
Muskmelon	¼ "	5 ft.	½ "
Onion-Sets	150	15 in.	2 qts.
Parsley	½ oz.	15 "	1 p'k't
Parsnip	¼ "	15 "	½ oz.
Peas (early)	1 pint	3-4 ft.	2 pints
" (late)	1 "	3-4 "	2 "
Radish	½ oz.	12 in.	1 oz.
Salsify	¾ "	18 "	1 "
Squash (Summer)	¼ "	4-6 ft.	½ "
" (Hubbard)	¼ "	6-8 "	½ "
Tomato	15-20 plants	4-5 "	¼ "
Turnip	½ oz.	15 in.	1 "
Swiss Chard	¾ "	18 "	½ "



The Strange Story of an Arab Merchant

There is a tale in the Arabian Nights of an Arab merchant who, returning from a pilgrimage, seats himself by a spring in the desert to eat dates, the stones of which he throws in the air.

It so happens that one of these stones kills the son of a genie, and when the poor merchant is charged with the crime, he is overwhelmed. He had not imagined one could do so much harm with a date stone. This story, weird as it is, illustrates an every-day truth.

How few of us give sufficient thought to the consequences of our acts.

For instance, how many housewives realize the danger there may eventually be for husbands, children and themselves in the tea or coffee they serve at meal-time?

Any doctor can tell you that tea and coffee contain drug properties whose influence is to stimulate nerves, often producing sleeplessness, nervous irritation, and a general slowing down of efficiency.

Yet people are not dependent on tea or coffee for their meal-time drink. Thousands of former tea and coffee drinkers now use Instant Postum. They like the rich, full-bodied flavor of this pure cereal beverage and its freedom from harm, and they can make it in a moment in the cup by simply adding boiling water.

"There's a Reason" for Postum

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc.
Battle Creek, Michigan

Sold by good grocers everywhere!

A SCENTED RESTING-PLACE FOR IDLE LINGERIE AND FRESH FORTRESSES FOR ARMIES OF PINS



LINGERIE SACHET TIES AND DRAWER PAD

THE bureau drawer ceases to be a gloomy stronghold when it is carpeted by a soft pad and when the lingerie is held in bondage by sachet ribbons. For one tie you need 1½ yard of 1-inch orchid taffeta ribbon with a white edge, and for the second 1½ yard of 1½-inch blue grosgrain ribbon with a pink picoted edge. A piece of blue taffeta 20 by 35 inches, a piece of orchid taffeta the same size, and 3 yards of gold lace ½ inch wide are necessary for the drawer sachet. One yard of cotton sheeting will be enough for all; ¼ yard for the ties alone. A flower motif such as 10896 may be used on both. You will need sachet, 1 tube each of blue, yellow, green, rose and white oil-paint and a small brush. For the ties cut 8½ inches from each ribbon. Cut a strip of cotton sheeting the width of the ribbon and 8 inches long. Saturate it in sachet and place it in the center of the long strip of ribbon. Sew the 8½-inch piece of ribbon over the cotton, and mix oil-colors with white until they are the desired tone. Paint rose flowers on the blue ribbon and blue on the orchid. The green leaves have yellow centers. For the drawer pad cut cotton sheeting the size of the pieces of taffeta. Sew them together, placing cotton and sachet between the layers. Sew braid around the outer edge. Tack taffeta and cotton together at 8-inch intervals and cover the stitches with flowers. Paint pink on blue side and blue on orchid.

KEWPIE PINCUSHION

RISING like a little Venus from waves of tulle, the kewpie calls attention to her captive pins. To make this pincushion you will need a cushion 5 inches square and 2 inches high, 2 yards of pink satin ribbon 2 inches wide, ¼ yard of pink malines, ½ yard of narrow pink satin ribbon, and a celluloid kewpie that will measure 4 inches after you have removed its legs. Wind the ribbon around the cushion across both ends, allowing the joining to come at the edge of the cushion. Wrap ribbon around the center in the same manner, then in the opposite direction. Tack ribbon around the base of the cushion with a loose knot in each corner. Make a rose, using the remaining piece of ribbon, as follows: fold ribbon through center and gather it. Roll one end between your thumb and finger, wind it around and sew it to the front of the cushion. Cut the kewpie's legs off and sew its body to the center. Cut malines into 4-inch strips and gather two of them together through centers to form double ruffles. Fasten them around the kewpie, holding them in place by tying the narrow ribbon around the waist.

ORGANDY CUSHION

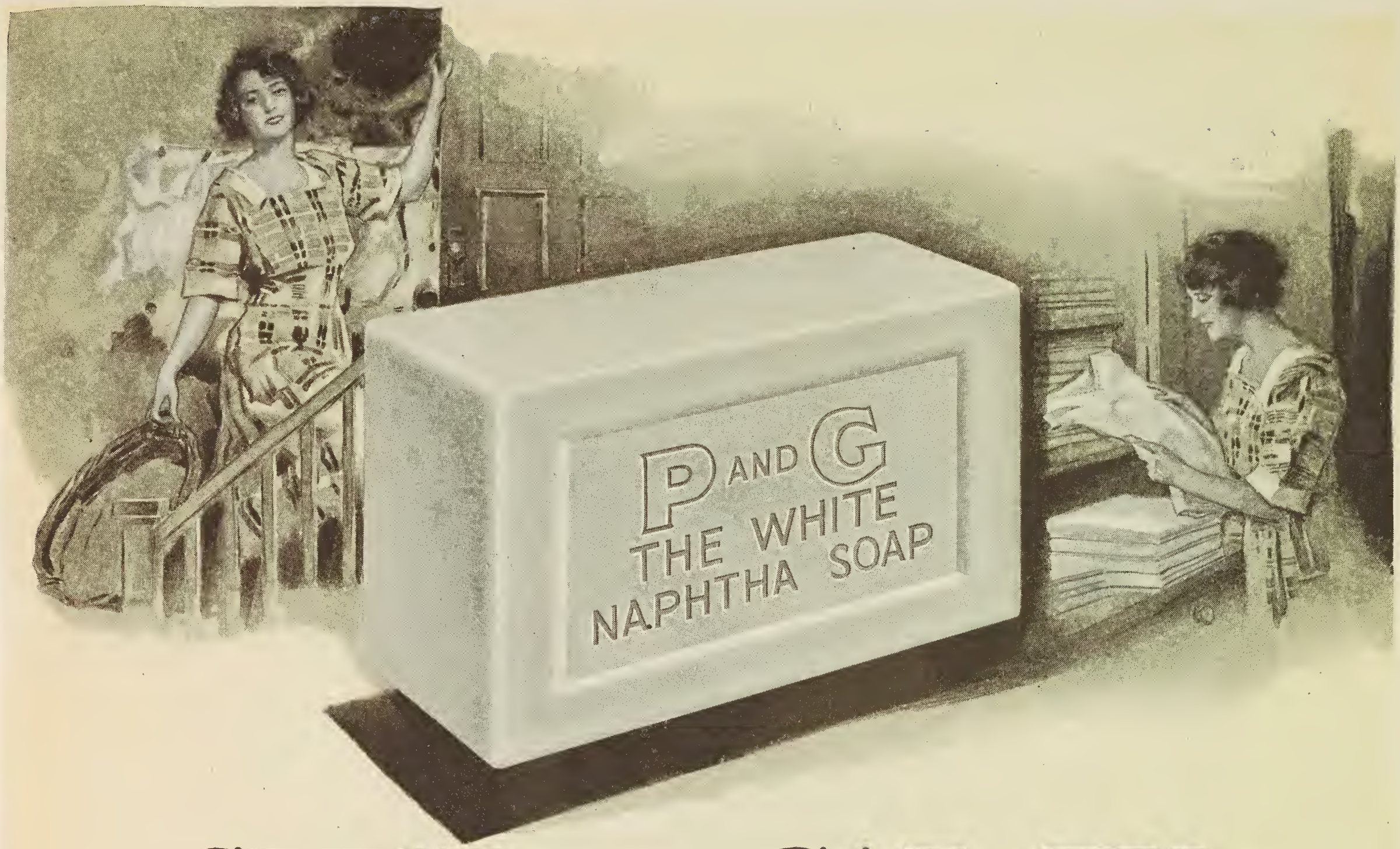
YOU will need a diamond-shaped pincushion the base of which is 7 inches long and 5 inches wide, ¾ yard of rose satin ribbon ½ inch wide, enough rose organdy to cover the cushion and make 2 strips 5 inches wide by 28 inches long and 1½ inch wide by 15 inches long. Cover the pincushion with organdy. Have the 5-inch strips picoted and hemstitched ¼ inch from the edge all the way around. Place one strip on top of the other and gather through center to fit the cushion. Tie ribbon over the gathers. Fold one of the 1½-inch strips lengthwise and gather the edge. Roll it to form a rosebud. Make buds and sew 3 in a group on one side.

ROSE PINCUSHION

THIS rose has its stickers in the center instead of on its stem. To make the cushion you will need ⅓ yard of rose taffeta 36 inches wide, a piece of pink taffeta and pink chiffon 5 inches wide and 23 inches long, a circle of buckram 3 inches in diameter, and enough cotton batting to make a cushion 3 inches in diameter and 1 inch high. Cover the cotton with rose taffeta. Cut 12 pieces of rose taffeta and 5 each of pink taffeta and chiffon 5 by 4½ inches. Fold each diagonally; cut off the center corners and gather around the raw edges. Draw the gathers to form a petal and sew around the outside edge of the buckram circle, alternating light and dark. Sew another row just inside and make 2 more. Now place the taffeta-covered cotton in the center and cover the back of the buckram with taffeta.

ROSE REFILLING SACHET

THE fragrance of this American beauty can be renewed. To make it you need a turquoise-blue flower center, rose leaves, a circle of buckram 4 inches in diameter, ¾ yard of rose satin ribbon ⅝ inch wide, a strip of rose taffeta 10 inches wide and 19 inches long, a strip each of pink chiffon and pink taffeta 2 inches wide and 72 inches long, and cotton and sachet. Place the flower center in the center of the buckram circle. Cut a strip of rose taffeta the same size as the others and fold each through the center. Place all the raw edges together, gather them a little and twist them around the flower center, sewing them to the buckram. Arrange leaves around the outer edge. Seam ends of the large piece of taffeta. Gather one end and slip it over the raw edges of buckram and last row of petals. Slip the cotton and sachet in the taffeta. Turn the edge of the ribbon back ½ inch to form casing for the narrow rose ribbon and run ribbon through casing, drawing it up and tying it in a bow.



SPEED + SAFETY

DO you know that the two universally desired qualities in laundry soap—speed and safety—qualities that always seemed as far apart as the poles—are now available in a single cake?

Your clothes are on the line earlier without hard rubbing, and with or without boiling, as you wish. The work is done with all the speed and ease of naphtha soap.

But you sacrifice nothing to obtain this freedom from washday drudgery. Not a thread is harmed. Not a color that you would wash in the ordinary way is faded. Not a fabric that you always put in the regular washing is shrunken or injured in any way. Your clothes enjoy the complete safety of the best white laundry soap.

Every piece is sweet, clean and beautiful, yet you have saved your time and strength. This combination of speed and safety in washing clothes and in all other house work is now a demonstrated fact every day in millions of homes. P and G The White Naphtha Soap is the single cake that gives you all the advantages of naphtha soap and white laundry soap. Do you use it?

Not merely a white laundry soap;
Not merely a naphtha soap;
But the best features of both, combined.

Used in more homes than any other laundry soap in America.



The immense demand for P and G The White Naphtha Soap reduces its cost to the minimum. Raw materials are bought in tremendous quantities and, therefore, at lowest prices. Factories located in different parts of the country make for short hauls and less freight expense. Millions of housekeepers use P and G The White Naphtha Soap because they consider it the best value on the market.

THE GAY INTRUDER, HAND TRIMMING, CLIMBS HIGH IN MIDWINTER SOCIETY AND, GUIDED BY YOUR OWN NEEDLI AND PAINT-BRUSH, BECOMES THE CROWNING GLORY OF THE FAVORITE COSTUME



A tan duvetyn tam of home origin lives up to its sporting reputation with jade-green and dark-brown embroidery



A royal crown of old-blue and brouze embroidery



The dangerous curve of a rather large hat is signalled by a basket full of gay flowers which you can make with oils



A little brown hat of duvetyn makes off with all the embroidery it can possibly carry, in shades of blue and tan and lavender



Some hats may droop and tilt, but a trim white sailor with black oilcloth flowers prefers the straight and narrow way

THE case of the Midwinter hat can not possibly be stated without embroidering upon it. The star witness for the defense, a large, black satin hat for afternoon wear, is banded with embroidery in old blue and dull bronze, from such a design as 10851. It may be worked in a combination of one-stitch and outline. When the fortunate wearer raises her head to confront the jury, or to ask for lemon and two lumps of sugar, a facing of old-blue Georgette comes to light.

Another striking piece of evidence is the tam in the upper left-hand corner, which may be adapted from such a tam as 3157. Tan duvetyn makes an attractive background for motifs of broken circles and blossoms worked in jade green and dark brown. For these a design such as 10706 may be used.

A large Spring-like hat in the upper right manages to speak for itself. For the straw basket, brimming with colored flowers and fruits, a design such as 10902 may be used. It may be worked in appliqué, patchwork or outline embroidery or—smartest of all—it may be painted in oils.

Claire and Julie, in fact all the better wooden manikins in the millinery windows are wearing brown duvetyn hats this Winter, embroidered just like this one in old-blue, tan and lavender. The little hat may be made from such a design as 3422. It has a stitched, bias brim, and though it is soft and can be rolled into almost any shape, it does not lack character when the embroidery is adapted from a design like 10823. One-stitch or outline may be used.

It seems that sailor hats have rebelled against being strictly plain and masculine. Not that we blame them when they appear in the freshness of white felt with black oilcloth flowers! The flowers are taken from a design such as 10895 and are appliquéd to the felt with white wool. A combination of beading or French-knot embroidery and one-stitch or bugle beads might also be used.

When a hat like the one in the lower right-hand corner takes the stand, there is simply no question of justice. The verdict is going to be "not guilty," we may be sure of that. The sports hat is one of those soft, rolling ones. It is made of jade-green felt and has motifs or bands of circles and dots from such a design as 10832. The circles of black broadcloth with their orange centers are appliquéd to the felt with jade-green yarn. Black wooden beads form an outer guard about the circles. Combinations of outline, one-stitch, beading or French-knot embroidery are also possible.



With the bravado of a sombrero from the "Wild West" a green felt sports hat chooses black circles with orange centers



3834 5174



581





5279



737 P—241

Lingerie of Exquisite Charm

Cotton or Silk and Hand Made Philippine & Porto Rican Garments

THERE are four things for which the woman of taste will look in the lingerie she buys. First comes mode. It must be that of the Paris of today, graceful, cleverly adapted to the equally modern fashions in outer wear.

"Dove" Under-garments combine truly Parisian style with the American touches necessary to appeal to American tastes.

Cottons Sheer but Firm— Colorful New Silks and Satins

Fabrics, of course, come second. The lingerie of the hour demands fabrics which are sheer even in the more practical batistes, nainsooks, and novelty cottons. And silks, as one might suppose, in many cases are very sheer. Whether you choose the practical "Dove" Under-garments of cotton or the luxurious, colorful silks, you may be sure of splendid quality in the fabric—of garments that will wear well and launder well.

Trimmings that Equal the Superb, New Styles

And third, what woman does not delight in the laces, embroideries and fancy stitchings which always have been characteristic of fine lingerie? What woman has not at some time sacrificed beauty of fabric or style to sheer beauty of trimming?

New for February

The following "Dove" Under-garments are illustrated and numbered above and typify styles that may be purchased now in thousands of stores all over the United States.

No. 3834—"Dove" Bloomer, step-in style, of sheer flesh color batiste. Prettily trimmed with pink hemstitching and pink hand embroidery.

No. 5174—"Dove" Night Gown of white "Crepes-of-the-Four-Seasons," which is easily tubbed and needs no ironing. Hemstitched around neck and arms and embroidered with catstitching in flesh color. Shirred at waist.

No. 581—"Dove" Night Gown of excellent white crepe de Chine. Top and shoulders (back and front) of white Georgette effectively combined with Calais Val lace. Shirred across front. Finished with two-tone satin ribbon bows and rosebuds.

No. 5279—"Dove" Night Gown of sheer, firm white nainsook. Hemstitched in a diamond design over neck and shoulders and across front, and run with a pretty satin ribbon above the waist.

No. 737—"Dove" Envelope Chemise of fine wash satin, flesh color, trimmed with Calais Val lace in white and shirred across front. Shoulder straps of fine satin ribbon to match.

No. P—241—"Dove" Hand-made Philippine Envelope Chemise of soft white batiste, heavily hand embroidered in front and with hand embroidered scalloped top. Hemstitched shoulder straps. Hand-made eyelets run with pink satin ribbon.

DOVE Under-garments

Beautiful, well-made Lingerie

Sold by Leading Stores Everywhere

From Calais—from Nottingham—from St. Gall—from foremost American mills, we have assembled the best laces the world affords. And these have been applied with taste and judgment which you cannot fail to appreciate.

Last but Not Least— Garments That Fit

Fourth—and surely many will not consider it the point of least importance—comes the fit of your lingerie. Whether you are short and plump or tall and slender, whether yours are the *svelte* lines of youth or the full lines of maturity, you will find plenty of "Dove" Under-garments that will fit you exactly. In silk lingerie, especially, "Dove" sizes are full. So many otherwise irreproachable silk under-garments, are skimpily cut and therefore undesirable.

There is a "Dove" Store Near Your Present Home

"Dove" Night-Gowns, Pajamas, Envelope Chemises, Bloomers, Camisoles and Under-skirts are ready now in a good store near your home. The prices average half the cost of such lingerie last year. We are not able to fill mail orders.

D. E. SICHER & CO., INC., 45-55 W. 21ST STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.
"World's Largest Makers of Lingerie"

table talks

By Mrs. Knox

If you're tired of the same old things

SOMEONE remarked to me at the tea table that she was tired of canned fruits and did not know how to give them an original touch. I was sure I could help her, and together we went through my booklet, "Dainty Desserts."

"Why, Mrs. Knox," she exclaimed, "I never knew there were so many different desserts in the world. I had no idea you could combine canned fruits with Knox Sparkling Gelatine in so many unusual ways — not only in desserts but in salads as well! I'm going to try this Cherry Sponge Dessert for dinner."

I learned afterwards that she and her family were so pleased with it that I am publishing the recipe here.

CHERRY SPONGE

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water 1½ cups canned cherries
1 tablespoonful lemon juice ½ cup sugar
1 cup canned cherry juice Whites of 2 eggs

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in hot cherry juice. Add cherries, stoned and cut in halves, sugar and lemon juice. When mixture begins to set, add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Garnish with whipped cream, sweetened, and flavored with vanilla, and chopped cherries. *Other canned, "put up" or dried fruits may be substituted for the cherries.*

Send for my Recipe Book containing over a hundred Desserts and Salads

You'll never get tired of the "same old thing" with a copy of my booklet "Dainty Desserts." Send for it. It is FREE. Just enclose four cents in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name. Address

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

166 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.

"Wherever a recipe calls for gelatine think of KNOX"



Plain Sparkling Gelatine for general use — *Contains Lemon Flavor in Separate Envelope*



THE HOUSEKEEPERS' ROUND TABLE

HERE ARE MORE PROBLEMS to be discussed around the table. Problems old are ever new for the inexperienced. They have been met successfully by many, and their solution is passed on by means of this exchange of views of our readers.

The School of Home Economics at Cornell University is also working on these problems.

A WOMAN who lives far from cities writes THE DELINEATOR as follows:

For the past ten years I have lived on a farm where the only water that was procurable has come from a well. Patiently and laboriously all the water that has been used in the household has been drawn from that well and carried into the house. It has not all of it been my labor, for I have made almost superhuman effort to avoid too much of this back-breaking work, but it has not always been avoidable.

It took just about ten years, however, for me to get my plans organized for changing the situation and for the family finances to reach such a point that my desire for a change could materialize into an actual result.

This is what we have now done. We have purchased a pressure pump that is worked by hand. We have built a small tank, which we have placed in an unused room on the second floor. We have connected this with the well by means of a pipe. Twice a day my husband takes his daily arm exercises at the pump and fills the tank. This tank connects with faucets in the kitchen, and with a boiler heated by gasoline and also connected with the sink.

Further, I have installed an indoor toilet and connected it with the running water which we drain into a septic tank.

It seems to me that the investment we have made in this very simple and inexpensive water system has done more to give me back my faith in life, my enjoyment in my home, and my belief that home-making is a pleasant task than all the lectures that could be spoken from a public platform.

AN ENTERPRISING FARM WOMAN

WHAT one woman thinks about another is interestingly told in the following:

My nearest neighbor was left without means to run her farm, her only asset being a pair of very willing hands and an undaunted spirit.

Alone and unaided, my neighbor manages and farms a thirty-acre tract of ground, doing all the inside and outside work herself. She plants, cultivates, and harvests her crops, and makes it pay too, living an independent, wholesome, happy, and busy life. She keeps two horses, two cows, one hundred hens, and some hogs. She milks the cows, separating the cream, which she sells to a creamery. She keeps the hogs to furnish home-cured hams and bacon. Her hens produce eggs for the family, and she sells thirty or forty dozen eggs weekly. She sells enough frys and broilers to net a nice sum.

Besides this, she goes in for several side lines, such as keeping bees and growing asparagus and small fruits.

I have known this woman to paint her house, both inside and out, shingle the roof herself, build a flue, and even repair outbuildings. And the work is as well done as if painter, carpenter, or brick-mason did it! In addition, this little woman is a born cook. She is sweet and refined—a womanly woman!

Her chief recreation is reading good books and magazines and sharing her abundance with those less fortunate and less energetic than herself. She is intensely interested in all vital questions of the day, and conscientiously exercises her right to vote.

Her house is a cozy little cottage nestling down between hills, where the latch-string is always out and where hospitality is of that good old-fashioned kind that ought never to disappear.

SOLVING A LAUNDRY PROBLEM

A REAL problem for the business girl is that of laundering her own clothes. Here is how C. C. R. solved it:

I worked in an office all day, and had only Sundays off. I lived in a room on the fourth floor of a big city building, where only the lightest of light housekeeping was allowed and the only stove was a small electric plate. In one corner of the room, behind a screen, I hid my small table and box cupboard.

So many pieces were spoiled, torn, or lost when I sent my linen out that I decided to wash my pillow-slips, towels, scarfs, blouses, handkerchiefs, and lingerie in my room. Here is my method:

In the evening I filled a fourteen-quart galvanized water-pail half full of water, and sliced a bar of good soap into it, and brought it to a boil until the soap was melted. I then added two or three tablespoons of coal-oil.

There was no gas used in the building. However, I began early with the heating of the water on my electric plate, and before it was quite ready I soaked each piece in a pan of cold water, and wrung it out lightly, in order that when the clothes were submerged in the liquid soap the heat would not "set the dirt." When the clothes were packed *tight* in the pail—you would be surprised to know how many pieces I packed into that pail—I put a cover on it that fitted it exactly, and wrapped it in an old comforter just as airtight as possible, and set it away in a corner.

That was based on the principle of a fireless cooker—why not? By morning the clothes were practically washed. I usually left them till the next evening, then carefully rubbed soap on the parts most soiled, rubbing them a little if necessary. I then rinsed them, and left them in clear water all night. In the morning I hung them on a clothes-horse to dry while I was away at work.

RETIPPING THE SHOE-STRING

SHOE-STRINGS that have lost the metal ends and have become frayed may be treated with candle or some similar wax.

Cut off the frayed end of the shoe-string and dip it in the melted wax. When slightly cool, shape with the fingers so as to permit of easy passage through the eyelets of the shoe.



A simple dish ~ but just try it

apricot bread pudding

It's just another proof of the many tempting, economical possibilities under the Del Monte label. For Del Monte Fruits add a new flavor, a tasty variety to hundreds of common desserts.

Take, for instance, ordinary bread pudding made this way—

Soak 1½ cups of stale bread crumbs in 1 cup of hot milk. Add 3 teaspoons sugar, the sirup from 1 large can of DEL MONTE Apricots and two beaten eggs. Then add a few apricots, and pour into a greased baking dish. Bake until firm, serve garnished with apricots, and you have a real menu treat.

Apricots lend their same fresh appeal to many other dishes—as on buckwheat cakes, with breakfast sausage, or in aspic with meats. In salads you'll find their delicate, tart flavor just the thing,—with sliced pimientos on lettuce; or in a jelly base prepared both with the sirup and the fruit, served on lettuce with mayonnaise.

Then remember that apricots are just one of more than a hundred varieties of Del Monte Canned Fruits, Vegetables and Food Specialties, each of which offers you the same wide range of uses in adding new flavor and summer healthfulness to everyday meals. Our book, "Del Monte Recipes of Flavor," is rich in economical suggestions for serving them. You should have a copy. It is free. Send for one today.

Address Department D
CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

DEL MONTE
Apricots



How I Made $1150 in Eleven Months —Right in My Own Home

My spare-time earnings made the first payment on our home. We plan to pay the rest the same way. Read how simple it is to turn spare hours into dollars.

By Mrs. Frank Unger

WHEN we were first married, my husband and I used to make a little game of paying the household bills. Every Saturday afternoon as regular as clock work, I got out the bills, and he produced his check book, and settled up with everybody. We used to call it "wiping the slate clean." Back in those days there was always plenty of cash to meet the bills, and maybe enough left over for a couple of theatre tickets or a little outing.

Then by and by we began to notice that somehow there wasn't any surplus. Prices were increasing and my husband began to look grave as he drew the checks. I too was worried. We quit spending anything for recreation and began pinching pennies here and there. But even then we had barely enough to get by from week to week.

Then one week we had some extra expenses and we found the money would not go around. I felt so badly about it, that I just wanted to cry. But that was only the beginning. Almost every week it seemed as though we had to put off paying some bill. Our expenses were steadily increasing. My husband's wages were hardly enough to meet the household accounts, to say nothing of clothing. And so things ran along for months, with us pinching and skimping and trying desperately to break even.

I began wondering what I could do to help. Surely there must be *something*. To go out and work was impossible, because I had a four months old baby to care for. Perhaps I could have tucked baby into his carriage and made a few calls in the afternoon, canvassing for something. But I was never cut out for an agent. I knew I would scarcely make pin-money that way. And we needed plenty of real cash.

How COULD I Make Money?

There was just one thing for me. I must find some sort of home work that would pay good wages. I wasn't suited to become a seamstress or a dressmaker. What could I do?

Finally I began looking in the magazines and newspapers for some sort of paying home work. I used to get mightily discouraged in my search. But nothing came of it. No one seemed to have any work to offer me.

Then, one day I opened the paper to look for work, as usual. And on one of the pages this headline caught my eye: "How I Make Money Right at Home." Of course, I started to read, and soon I was real excited. It was about a woman whose husband got a small salary—hardly enough for them to live on with everything so expensive. She wanted to make extra money just as bad as I did. But she had two little children so she couldn't do any paying work unless she could find something to do at home. It was my situation exactly.



"I love my work more each week," says Mrs. Unger.

Then it went on to tell how at last she *did* find profitable home work—making socks on a hand knitting machine, and how the company paid her for making them, and furnished replacement yarn for each lot of standard socks she sent in. The name of the firm was the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company, and they were located at Buffalo, N. Y.

"Well," I said to myself, "this certainly looks like a chance for me to make some money. At any rate, I can't lose anything by finding out what they have to offer."

So I wrote a letter to the company, asking for their free information. In just a few days I had a reply telling me all about the machine, and the details of their home work proposition. And then I was more enthusiastic than ever.

I told some of my friends about the knitting machine, but most of them only laughed and said I would never make any money with one of those things. My husband was doubtful about it. But finally he said: "Your judgment is usually pretty good. If you really believe you can make money with an Auto-Knitter, why send and get one."

How I Started.

And that is exactly what I did. I sent the order just as fast as I could. Then pretty soon my knitter arrived. At first I was a little bit afraid, because I didn't know anything about machines. But I often think now how simple it was to learn to run my Auto-Knitter when I sat down and went at it with the Instruction Book as my guide. If I had done this more carefully when I first received my machine, I should have made a perfect sock much quicker than I did. The book makes everything so clear.

I submitted the first faultless sock I made to the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company. They said it was fine and they would buy all I could make like it. I was as happy as a lark! At last I had a way to make money without leaving my home and baby.

Well, I started to work then in real earnest, putting in every minute I could spare from my housework. The more I worked the Auto-Knitter the faster I could turn out a pair of socks. The first week I made only one dozen pairs, but the next week I made two dozen, and went on increasing until I could make twelve dozen pairs a week in my spare time. And all the while checks from the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company kept coming in for each lot of standard socks I sent them. I think the pay for this home work is wonderful. I love my work more each week. And the beauty of it is that I don't have to keep regular hours. I can knit whenever I have a few moments to spare, besides taking care of my baby and doing the housework.



Mrs. Frank Unger.



The home the Auto-Knitter is paying for.

Made Over 7,000 Pairs.

My machine works perfectly. The only repairs I have needed were some needles which were carelessly broken. I can now make four pairs of men's socks in one hour. My socks have always been cheerfully accepted and paid for by the company, except a few that I could easily make over. I have knit over 7,000 pairs of men's socks. Several hundred pairs were sold to my friends. When I sell one pair in a family, it isn't long before all of the men-folks buy from two to six pairs. Every one says they have never before had a chance to buy such nice warm socks with the real "home-made" quality worked right into them. I sell them at $1.00 a pair, realizing a nice profit.

I have had my machine eleven months, and I have made in all $1,150.00 out of the socks I have knit with it. With this money we have made the first payment on our home, and plan to pay the rest in the same way. In addition I have made my original investment for machine and yarn.

Just imagine what it has meant to us to have more than $100.00 "extra" money coming in each month. And now we are realizing the dream of a lifetime—a little cottage of our own. Our Auto-Knitter has made it possible. Without the little wonder-worker, we would still be worrying along, facing a hopeless, dreary existence. Oh, I am so glad we are away from it all that I could just shout for joy! To those who want to make extra money at home in their spare time, I heartily recommend the Auto-Knitter. There is nothing like it.

Mrs. Frank Unger, New York.

How You, Too, Can Make Money at Home.

We asked Mrs. Unger to tell you, in her very own words, her experiences with the Auto-Knitter, because we wanted you to know what can actually be accomplished at home with spare-time work. Here is a woman who was face to face with the "more-money" problem. Her insight and judgment enabled her to size up the Auto-Knitter offer quickly and decide promptly. This judgment was amply vindicated by the fact that she got back her entire original investment with two weeks average earnings, having made more than $100 monthly, a return of almost 200% a month on her original investment. Not everyone makes as much with the Auto-Knitter as Mrs. Unger, because not everyone devotes as much time and energy to the work, but women everywhere are solving the "extra-money" problem in this way without leaving their home. Men, too, are making money with the knitter in spare time. Why shouldn't you do likewise?

Perhaps you haven't even as much spare time as Mrs. Unger. It may be that you can devote only a few moments at a time to the work. But don't let that discourage you. For in these odd snatches of time you can earn *at the same rate* as though you operated your machine all day. And, as Mrs. Unger points out, you can pick up the work at any time, knit as long as you wish, and leave your machine when it is necessary to do something else. Auto-Knitting will pay you directly in proportion to the time you spend at it.

Clearly and briefly here is our proposition: The Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company enters into an agreement to buy all the standard socks you knit on the Auto-Knitter, and send in to them, paying a fixed guaranteed price. You can send large shipments or small, just as you please. Checks will be sent promptly for each lot. Replacement yarn is also furnished for every shipment you send in. Thus you have yarn to work up into more socks. Under the terms of our Work Agreement you have steady, pleasant, well-paid employment without "going to work."

Previous experience in hand-knitting is not necessary. Inexperienced persons can learn to turn out standard "Olde Tyme" wool socks, with the aid of the Auto-Knitter. These socks have all of the comfort, warmth and strength of hand-knitted socks. And the machine operates many times faster than even the most skilled hand-knitter.

The Auto-Knitter comes to you with a sock already started in it. Then, too, there's a complete instruction book that makes everything plain. The work is so pleasant and enjoyable you hardly realize it *is* work. And as you operate the machine you are earning money to buy pretty things to wear, new furnishings for the home—and whatever else you may be needing.

Write Today for Our Liberal Wage Offer.

Of course you want to know more about the wonderful little machine that helped Mrs. Frank Unger make her dreams come true; the machine that has done so much for other women.

Send right away for the company's free literature and read the experiences of other Auto-Knitter owners. Find out about the pleasant and profitable money-making opportunity offered you.

Remember what Mrs. Unger said just a few short months ago—"At any rate I can't lose anything by finding out what they have to offer!" She lost no time in getting the facts. You are in her position today. Will you follow her example?

Just write your name and address in the space below. The Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc., Department 972-K, 630-632 Genesee Street, Buffalo, New York.

The Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.
Department 972-K, 630-632 Genesee Street
Buffalo, New York

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto-Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing prospectus, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....
(Please write plainly.)

Address .....

City .....State .....

Del. 2-22

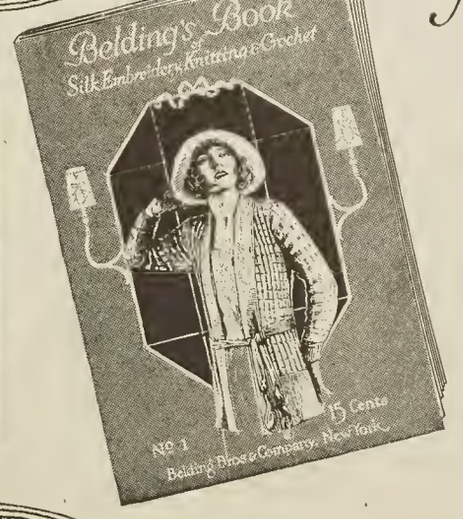
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Enduring, beautiful, reasonable in price—worthy the patronage of three generations



NEW and unusual designs for small gifts, scarves, sport hats, sweaters, bags, etc., including a full color page of cross-stitch designs—all in

***Belding's Book** of*
Silk Embroidery, Knitting and Crochet

Fifteen Cents, at your dealer's or from Belding Bros. & Co., 902 Broadway, N.Y.

Use Belding's New Process Embroidery Silks — made of pure silk — for articles which must withstand long wear or frequent launderings and Belding's Crochet Silks to give the utmost durability to crocheted articles. Belding's Syltex—a fast dye artificial silk—is especially adapted to dress embroidery.

Continued from page 11

DANCERS *in*  *the* DARK

carried out to my car," she said in thick satisfaction.

When the door finally closed on Mrs. Bowman and the two boxes which Sarah carried uncordially to the car, Joy turned to Jerry, who was smoking swiftly.

"Jerry, I think you're—wonderful. Were you—were you ever an actress?"

"No; I could have been, couldn't I? I like designing and sewing things together," said Jerry; "it's the only kind of work I *do* like. Whenever I see a dress of good material marked down, I buy it. Same with remnants of materials. Then, from time to time, I get an idea on a way to change the dress. I cut it all over, probably—drape it on Sal. So when the time comes for me to call it a week and I phone announcements to my patrons, I have quite a little collection of made-over mark-downs to parade. Sal shows 'em off well, too—that girl's got style! Put her in clothes, and she crashes through."

"But what about the purple negligée?"

"That was pure profiteering. I got into the mood of roasting the old marshmallow; the negligée was handy, you dropped in—Say, tell me about the visit. I haven't half looked at you yet!"

They were in the living-room, and Joy, without answering, went over to the cellarette. With a leap Jerry was there before her. "Listen here, Joy—you've been without it for several days now. Don't you think it's a good time to begin to stop?"

"Why? You drink three times as much as I do."

"I'm hopeless—you're not. You've just started in, and you can stop—easily."

Joy considered the glass in her hand. "I wonder—if it's really doing me any harm." She drank it reflectively, while Jerry went back to her seat with a shrug.

JOY suddenly found that she must pour forth the story of the week-end just passed. It was the first time she had ever approached Jerry with so serious a matter, the first time men had ever entered their conversation as anything but incidentals to a good time, and she did not know how a hint of permanency would touch her.

"Well?" Jerry challenged. "What do you want me to say?"

"Say?" Joy's look of breathless bliss crumbled as a toy balloon under a pin-prick. "Why—why, nothing if you don't want to. I'm sorry if I bored you about it. But, you see, I owe him to you, in a way. Because I should never have met Packy if I hadn't come here, and I never should have met *him* if it hadn't been for Packy."

Jerry lit another cigaret. "Look here, Joy, I don't want to be a thrill-dispeller or anything, but I can't quite put on a quiver I don't feel. This thing may turn out all right, but at present quoting it sounds to me like a bad case of beach and moon. The whole thing has dusted along with that Summer swiftness we all read about."

"Oh, we realize it's been swift," said Joy; "and, just to test ourselves, we're not going to see each other until Wednesday, when I'm going to meet him for dinner."

"Wednesday," Jerry murmured, "and today's Monday. Oh, well, absence at this stage of the game only makes you keener—you should have stayed down there a week."

"I couldn't stand that—not with his mother!"

"I gather from what you said that his mother is a riot. Is he anything like her?"

"Of course not—" Joy began indignantly, but the rise of recollection checked the denial—Grant ossifying at the idea of Paragon Park on Sunday. But any one might do that! "I can't talk about it any more, Jerry. But—when you know, you know."

As she trolleyed to the door of the Copley, Joy thought that Jerry was peculiarly unresponsive. The two days' separation had made her nervous, and Jerry's attitude did not tend to make her less so. But she forgot her nervousness in the warm tide of anticipation sweeping over her that she had not dared to allow before.

On coming through the swinging doors the first person she saw was Jim Dalton, in the act of checking his hat. His recognition was as swift as hers, and he came forward to meet her. "I was just thinking about you," he said without background; "I was wondering whereabouts Jerry's apartment was, because I wanted to look you up."

"How long are you going to be in town?" she asked perfunctorily.

"I'm working here now, so I expect to be here right along. May I come and see you?"

"I don't know." She could not tell him about Grant—but what other excuses were there? "I—I really don't know. You see, I'm so awfully busy all the time."

She had forgotten how keen his eyes were. They were now boring into hers until she cast hers down. "I am coming up some time, if I may," he said; "and if I can't see you, I'll see Jerry, and talk about you with her." They had come to a halt by an empty sofa, and now Grant came swiftly up to them.

"Oh—Grant—have you met Mr. Dalton?" Grant's demeanor, while not rude, bordered on the glacial as he bowed, then stood waiting for Jim to go. Jim looked from one to the other swiftly.

"I'll see you again, Miss Nelson," he said and, with a negligent nod to Grant, was gone.

The two went into the dining-room in silence. It was only after they had ordered that Grant spoke: "Who is that fellow, Joy? Where did you meet him and what did he mean when he said he'd see you again?"

In the first keen disappointment over the flatness of their meeting, his words bit like acid. "I met him at a prom this Spring," Joy said, striving to keep a pleasant and normal tone. "The only other time I have ever seen him was at the dance last week. I ran into him by accident here; that is all."

Why, oh, why had they chosen such a place as this for their first meeting? He had not once looked at her the way he had always looked at her before.

When the waiter had taken their plates away, they met each other's eyes steadily for almost the first time that evening, and Grant's face softened. "You look rather tired to-night, Joy darling," he said. "What ever on earth have you been doing to yourself? You work too hard on your singing."

"Oh, no, Grant—I've been neglecting it really. I'll have to work much harder to get it where I want it."

"You sing well enough for me already—and after you belong to me you'll not have to peg away at it any more." He attacked his salad; the subject was closed as far as he was concerned.

She was gazing at him wide-eyed. "You mean—you wouldn't want me to? Oh, of course—you—wouldn't."

HER mother had forgotten her voice when she had met the man she loved. She had forgotten it in the rapture of *belonging* to him—that phrase had such an unpleasant sound. And the generations before her mother had forgotten their voices for those they loved. She was the result; and all that repression of generations lay within her—simmering. She gave Grant a sudden alive direct glance. This was the man she loved—and she had not forgotten her voice.

"Hi, Joy!" 'Cheerio, old dear!" She jerked her head up from contemplation of nothing to see Davy Carter and Wigs Smith, Jerry's and Sarah's most constant "playmates," with some other youths, hailing her boisterously as they passed to a table close by.

"You seem to have an unlimited supply of casual young men acquaintances," came from across the table.

"Grant, what a silly attitude to take!" Joy exploded. "There are nineteen years in which you have not known me. It certainly would be strange if in that time I had met no other man——"

She realized, just that fatal fraction of an inch too late, that she had said the wrong thing, and stopped, leaving the appeal in mid-air, where it stayed.

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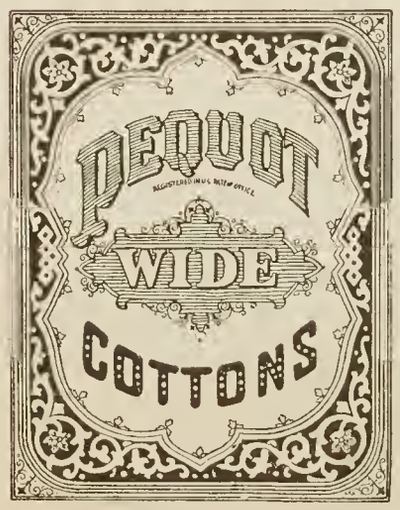
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Continued from page 68



DANCERS *in the* DARK

"Let's go," he said finally, in an even tone; "that is, if you do not care to eat any more."

As they came through the dining-room, Joy collided with a showily dressed woman. There had been sufficient room for both to pass, but Joy's mind had been far away.

"Oh—it's one of Madame Géry's models!" rolled out an unforgettable doughy voice. "How fortunate—will you tell Madame Géry, my dear, that I am coming Saturday instead of to-morrow?"

Joy nodded and made her escape, walking swiftly, battling an insane desire to shriek with laughter. When Grant helped her into the machine that finally drew up, Joy burst forth with the hysterical giggles she had been fighting.

They rode for some minutes with no sound but Joy's laughter. Grant spoke at last: "Did I hear right? Did that—that woman say you were—a model? Is that true, Joy?"

"No—yes—that is—well, I was once, in a manner of speaking." She went off again into carillons of mirth.

"Joy, can't you control yourself any better than this? Don't you know how you are hurting me?"

She was suddenly quiet. "You are hurting me, too, Grant. I don't know what's happened—but something has—and everything is so awful that I can't seem to believe it used to be so wonderful." She began to sob. He made no move to comfort her, but stared ahead of him.

"You're right, Joy—something has happened. I saw Packy this week—and he said certain things about you that made me pound the everlasting daylights out of him. Knowing you—and everything that had passed between us—naturally I called him a liar and rammed his words back in his throat."

Joy had stopped sobbing; her hysterics were shocked out of her. "What did he say about me?" she cried sharply.

"He told me—what kind of girls you were living with and the kind of a life you led—from man to man instead of from hand to mouth is the way he put it."

The numbness of utter bewilderment possessed her. In a chilled silence she listened to his voice.

"And then—I come to meet you—and find you talking with a man—a man who as good as told Packy and me what to do with ourselves the other night down at the dance, as if he owned you. And then a bunch of would-be speeds, that I happened to know are no living good, hail you as a boon companion—call out to you in a way no girl should be spoken to in a public dining-room. Joy, you must be frank with me for once, and tell me what to think. I never asked any questions about you—but now I have the right to know."

THEIR taxi came to a scrunching stop in front of the apartment-house, and there was an enforced silence while Grant paid the man and they journeyed up to Jerry's apartment. In the living-room they faced each other, pale and vibrant.

"You say, *'be frank with me for once,'* " Joy panted. "I've never told you anything about my life, it's true; but that's only because there wasn't—time. I'll tell you the story of my life now—just as fast as I can. But first—oh, Grant, don't you love me any more—not the smallest bit?"

"I—I don't know what I love, Joy. Help—help me to get back to where we were two days ago!" Standing there, his eyes imploring her, he looked like a pathetic little boy. Joy's tenderness came back suddenly with a rush. "Grant dear—what is all this about, anyway?" She took a step toward him.

And then—a breath more and their questioning would have rested in each other's

Continued on page 70



A CLEVER woman surrounds herself with the exquisite influence of a perfume—for the right perfume, carefully chosen, gives her a delightful sense of fragrant daintiness. This and the contentment that perfume brings add considerably to her poise and to her social charm.

Is that the way your perfume affects you? If it doesn't, you have not found the right one.

A way to help you select your own particular fragrance was recently offered when the International Perfume Test showed how to be American in loveliness.

Many women used to be prejudiced against American perfumes because of the foreign perfume tradition. They probably didn't know that a great American perfume house searches the world over for the finest flower essences, rare spices and precious oils, to be blended into perfumes. They turned to one imported perfume after another, more costly, but made from the same essences as those used by Colgate & Co.

It took the International Perfume Test to overthrow the foreign perfume tradition. This is how it was done:

Two men, prominent in New York City, conducted the Test, with the assistance of 103 women acting as jurors. The two judges purchased three of the most popular imported perfumes and three Colgate perfumes — all in original unopened bottles. They poured the contents into six plain bottles, numbered from one to six, and kept a record by which they alone knew which number represented each perfume.

Each of the jury of 103 women chose her favorite from six slips of Perfumers Blotting Paper, scented from the numbered bottles under the supervision of the judges. Each indicated her first choice, her second, her third, etc. A careful record was kept of *all* selections.

The result, when perfumes were thus judged by preference alone, was most interesting. Many of the women had stated — *before* the Test — a decided preference for some foreign brand. Yet *in* the Test — Colgate's Florient (Flowers of the Orient) won first choice.

Many thousands of women have since made the Test and found how true was the perfume judgment of the impartial jury. You, also, can make it, and find in Florient a true expression of American loveliness.

COLGATE'S
Florient Perfume
Flowers of the Orient

The 103 women who made the International Perfume Test were chosen from among professional and business women, college women at Smith, Vassar, Wellesley and Bryn Mawr, distinguished women of the stage, then playing in New York, women of prominence and the plain everyday Mrs. A and B—all fastidious about their perfume.

For details of the Test and a miniature Test Set by which you yourself may compare the delightful Colgate perfumes with whatever you are using, send 2c in stamps to Colgate & Co., Dept. 53, 199 Fulton Street, New York City. If in Canada, address 137 McGill Street, Montreal. Offer good only in the U. S. and Canada.



For Children

Of 50 nations—extra-flavory oats

This is how we won the world to the use of Quaker Oats.

We made this brand a super-grade—made it from queen grains only. All the small grains were discarded. Only the rich, plump, flavory oats were flaked. We got but ten pounds from a bushel.

The delicious flavor won millions of homes in America. Then we sent it abroad. Gradually oat lovers all the world over were won by these flavory flakes.

Quaker Oats soon came to dominate everywhere. The true oat lovers of nearly every race sent over seas to get them.

You get this grade at any store when you ask for Quaker Oats. It costs no fancy price.

It helps to foster the love of oats, and that is what you want.

The oat is supreme food for children—almost the ideal food. Each pound of Quaker Oats supplies 1810 calories of 16 needed food elements.

Make this dish doubly inviting. Serve these fragrant, flavory flakes.

Quaker Oats

Just the cream of the oats—in flakes



5 dishes 2½c

The large package of Quaker Oats—the family package—makes 60 liberal dishes.

The price is 30 cents, save in distant sections. In such economical food, why serve less than the best?

Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

Continued from page 69

DANCERS *in*  *the* DARK

arms—Grant stumbled over something on the floor. There was a sound of glass shattering to shivery bits, he stooped to reclaim the damage—and straightened up again. On the floor was a bottle of unmistakable denomination, surrounded by three friendly-looking glasses that gave the impression of having lived through much. It was one of those glasses, strayed from its brothers, that Grant had rendered incapable of further service.

Joy found herself thinking dryly that it must have been Sarah who had left those there; Jerry would never have been quite so more than careless. Grant slowly turned and looked about him, at the club-room furnishings, and back again down at the bottle with those three evil witches of glasses.

"Joy," he said, "tell me what Packy meant—tell me what he meant!"

"I don't know *what* he meant!" she cried. "You'll have to tell me just what he said. It's true I'm living here with two girls who are neither Cabots nor Lowells——"

"That's—quite—evident." His eyes were again traveling over the details of the room. "And how—in the name of all that's fitting—did you happen to come here?"

She wanted to beat her fists against the air—against the wall that was rising between them. She tried to speak, but the full tide of what she had to say clogged her utterance.

"I—why—I can't explain—at a moment like this! At a moment like this! There's too much to tell!"

He was moving away from her—moving away down the room. With the sharp needle-prick of incredulity she watched him go. "Joy," his voice was a long way off, "I must—think. I've—got to—think."

She stood motionless, watching.

"I've got to—think!"

And she was alone in the big living-room.

"WHAT kind of girls you were living with"—"what kind of a life you lead"—"from man to man instead of from hand to mouth——"

Joy was turning the words over in her whirling brain all night. One thing alone was certain: she must see Packy, and find out what he meant—what he knew about herself in particular—what he knew about Sarah and Jerry.

She woke next morning with a raging headache. She dressed slowly, realizing that she had not really eaten for more than twenty-four hours. To ransack the kitchen at this time of the day was hopeless, she knew. There was no solution but to walk down to the nearest dairy lunch.

As she returned to the apartment-house, her heart came up in her mouth. Surely that was Packy's car in front and Packy himself in the act of stepping into it. She waved her veil at him wildly. If he should drive away now—just as the solution to her questions presented itself— But he saw her, and jumped out again as she came up to him.

"Joy! What doggone good luck! Jerry said she didn't know where you'd gone or when you'd be back."

"I think it's good luck, too," she said quietly. "I have a lot of questions to ask you."

A window banged six stories up, and Jerry shrieked above them: "That you, Joy? Come on up—there's somebody to see you!"

"That blond ninny who bumped into Grant and me at the dance that night," Packy elucidated.

Jim Dalton! Life was too full of complications. She had as much as told him so—"I told him I was too busy to see him," said Joy.

"Come on—we'll go riding," said Packy, and called up to Jerry: "Joy's coming riding with me—tell her company not to wait!"

"Where are you going?" Jerry cried.

"Where *are* we going?" Joy repeated, as he hesitated.

"Down the shore road a ways!" he answered finally, and Jerry's face disappeared.

"Hang Jerry—she acts like a regular old chaperon," he grumbled as he helped her into the car.

"According to what you think of me, I need one," she retorted.

"Pretty crude, Joy—that's not like you. I suppose Holy Boy Grant has been spilling a lot of chatter in your shell-pink ear."

"Then you *did* say something to him! Packy, how—how could you?"

The small, pitiful voice evoked a quick glance from him. "How couldn't I, you'd better say. May I remark in passing that he certainly didn't leave the ground long untrampled. Came up last night, did he? I had to nurse myself along a bit before I staggered about and got under way."

A MILE flashed by them while Joy thought desperately. His profile, bent over the wheel, looked hard and even cruel. He had admitted talking about her to Grant as calmly as he would have admitted sending her a box of candy.

"I—I want to know—just what you told him," she said at last.

"What did he tell you?" Packy countered, eyes on the road ahead.

"He told me—he told me what you told him—that I led a man-to-man existence——"

"Yes, and for once you overdid the thing," he said smoothly. "I told you I could wait any reasonable length of time; but I wasn't corked up to the extent of standing by and smirking while you paraded Old Maid Grant around under my nose. You ought to have had more sense of proportion, Joy, than to go outside your line like that. And jealousy, my dear girl, is a little item you absolutely glanced over."

"What do you mean?" cried Joy, the wind tearing the words out of her mouth almost before they came. "What right have I given you to be jealous?"

"That's absolutely ruled out as beside the point.". Still that level voice, although the speed of the car had increased to a breathless, horrible race. "You've got me so I don't know whether I'm drinking booze or water—and I don't propose to have you meanwhile carrying on a nice pink-and-white little time with our mutual friend Grant."

"But—but I don't see yet why you were cad enough to go and tell him such lies."

"Lies!" His lips twisted back in silent mirth. "That's what he said. The funny part of the whole thing is that I told the truth."

"You can't mean what you're saying! You must have been drinking before you came to-day——"

"Now listen, Joy. You had me buzzing for a while there—I didn't know exactly where to place you. Of course, living with Jerry and Sal gave me a fairly good idea——"

"Idea of *what?*" she screamed. "*That's* what I want to know—that's what I've been asking you! What did you say when you told Grant what kind of girls I was living with?"

"I was about to say," his even tones went on, "that you pulled the innocence gag fairly well, but a little too frequent. I can stand just about so much, Joy—after which, off come the brakes and away we skid!"

He turned and looked at her swiftly. His eyes were bloodshot, and they glittered. She shuddered and shrank away. The last time she had seen eyes with that look in them—it had been at the prom—Jack Barnett, standing unsteadily against the wall. Packy was drunk. She should have known before they started. What could she say to persuade him to turn back? And, failing that, what was there she could do?

A veering turn into a crossroad brought a protest. "What are we leaving the shore road for? Is this the way back?"

"This is not the way back. I'm not going to take you back until I'm good and ready—and the devil only knows when that'll be!"

Her agonized scream vibrated above the roar of the motor. "Packy! Take me back! You must! You——"

"Save—your—breath!" was jolted back to her. And then he laughed.

No more time to think now—she knew what she must do. Her hands crept out

Continued on page 71

She Knows That Label Well



FOR more than twenty years the Carnation label has been associated with purest milk. Hence this label is accepted everywhere as a symbol of highest quality. Convenient, economical, pure, use it for every milk purpose. To reduce the richness of Carnation to that of ordinary milk add one part water to one part Carnation. Add a little more water if you have been using skimmed milk in your cooking.

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Oyster Stew—1 pt. oysters, 3 cups water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, pepper, ½ tbsp. salt, 2 tbsp. butter. Clean and drain oysters. Add butter and seasonings to scalded milk. Bring to the boiling point, add oysters and serve. This recipe serves six people.

Chicken Croquettes—Seasoning, 2 cups cold cooked chicken, 1 tsp. parsley, 1½ cups Thick White Sauce. Grind or chop chicken fine. Lemon juice, onion juice and celery salt may be used for seasoning if desired. Add chicken to Thick White Sauce, cool and shape. Roll in bread crumbs, then in slightly beaten egg and again in crumbs and fry in deep fat. Drain and garnish with parsley. This recipe serves six people.

Spice Cakes—2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, ¼ cup water, ½ cup molasses, ¼ cup Carnation Milk, ½ cup butter or substitute, 1 tsp. soda, 2½ cups flour, ¼ tsp. allspice, ¼ tsp. nutmeg, 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1 tsp. baking powder. Cream the butter or substitute, add sugar, well beaten eggs, molasses and milk. Mix and sift the flour, soda, baking powder, and spices. Add to mixture and bake in muffin pans in a moderately hot oven. This recipe makes sixteen cakes.

The Carnation Cook Book contains more than 100 tested, economical recipes. You will find many helpful suggestions in it. It will be sent free at your request.

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DANCERS *in the* DARK

to the handle of the door. Mechanically she looked back and saw a car in the distance—a car that she was dimly conscious had been following them for some time. She could open the door in one second, jump out in another, and before Packy could get back to her the other car would be upon them. She turned the handle. At the same minute Packy saw her. With a growl he lurched toward her and seized her by one arm. She struggled violently, and he took his hand from the steering-wheel and pulled her back into the seat again.

It all happened in one of those seconds of eternity. While they struggled, the car, still going at white-hot speed without a hand at the wheel, careened from the road and was stopped by a tree.

A jarring crash, which made one aware of every little bone and ligament shivering in one's body; the eery sensation of flying through space; then—nothingness.

PAIN—nothing but pain—and floating in a dizzy white world full of needles that pricked and hummed—a strange white world in which there was no time to open one's eyes and look, because of the pain. Agony so fearful that it seemed as if the very universe must be cracking—everything above and beyond must be coming to an end—and yet the white world hummed on and the needles sang.

Joy opened her eyes and looked around. The white world was gone—and with it had gone her pain, leaving her so weak she felt as if she scarcely could open her eyes. Jerry was sitting at the foot of the bed—a pale Jerry, with eyes large and black as ink-wells. Joy was childishly pleased to have sound travel forth from her mouth. "Jerry?"

Jerry jumped up and came to the side of the bed. "Joy! Hullo, old girl!"

"Some smash, wasn't it?" Joy quavered, anxious to show that she was in possession of her senses. "How long have I been this way?"

"Too darn long," said Jerry sternly. "Rotten company when you're unconscious—I'll say that for you, Joy."

"What—happened, Jerry? You haven't told me yet."

Jerry's teeth shut down on each other. "I'll tell you the whole darn tale to-morrow. To-day you'd go to sleep in the middle of it." She pulled down the blinds, and in the darkness of the room Joy fell into a thick, dreamless space from which she brought herself up with a start. It was morning; chinks of glory were pouring in through the blinds; and all at once she felt hungry and almost vigorous. Jerry was asleep on the chair by the foot of the bed, but as Joy stirred she bounced up.

"What ho!" she exclaimed, dashing for the door. "You have the look of a real breakfast in your eye!"

Joy did not talk much until the "real breakfast" was downed; then she leaned on her pillows expectantly. "Now, Jerry—please tell me—everything that happened. How did I get back here, and what happened to Packy?"

Jerry pulled out her cigaret-case. "Mind if I have at it? The doc would kill me for doing this here, but I'm so fuzzy since this happened— Packy got off with a bump on the eye. The nasty little garter-snake! You see, Joy, Jim Dalton and I were pursuing you in a taxi, at ten dollars a sneeze, all the way."

"Jim Dalton!"

"Right. And take it from one who has flown about on the four winds, Joy—he's all right! He played a hunch to come up that night, and he might have saved your life, for all you know. Little Packy blew in on one of the stiffest breaths I've come near

Continued on page 72



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DANCERS *in*  *the* DARK

since the first of July. Wanted to know where you were, et cetera, and I told him to go to—and stay out. He paced out, banging the door in good old ten-twenty-thirty style; and Dalton passed the remark that he had seen the angel messing around you before, and he didn't like the way he parted his hair. I took a glim out the window just when you breezed up and stood talking to him with all the life in the world. I knew there was a nice, speedy wind out that would muffle Packy's breath, so I hove up the window and bade you come in out of the wet. But no—you would go a-riding. Dalton got a taxi while I was still bandying sweet words with you, and told me to put on my old gray bonnet and trot along with him. I trotted!" She took a long breath. "God, Joy, that was a ride! I thought we'd never get you into sight!"

"I saw your car," said Joy, "or else I wouldn't have tried to jump."

"Oh—so that's what brought about the accident!" Jerry whistled. "Joy, when I saw that car hit the tree— We picked you up—or rather Jim did—and put you in the taxi—and Packy was rolling about with only an eye gone wrong, so Jim put him to sleep beside his car, which was all in toc, from the looks of it, and came back home—leaving Packy to his own devices, as the saying is. He must have come to and slapped the car into shape, or there'd at least have been a squib in the newspapers."

"Now you've got to me," said Joy.

Jerry suddenly sobered, dropping the light tone she had been using. "You've had a little—concussion of the brain. The doctor says you'll be all right in a couple of weeks, so I don't see why you shouldn't have the straight facts." There was a slight pause, and Jerry said briskly: "Mr. Grant Grey has called up once or twice. I told him you were ill, but I guess he thinks it's only a stall."

"Oh—Grant—" Joy dismissed the subject as a triviality that could be attended to at any time. "My father, Jerry—you haven't let him know about me, have you?"

"No, I didn't. I would have, if the doctor had given me any reason to; but he said you would be all right in a short time. I sort of thought you wouldn't want him to know."

"I wonder—what would have happened." Joy tried to imagine her father's arrival in the apartment-house; his hearing the picturesque recital of her accident that Jerry would render. The arrival of the doctor put a stop to this conjecture, which was not a pleasant line of thought at any time.

THE days of convalescence that followed were long, with somber coloring. She missed her music; Grant did not call again. The days held a dreadful emptiness that called out for Grant—or for her music. The two weeks set by the doctor had not quite passed when, one afternoon, Joy tired of lying in bed. She felt perfectly well; there was no reason why she shouldn't get up and walk as far as the living-room. She did not admit to herself that the cellarette was the real objective—but it had been so long since she had taken a "prescription." She slipped into her little blue crêpe kimono and pattered down the hallway, exultant in the power to walk. She swung around the door of the living-room and in before she saw that some one was already there—Jerry, talking to Jim Dalton.

Jim was the first to find his voice. "I'm glad to see you're able to be around, Miss Nelson," he said calmly. "You won't have to go back; I was just leaving."

Jerry went down the hall to the outer door with him, while Joy went into the living-room and sank down on the lounge. She realized as she lay there among the pillows that she could not have reached her room again.

Jerry came back into the room, smoking in a desultory manner. "I didn't think I'd tell you, Joy, because I know you don't like him—but that boy has been here every day since you've been sick, to find out how you were at first hand—while your Grant has stalled at phone distance. I hate to say anything about a man I've never met, Joy, but Grant listens to me like a flat tire. It's not easy for Jim to come, either," Jerry added. "He takes the trip 'way out here after he gets through working every day."

A bitter resentment swept over Joy—resentment that it had been Jim and not Grant who had come every day to see how she was. "Jerry!" she cried. "Did you know that Grant had left me?" At her look of blank interrogation, Joy repeated, "Grant has left me! I—I don't think he is coming back!" Then she stopped, with a tearing intake of breath.

There was an interval while Jerry's smoke-rings turned curlicues and gargoyles. Finally she spoke. "Of course, Joy, I don't know the facts of the case—but he'll come back. I'd stake ten to one on it. He'll come back!"

"I'm waiting!" said Joy. And she waited—through a week that turned hope to helplessness. She dared not leave the apartment for fear the telephone would ring. She told herself that he was not coming—yet she sat in the living-room, a book on her lap, or at the piano, touching the keys into strange harmonies—waiting——

ONE evening about ten-thirty, when she heard a babble of voices in the living-room, she made up her mind to dress and annex herself to the crowd. Popping corks and care-free laughter assailed her ears as she came into the room. There were three men, not counting one that Sarah had taken to a comfortable cozy corner and to whom she was archly whispering. Jerry was standing by the piano, looking over some popular songs with a short, chunky youth who could make the keys jingle in strange barbaric dissonances. The ever-present Wigs and Davy hailed Joy and sat her on the sofa.

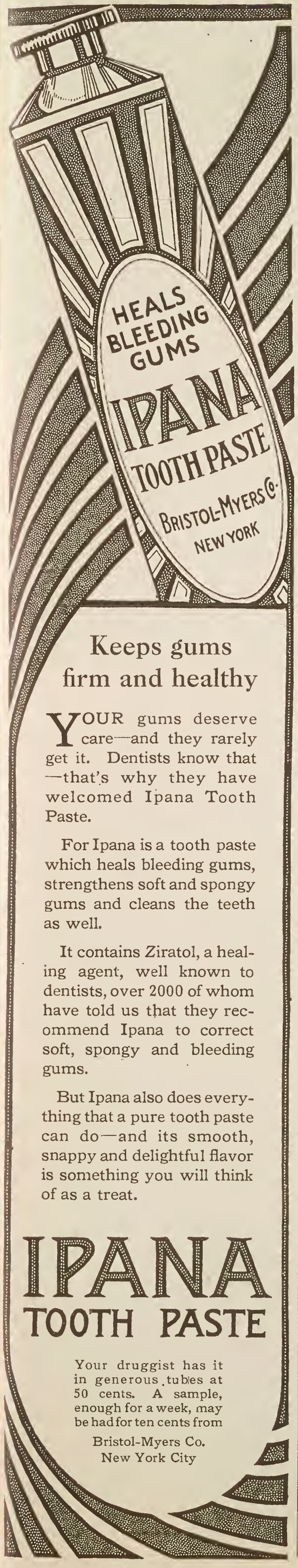
"I knew you couldn't stand Boston's Best for a steady diet," said Wigs. "You struck the right time, too; Jerry's got herself quite tightly edged to-night—a thing that never happens, as you know; and, since we've got the wine and women, she's going to favor us with a song."

The chunky boy at the piano was shaking out some bars of eery ragtime. Jerry turned, swaying, hands on hips. Her eyes were shining with almost polished rays; they wandered over the room in an impersonal, professional smile. Her lips parted in an avid, gamin grin, and she jutted forth the words of a song, of dizzying syncopation, the notes of which she followed not at all, speaking the words with a little drag at inconsequential moments. There was loud applause, mingled with the popping of more corks. The chunky youth deserted the piano, complaining that it was devilish dry work.

Sarah's little comrade in the corner was announcing that Sarah had "passed out"; the chunky pianist stopped drinking long enough to say that Sal was a rum-hound and never knew when to stop; there seemed to be no end to Wigs's flow of tears; Davy was chanting a verse in which he could only get as far as "O Babe—" and then he would have to begin over. Jerry was laughing stridently at Davy between gulps of port wine. It was the worst to see Jerry so—

Watching the sight before her, Joy felt a nausea that she had ever touched liquor herself. She was learning more by observation than many learn in a lifetime of first-hand experience. The effect of alcohol seemed to paralyze certain portions of the brain. It was a matter of pride with some people that they could drink without swamping their intellect, could drink without any of the well-known self-evident results; but there was something Joy saw now that always happened. This first little, inevitable little thing, something that Joy had hardly noticed in herself, was now brought home to her in looking at the others. Alcohol attacked that last fine part of the brain, the part that had taken centuries to find delicate place as part of the human mechanism, with the result that one's moral sense was de-

Continued on page 73



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Continued from page 72



DANCERS *in the* DARK

liciously removed. From then on, one's feeling, rather than one's scruples, governed one's actions.

That was what all this fun of drinking was about; it was for that purpose that the assembled company were deliberately paralyzing that within them that God had given to make man better than the beasts. The chunky youth was at the discursive stage; his tongue wandered hither and yon. Davy was singing more idiotic verses. There seemed to be no end to Wigs's flow of tears—those tears that reminded Joy sickeningly of her own. She had been living in a daze; but the daze had worn off. To-night was the finishing touch. She rose and left, ignoring Davy's pleas to stay. In the morning she got up early and packed her things—she was going home. She would go back to the mid-Victorian house and face the family portraits—enjoy the peace and security of the little town. A thought held her up. What of her singing? To leave Boston would be to leave Pa Graham. She had been assuming that her music would always go on, but—now?

IN a very few minutes she had dressed for the street. She knew that Pa would be in his studio. If she could only get there before his first lesson! He was alone, and came forward with delighted welcome: before her white wistfulness he paused.

"Oh, Pa!" she said. "If you could only understand! Everything—everything has left me! I haven't even—a heart, any more!"

Pa took her hand gently and led her to a chair. Then he stood before her, stroking his short little beard, his old eyes very soft under his bent brows. "Child—your heart may break—it's the way of young hearts every once in a while—human souls may disappoint you—but there is one great soul that will remain true as long as you are true to it, and that is the soul of music. Just now it may seem a cold comfort in your desolation—but it is a thing that ripens as the years go on—*always providing you are faithful.*"

Joy lifted her head. "I want to, Pa—I want to turn to my music so much— But how can I—do anything more with it—when I feel as if everything in my heart was dead?"

He smiled. "Youth is tragic—every once in a while. Look you, Joy—your impulse to love, let us say, has been awakened, then—diverted. The impulse is still there—and if you turn it to music, spending it royally in terms of energy and power in work at your art instead of in terms of love, you will be content. Go away and think over what I have said. You will have some decisions to make, for if you come back to me there will be no more desultory work."

Joy gasped. "Why, I have practised regularly——"

"Practise! An hour and a half a day. That is the most you can do with your voice. But there must be hours of silent study. Oh, when I see you before me, with practically everything to learn, the days don't seem long enough—" He quieted down and looked at Joy, who felt as if energy were pouring in upon her, energy to accomplish anything.

"There's no need of my thinking over what you have said. I've decided now."

His eyes glinted beneath their brows. "I'll not let you decide here. Go away, as I told you, and then come back. At Jerry's your atmosphere will not be so musical, and you can make an unbiased decision."

Jerry was sitting in Joy's room—staring dully at the half-packed trunk. She did not turn as Joy came in. "So you've decided to go," she said in a funny hard little voice that wavered at the end.

Continued in the March DELINEATOR



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MAKING *your* HAIR *look its very* BEST

Why Its Freshness, Vitality and Luxurious Growth Depend upon Thorough Shampooing and Careful Brushing

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When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali in ordinary soap soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why, everywhere you go, you find more and more women now using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

It is astonishing how really beautiful you can make your hair look, by regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified.

The method is simple: First, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.



The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water

Rub the Lather Well In

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy leather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean, it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.



Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips

After all particles of dirt, dust and foreign matter have been loosened by the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, the next step should always be a very careful rinsing—using only clear, fresh, warm water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good, warm water, and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.



When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers

After a Mulsified Shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

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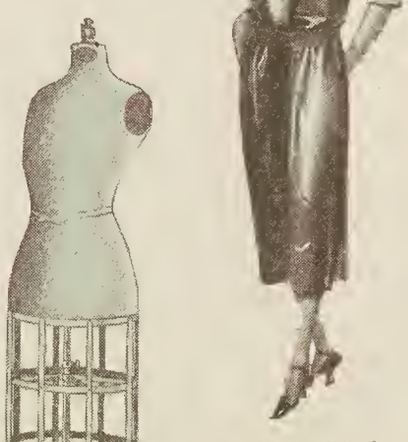
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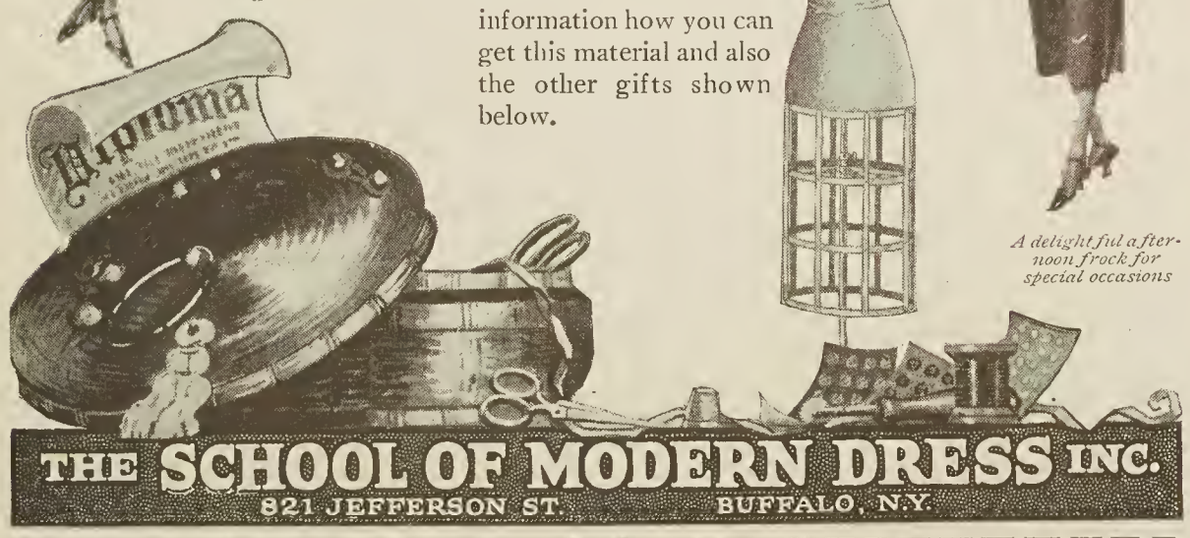
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Continued from page 5



The PI-ANNA GENTLEMAN

which I don't know much about this one, but it come to my mind, bein' a music man, he might sort o' like flowers too. It'll maybe tasty things up."

"A music man?" Delia repeated.

"M-hm. Pi-anna fixer, he is, but he fixes organs too, and music-boxes and graphonolias and sewing-machines—anything 'most that makes a noise, I reckon. Pity he can't get at some folks' mouths, eh? He's done been to town about a week or so, goin' round, wherever they wants him. Thought I'd have him to look at that old box o' ourn, which ain't done nothin' but squeak for so long it might be out of the notion! But 'twon't hurt to let him look at it. He always feeds where he's workin' before the meal. Saves his board that ar way, I reckon. But he's right pleasant, so you don't mind so much givin' him his rations and his money. A high, thin man, he is, with a long face, from over to Minksville."

"What is it worth?" Delia asked.

"Five dollars and rations for one meal, which it ain't so bad if it's a good job. Think you'll have your organ went over?"

"I was studyin'," Delia said. As Hannah started off toward town, Delia stood looking after the rattling buggy, Hannah's bulk swaying from side to side across the back opening. Man company to supper! Hannah always did—and Delia never had. She turned suddenly and went quickly up the short sand walk to the narrow porch and on into her bedroom. She opened the top drawer of the bureau, and from under its paper lining took out five one-dollar bills and stood looking at them.

"It'll never come a thing I want more'n that!" she said softly in decision. "I'll send for him. Wonder where do he sleep nights."

She didn't know whether it would be for organ or sewing-machine; neither one was broken, but they could be! At the thought of a man to a meal Delia's heart did strange things.

She slid the five dollars back under the paper, murmuring again: "It'll never come a thing I want more." She raised her eyes to her reflection and gazed at it unseeing while she planned.

A LIGHT footstep on the porch, a little knock, and a sweet young voice: "Miss Delia?"

"Yes, come in, Lucy. How you feelin'? Tired from your work? Yes, it's all done. Better try it on 'fore ever you take it away. There might be something."

"Oh, I *hope* not," Lucy said, " 'cause I'm bound to wear it to-night—to the dance, you know."

"Is it a dance?" Delia asked, backing into a corner as Lucy and the pink ruffles seemed to fill the room with youth and romance. "Can you get it fastened? I'll do it." Lucy straightened herself and stood before the glass. Delia gasped. "Oh, you beauty! You little beauty—beauty!"

"Oh, Miss Delia, you dear, sweet—you're so sweet, Miss Delia. Does it look all right?"

"It's like one of my poppies," Delia told her, "that a butterfly made love to and a bird sang to; only, it seems to need a little something—I know! It's the green, the stem and all. Don't you have a little green ribbon you could wear it with?"

"No, I haven't," Lucy said a little longingly. "It would make it—sort of—wouldn't it?"

"Yes; now it's real pretty, but it's—it's sort of like a bunch of pink poppies without their stems and leaves. It ain't——"

"Oh, well," Lucy said as if she'd said it often, "I just can't buy it, so what's the use talking! It's pretty like it is; and—Miss Delia, could you wait till Saturday for the money when I get paid? Can I have a piece of paper to wrap it up in?"

"You leave it stay," Delia told her. "I'll fetch it home to you. It's a little place belongs to fix on it."

"All right, 'm. But you'll get it there, won't you, in time? It's awful important, Miss Delia," Lucy said, laughing and getting rosy.

Delia understood. A little wistfully she looked after the happy girl. "He might not even see her 'mongst the rest without the sash. It's so *pale* pink!"

She went to the top drawer and took out the five dollar-bills; she spread them out fan-like, and looked at them a long, long time. Slowly she turned and laid one on the pink billows on the bed.

"Just like I thought!" She picked up the dollar; green, green like the flower-stems. "You must blossom!" she whispered as she tucked it in her shirt-waist pocket and reached for her black hat with purple pansies on it—the hat of one who didn't give a fig for beaus of no kind whatsoever! "She's so young," Delia said, "just out the bud, like that poppy. 'Tain't like she was ready to drop all her petals."

She hurried down the street to the little shop kept by an old friend. It was closed, but Delia had access to the two living-rooms in the back; and when she came out she had a small package. She hurried home, ran into the house for her flower scissors and out to the flower-town. She stood and looked about a minute. "Pink roses! That's what she's like!"

WHEN Delia came back from taking the dress home, she went to the kitchen to get supper. Supper! It was supper she'd planned to have for the music man. And she'd thought she'd have salmon balls and raisin cookies and— Delia pushed it all out of her mind and made herself think of the poppy and the butterfly and the bird singing its heart out; and of Lucy and her lover, the favored one that could kiss her as the butterfly had the poppy, and maybe a disappointed one pleading his heart out; and of the story in the magazine, and of Hannah with her man company for supper, right that minute. Everything, everybody in the whole world but her!

"'What about victuals?" her father was calling. "Ain't it ready? What's Hannah got to tell about? Funny you children has to talk out to the road where I can't hear nothin'!"

"She didn't have anything much to tell," Delia said as the pink wave rose again, "which she just wanted some flowers."

"Talkin' mighty long about nothin'," the old man accused with a sharp, suspicious glance.

Delia couldn't even *think* romance when her father was around, so while they ate their scrappy little meal she thought of the next day's work—the ugly black-and-white calico for old Mrs. Justin, to be made with nothing to lighten it! Delia liked to sew for young people; one couldn't even imagine romance into a black-and-white calico.

NEXT morning she started on it, and maybe because she couldn't possibly imagine any romance into that dress romance stalked right in in person—in live flesh and blood, the "high, thin" person, "with a long face, from over to Minksville," announcing itself by a careful scraping of sand from shoes and a considerate, bony kind of a knock. Pa had gone to the blacksmith shop, so Delia went to see who——

"Good morning! Good morning!" There was such a strength of cheer about him. "I don't know as you know who I am—" Imagine her not knowing! But she tried to listen as if she didn't, thinking all the time that if she hadn't spent that dollar for that green ribbon—but, anyhow, she was glad she had, because Lucy was so young and lovely and not ready to drop all her petals!

"It'll be all right," he was saying, "about the money, if you don't have it right now. Any time! Any time! And then, you see, sometimes if there don't be so much to be

Continued on page 75



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Continued from page 74

The PI-ANNA GENTLEMAN

done—it's just according, the price is, you understand!"

"Why, yes; won't you sit down? My father's gone out."

"That's all right," as he folded his great bony length into the stout chair made to fit the stocky blacksmith. "I just might take a look at the organ, which I heard you had one and then, if you don't want it fixed to-day, why, any time! I'll be here for a week or so."

"Well, if it won't disconvenience you," Delia agreed, rising and leading the way into the darkened best room across the hall from her own. The best room seemed to draw its personality from the closed organ with the white-fringed tidy on it and from the red-plush Bible on the tidy. But judging by the satisfied beam with which Stephen looked around and rubbed his large, bony hands together, it was to him a pleasing personality.

As Delia watched him go about examining the organ, her mind swayed like Hannah's back in the buggy from one current of thought to the other: admiration of the way he did things (it was not at all a hammer-and-anvil method) and wonder as to what he'd like to eat! "I tried to please the different ones," Hannah explained her methods. Perhaps—he seemed just the opposite of pa—he'd like just the things pa didn't! She'd do it that way if——

"Not much to do," Stephen was encouraging, "and I could put it in good shape for you for—well, about three dollars."

"Well," Delia forced herself to hesitate, "I reckon—that'll be all right." She didn't dare say that she didn't know it was broken; he might not come and she'd never be able to say she'd had man company to supper.

"So—so!" Stephen was agreeing, rubbing his hands together. "Now about—when? This morning, or——"

"Suppose — er — to-morrow afternoon!" Delia settled.

Three dollars! And she had four of the five that had been sent her for "something for herself that she wanted very much." The extra dollar! Extra good things! Peaches. Pa hated them! And things for a cake—coconut. Pa hated it!

DELIA was as capable as she was romantic —which is pretty capable—and this first time in her life when she'd have man company to supper was to be as perfect an occasion as her ability plus the extra dollar could make it.

"Looks like you's startin' pretty late to have your beaus," her father said.

"He's not beaus, pa! He's business. I don't care a fig for beaus whatsoever. He's no more'n the butcher or the iceman or the carpenter or any of the other dozens o' men about, which I never did take to none o' them."

No, he wasn't, to start with; any one of them to supper would have been the same. But Delia found that, when one spends hours wondering what a man will like and more hours preparing that "what," one's interest develops.

Hence, it was with a wee bit of personal interest that Delia received him the next afternoon, saw him go to work, and slipped to the door "every once in a way" to see how he was coming on, watching his forefinger go up and down the keys, now fast, now slowly. And it was with a tiny bit more personal interest that she invited him out to supper—the supper consisted of things that pa didn't like and that Stephen certainly did! Pa was a wee bit troublesome and embarrassing about this meal, so Delia brought in the remains of dinner in little saucers that she crowded about his plate.

"Been long in this business?" Pa asked hospitably.

And it was with quite an increase in the personal interest that Delia listened to Stephen's answer:

"No, sir; not long. Been livin' in the city for quite some years, but I never liked it. So stuffy and all. I like the country—the open and all. I just says in my mind that soon's ever I could I's comin' back to it some time." He was talking now to Delia, pa's interest being entirely in the little saucers. "Yes, I love the open." He stopped to take a swallow of tea.

Continued on page 76



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Continued from page 75



The PI-ANNA GENTLEMAN

"Been long in this business?" Pa asked again at the pause.

"No, sir; not so long; but I've always loved music, which I said soon's ever I could learn this business I's aimin' to get two things together—the music and the country. So I just go about from place to place in the country—these little towns," with the intimate rising inflection as he reached for a biscuit.

"It's just like me," Delia said. "I love to work out in the outside; and I love music."

Now, of course, personal interest is nurtured on a similarity in personal tastes, so that when Stephen left the supper-table and went back to finish his work on the organ Delia looked after him with her wistful expression. In a flutter she cleaned up the table and went to sit on the porch just outside the parlor windows.

"It's funny the way some men-folks likes to beat hard on things like iron, and everything they doos is like that, and some likes to touch things gentle like organs, and everything they doos——"

SHE stopped, gasping, thought, everything, drowned in the flood of sound coming from the organ. "Silver Threads Among the Gold"! Delia knew it. As she realized what he was playing, "Yes, my darling, you will be, will be, Always young and fair to me," Delia's heart beat faster and her breath came fuller—it was love-music! She almost wished he'd play something else. The flood of sound stopped and after a moment started again, softly, softly, slowly, gently, "Darling, I am growing old!" Why did he play just that? Could it be? Delia closed her eyes; she was on a lovely garden bench in a pale-pink ruffly dress; she was beautiful, adored, wooed; a lover was beside her, her hand in his, his arm slipped around her waist—"Darling, I am——"

At a sound, Delia opened her eyes. Stephen was standing in the doorway and his voice was businesslike. "Well, mum, it's all right now, I think. It seems to work pretty good."

"Yes—you—it—we—it sounded grand. Won't you be seated? I'll—er—go get the money." The music had made the personal interest so strong that she couldn't be businesslike in a minute. She rose, but Stephen's great frame blocked her way and his large hand was ever so lightly on her shoulder.

"No, no! No money! It was a pleasure. And the supper! That was enough! It was like my mother'd fixed it just for me—the very things I like best. No, no! No money! You just sit back down. I'll rest a minute or so 'fore ever I go back to my room. I'm stayin' down to Mrs. Williams's, little Miss Lucy's mother."

"Oh, yes!" said Delia. Funny Lucy hadn't mentioned it, but Lucy had been so excited about the dress and the dance and the reason the dress was so important.

"Yes," Stephen was saying, "Miss Lucy's as sweet a little girl as ever I see. And so happy now, she is, which she got engaged the other night in a new little dress she had——"

Stephen talked about it at great length, not mentioning, however, what he knew about a lovely soft green ribbon and some pink roses that had come from the dressmaker's with Lucy's dress.

When he left, he held out his big hand for Delia's small one, and told her again how much he'd enjoyed his supper and how he felt like friends now, and that if the organ gave her any trouble she must send for him, if he was here or not, just the same——

"And you must let me pay you next time," Delia said, and laughed a soft laugh as he waved his long arms.

"Oh, that's all right. Oh, sure! We'll fix that all right! You just send for me any time. I'll come. Glad to!"

Delia had much to think of after that wonderful evening, for after that song, Delia's interest had not one trace of the impersonal left in it. It was hers! To her! About her! She knew it because he didn't play anything else. She'd read of the impassioned playing of lovers, and to think it had come to her! She'd keep it in her heart, as her own wonderful secret, for if she should mention it folks might laugh. And now Delia didn't have to steal other heroines' personalities and lovers and wonderful, breathless moments! She tried not to let her happiness be disturbed by her father's suggestion the morning after Stephen's visit:

"Didn't say nothin' 'bout his wife and chillun?"

AFTER the first shock of it, when her mind had seemed blurred, Delia pushed the thought from her. Of course he'd never have played to her that way if—but— The wedge of doubt had been entered, the cleavage started in her happiness. When Lucy Williams came on Saturday to pay for the dress, Delia wanted to ask her if the piano gentleman had much of a family, but somehow she *couldn't* let Lucy know what was in her heart, and she knew she couldn't dissemble. And besides, Lucy was so full and bubbling over with joy over her own happiness—"All 'count o' that lovely ribbon and roses, Miss Delia"—that Delia couldn't stop her.

"And look, Miss Delia, what I'm making Billy for the Winter. I do it in light minutes at the store." It was a muffler. "And it's *cheap*, if you use this kind of yarn. And won't he love it all close around his neck like—" Lucy was too happy to put it into words, and Delia was too full of a sudden idea to want to hear more.

She worked very hard in her little spare time on that idea; red it was, bright red, because there was not much demand for the red yarn and it was even cheaper than Lucy's blue. She finished it about the first of October, when he'd begin to need it. But how to get it to him, or rather, him to it! The organ wasn't broken; it hadn't been played on since Stephen had fixed it. Her sewing-machine was in perfect order and she had nothing else that made noise.

Notwithstanding, Stephen was written for to fix the organ, and when he came he found it broken—not badly so—and Delia blamed it on the kitten! The tiny, weak little gray kitten! And there was another Stephen supper, and another flood of "Darling, I am growing old," and when Stephen turned from the organ Delia showed him the muffler and said what she'd planned to say to settle the doubt:

"More'n apt, you don't have any one to make you such things?" with a clear question-mark.

"It's beautiful," Stephen said, smoothing it with his large hands, "and it's just the kind—mother would make—like suppers."

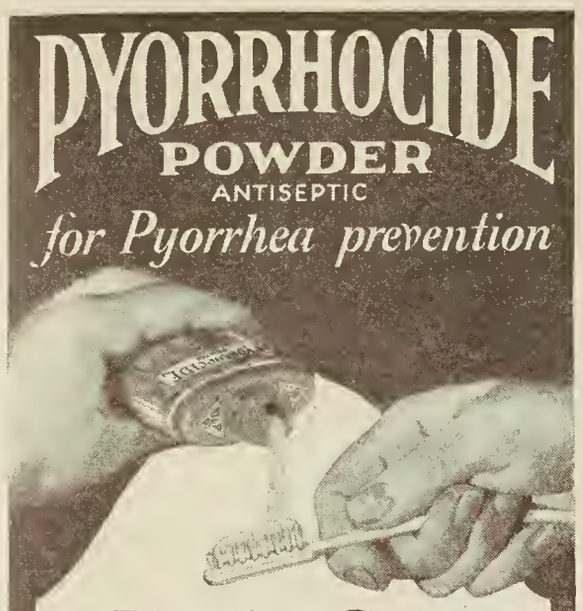
It wasn't very satisfying, unless one applied a strong determination to make it so. Delia did, and when again he sat and talked with her and again refused the three dollars, she was very happy.

DELIA hoped fervently for cold weather. She wanted Stephen to wear the muffler and think of her. She imagined him wearing it; she imagined him losing it or tearing it or having it stolen from him, and she set to work to make another one out of the yarn that was left. And when that one was finished, she sent for him again; and again lied about the kitten, and again there was a flood of "Darling, I am growing old," and a talk by the fire in the best room and a refusal to take the money and deep thanks for the second muffler. And, as never before, there was a lingering handshake and a gentle pressure of the small one in the large one; and Delia was *sure!*

Life was a glorious flood of love-music! It filled her heart and glorified her days even to black calicoes with nothing to lighten 'em! It was Delia's own beautiful secret till the

Continued on page 77

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Continued from page 76

The PI-ANNA GENTLEMAN

missionary meeting at Hannah's, when Hannah consented to "play a piece" and modestly prefaced her performance with: "It don't seem ever to sound good no more since the pi-anna gentleman played on it. 'Silver Threads Amongst the Gold,' he played——"

"Oh! Didn't he play it *grand!*" came in a chorus from all but Delia.

"It sounded like he had twenty-five fingers 'stead o' ten. He was ever'wheres at once!" one said.

"He played it to my house, too," another boasted, "and when he came to that part, 'Darling, I am growing old,' it just sounded like he was talking right to you!"

They all—except Delia—agreed that it had.

And so the wedge received a blow that sent it deep into Delia's heart and Delia's happiness; and, try as she would, she couldn't get it out. She couldn't explain such perfidy!

"*Ain't* he pleasant!" the conversation was going on. "Is he married, has anybody heard?"

There were those who had heard him say things to prove that he was; there were others who could prove equally conclusively that he was not. Delia didn't offer her absolute settler of his silent denial of having any one to do things like mufflers for him, but was thinking of it when Hannah said: "Well, he's got *some*body, 'cause he told me he had ten mufflers, hand-made ones!"

And Delia had made him only two!

"And when I was to Minksville a few days back," some one else drove the wedge clear through, "I saw him ridin' with a lady. I didn't gaze her, but she looked like a kind o' youngish lady—'bout like him in years, and he called her 'Madge,' like it was his wife."

As Delia sat silent and white and cold, she felt again the soft pressure of her hand and she heard again the gentle refusal to take her money. But no one guessed, for Delia had learned self-control in those years of proving to her father that she didn't care a fig for beaus of no kind!

On the way home at dusk, Delia's feelings became clearer. She had been deceived, duped, made a fool of! "Lie-actin', falsicatin' man!" she murmured as she hurried along holding together the lapels of her tight coat, thinking thus to keep out the chill which was really in her heart. "I can see it all now! Trying to compromise me by not taking my money! Thinks that'll make me let him come back and carry on his flirting with me some more! I ought of known better, much stories I've read 'bout the way men do when you're not suspicionin' 'em. But he'll find out different! I'll show him!"

Delia's eyes snapped as they did when she jabbed her weeding-fork into the dark and treacherous cutworms that attacked her flower-people. She'd been attacked at the root, as it were—underground, treacherously!

BUT indignation does not always cure pain. When Delia stopped the flow of indignant thought and word, she became conscious of the dull ache in her heart; so she kept it up during supper and while she washed the dishes.

Then she went to her cold little room and, sitting on the side of the bed in the dark, she faced things fairly and squarely. Delia, too, had a little of the iron in her. She put "foolishness" out of her life. The cleavage had killed it, she thought. So, with face set and white, she held funeral rites for deathless Romance, burying it beneath her spinsterhood and her homeliness. She would live a black-calico life.

The next day Delia bought herself a black calico—with nothing to lighten it up—and she had nearly finished it when she heard the careful scraping of sand from shoes and the considerate, bony kind of a knock. In her dim room Delia stiffened. "He can knock till he drops down dead!"

He waited, knocked again, waited some more, and then went away. Delia leaned forward and watched him through the leafless vines of the little porch. He had on one of her red mufflers. And he had ten!

"Wears the one where gave him to each one's house!" she reckoned bitterly.

She went on sewing—and thinking. Would Lucy be hurt, too? Were men all butterflies

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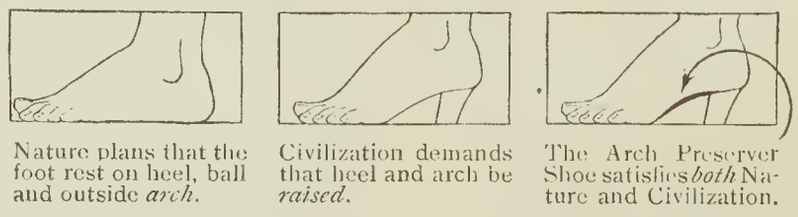


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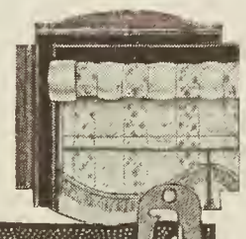


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Concluded from page 2

On BEING FLIMFLAMMED



But what, if anything, can be done about the whole matter? Most of us who make uncertain investments in "get-rich-quick" schemes are playing a game without knowing the slightest thing about it; whereas our opponent, the fake stock-broker, knows it in and out from *a* to *z*. Now, if I am any judge, the only really sure cure for the flimflam evil is for the gullible to learn the game, and, so to speak, to beat the flimflammer at it.

Just here it is primarily important to know that the real game that the flimflammers play is not, as you might suppose, the game of stocks and bonds at all, fake or otherwise. No, indeed; the game they play, and in which they are such adepts, is the game of *human nature*, the game of human psychology.

It is not statistics, then, that we need to know—not how many people were fooled, but why they were fooled. Suppose we begin with the study of the types of people oftenest swindled. It is undoubtedly true that many persons who buy bogus stocks are of an innocent and ignorant type, unsuspecting lambs who have no knowledge of that race of wolves, the professional swindlers. Yet I feel certain that they are a rather small minority.

To judge by my own experience, rash investments are made not so often because you have never heard of flimflamming as because you would so especially like to have more money, your own supply being inadequate. By far the larger number are those who are so eager to mend their fortunes that they are ready to believe a miracle will be performed.

Let us say, then, that the people of the first type are duped because of their ignorance; the second, because of their desires and ambitions.

Let us take as a third type the people of gentle rather sentimental, friendly disposition, who would rather believe the world to be as they would like to have it than to know it as it really is. It is these, I believe, who offer the stock shark his largest opportunity.

But ignorance, ambition, and sentimentalism, all together do not characterize the victim of fake investments so much as does vanity. In most articles on swindling, it is pointed out that it is by no means the ignorant and constitutionally gullible who are fooled by swindler methods. The best and most frequent names on the list are, we are told, professors, lawyers, doctors, merchants, business men, business women, widows, and even bankers. The seller of fake stock approaches the ignorant and trusting as a benefactor, a kind of older brother; but when he goes to the banker, the professor, the doctor, the woman with some business experience: "A man as shrewd as you are knows a good thing when he sees it." And this, according to those who know, is the really fruitful method.

So, then, fake-stock swindling continues to thrive because of our ignorance, our ambition, our sentimentality, and most of all because of our vanity—yes, and because of one thing more—our lack of honesty.

I DO not mean to preach morals and a sermon; but I do think, in the average article about fake stocks, there is a disproportionate blame put on the swindler and too little on the swindled.

I once overheard a clever mother berating her son, not because he had bought fake stocks, but because in so doing he had encouraged a swindler to swindle, and had been a temptation to a dishonest man to be dishonest. It may seem a novel way of looking at the matter, but it has its value.

The truth is that to have been flimflammed brings you face to face with yourself. If you are an honest person, with a love of mental integrity, you look at yourself; if you do not cherish mental integrity, you turn away from yourself as you are, and visualize yourself only as you *would like to be*. This means that you have thrown away truth and judgment, and nothing will expose you more quickly to being flimflammed repeatedly.

It is a good rule, when bonanza stocks and get-rich-quick schemes are offered you, to ask yourself promptly just which particular kind of fool you are—whether ignorant, over-ambitious, sentimental, vain, or dishonest; and then try not to be it, and keep this up until the temptation is past.

Concluded from page 77

The PI-ANNA GENTLEMAN

—from one flower to another, leaving the little pink poppies to yearn and droop and die? Rapidly she sewed on—to finish the black calico. Again the scraping of sand and the bony knock. Still Delia sat like iron, and this time she didn't lean forward to watch him go.

"Thinks 'cause he didn't take my money he can come here any time he chooses! Save his board! I'll show him! I *hope* he comes again! I'll just go out and hand him his money and tell him what I want him to know and let him go! Though I did pay him with suppers and mufflers for the little work he did, I won't have him thinkin' I paid less than the others!" Eagerly she watched; and he came. By the time he had knocked, Delia had the three dollars spread out fan-like and was on the way to the door. She opened it.

"I only came out to give you this," she said stiffly, holding the money out to him.

But Stephen didn't notice. He took her hand and came in uninvited.

"I had to come to you," he told her as she drew her hand from his tight clasp. "When a man's in trouble, if he hasn't his mother to go to, which you've always done the things like mother, the suppers and mufflers and all, and now she's gone and I had to come to you to talk about it." And then he told her of the death in the past week of his mother and his sister Madge.

"And it's like I felt so by myself! So I had to come to you. I've had them to look out for so long—ever since I was a little feller in short pants I've looked out for 'em. That's why I couldn't ever marry—not that I wanted 'em gone, you understand, but there wasn't any one else to do for 'em. But now, I feel so by myself, nobody to do for, and nobody to go home to. I've never wanted to marry till this Fall—last Summer, I guess it was, when Miss Lucy got her dress—they've all liked the cities and things I didn't like, and if I'd been able to marry I might not 'a' been free now—" He couldn't seem to get to it, to say the word "you." But Delia knew that her wonderful breathless moment had come, and that when she opened her eyes the lover would still be there, her hand in his, his arm around her.

"Sweetheart, little flower, like the ones in the garden, I love you. Will you——"

"Yes," Delia whispered as she opened her eyes—to the flesh-and-blood lover beside her. "But why," she asked him wistfully, "did you play 'Silver Threads' to all the others too?"

Stephen gazed at her a few minutes—till he realized why she asked. "Why," he laughed, cupping his palm about her soft cheek, "I didn't know you thought—why, I learned it for the pi-anna business. It's the only piece I know!"

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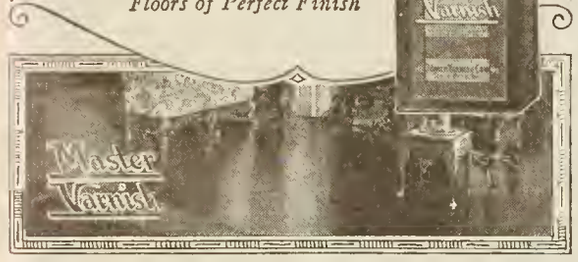
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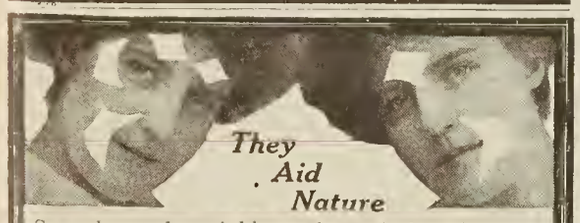


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Continued from page 8



The FEUD

his face slowly toward the ring. "Ah! What about it?"

"'Twas given to my niece for a purpose. Is that purpose goin' to be fulfilled?"

"Tidden for me to say. Ask Ned."

Steer closed his hand, slightly covered with reddish hairs.

"I've heard tales," he said, "and if he don' mean to keep his word I'll have the law of him. I've always thought my niece a sight too good for him; but if he thinks he can put a slight on her he's reckonin' without the cost—that's all."

Bowden blew out a cloud of smoke. "Ned's a man grown."

"Do you abet him?"

Bowden turned his head lazily. "Don't you come here bullyin' me." And again he puffed out a cloud of smoke. Its scent increased the resentment in Steer, who was no smoker.

"Like father, like son," he said. "We know what *your* father was like."

Bowden took his pipe from his mouth with a fist the size of a beefsteak.

"With the old lady settin' there! Get out o' my house!"

A wave of exasperated blood flooded Steer's thin cheeks. "You know right well that she hears naught."

Bowden replaced his pipe. "'Tes no use t'achin' yu manners," he muttered.

Something twitched in Steer's lean throat, where the reddish-gray hair covered his Adam's apple.

"I'll give your son a week; and then look out."

A chuckle pursued him to the door.

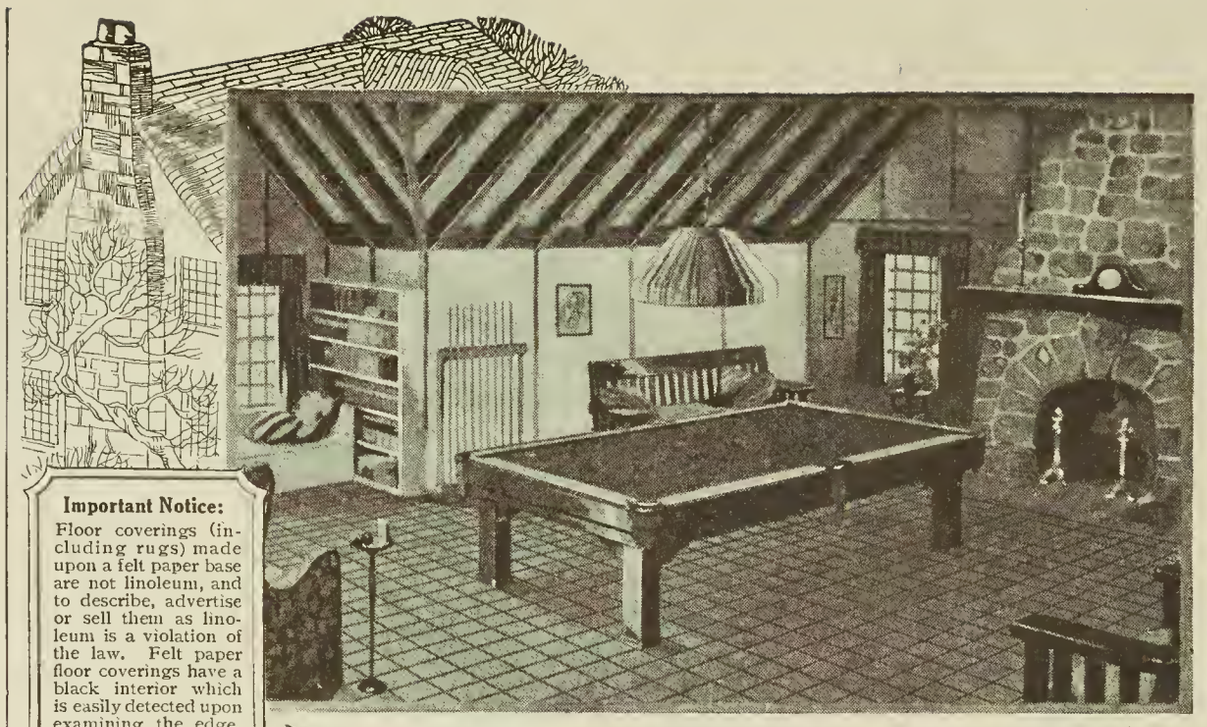
"All right!" he thought; "we'll see who'll laugh last."

DIFFICULT to say whether morality exists in a man like Bowden, whose blood is racy of the soil, and whose farmyard is so adjacent. That his son should run riot with the girl Pansy would have struck him more, perhaps, if Steer had not shot his dog—the affair so providentially put that fellow's nose out of joint. It went far, in fact, to assuage his outraged sense of property, and to dull the feeling that he had betrayed his dog by not actively opposing village justice. As for the "law," the Bowdens had lived for too many generations in a parish where no constable was resident to have any real belief in its powers. He often broke the law himself in a quiet way—shooting stray pheasants and calling them pigeons, not inspecting his rabbit traps morning and evening; not keeping quite to date in dipping his sheep, and so forth. The law could always be evaded. Besides, what law was Ned breaking? That was Steer's talk.

He was contemptuously surprised, therefore, when, three weeks later, Ned received a document headed "High Courts of Justice. Winch *versus* Bowden," claiming five hundred pounds for breach of promise of marriage. An outlandish trick—with the war on, too. He was for putting it in the fire. But the more the two examined the document, the more hypnotized they became. Lawyers were no use except to charge money—but perhaps a lawyer ought to have a look at it.

On market-day, therefore, they took it to Applewhite of Applewhite & Carter, who subjected them to a prolonged catechism. Had Ned engaged himself to the girl? Well, yes, he supposed he had. How had he broken off the engagement—had he written to the girl? No! Well, had he received letters from her asking him what was the matter? Yes; two. Had he answered them? No. Had he seen the girl and done it by word of mouth? No; he had not seen the girl for ten weeks. Was he prepared to see the girl or write to her? He was not. Was he ready to marry her?

Continued on page 80



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2 eggs
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½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper or paprika
¼ cup cheese cut into small pieces

COOK Minute Tapioca, salt, pepper, and cheese in hot milk, 15 minutes, stir ring often. Add ½ tablespoon butter and yolks of eggs beaten light. Remove from fire, fold in stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Put remaining butter in omelet pan. When it bubbles, pour in the mixture. Gently shake to prevent sticking.

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Continued from page 79

The FEUD



No. Why was that? Ned looked at his father; and Bowden looked at Ned. The girl Pansy had never been mentioned between them.

Mr. Applewhite repeated his question. Ned did not know.

According to the lawyer, if Ned did not know, nobody did. What had caused the change in his feelings?

It was Bowden who answered: "He shot my dog."

"Who?"

"Steer."

Mr. Applewhite was unable to see the connection. If that was all, he was afraid young Mr. Bowden would either have to marry the girl or "stand to be shot at" himself. And suddenly he looked at Ned. "Is there anything against this girl?" No, there was nothing against her.

"Then why not marry her?"

Again Ned shook his bullet head.

The lawyer smoothed his chin—he was a pleasant fellow, and a good fisherman.

"About this young lady, Miss Winch; excuse my asking, but I suppose you haven't been putting the cart before the horse?"

For the third time Ned shook his head.

No, there had been nothing of that sort. He did not add that if there had he might not have been overmastered by the propinquity of the girl Pansy.

"There's another girl in this, I suppose," said the lawyer suddenly. "Well, I don't want to hear. It's for you to decide what you'll do—marry the girl, or defend the action and get the damages reduced—it's a stiff claim. You and your father had better talk it over again, and let me know. If you defend, you'll have to go up to London. In the box, least said is soonest mended. You'll simply say you found you were mistaken, and thought it more honorable to break off at once than to go on. That sometimes goes down rather well with juries, if the man looks straightforward."

The Bowdens went away. Steer passed them on the journey home. He was alone, driving that mare of his. The Bowdens grinned faintly as he went by. Then Bowden called out two words: "Stickin'-plaster!"

If Steer heard, he gave no sign; but his ears looked very red. When his hurrying cart was a speck at the top of the steep rise, Bowden turned a little toward his son.

"I want to make that chap sweat," he said.

"Ah!" answered Ned.

BUT how to make Steer sweat without sweating themselves? That was what exercised the Bowdens, each according to his lights and circumstances, which of course were very different. Even in this quandary they did not mention the girl Pansy. To do so would have been to touch on feeling; both felt it better to keep to facts and to devices. It was Bowden who put the finishing touch to a long and devious silence:

"If yu don' du nothin', Ned, I don' see how they can 'ave yu. Yu've not put nothin' on paper. How'm they to tell yu don' mean to marry her? I'd let 'em stew in their own juice. Don't yu never admit it. Drop word to that lawyer chap that yu'm not guilty."

Ned nodded, but underneath his stolidity he could not help feeling that it was not so simple as all that. To him, though not yet quite tired of the girl Pansy, his first choice had begun to be faintly desirable again—her refinement was regaining some of its attraction to his cooling blood. What would have been the course of events but for Steer's next action is, indeed, uncertain.

In having the law of "those two fellows," Steer had passed through an experience with his niece which had considerably embittered feelings already acid. The girl had shown a "lady-like" shrinking from pressing a man who had ceased to want her. There was an absolute difference between her wishes and her uncle's. He would not have young Bowden marry her for anything; he just wanted revenge on the Bowdens. She wanted young Bowden still, but, if she couldn't get him, would cry quietly and leave it at that. The two points of view had been irreconcilable till Steer, taking the bit between his teeth, assured his niece that to bring the action was the only way of inducing young Bowden to come back to her. This gave him a bad conscience, for he was fond of his niece, and he really felt that to bring the action would make that fellow Bowden stick his toes in all the more and refuse to budge. He thought always of Bowden first and the five hundred that would come out of *his* pocket, not Ned's.

Steer owned the local weed-sprayer, which by village custom was at the service of his neighbors in rotation. This year he fetched the sprayer back from Pethick's farm just as it was on the point of going on to Bowden's, without reason given. Bowden, who would not have been above using "that chap's" sprayer so long as it came to him from Pethick in ordinary rotation, was above sending to Steer's for it. He took the action as a public proclamation of enmity, and in the Three Stars Inn, where he went nearly every evening for a glass of cider with a drop of gin and a clove in it, he said out loud that Steer was a "colley" and Ned wouldn't be seen dead with that niece of his.

By those words, soon repeated far and wide, he committed his son just when Ned was cooling rapidly toward the girl Pansy, and beginning to think of going to church once more and seeing whether Molly wouldn't look at him again. After all, it was he, not his father, who would have to go into the witness-box; moreover, he had nothing against Molly Winch.

NOW that the feud was openly recognized by village tongues, its origin was already lost. No one—hardly even the Bowdens—remembered that Bowden's dog had bitten Steer, and Steer had shot it; so much spicier on the palate was Ned's aberration with the girl Pansy, and its questionable consequences. Corn harvest passed, and bracken harvest; the Autumn gales, sweeping in from the Atlantic, spent their rain on the moor; the birch-trees goldened and the beech-trees grew fox-red, and, save that Molly Winch was never seen, that Bowden and Steer passed each other as if they were stocks or stones, and for the interest taken in the girl Pansy's appearance by any one who had a glimpse of her (not often now, for she was seldom out of the farmyard) the affair might have been considered at an end.

Steer was too secretive and too deadly in earnest to mention the breach-of-promise suit, the Bowdens at once too defiant of the law and too anxious to forget it. By never mentioning it, even to each other, and by such occasional remarks as "Reckon that chap's bit off more than he can chu," they consigned it to a future which to certain temperaments never exists until it is the present. They had, indeed, one or two legal reminders, and Ned had twice to see Mr. Applewhite on market-days, but between all this and real apprehension was always the slow and stolid confidence that "the law" could be avoided if you "sat tight and did nothin'."

When, therefore, in late November Ned received a letter from the lawyer telling him to be at the High Courts of Justice in the Strand, London, at ten-thirty in the morning on the next day but one, prepared to give his evidence, a most peculiar change took place in that bullet-headed youth. His appetite abandoned him; sweat stood on his brow at moments unconnected with honest toil; he gave the girl Pansy black looks; and sat with his prepared evidence before him, wiping the palms of his hands stealthily on his breeches. That which he had never really thought would spring was

Continued on page 81

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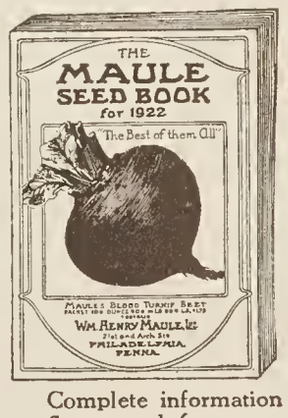
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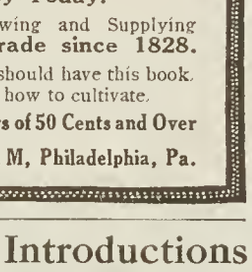
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Continued from page 80

The FEUD

upon him after all, and panic, such as nothing physical could have caused in him, tweaked his nerves and paralyzed his brain. But for his father he would never have come up to the scratch. Born before the halfpenny Press, and unable to ride a bicycle, unthreatened, moreover, by the witness-box, Bowden—after a long pipe—gave out his opinion that it "widden never du to let that chap 'ave it all his own way. There wasn't nothin' to it, if Ned kept a stiff upper lip. 'Twid be an 'oliday-like in London for them both."

So, dressed in their darkest and most board-like tweeds, with black bowler hats, they drove in next day to catch the London train, with a small boy bobbing on a board behind them to drive the mare back home. Deep within each was a resentful feeling that this came of women; and they gave no thought to the feelings of the girl who was plaintiff in the suit, or of the girl who watched them drive out of the yard. While the train swiftly bore them, stolid and red-faced, side by side, the feeling grew within them that to make a holiday of this would spite that chap Steer. He wanted to make them sweat; if they did not choose to sweat, it was one in the eye for him.

THEY put up at a hotel with a Devonshire name in Covent Garden, and in the evening visited a music-hall where was a show called the "Rooshian ballet." They sat a little forward with their hands on their thighs, their ruddy faces, expressionless as waxworks, directed toward the stage, whereon *les sylphides* were floating, white and ethereal. When the leading danseuse was held upside down, Bowden's mouth opened slightly. He was afterward heard to say that she had "got some legs on her." Unable to obtain refreshment after the performance, owing to the war, they sought the large flasks in their bedroom, and slept, snoring soundly, as if to express even in their slumbers a contempt for the machinations of "that chap."

Concluded in the March DELINEATOR

Continued from page 16

The LOG-CABIN LADY

It was the last bad break I made. But it was a blessing to me, for it robbed all social form of terror. For the first time, I realized that custom is merely a matter of geography. One takes off one's shoes to enter the presence of the ruler of Persia. One wears a black tie until eleven o'clock in Vienna—or doesn't. One uses fish-knives in England until he dines with royalty—then one must manage with a fork and a piece of bread. One dresses for dinner *always*, and waits for the hostess to say it is time, and speaks only to one's neighbor at table. In France one guest speaks to any or all of the others; all one's friends extend congratulations if a baby is coming; one shares all his joys with friends. But in England nobody must know, and everybody must be surprised. No one ever speaks of himself in England. They are sensitive about everything personal. But there is an underground and very perfect system by which everything about everybody is known and noised about and discussed with *everybody* except the person in question. It is a mysterious and elaborate hypocrisy.

WITH the aid of Eve, I made a thorough study of the geography of social customs. I learned the ways of Europe, of the Orient, and of South America. It is easier to understand races if one understands the psychology of their customs. I realized that social amenities are too often neglected in America, and our manners sometimes truthfully called crude. But I told myself with pride that our truly cultivated people will not tolerate a social form that is not based on human, kindly instincts.

It was not until the world war flooded Europe with American boys and girls that I realized the glory of our social standards and the great need to have our own people understand those standards.

Continued in the March DELINEATOR

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Continued from page 14



To BEAT the BANSHEE

"None."

"Is it not the thing—for me to try?"

One hand at Gam's side worked slowly.

"That is not for me to say; it is for your husband," for all the world as if he doubted that she would try to go. But he drew away, plucking Don to follow, and they did not hear—not wholly. They heard Mory's voice, broken, choking, and they heard the girl's arguing swiftly, and they heard it rise to say: "I am not afraid to die, but I am afraid to die without trying to live—trying my best. I am afraid to go, but I am more afraid to stay here."

SHE went.

They lashed small bolts to her shoes for improvised creepers and gave her the boat-hook to carry as a last implement of salvation. They told her to keep the fire directly behind. Mory Gallagher took her in his arms and looked into her face and could not speak; they heard her say again that this was a chance, the only chance, and that—

But her voice broke there and her lips clung to his; then wheeling, brushing a hand across her eyes, she ran from him, leaping from floe to new ice, and they heard her makeshift creepers bite firmly as she trotted away into darkness and perhaps eternity.

The girl ran with short steps, light boat-hook held across her stomach. The feel of the footing was eery. It was brittle beneath the bolts on her feet, but it was springy beneath her weight, swaying as she went along, and because she could see nothing that would form perspective she imagined the sag was pronounced. It spoke, too, off, before, and to the sides of her, protesting as her weight stretched it, and when she stopped to walk and regain her breath its voice became louder and more constant in protest.

Her heart hammered her ribs and she took up the running again before her breathing became easier. She stepped high, for it seemed as though she climbed continually, as though the ice to right and left and before rose sharply to the height of her knees. At times it felt as though it rose so quickly behind that it threw her forward, almost off balance. She ran over the reflection of stars, as they might have been in open water, and she began to fear that each step would plunge her into the black depths, as though she must be at the very edge of that thin veneer. Such imagining set an ache in her stomach and she ran frantically to overcome it, knees unsteady and hands which grasped the boat-hook trembling.

Of a sudden she felt lost, so alone, the only object in sight, and she thought that she must have come a long distance, but when she looked back toward the fire it seemed very near and she could see the three men standing before it, watching her.

The ice seemed even more springy, for its creaking voice grew louder. An old copy-book exercise came back to her: "In skating over thin ice, safety lies in speed." She raced, taking longer strides, discovering that the pronounced sagging was only illusion. The harsh air tore at her throat, for she breathed through parted lips and sobbed in excitement as she ran until her lungs felt as if flame had touched them, and she was forced to walk.

She held herself to the more deliberate progress against the panic that impelled flight. While she walked the feeling that the next step would let her through became more and more acute, but she needed her strength, all of it. She cried out against the impulse to run while she was still gasping, but when she looked back toward the fire to be certain that her direction was right she saw another sheen on the ice: water, seeping through where her weight had passed! The girl fled then, fled from the lake which was reaching through to seize her from behind!

She heard herself crying aloud in fright, and the sound seemed muffled in the great emptiness about her. She ran on, tearing from her heart strength for the effort; she shut her eyes and grew dizzy and stumbled and fell, and the ice showed a gray bruise with white veins running cut from it where her weight had struck, and as she scrambled to her feet again water seeped quickly through the place.

The running became automatic; she was not aware of her progress, conscious only of the awful ache in her stomach, the gasping sensation of being on the verge of stepping off into water. Wind was in her face, a growing puff of it, and she cried again her husband's name, and looked back to where the fire by which he waited was like a coal. She realized that she had dropped the boat-hook when she fell and was impelled to retrieve it. But that meant time, and anyhow it was another weight for the ice to bear.

ANNE found herself running over a small floe frozen in the fresh ice, and stumbled on its rough surface and fell once more. When she crossed it and leaped to the polished surface again, her foot broke through and chilled her heart before the water struck through her stocking to chill the flesh. She threw herself flat and rolled and wriggled away from the floe, remembering that back yonder Don Gallagher had used a board in crossing from old to new. And she got up and ran, with the ache of impending disaster in her vitals.

Before her eyes was a blur and she brushed her hand across them. It did not go and she laughed breathlessly, for the blur was away off yonder, low on the lake—the island!

She walked, stooped forward, sobbing hoarsely as she breathed. Then ran on as soon as she could make her numb legs function rapidly. The bolts under the ball of one foot came off, and she slipped with each step until she ran with knee nearly stiff, striking only on the heel. That jarred her and made her dizzy again and left a trail of small punctures through which water spurted. Her progress was slower than it had been and she could not keep her mind on driving her legs to action. They lagged and wanted to stop, and the ache in her middle was a rending pain which took her attention, but she told herself aloud that she must keep speeding.

For wind was in her face, in her ears, freezing the tears that spilled from her eyes. It was lighter, too, actually coming day, gray and colorless. The puff of wind died, but another came, stronger, steadier, and she began to call loudly to the blank hulk of the island. Her hat was gone, lost in one of the falls, and the breeze blew her hair into her eyes. She brushed it away angrily. She trotted stiffly, limping, slipping, and began to stagger heavily.

AND then she was in water! To her waist, to her breast, battling with arms and legs against sinking—fighting for a hold on the brittle surface that had let her through! She crawled up on it and tried to lift herself high, but it broke and let her down with a splash. She shrieked again and again, tearing her raw throat in the effort, but it was not a shriek of fear: it was anger, in desperation that she should be cheated now, with her goal so near. She was down to her armpits, losing what hold she had, turning sideways, feet sinking. And then—they touched bottom!

Her lips were shut now and she did not scream. She went on, lifting herself up until the ice gave, wading then, seeming alive only from the shoulders up, so tense was the chill. She reached a dingy cake of drift ice and drew herself out and rolled over and got to her knees—and staggered through the sand-splashed snowdrifts of the shore!

She was conscious of stumbling among trees, of trying to call. Then a glow was before her. She thought it must be the fire

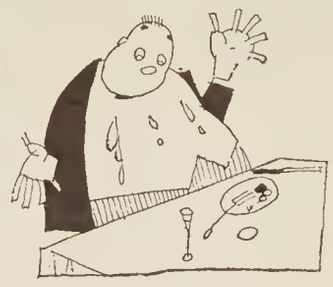
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Concluded from page 82



To BEAT the BANSHEE

she had left out yonder on the ice and turned about, thinking that she had lost her way, but it was a square glow, with a different look. A lamp shining through a window!

They heard her calling as she crawled up the path, legs useless from exertion, from chill, and from the nightmarish reluctance of them.

"They're on the ice, to the east," she said thickly, making herself speak with deliberation, that they might know, clinging desperately to the last wire of consciousness. "Three Gallaghers—boat gone— They sent for—for—a steam-tug."

She heard the men talking excitedly as they threw on their jackets and left her to the women. She felt hands stripping frozen clothing from her body. She saw the room spinning, standing bottom side up, but into her ears came the words:

"Who are you?"

She shook her head slowly to summon the words: "Another—Gallagher——"

ANNE'S first sense that the steam-tug had been in time came when she swam back to half-consciousness and saw Gam Gallagher looking down at her, Don just behind him. The older man's lips were moving, but she could not hear. He saw that she did not, but was trying as, like a warm glow, further consciousness ran over her.

"I can't thank you, girl," he repeated; "I just come to bid you welcome to the island. You and the rest of th' Gallaghers 'll——"

And again he left what he had started to say unfinished.

But she did not call him back as he turned to leave, for she saw then that Mory was on his knees beside her bed, face buried in the blankets, arms spread across her knees. He was crying. She touched his face, and he kissed her fingers as he lifted his head.

"And I'd doubted you, Anne!" he blurted in quick confession. "I didn't know. You're so different, and I'm only an islander!"

She said nothing and he could not see her smile.

"Only an islander," he repeated brokenly, "who believes in nonsense like the banshee, and not in the brave woman who loves him."

Anne stirred. "The banshee," she said weakly, "I, too, believe. I heard it cry, Mory."

The man started. "No! Something else. There's been no death."

She lifted her head slightly that he might see her face. "No death? Yes, Mory, there was death—death of your doubt of me——"

"You knew!"

"From the first, almost; and I understood. You'd not be worth loving, Mory, if it was easy to make you love. That wasn't the kind I wanted. I wanted to show you—I waited the chance. Thank God," she said after a moment, "that it means——"

"Both *life* and love," he finished humbly.

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Runs on from dawn to dark;
A shadow and a sunbeam meet
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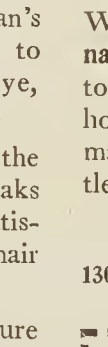
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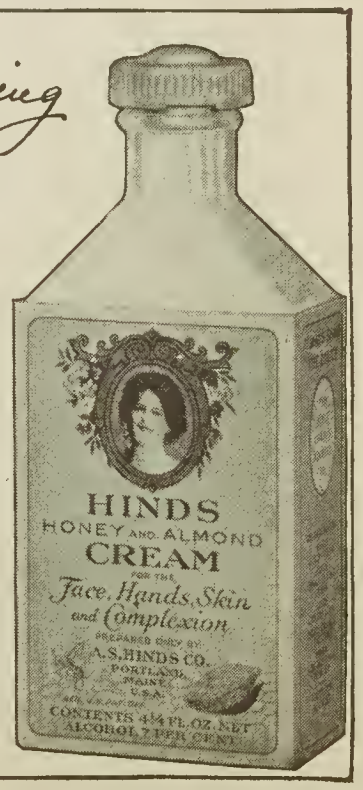
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Continued from page 4

SEVEN GREAT SINS *Against* CHILDHOOD



The child was a pitiful sight. Dressed in clothes that suggested a sporting man, jewelry wherever he could attach it to his person or his clothes, powdered and perfumed and oiled, he leaned against the table, toying with one of his watch-chains.

"Don't you know, Michael," I began, "you won't get anywhere without some sort of education? Why, you won't even be able to earn a living."

Michael raised his heavy lids. "Why should I?"

"Hear that!" said his father, half pleased, half annoyed. "He knows I give him everything he needs. He has clothes and jewelry and pocket-money and his own car. And he won't even go to school for me. Tell him what you think of him."

There wasn't much use in telling either of them what I thought. I had told them both many times that if the boy did not want what the school had to offer, it made little difference whether he came or not. But I told them again. "Nobody can educate Michael. Unless Michael wants to do the job himself, he will never be educated any more than he is now," I ended.

Michael had been educated far past anything that the school had to offer. His background had carried him far from the sort of training a normal child should have received. He had been robbed of his childhood.

A child is not a little man. He is a potential man. He must be allowed to develop rhythmically and in order. His world is not at all the world in which his parents live. His joys are not their joys, and his sorrows are different. He does not see the things they see, he does not feel what they feel, and his thoughts are strange to them.

I saw a boy crying bitterly because he could not go to the "movies," and never turn a hair when he broke a rare vase.

"What a wonderful view!" said a lady, looking at a landscape of pines and lake. "Are there any fish in that lake? Can a fellow swim in that lake?" asked the boy.

The child's point of view is different. His vision of life is simple, direct, and personal. We should do nothing to spoil it. He has the right to expect that we will understand and respect it, and not try to give him an adult's pleasures, an adult's clothes, or an adult's responsibilities.

JUST as some parents, through a mistaken idea of giving a child happiness, rob him of his childhood, so other parents rob the child of his leisure. Their Puritan souls can not bear to see the child "trifle" away his time. And this is the fourth great sin.

A boy is lying on his back, watching the clouds. His mother sees him and her conscience smites her. "He is wasting time. I ought to make him come in and study his algebra. He got a bad mark last month."

Not at all. He needs that extra time for cultivating his imagination. He needs that quite as much as he needs the extra algebra.

"He plays from morning to night, if I let him," wails another mother. "Why does he waste so much time? If I could only get him to do some useful work!"

No. He needs that leisure time for growth. It should not be taken from him. School hours are long enough. Study can be confined to them.

"That child has sat in that tree for the past hour, humming the same tune over and over. Isn't it enough to drive anybody insane? Why in the world can't she be doing something useful?"

She is. She is brooding over a mood that will some day, if you don't kill it by interrupting and thwarting it, come forth in a fine story or a picture or a poem or a quality of soul. Cultivation of soul demands leisure.

"Queer child! Carries a lump of clay in his pocket and squeezes it into all sorts of shapes, then puts it back into his pocket again. I wish he would do something that would not mess him up so!"

Let him alone. The child who plays uninterrupted, unchecked, with his bit of clay may to-morrow make a statue, paint a picture, or build a cathedral.

Art is strange in its beginnings. Often they are not recognizable. The little puddler's clumsy efforts may be the first faint stirrings of its breath. Then preserve his leisure to him. Let him play as he will.

The child must play, and play hard. The harder he plays, the deeper he plunges into his child world, the more vivid his dream, the more real the fairy-folk and the Indians, the richer the background with which he emerges for the next stage in his growth.

There is a growth in the child's play that far outstrips the growth in his work. Out of it emerge the tastes and interests that are hidden from the worker who lives in books.

To deprive a child of his leisure, to force activities upon him, will result in a hybrid child, partly what his parents wanted him to be and partly what he desired to be. Only the thoroughbred child comes through.

THE sins of parents against adolescence are as the sand of the sea for number. The worst—the fifth great sin—is nagging. And mothers are the worst offenders here.

One mother haunted my school daily. Her son, a good boy, would have gone through the school without attracting any special attention to himself if his mother had permitted it. But she nagged him—and us—systematically.

She would hurry into the office, a worry wrinkle between her eyes.

"I've brought this blank-book to ask if you wouldn't be good enough to ask the teachers to write down what Harold has been doing every period through the day. It will help me keep in touch with him. He won't be able to get away with anything."

I couldn't have the boy hounded to death, so I said it would not be possible for us to keep such records. The lady was sharp in her retort:

"What is the school for, pray, if it is not to help a parent to keep in touch with her child? It is your duty to help me in every way possible."

The last visit she made to the school was to the class teacher, an experienced, able woman who had been teaching the lad daily for two years.

"I've dropped in to ask if you won't please try to take a little interest in my son's education."

The teacher stiffened and the gleam of battle lighted in her eye.

"I've been trying to get my son to prepare for confirmation, and he takes very little interest. I must say I get little help from the school. I don't know what would happen to Harold if his mother was not around to look after him."

"I'll tell you what would happen to him if you weren't around," said the exasperated teacher, throwing caution and courtesy to the winds. "In the first place, he would gain about twenty pounds in weight. You nag the very flesh off his bones. Then, he would grow about three inches, because he would sleep nights free from the sound of your voice. After that he would be able to put his mind upon his lessons and he would gain about twenty per cent. And——"

But the indignant lady had heard enough and had fled to the office to make a complaint about the teacher.

Adolescence is so hard for the child because parents do not understand him. They look at the ungainly boy and wonder why he is so unpleasant, so unhandy, so clumsy, so uneverything, and then lose patience, and with it their hold on the boy.

"You are the size of your father, and you act like a baby!" This because a lad cried unexpectedly.

"You great, lumbering calf—why don't you look where you are going?" He had

Continued on page 85

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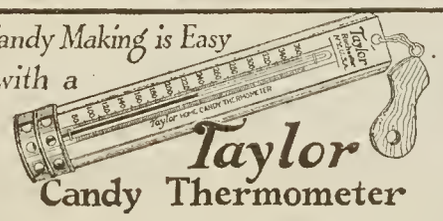
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Continued from page 84



SEVEN GREAT SINS *Against* CHILDHOOD

tripped over the spindle-legged furniture in his aunt's tea-room.

"My soul! can't you remember anything? You have a head like a sieve." He had forgotten to do an errand.

All this is unfair. The adolescent is big with a bigness that surpasseth his understanding. He has not yet acquired the mechanism for its graceful management, and he is sensitive about it.

One must be very gentle and patient and not descend to personalities when correcting him. It is not well to see too much. Let him alone. Try to hold on to your temper and your patience while he tries to find his legs and his arms and a stable set of nerves.

IF WE reproach the too timid parent, the anxious, nagging mother, and the impatient, nervous father, what shall we say to the one who commits the sixth and meanest of sins against childhood—exploiting it for his own gain?

Child exploitation is as varied and as widespread as the population of the world. It is practised by rich and poor, by the intelligent as well as the stupid.

"I do want you to see baby. She is so cunning when she tries to wake up, rubbing her little fists in her eyes." And the young mother takes up the sleeping baby just to please her vanity.

"You wouldn't believe it, but my son John has a really fine voice and presence for a boy of his age. You ought to hear him say the Brutus speech. I'll call him in and get him to say it for you.. Allan, oh, Allan! Come in here and give your Brutus for us, that's the boy. Snap it out—don't be bashful. You can make noise enough when nobody wants you to!"

Poor Allan! The grand lines that rolled so sonorously in the privacy of his study-room suddenly choke and clog and cling in his throat. He struggles an instant and then flees.

"Bashful," says his father, discomfited. "Have to train him out of it." He is blissfully unconscious of the bad time he has given his son, of the storm raised in the boy's wabbly nerves.

Then, the poor children who are used as accessory decorations. "I'll have the twins done as Bavarian peasants. That will exactly suit their type and set me off well," said a lady who was scrambling for social position.

"I want my son to have his working papers," demanded a stunted, toil-marked man, looking at me with mean and determined eyes.

"You can not have them," I said pleasantly, inwardly exulting. "Thomas is too young."

The man flamed into wrath. He had nine children, and he had sent each of the others to work as soon as they were old enough to hold a needle or tie a knot. Children were just so many assets to him. Now he wanted this last one.

Exploiters of childhood, every one of them. Masters of child labor, each of them, from the dainty lady to the gnarled old peasant. Taskmasters who would coin the golden hours of childhood into the mean coins of their material gain. An inexcusable, contemptible sin!

Exploiting childhood is equaled by only one other—the sin of lying to children. Why will people tell lies to children?

"If you do that, the bogy-man will get you." The child will soon know that this is not true. But the harm has been done. He has learned to fear and to doubt.

Concluded on page 86

Good Looks Your Best Social Aid



In the strenuous round of Winter's social activities, it is your complexion that is liable to suffer most. It needs constant care to protect it from the relentless tax of many dances, suppers and parties. The woman with the clear, girlish skin will ever be admired, for her face is young. D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream will keep your skin youthful, clear and without sign of fatigue. Before retiring, apply it freely and rub in well. You will find your skin will soon begin to take on that healthy glow which so greatly enhances feminine charm.

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"DANCERS IN THE DARK," the third and most startling instalment of this sensational story of our modern youth.

"THE FEUD," conclusion of John Galsworthy's little masterpiece.

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The March

DELINEATOR

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Concluded from page 85



SEVEN GREAT SINS *Against* CHILDHOOD

"I'm so sorry that I can't come over. Really. But I have a splitting headache and I'm going to try to sleep it off. Do ask me another time. So sorry! Good-by."

The listening child knew that his mother had no headache, but that she was trying to get out of doing something she didn't want to do. Right there he learned the place of the lie.

"You learn your lesson and I'll take you to the city on Saturday, and after we have done our shopping we will go to the movies."

The child learns his lesson and prepares for the Saturday treat. In the meanwhile, a friend calls up and tells his mother that she has secured two tickets for the play they have been waiting to see, and suggests that after they have done their shopping on Saturday morning they go to the play.

Mother accepts the invitation and says no word about the engagement with her little son. When he asks about it, she says: "Oh, the movies will wait. Mother has to go to the play with Mrs. Grant."

The movies will wait, but his faith in his mother won't. It flies swiftly away.

"Cut out all those weeds in the lawn and I'll give you a quarter."

The boy sets about digging the weeds, and then comes to claim the quarter. His father has forgotten all about it and is cross at being interrupted. "What? You want a quarter for cutting weeds? I'm always paying out money for you, yet the first little thing you do about the place, you must be paid for it! What if I did promise you a quarter? You ought to do a little job like that cheerfully, without thinking of being paid for it. The idea!"

The boy does not quite understand what is wrong, but he feels all the injustice of it, all the meanness of it, to the full. He has lost faith in his father's word.

It is impossible to measure the disaster of lying to children. It not only teaches them to lie in their turn, but to distrust people.

A child reasons that if his own people can not be trusted, nobody else can. He becomes the sort of person who trusts nobody and whom nobody trusts. He is not to blame. If those around him show him an unreal world, how is he to learn to tell the truth—to value it or even to recognize it? How is he to know when the truth is in him?

The soul given over to untruth is lost, for it can not find its way in a world tuned to the stern loveliness of the truth. Truth is the goal of human beings, the ultimate end of their search. Toward it they struggle, suffering all things, enduring all things; for truth is the face of God.

WHY do parents commit these seven cardinal sins against their children? Only because they do not understand these seven simple facts of child culture:

Curiosity is the essence of the child's mind.

Each child is a unique personality. It is his nature to be "different."

Childhood is a stage of growth as distinct as old age. It must be respected if the child is to reach maturity unhampered by distorted notions and clouded vision.

A child must have leisure time for dreaming, playing, creating. His spiritual body grows with wise use of his leisure time.

Nagging a child hurts him quite as much as beating him.

Exploitation of a child is unspeakable. There must be no child labor.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness."

And, like all rules and laws and commandments, they are summed up in one:

"Suffer the little children—and forbid them not."

A warning -bleeding gums

ARE your gums tender? Do they bleed when brushed? If so—watch out for Pyorrhea.

This disease of the gums, which afflicts four out of five people over forty, not only destroys the teeth, but often wrecks the health.

In Pyorrhea the gums become spongy, then recede; the teeth decay, loosen and fall out—or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about them. These germs lower the body's vitality and cause many diseases.

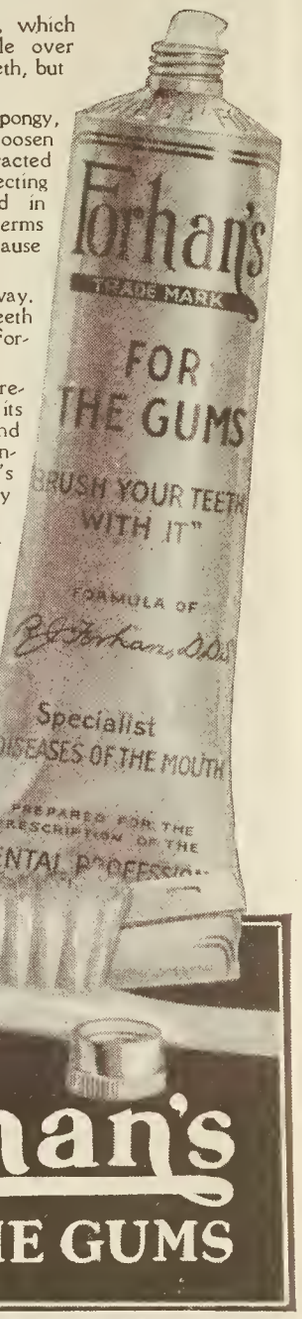
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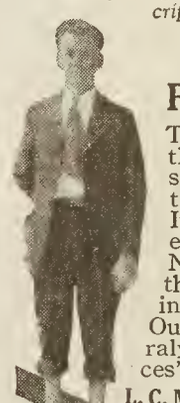
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MODERN GIRL *versus* the BACHELORS

THE desks of THE DELINEATOR editorial offices have been swamped with impassioned answers to the seven bachelors who told "Why They Won't Marry the Modern Girl" in the December issue. Women by the hundreds—young, old, married, spinster, and flapper—have met the masculine diatribes with logic and scorn, irony and contemptuous anger. Space forbids here the publication of complete letters. We must be content to quote a few high spots from the verbal battle.

One young woman, who admits that some modern girls think of "nothing but a good time," asks bitterly, "Who is responsible for this condition? Who but the MEN—for it is to the modern flapper they turn every time. They condemn girls for allowing liberties, and yet those who don't permit familiarities are called poor sports. They are dropped pretty quickly by their men friends." Why, she asks, should one grow up to be a "nice girl," as most girls think they should, when the modern man so evidently prefers the untamed, unconventional young flapper as the companion of his ideal hours? Is virtue virtue's only reward?

There is logic in her argument. Having made her what she is to-day, the bachelor condemns her because she is not obvious material for the old-fashioned mid-Victorian wife.

"As far back as history records," writes one analytical maiden, "woman has been slave to man. She has been reared in an atmosphere of awful reverence for the supreme being—MAN. Because of this feminine tradition, woman's mentality has never been fully developed. She has had no means of protecting herself against the selfish tyranny of men."

And then she changed. She gained her freedom, and it is unnerving, upsetting, almost annoying, to the conservative male. He is driven between his inherited tradition of what a good woman should be and his masculine flair for an amusing new type.

The old proverb that all men are Turks at heart may explain why the average man finds the new woman disconcerting. Stimulating as she is in the office and society, she does not fit into the old-fashioned home. But why should she? Home, nowadays, is never what it used to be.

WHAT the world needs, if we are to have peace, is a New Man—a model for 1922 and the years to come. "A great many sensible business girls," writes a young woman from the Middle West, "do not care and do not dare to marry the modern man. He is generally selfish and a spendthrift. Conceit and deceit are prominent in his make-up. He is superficial, shirks responsibility, and home is the last place thought of, except for a resting-place overnight and an occasional meal."

And still another indites: "Many modern girls are refusing marriage to enter professions and business because they are more particular than their grandmothers and dare not risk marriage without the basis of mental and spiritual comradeship. This is the type of girl your bachelors have overlooked—because, in truth, they are not interested in her."

The worst of wars must sometimes stop for peace. This battle between the sexes will find its readjustment as each sex realizes the changes the modern world has made. The mother of a flapper, who admits herself conservative and often scared about the trend of the times, says:

"The bachelor, instead of condemning the modern girl, will have to start a new code of his own to correct to-day's conditions, for the modern girl (whose morals are still above those of the modern man) has learned better than to accept tamely his neglect and faithlessness for the mere honor of bearing his name and children. He might as well accept the fact that woman has broken the fetters of centuries. She is free. She totters a little yet in her new-found freedom, but she is conscious of her coming strength, and she will steady and find herself in the end."



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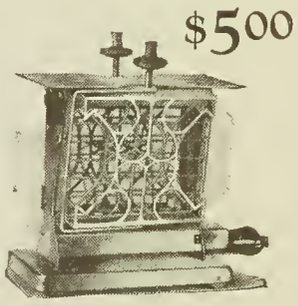
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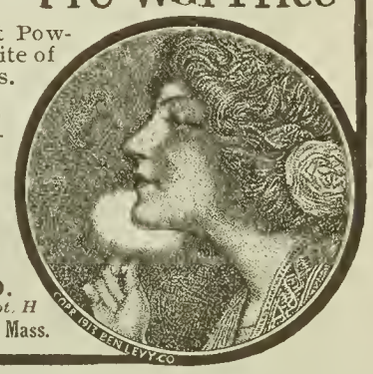
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OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGE 24



3560



3518



3559



3547



3537

3560—Up goes a sunshade to protect a delicately colored frock from the hot Southern sun! With the same material as the dress, chains are forged which give the deep scalloped edge to the sleeves and skirt. The dress is made in slip-over style with a straight skirt attached to the body at a low waistline. A long body lining may be used, and the closing is under the left arm. Use swiss, organdy, batiste, dimity, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe voile, cotton voile, handkerchief linen, silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, satin, taffeta, foulard, Georgette, silk voile.

36 bust requires 4¾ yards of cotton voile 40 inches wide. Lower edge of the skirt 62½ inches; drop skirt 54 inches.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.



3552



3528



3544

3537—3547—A jumper costume must accompany the southward-bound wardrobe trunk. Especially this one which has a becoming tucked, straight skirt secured at the low waistline. The sleeves of the peasant blouse may be puffed or long, and the neck finished by smocking, tucks, shirring or gathers. The waistline may be normal or low. For the jumper use gingham, dimity, etc. For the blouse use cotton voile, batiste, net, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc.

17-year size requires 1¼ yard of organdy 40 inches wide for blouse and 2¾ yards of plaid organdy 44 inches wide. Lower edge 58 inches.

The jumper, 3537, is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years; the blouse, 3547, is becoming to misses 32 to 34 bust; it is also nice for ladies.

3552—When tucks run around the skirt and a long collar descends to the waist, the result is bound to be pleasant. The flower girdle conceals the joining of the straight skirt and the long body, and a blouse lining may be used, if you like. An attractive finish of rickrack braid is used, and there may be hand-hemstitching above the tucks. Use organdy, swiss, batiste, cotton voile, lawn, mull, dimity, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk voile or silk crêpes in any of the Summer colors.

16-year size requires 3⅝ yards of dotted swiss 36 inches wide for the dress and 1 yard of organdy 44 inches wide for collar, cuffs, vestee and sash. Lower edge 63 inches.

This dress is becoming to misses 15 to 20 years.

3518—10876—Transparent materials, even if you see them in February, make you think of dresses like this. The two-piece skirt and the waist join at a normal line, and the blouse body lining is a matter of choice. The fulness at the shoulders is becoming and especially pretty in soft materials. The sleeves and the long collar are finished by a frill, and vestee, skirt and sleeves bear fine sprays of flowers. They may be done in eyelets, satin-stitch or French stemming. Use cotton voile, batiste, lawn, mull, Georgette, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes in any light shade.

36 bust requires 4½ yards of fine crêpe voile 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 52 bust.

3528—A very young person gives evidence of having a mind of her own when she banishes the low waistline of her elders and chooses the romantic Empire line. The skirt, cut in shallow petals, is attached there, and the joining is concealed by a ribbon sash and rosette. The wearer shows further discernment when she obliges the sleeves of her kimono body to match the skirt and cultivates rosebuds here and there. Petals, neck and sleeves are finished by a binding. Use swiss, organdy, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, taffeta, Georgette. Any of the pastel shades are particularly appropriate for the little dress.

7-year size requires 2 yards of fine crêpe voile 40 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to girls 4 to 10 years.

3559—Those quaint flowered materials beg to be made up in a way that is reminiscent of other days. In this case a tunic and a ruffled surplice collar do the trick. There is an elastic in a casing where the straight skirt and tunic join the long body, and the long body lining is marked for a camisole top. The dress slips over the head. Use organdy, swiss, batiste, fine cotton crêpe, etamine, cotton voile, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk voile, foulard or any Spring or Summer material.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards of flowered organdy 44 inches wide and 2⅜ yards of plain organdy 40 inches wide for skirt, vestee and sash. Lower edge 53¾ inches.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3544—10734—A stray dream of the coming Summer inspired this little dress. It has the usual low waistline, at which the straight skirt is attached, and a closing at the back. It slips on over the head. Tucks furnish a demure trimming to the skirt, and a generous sash is tied at both sides. Sprays of flowers appear on the kimono waist and just above the last tuck. They may be worked in eyelets, satin-stitch or French stemming. Use organdy, swiss, batiste, dimity, handkerchief linen, cotton voile, lawn, crêpe de Chine, Georgette.

13-year size requires 3⅝ yards of batiste 36 inches wide and ¼ yard extra batiste 36 inches wide for plaitings.

This dress is becoming to girls 8 to 15 years; it is also nice for juniors.

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How I Added $25 a Week to the Family Income

The story of a mother of two children who became "the best-dressed woman in town" and surprised her husband by her business intuition

By Marjorie Jane Dillingham

MY husband and I were married ten years ago. Jack was 21. I was 18. For a year we were gloriously happy. Jack wasn't earning a large salary—only $30 a week—but in those days that was enough to keep the two of us in a small but comfortable home. Then came the first baby—a cuddly little youngster that we named Dorothy—after my mother.

I had never been a particularly strong girl and for some months after the baby came I was under the doctor's care. Jack had saved a few hundred dollars, but it soon melted away under the rain of bills.

And then—I hate to admit it now—but I began to feel that Jack didn't care for me as much as he used to. Perhaps it was because the cares of motherhood had taken some of the bloom out of my cheeks. Or, perhaps, because I felt we didn't have the money to enable me to primp up as much as in the first years of our marriage.

What worried me the most was that Jack didn't talk things over with me the way he used to. I knew he was worried about making both ends meet—particularly after little Bobbie came into the world in 1914.

THEN one night about a year ago—it seems almost providential when I think back upon it—I did the simple little thing that was to change my entire life.

I was reading over the pages of a magazine when I came across the story of a woman just like myself. She was just the average woman—a woman just like you and me.

The story told how this woman had been just as discouraged as I was and how she had learned at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make for herself at great savings just the kind of pretty and becoming clothes she had always wanted and had earned money sewing for others.

It seemed almost too good to be true, but I decided to find out about it, anyway. So I wrote the Institute. The information I received by return mail was so interesting that I became a member at once and took up Dressmaking.

I didn't say anything to Jack at first, for I wanted to surprise him. And surprise him I did when one night after dinner I slipped into a smart and especially attractive dress and walked into the parlor to greet some friends who had dropped in to see us.

They could hardly believe that I had made such a pretty dress myself. And when I showed them all the other pretty things I had made, they were the most surprised people you ever saw.

And right away one of them wanted me to make just such a dress for her!

After they had gone, Jack put his arm around me as he used to do in the old days and asked me again how it happened.

And then I told him about the Woman's Institute, and how right at home in my spare time, I had learned to make more and prettier clothes than I had ever had, and at a saving of one-half to two-thirds of what I formerly paid.

AND then I told Jack that I was sure I could do sewing for other people and add $20 to $25 a week to his salary. Jack was skeptical at first, as any man might have been, but at last he agreed to let me try.

Today I am making $25 to $30 a week sewing for others in addition to making all of my own and my children's clothes. My husband is as proud as he can be of what he calls my "business intuition," but best of all is the fact that we are now such good pals. We talk over everything together. I really believe he loves me more than when we were married.

I am telling you all this because I am just the average woman. What I have done, with the help of the Woman's Institute, I know you can do, too.

For among the 125,000 members are housewives, mothers, business women, girls at home and in school, and girls in stores, shops and offices—all learning dressmaking or millinery right in their own homes just as successfully as if they were together in a classroom.

IT makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail and it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day, or have household duties that occupy much of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you desire and just when it is convenient.

The Institute's courses are practical, fascinating and complete. They begin with stitches and seams, taking nothing for granted, and proceed by logical steps until you can design, cut, fit, and completely make all kinds of attractive and becoming dresses, suits, wraps, and hats.

You learn the secrets of distinctive dress—how to design and create original dresses; how to copy garments you see in shop windows, on the street, or in fashion magazines; or how to adapt and combine features that make clothes distinctively becoming.

The Institute's courses are so complete that hundreds of students, with absolutely no other preparation, have opened up shops of their own and enjoy large incomes and independence as professional dressmakers or milliners.

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IT tells all about the Woman's Institute. It describes the courses in detail and explains how you, too, can learn, easily and quickly, in spare time at home, to make your own clothes and hats, and dress better at less cost, or prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession.



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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGES 28 and 29



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George moves the dresser

Comedy with a serious side unless something is done to allay the pain of cuts and bruises.

Be ready for either! Absorbine, Jr., is both a liniment and an antiseptic.

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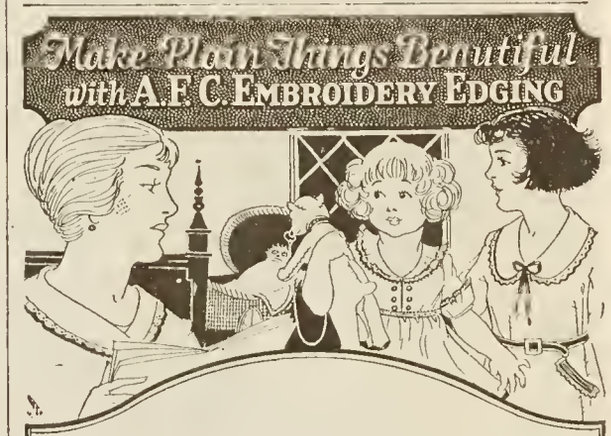
And for the children's *magic bottle,* a trio of good properties recommend it. It is harmless, of a clean odor and non-staining.

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
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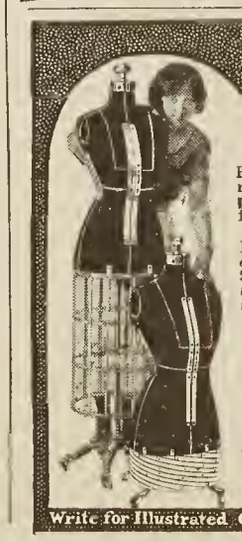
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OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES

ON PAGE 25





3553



3547 3539





3516



3546



3503

3547—3539—Tight little bows finish the puffed sleeves and the smocked neckline of the blouse of this dress. If you like, this slip-over blouse in peasant style may be gathered, tucked or shirred and the sleeves long. The waistline may be low or normal. The tucked straight skirt of the jumper dress joins the jumper at a low waistline; the dress slips over the head and closes at the left underarm. For the blouse use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etc. For the dress use silk crêpe, etc. 36 bust of the blouse, 3547, requires 1¼ yard of 40-inch organdy. 36 bust of the dress, 3539, requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch voile. Lower edge 63 inches.

The blouse is good for ladies 32 to 40 bust; the dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



3556



3540

3553—Just a glance at this lacy Spring frock will start you dreaming of warmer days. Taffeta makes the jumper and the dress slips over the head closing at the left underarm. It has a straight skirt which meets the blouse at the low waistline. The dress may be made with or without a long body lining; provision is made for a camisole top. Use organdy, cotton voile, etc., for the dress.

Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch taffeta for the jumper and binding, 1¾ yard 40-inch lace for the body, 2⅛ yards 20½-inch lace flouncing for the upper ruffle, 3⅝ yards 8½-inch flouncing for the middle and lower ruffle, and 1⅜ yard 36-inch foundation material for the skirt. Lower edge of skirt 49 inches, lowest ruffle 60 inches.

This dress is good for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

3516—10921—This new Spring dress is a remarkable example of the worth of tucks. They are distinctive enough to bar any other trimming save a soft satin sash and the embroidery in front. This slip-over frock closes at the left under the arm. The waistline is low and the skirt is straight. One may have a body lining if one desires. The conventional rose design embroidered on the front is a distinctive additional touch. It may be worked in petals, outline, or chain-stitch. Use organdy, swiss, batiste, handkerchief linen, cotton voile, Georgette, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards of 44-inch organdy, with ribbon for the sash.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3546—Parties mean much more than ice-cream and cake when one can wear the frock that she likes best. To please little girls there are bows of picot ribbon at the sides, and for good measure ribbon wheels decorate the panels and sleeves. This little dress is simple to make. Its one-piece front and back and a straight skirt which meets the kimono side body at a low waistline are good features. Make the dress of organdy, swiss, batiste, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, dimity, handkerchief linen, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, taffeta or pongee. The use of picot ribbon in contrasting colors adds a brighter touch.

Size 12 years will require 2⅜ yards of 40-inch voile with enough ribbon for sashes and the plaited wheels on sleeves and skirt.

This dress is good for girls 8 to 15 years.

3556—The youngest daughter may be a picture of perfection in a petaled frock of soft swiss touched with tiny flowers. The round neck and short sleeves are very becoming to the brunette beauty of a small girl. The petals of the straight ruffled skirt may be picoted in color, which makes a dainty, additional touch. This slip-over dress has a soft fulness at the sides, drawn in with an elastic in a casing and disguised by fabric flowers made of the dress material. Make the dress of any of the lighter materials for Spring as organdy, swiss, batiste, fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, taffeta, Georgette.

Size 12 years requires 3⅛ yards of 36-inch dotted swiss and silk flowers.

This dress is suitable for girls from 8 to 15 years.

3503—The butterfly dress with a soft girdle of field flowers to hint of coming Spring will add to the gaiety of girlhood. She may wear it to junior dances, or even for a graduation frock. Ribbon bows perch on her shoulders with naive grace. This slip-over dress has a straight skirt and the low waistline. If one likes, one may have a long body lining with a camisole top. Suitable materials for the dress are swiss, organdy, cotton voile, batiste, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, Georgette, point d'esprit, etc.

Size 16 years will require 3¼ yards of 36-inch point d'esprit, with ribbon for binding the neck, sleeves, ruffles and the bows on the sleeves. Lower edge of lowest ruffle 2 yards; foundation skirt 54 inches.

This dress is becoming to misses from 16 to 20 years.

3540—10882—A dress of sheer organd is just the sort to please the fastidious tastes of Miss Sixteen. This slip-over dress closes at the left underarm and one may have a blouse body lining if one likes. Front and back panels are loose and the tucked straight skirt meets the kimono body at a low waistline. Touches of color come in the embroidery clusters on front panel and sleeves. It is worked in combination of French knots and outline, satin-stitch or appliqué. Make the dress of organdy, swiss, batiste, etc. Various combinations are possible, as panels and skirt of dotted swiss with body of plain organdy, etc. Lower edge 63 inches.

Size 17 years requires 3⅝ yards of 44-inch organdy with body cut crosswise.

The dress is becoming to misses 15 to 20 years.

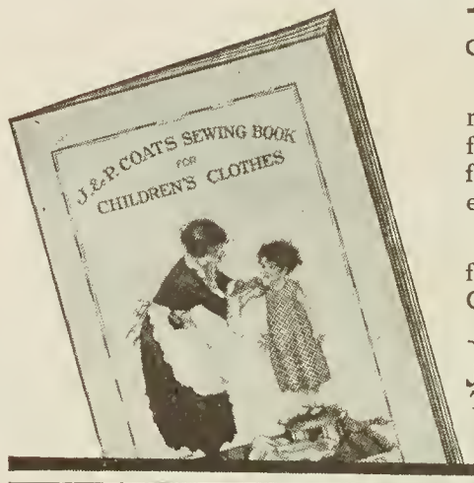


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THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

Fun for the Youngsters Any mother or big sister who has inadvertently passed by the new children's feature, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, in this issue, is urged to turn back now to pages 17 and 18. These two pages, properly folded, cut, and bound, constitute a miniature illustrated periodical which will be found regularly hereafter in THE DELINEATOR.

First cut out the entire page carefully, close to the binding; then fold crosswise in the middle on the ruled line. Next, fold again lengthwise on the other ruled line. The pages are then in their proper order, with the cover outside and "My Little Page" on the back. Now cut across the ruled line that was first folded, thus separating all the pages. Either pin or sew the little magazine together. After it has been done for them once, the young hopefuls of the family will soon learn to cut it out and fold it for themselves.

The Little Delineator What we hope to give the child in your house or your schoolroom or your library, this first number of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR will show in part. The Editor will devote to this small magazine the thoughtful attention that most mothers and many teachers are too busy to give their children.

There will be in every number a reproduction of a beautiful painting that appeals to children. Each month will bring a fascinating nature story. There will be all kinds of stories and fairy tales, nonsense to laugh at, things to make, and contests to sharpen young wits.

Encourage the children to write to their Editor. It will do them good to feel that a grown person in New York takes an interest in them. And, by the way, tell the children that Betty Butterick's letter was delayed in the mails this month. Betty is delighted with the many letters she has received, and has started on her world tour.

When THE LITTLE DELINEATOR has been running four months, the big DELINEATOR will offer fifty dollars in prizes for the best letters from adults containing their own comment upon the magazine and their observation of what the children have enjoyed best and least.

Inspiration for Parents Right in the heart of one of the most populous sections of New York City is Public School 45, a modern structure of huge proportions, covering the larger part of a city block and providing accommodations for four thousand pupils. The principal of this school, Mr. Angelo Patri, author of "Seven Great Sins Against Childhood" in this issue, has achieved nation-wide fame as a molder of children. Mr. Patri was born in Italy, one of a large family, and was brought here when a child. His father, a shoemaker, had a wonderful faith in American institutions. He believed that sound education was the basis of things American, and he made up his mind to give his children the best education obtainable—and he did it on the earnings of a shoemaker.

His was the soul of an idealist, and Angelo Patri has his father's idealism, his fervent love for America—and for children. Angelo Patri can't help fathering every child that crosses his path. It was his love of children, his ardent desire to help them, that made him a school-teacher, and he subordinates everything else to his work. He works, eats, dreams child-training. His one big hobby is that every child is good basically, that what we call badness is only misdirected energy, misinterpretation of the child's motives by grown-ups. He also believes that every child has his gift, and that, if we were rational in our treatment of children, every child would be allowed to develop that gift—we would cease trying to mold all children alike as peas in a pod in our schools and at home.

It is a pleasure to announce that another article by Mr. Patri, equally interesting and inspiring, will appear in THE DELINEATOR for March.

The Banshee Man The author of "To Beat the Banshee," when asked to tell our readers something about himself, compressed his autobiography into the following brief note: "Born up here in Traverse City, Michigan, in 1888. They put up with me for three years at the University of Michigan, but instead of a diploma I drew a diagnosis of tuberculosis. To play safe, I took a whirl at Arizona for one Winter. The change and the time on my hands took me into the magazines. For several years I prowled around mining, punching cattle, and any old thing that would supply ideas for yarns with Western settings. Commenced writing stories about Lake Michigan and the Michigan cut-over lands—a great field. I'm enthusiastic about it. I knock about with the commercial fishermen and spend a great deal of my time in the woods. I have two great luxuries, a wife and daughter. I have one major vice—fly-fishing for trout, and several minor ones, such as duck-shooting, fruit culture, reforestation, and reading Joseph Conrad."

Among the Immortals Madame Curie's modest autobiography omits mention of one signal honor that more than anything else will help make her name immortal. The official scientific designation of the unit of radioactivity is named in her honor the *curie*, and the degree of radioactivity is expressed in millicuries, centicuries, and so on up the metric-system scale. In selecting Madame Curie's name, scientific bodies have followed the well-established custom that accounts for the introduction of such words as ohm, watt, ampere, etc., into our language—all of them the names of inventors or discoverers.

Where Men Do the Sewing A tribute to the men needleworkers of far-off Asia comes to us from a DELINEATOR reader now residing in Colorado Springs. "I was born," she writes, "on 'India's coral strand,' near where the 'spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,' and when I was a mere infant in Madura, the city of temples in Madras Presidency, the clothing of all our family (and we all dressed in India mull) was made by hand by native tailors, who came to the house and sat cross-legged on our broad veranda and sewed. Most exquisite needlemen they were—I only wish I could send you samples. Their infants' wear would delight the heart of the most fastidious layette-makers, and some of their creations I have never seen equaled anywhere.

"For some years after coming to this country my mother kept a dress all made by her native Hindu tailor. I was taught to copy the beautiful stitches until I could make a pretty good imitation. The dress was sheer white lawn, tucked to the waist in wee tucks about a third of an inch wide, and skirts trailed those days. Incidentally, our native servants made two dollars a month each, and never ate a bite in the house!"

A Spur to Ingenuity Probably because it is an ingenious device in itself, the Deltor seems to bring out any latent ingenuity in those who come in close and familiar contact with it. At any rate, there are already on record several authentic anecdotes that lend support to that pleasant theory. There is the case of a pattern demonstrator traveling from the San Francisco Butterick headquarters, a woman who has spent much of her spare time doing Americanization work in South Berkeley.

"One branch of my work was a sewing class," she writes, "entirely composed of foreign women—Italians, Portuguese, Mexicans, Austrians, and occasionally a Finnish woman. I could give the required explanations in Spanish and Portuguese, but with the other languages it was very difficult. I decided to try out the Deltor to see if we could demonstrate by the picture and the pattern what we were unable to convey by words. The idea worked out satisfactorily, and many garments were made which could not have been explained without some such help."

Outshining the Midnight Sun Another similar example of resourcefulness comes from the exclusive distributor of Butterick patterns in the Scandinavian countries. When he first saw the Deltor, he was immediately struck with its sales possibilities. To have special Deltors made up here, with directions printed in the languages of his territory, would consume more time than he cared to wait. So confident was he that the Deltors could be understood from the pictures alone that he ordered a supply at once, and reports that his faith was rewarded by subsequent sales.

The success of this happy thought warranted his printing a little manual of English sewing terms with their equivalents in Norse, Swedish, and Danish, with the result that home dressmakers in the countries where these languages are spoken are rapidly acquiring a smattering of English.

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

WELL, here we are again—none the worse for wear after our début in last month's issue. ✿ ✿ ✿ From the top of the barrel we seize this month's prize item, winner of the hexagonal rolling-pin. ✿ ✿ ✿ The doughty sheriff of Bergen County, New Jersey, *Joseph Kingsley*, is in a quandary because out of forty women summoned to appear for jury duty twenty-seven have either written or telephoned excuses—all of them legally invalid. ✿ ✿ ✿ One woman telephoned to know if she could not just as well attend court Thursday or Friday because she baked Wednesdays. ✿ ✿ ✿ She said she would be through by luncheon-time and would run over in the afternoon. ✿ ✿ ✿ Another wrote: "Wednesday is my little girl's birthday and I am giving a party for her. The cake is all baked and everything. Please tell the judge and I am sure he will realize my position." ✿ ✿ ✿ Another explains that she is having her hair "permanent waved" on Wednesday afternoon. ✿ ✿ ✿ "It costs twenty-five dollars," writes the young woman, "and I have paid in advance. If I am not there, he will begin on some one else, so you see how impossible it is for me to come under the circumstances." ✿ ✿ ✿ Wall-paper was first used in *Spain* and *Holland* about 1550. ✿ ✿ ✿ We are writing this in peace and quiet for a change. ✿ ✿ ✿ All the lady editors have been carried out on doors after reading the scorching comments from readers on "Why I Wouldn't Marry the Modern Girl" and "Why I Wouldn't Marry the Modern Man." ✿ ✿ ✿ Some of them smoked—the letters, we mean, not the lady editors. ✿ ✿ ✿ We are unmoved by all the pother. ✿ ✿ ✿ Our position demands that we preserve a nice discretion on the subject of the modern girl. ✿ ✿ ✿ We don't mind telling the world and the island of Yap that we like her as long as she's aloof—the aloofer the better. ✿ ✿ ✿ We are a follower of *Walt Whitman* to the extent that we find no flesh so sweet as that which clings to our own poor bones. ✿ ✿ ✿ A woman depositor in the *Boston Five-Cents Savings Bank* wanted to withdraw part of her savings. ✿ ✿ ✿ The cashier refused because her account had been attached. ✿ ✿ ✿ The woman was furious and a scene ensued. ✿ ✿ ✿ She threatened to sue the bank, then stormed out and roused her neighbors. ✿ ✿ ✿ A run was started on the bank. ✿ ✿ ✿ Three hundred depositors withdrew a total of one hundred and five thousand dollars in three hours. ✿ ✿ ✿ Handkerchiefs were first manufactured in Scotland in 1743. ✿ ✿ ✿ We shudder to think of those other 1742 years. ✿ ✿ ✿ The Pittsburgh *Leader* reports finding the perfect husband. ✿ ✿ ✿ He is City Magistrate *John Kochendorfer*, who gives six thousand of his eight-thousand-dollar salary to his wife. ✿ ✿ ✿ Three-fourths of a man's income is not, he says, too much for a wife to receive. ✿ ✿ ✿ He adds—unnecessarily: "Our home is a happy one." ✿ ✿ ✿ That girl *Pansy*, in Mr. Galsworthy's story, interests us. ✿ ✿ ✿ She knows "it is genteel to be thin and elegant, and yet," we read, "instinct told her strength and firmness of flesh had been desirable before ever gentility existed." ✿ ✿ ✿ We predict wide popularity for *Pansy* among the plump beauties in the diet squad. ✿ ✿ ✿ A gown worn by *John Wesley*, founder of Methodism, has been discovered in England. ✿ ✿ ✿ It is more than one hundred and twenty years old, of heavy material, with flowers and horses woven on it. ✿ ✿ ✿ *Doctor Arthur D. Little*, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has succeeded in making a silk purse out of a sow's ear. ✿ ✿ ✿ We mean, literally; he is a chemist, not a teacher in a girls' finishing school. ✿ ✿ ✿ The purse, of fine weave and beautiful color, was on exhibition at the Exposition of Chemical Industries in New York. ✿ ✿ ✿ The porker's ears were first reduced to glue of the same consistency as the viscous liquid used by the silkworm. The rest was easy. ✿ ✿ ✿ To while away the dull hours until "Mix and Serve" appears again, turn back to "What Kind of Woman Am I?" (Page 16.) ✿ ✿ ✿ Read it and ponder. ✿ ✿ ✿ Far be it from us to suggest that you send it as a Valentine to some lady who needs it. ✿ ✿ ✿ That is the sort of thing for which we are constantly being disciplined, and we must reform if we expect permission to print some choice items assembled for your edification next month.



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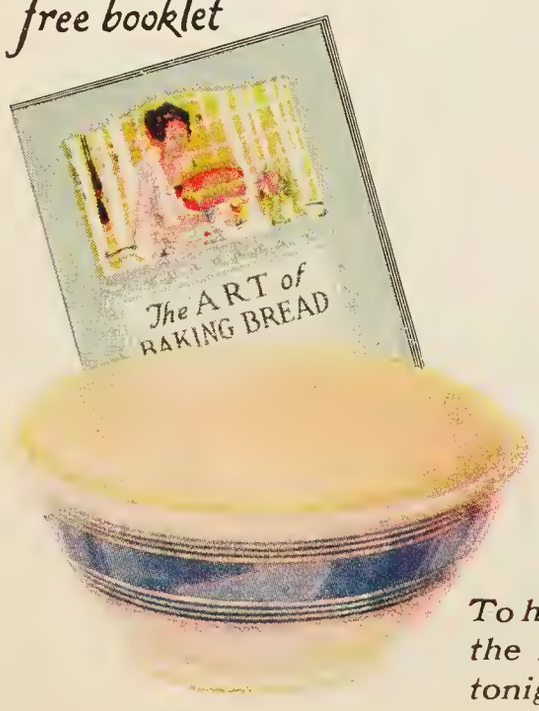
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THE DELINEATOR



MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

WORDS IN SAND

THERE are twenty-two thousand homeless Russians living in what was once a prison barracks in Czecho-Slovakia. They are without comforts. There is no beauty or stability in the structures around them. They have no schoolhouses.

But their children go to school.

They have no clothes except those which the women have remade from discarded uniforms.

They are sure of only one meal a day—and that is provided by Mr. Hoover's committee.

But their children go to school.

They have no equipment. But they have minds. Talented men and women without homes and almost without hope are educating these children. Each mind in that camp gives its best to the children. Engineers, musicians, artists, physicians, linguists and writers give all the wealth in their mental storehouses to these homeless children.

A twelve-year-old Russian boy recently wrote the following letter in English to an American lady who had sent supplies to their refugee camp:

"DEAR MADAME:

"I have the honor to thank you in the names of the other girls and boys in this camp for the supplies you send us. We are very obligated to you for the slates. Paper and crayons is difficult and sometimes not possible to get. In the good weather we have worked out our mathematical problems with a stick in the sand. The young children have learned their letters and numbers that way. But the slates are much better. We can then work at any time. It is like the tablets of old Egypt. We have begun our world again. Please accept our gratefulness for the maps. With maps and slates we can learn many things."

They have indeed begun their world again, and they are building of the enduring things.

Once we of America began our world. We were building the permanent things. We had our eyes on the stars and our feet on solid earth. Some of our first settlers wrote in the sand but molded in steel.

We need new values in education. There was a time when we sought and found great teachers.

During the past fifty years we have gone through a brick-and-mortar period. We have built great structures, which is right and proper. But we have laid emphasis on equipment rather than minds. The best buildings that money could buy have been put up at our universities and preparatory schools. The best brains that money can employ have frequently been left out of the educational program.

We can learn a lesson from that barracks school.

WAS THE WORLD MADE FOR MEN?

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON, the author of "If Winter Comes," has written another great book. It is the story of a woman's life. It is called "This Freedom," and is the story of a woman who from childhood believes the world was made for men.

It is more than a stirring tale. This book is the crystallized philosophy of modern life—and back of it is a big purpose.

Most of the men who have read the manuscript of this novel have resented it. Every woman who has read it has said: "It is what is in every woman's soul. It pictures the innermost impulses of women's hearts, which are rarely revealed to the men who influence our lives."

Every woman who reads "This Freedom" will see in it something of her own life, her own aspirations, her own triumphs and defeats.

The making of a great book needs more than fine writing, more than a knowledge of life or even the gift of the story-teller. It must have all of these things and a purpose behind it. It must carry a fine philosophy, wit, humor, pathos—all the emotions that ride the human being.

"David Copperfield" was produced to awaken a conscience in the people, and it became immortal. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a call to the soul of a nation. It was the greatest book of its generation, because it influenced its time and left a constructive work behind it.

Since his childhood Mr. Hutchinson has been a keen and a sympathetic observer of the economic and social changes which have come. Back of this change was the psychology that he interprets in "This Freedom." The powerful human story he has written will, we predict, while the English language remains, provoke the laughter and the tears of the women in the world.

THE DELINEATOR has for over a year been negotiating for the publication of this second great book by Mr. Hutchinson. "This Freedom" will begin in THE DELINEATOR next month.

THE WOMAN WHO HAS LIVED

By MADAME ROCHÉ

It is easier to close a prodigal hand than to open a miserly fist.

It is a far greater trial to feel that happiness is within one's reach and one can not grasp it, than to have lost it completely and forever.

I have more admiration for the philosopher who patiently untangles the Gordian knot than for an Alexander who cuts it brutally with one stroke of his sword.

Certain smiles are full of kisses.

Nothing gives us a frenzy for living like the knowledge that some one wants us to die.

We foresee everything except what really happens.

I should have gladly married a blind man. Think of being everything, absolutely everything, to the man one loves, even daylight!

If every one had the courage to set a good example, according to his lights and in his own circle, that would be sufficient to reform the world.

We console ourselves for our broken bubbles by blowing other bubbles.

Real solitude is not to be alone, but to expect no one.

WHEN BRIAND STAMMERED

A BEAUTIFUL example of courtesy was shown recently by Premier Briand of France during a ceremony at which he conferred a medal of honor upon an American soldier. Monsieur Briand does not speak English; the American soldier spoke no French. The boy had, however, learned a little French speech. But when he rose before the distinguished audience, the French words deserted him. He began, got through the first sentence, stuttered in the second, hesitated, reached into his mind in vain for the rest of the foreign words—and then finished his thanks in English.

The expression of the face of the French Premier never changed. When the boy had finished speaking, Monsieur Briand began a few English words he had learned: "I have a great affection for your country and a veneration for—" He hesitated—and finished in French.

It was a delicate way to make the soldier feel that the Premier of France was as poorly equipped in the soldier's language as the soldier had been in French. And this is manners. Back of that kind act was solely a desire to make a fellow being more comfortable.

KINDNESS DOES NOT KILL

WHEN Marshal Foch visited Governor Sproul at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Mrs. Lyman D. Gilbert, the well-beloved philanthropist, said:

"I am afraid, Marshal Foch, you will be killed by kindness."

The great soldier smiled and then said earnestly: "Never, madame. It is not kindness which kills, but misfortune."

"DANCERS IN THE DARK"

A READER of THE DELINEATOR, the father of five children, put down "Dancers in the Dark," and said to the editor: "That isn't typical of anything in this country. *My* children are certainly not like that. Except in the movies, I'll bet they never heard of such people."

The editor of THE DELINEATOR replied: "You have a boy in college. He is a fine boy and a truthful one. Ask him to read 'Dancers in the Dark' and tell you what he knows about this side of present-day life. Ask him if he would be willing for his sister to go without her mother to college proms."

A week later the father of that boy came to our office. It had been a terrible week in his life. He had come to realize that he did not know his own children. He had not understood the life they were living, any more than did these young people themselves. The sophistication of it appalled him. He admitted that his son had said he would not want his young sister to attend a prom carelessly chaperoned.

The young people of to-day already know the story of "Dancers in the Dark." Miss Speare has written it with the hope that it will reach nodding parents.

A CORRECTION

WE PUBLISHED last month on this page an article by Mr. Nicholas Roosevelt, who will from time to time write articles for THE DELINEATOR on international affairs. Through an error we indicated that Mr. Roosevelt is now an instructor of history at Harvard University, whereas since the war he has been engaged in diplomatic work and has done editorial writing on history-making events for leading journals.

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 102



IN THE OLD-FASHIONED HOSPITALITY NOW IN VOGUE NOT ONLY THE WHITE HOUSE GATES BUT THE DOORS STAND OPEN

WHITE HOUSE PARTIES

Official Washington follows time-honored rules and precedents

By MARGARET WADE

The Dean of Washington Society Editors

THOSE old Washingtonians who have seen administrations come and go are particularly impressed by the old-fashioned hospitality that is now the vogue at the White House. This, barring illness or accident, is likely to lead to a new standard of American entertaining. Not only the gates but the doors to the White House stand open; and, as a consequence, Mrs. Harding is welcoming one hundred or more visitors each week to the Blue Room or the Red Room.

The Red Room is the family drawing-room. It is the smallest of the three formal apartments, between the huge East Room, where Mistress Abigail Adams used to have the family wash hung to dry, and the state dining-room in the southwest corner of the house.

It was in the Red Room that Mrs. Woodrow Wilson received Mrs. Harding one January evening; and here is where Mrs. Harding received Mrs. Woodrow Wilson on the afternoon of March twenty-first, 1921.

Both of these occasions deserve to be recorded as historic. For in each case the hostess received alone and the guest came and went unattended. The same tea-table stood in the same corner near the broad window overlooking the south garden, and on each occasion the Mistress of the Mansion poured the tea from the same Colonial silver teapot into the same dainty white-and-gold cups—the only difference being in the changed relations of Mrs. Warren G. Harding and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

THE procedure for the average visitor seeking to call on the President's wife is first to leave a card at the big front door. Every card is supposed to be duly cataloged and ultimately acknowledged by an invitation to garden-party, reception, musicale, or tea. Invitations to dinner are decided by official reasons, in which the invitation seeks the guest.

Following the leaving of the card or cards, one of her own and two of her husband's, as he is supposed to be calling on the President and the President's wife, the visiting lady goes home and writes a note to the social secretary, or, if the acquaintance warrants it, to the President's wife, asking if she may have the honor of calling in person.

These written requests are rarely denied, the custom of past administrations, as well as of to-day, being to send an engraved card, bearing the seal of the United States and the name of the President's wife. Cards now in use say:

MRS. HARDING

WILL BE GLAD TO RECEIVE

_____

ON_____AFTERNOON

AT_____O'CLOCK

The name, day, date, and hour are written in ink.

IN THE matter of dinner-parties the guests for four formal functions are prescribed by custom and precedent so deeply rooted that a discriminating person, with even one congressional session to his or her credit, can forecast the list of guests at each of the four dinners as well as the social secretary.

The first dinner of each season is in compliment to the Cabinet, with the Vice-President and his wife included.

The second dinner is to the chiefs of embassies and legations—the ambassadors, ministers, and *chargés des affaires*—of the forty-odd nations maintaining diplomatic relations with the United States. There is great latitude in making up this dinner-party, to which the host and hostess usually invite half a dozen maidens or widows as partners for bachelors or detached envoys. An invitation to a state dinner at the White House is about the greatest compliment that can be paid a woman.

The third dinner is in compliment to the Chief Justice of the United States, with the Associate Justices and their wives making up this company, which also includes the Attorney-General and his wife, just as the Secretary of State and his wife are included in the diplomatic dinner.

The Speaker's dinner concludes the official program. This important function—for state dinners are functions—owes its creation to that most popular of Speakers, Joseph G. Cannon, and its present place on the official schedule to William H. Taft. Previous to the Taft administration Mr. Cannon made a precedent of his own by declining not one but three invitations to dine at the White House—the reason being that the gentleman from Danville, Illinois, maintained that, as chief of the greatest legislative body in the world, he could not accept a place at table below the several officials who would outrank him in the respective companies to which he was invited.

President and Mrs. Roosevelt, seeing the justice of Mr. Cannon's objection, inaugurated the plan of a special dinner in compliment to the Speaker—but after the close of the official season. To this invitation Mr. Cannon sent a prompt acceptance; while society regarded the matter as personal between two friends of the same party. When President Taft came to the White House, he went still further, and in the season of 1909-10 made the Speaker's dinner a part of the official program, where it has remained ever since.

There are, of course, other dinner-parties at the White House, personal compliments from the President to some visiting dignitary, as in the case of President Harding's dinner to the former Premier of France, M. Réné Viviani.

The Viviani dinner was taken as a sign that the Hardings' official dinners will be as small as possible, not as large as possible, as was the case in the McKinley administration, when Prince Albert of Belgium, as he was then, was seated at a table extending the entire length of the house, with members of the President's household and young people of the Cabinet circle added to the already long official list.

ANOTHER combination of pomp and democracy inseparable from entertaining royalty in a republic was the dinner that President and Mrs. Roosevelt gave in honor of Prince Henry of Prussia. Two Cabinet officers of that day, Mr. Payne of Milwaukee and Mr. Hitchcock of St. Louis, each escorted to that famous party the leading brewer of his respective city.

The President and his wife neither make nor return calls in their official character, although most Presidents and always the President's wife, avail themselves of the personal privilege of dropping in on old friends.

One well-established though unwritten rule is that the Chief Executive shall never under any circumstances accept the hospitality of a foreign embassy or legation. Even this wise law has occasionally been broken, both Roosevelt and Taft having made exceptions on rare occasions.

Each season members of the Cabinet entertain in turn, in the order of their departments, in compliment to their chief. These so-called Cabinet dinners are weekly

Concluded on page 78

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Camden, N. J.



Are your blouses giving you service like this?

Actual photograph showing the unworn appearance of a hand-made and hand-embroidered ecru georgette blouse trimmed with ecru filet, after 50 washings with Ivory Flakes and proportionate wear. Blouse and letter from original owner on file in the Procter & Gamble offices.

50 washings —no breaks, even in the hand drawn work —no loss of color, even in the ecru filet

THE ecru georgette blouse in the picture —photographed *after* 50 washings with Ivory Soap Flakes—shows the service you can get from your georgettes and silks, if you give them the right kind of care.

The right kind of care consists of frequent, harmless washings to prevent the acids in soil and perspiration from drying in and rotting the material.

To be harmless, these washings must be rubless because rubbing roughens and splits silken fabrics. The water must only be lukewarm, since hot water dulls the lustre of silk and fades delicate colors. And, of course, the soap must be pure, because free alkali and other harsh chemicals do more harm to silk fibre and delicate colors than perspiration acids, hot water, and rubbing, combined.

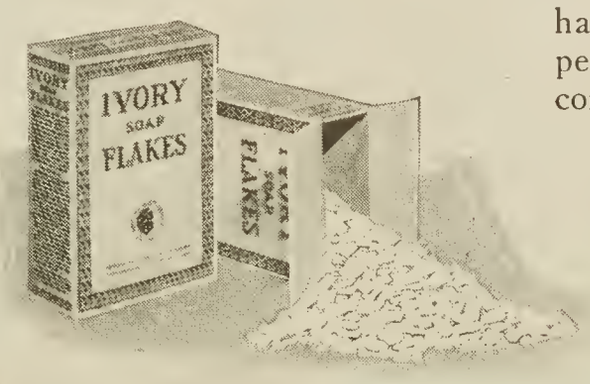
To meet all these requirements, it simply is necessary to use Ivory Soap Flakes. Ivory Flakes melts into suds at the touch of warm water—makes the cleansing of a blouse or a piece of lingerie the work of just a few minutes in the bathroom washbowl.

It is so efficient that it does not need hot water to help it clean. It makes rubbing unnecessary—first because there is no solid soap to be rubbed out of the fabric, and second because its suds are so rich they really dissolve the dirt so that rinsing carries it away.

Most important, you know that you can trust the most expensive silks to its quick-cleansing lather, because it is nothing but a concentrated form of genuine Ivory Soap — the safest soap the world ever has known for fine laundry work.

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and book of directions for the care of garments too fine for the family wash. Address Section 17-CF, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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For the rubless washing of silks, wools, georgettes, and all fine fabrics.

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NO CHILD IS REALLY BAD

If you give him a bad name, prepare to take the consequences

By ANGELO PATRI

The Sins of Childhood

are too often natural clashes with the settled grown-ups' order. Remember that before you call Tommy a "bad child" because he runs away to the swimming-hole. Mr. Patri never forgets the stuff of which childhood is made—mischief, fun, imagination. That is the secret of his success as principal of the model New York public school. In this series of articles THE DELINEATOR is placing his experience and understanding at the service of every father and mother who take seriously their jobs as parents.

WHO'S bad? You think you know a child who might answer to the description? You don't. Nobody's bad in childhood. Nobody! Not even when he breaks your windows, punctures your tires, rings your door-bell at unseemly hours, and jeers at your discomfort and distress.

Not even when he "hates school," wishes he was an orphan so that he could have "a little fun once in a while." Not even when he defiantly says "I won't" to your "Must."

Not even when he breaks through and takes what is not his own, and stoutly maintains a point of view that is purely the product of his rich imagination, is he "bad."

One day there was an uproar outside my office door. Scuffling feet, smothered exclamations, bumps, proclaimed the fact that some one was being propelled along the corridor sorely against his will.

A struggling group appeared in the doorway, Mickie in the midst. There were the officer, the janitor, and the candy man, all perspiring, talking, gesticulating. There was Mickie, rumpled and tousled, but still full of fight.

"It's this, sir," said the officer. "This young rascal annoys the shopkeepers all along the street. He's a nuisance. I've warned him, and I've warned his father, but he doesn't stop. Not him. He goes from bad to worse until now doesn't he cap the climax by stealing the alarm-clock off from the candy man's counter."

"An alarm-clock!" I stammered. "What in the world did he want of an alarm-clock?" Mickie generally confined his depredations to eatables.

"What did he want of it? I don't know. But this one thing I do know, and that's not two: He'll have to be answerable to the judge for his rasci-al-i-ty this time," said the officer all in a breath. "Stealin's stealin'. I'll turn him over to you until I have talked to his father."

Left to ourselves, I confronted Mickie. "This is a nice mess. What is this story about an alarm-clock?"

Finally I got the story. Every day the teacher had kept him in. "'Stay until four o'clock!' he said; and then he went to sleep and I never got out till five, hardly."

"You mean you sat quietly while your teacher was asleep?"

"Yes. He kept me in," said Mickie. "If I made any noise and woke him up, he made me stay longer. I was afraid the janitor would go home and leave him there all night, so I had to stay."

"Just so," I answered, amazed at this mixture of innocence and sophistication.

"So we made it up to steal it and hide it under his desk, and set it for four o'clock, and it would go off and he'd jump. Just for fun."

You shake your head and say: "Bad, bad. 'Twas not so in my day. There must be more discipline. There must be greater respect for age and authority."

Not so in your day? Does memory hold no trace of hot rebellious tears? No glimpse of stolen treats in moonlit orchards? No ripple of fun at the thought of official dignity stubbing its toe against the hidden brick while you peeped through the friendly lattice? Don't you ever shiver with relief when you think about the things you know about yourself that no one else has ever found out?

IN THE light of experience, your little excursions into pleasant places that lay a bit off the strait and narrow road are seen to have been dangerous. Fear takes possession of your soul, and you are on guard for the children.

Very good. But, remember, there are certain things children must do if they are to be real children—things they do as naturally as the birds fly and the ducks swim; and these things you must not prohibit, even if you shiver with apprehension at the bare idea.

It is June. The sun is warm over a world of blue and green and gold. The river shimmers below in the valley. School is out. With a shout and a "Hurrah, boys!" the lads head for the swimming-hole. All but your lad.

"Come on, Stan; come on. Aren't you comin'?" his chum shouts.

"Nope. I can't. Pa said I wasn't to go."

"Aw, come on. He used to go swimmin' himself. With my dad. Come on." And Stan goes and swims with the rest. Only not so joyously. He's afraid you will be angry and punish him. But he had to go.

Don't you *see* he had to go? The boy who doesn't learn to swim, doesn't learn to answer to the call of the river glinting in the Summer sun, isn't worth his salt. It's as natural for him to "go in" as it is for the ducks. Your prohibition was a challenge to his boyhood. He wasn't a "bad," "disobedient," "ungrateful" boy. He was a boy following the call of his kind.

"DON'T you play another game of marbles, young man. You have worn the knees out of every pair of pants you have, and your stockings are awful. Now, remember; I forbid you to play marbles."

"I saw you climbing the tree in front of the school to-day. Never do that again. Want to break your neck? No more of it. Now, remember. Now, I want you to quit that climbing before you are killed."

"What's the matter with your eye? Who did that? Fighting again! Haven't I forbidden you to fight? If I've told you once I've told you a thousand times that nobody but a ruffian fights—dogs and cats. Stand still till I wash you. Lucky your nose isn't broken. Your father will have something to say about this, young man. This fighting has got to stop. Don't you lift your hand to another boy as long as you live."

"I want you to keep away from those boys. You'll soon be as bad as they are. You're bad enough without any help. I don't want to see you with that gang again. If you can't find any better company, stay by yourself. Why don't you pick out a nice, clean boy once in a while? The rougher they are, the better you seem to like them."

Now, what's the use? This is a *boy* you are talking to, and he must play marbles, must climb trees, must play with the fellows. When you order him to do none of these things you are challenging him to disobey you.

Better set the stage for the things he is bound to do, and make sure they are done under the best possible conditions. Then stand back and let him grow up.

Poor children! They make blundering work of this growing up. They are forced to grope their way about a world of elderly people who have crystallized their thoughts, their habits, and their comforts into a fixed code.

This code has been formed for their own convenience, and the children know nothing about it. It leaves the

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THE DEPRESSING PARLOR WITH ITS HIDEOUS CARPET AND MARBLE-TOPPED TABLES

LAFAYETTE SQUARE

One of a series of stories about Washington life

By FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

Wife of the Senior Senator from New Hampshire

ON A Sunday morning in early July, as hot and humid as such mornings can be only in Washington, a young girl shut the black-walnut front door with its etched-glass windows slowly behind her and went down the steps of the house where she lived. It was a tall, flat, narrow brownstone house, wedged in between a gift-shop and a tea-room—representing the genteel form of trade that first dares to insinuate itself into aristocratic sections of a city—and still seemed as subtly aloof from its neighbors as an austere elderly woman suddenly jostled by a pair of painted soubrettes. Across the street, where two or three cheap motor-cars were standing, looking as disconsolately dingy as if they too had been affected by the heat, and where one shabby and antiquated victoria was wheeling mournfully past, lay a little park, its trees drooping under boughs laden with heavy, dusty, dark-green leaves.

The girl glanced quickly about as if trying to discover an empty bench where she might sit down. There was none. Men and women, in every possible stage of disorder and discomfort, were sprawling everywhere. Babies, sticky and sleepless, wailed from baby-carriages drawn up against the seats from which their parents jerked them listlessly back and forth. Older children hurled themselves against their mothers' laps and then sank fretfully down on the gravel, munching ice-cream cones. The prospect seemed as hopeless as it was revoltingly disgusting.

AT LAST, probably because it was half hidden by shrubbery, the girl discovered a settee where only a solitary man, dressed in palm-beach cloth and looking almost uncannily cool and crisp in the midst of the torrid disorder about him, sat reading a newspaper. She hesitated, glanced back at the brownstone house as if to be sure that no one was watching her, and then walked over toward the sheltered bench. The man glanced up from his paper, nodded pleasantly, moved a little nearer one end of the bench, and went on reading. The girl sat down beside him.

She was very young—not more than eighteen or nineteen; but her pretty little white face, under the heavy braids of dark hair wound around her head, was drawn and lined with a fatigue that seemed closely akin to suffering. Her thin little hands, clasped in her lap, twisted and untwisted a cheap cotton handkerchief back and forth between her fingers. She was hatless, and her white blouse and skirt were of the flimsiest variety of "ready-made." Even her white stockings were of coarse cotton, and her little white canvas shoes ill shaped and shabby. For some time she sat silently staring ahead of her, twisting the little handkerchief. Then, without a particle of warning, she suddenly and vehemently burst into tears.

The man beside her threw his crackling newspaper to the ground and turned toward her in alarm.

"FOR heaven's sake," he exclaimed, "what's the matter? Are you—are you hurt or something?"

He received no immediate answer. It was not until, very much embarrassed, he had begun to wonder whether he had better repeat his question or depart that she sobbed out a reply.

"I'm not hurt," she gasped; "I'm—I'm hot!"

"You're *hot!*" he said, more puzzled than ever. "Why, of course you're hot! You don't cry, do you, whenever you feel hot in Washington? If you do, you must spend about six months out of every twelve in tears!"

The girl dabbled at her eyes, blew her nose softly and looked up with almost a suggestion of a smile on her white lips. "No," she said, "I don't usually cry about anything. But these last few days seem to have been unusually hard, someway. I haven't been out of the house in a week—and there's been nothing to do in it except sit and think how hot I was. Do you ever do that?"

"No; I'm too busy."

"Well, there doesn't seem to be anything for me to be busy *about!* And at last I couldn't stand it any longer, so I came out here—and this is hotter still!"

It looked very much as if she were going to begin to cry again. The man gazed at her attentively for a minute, and then suddenly asked: "How would you like to go for a ride out in the country? That ought to cool you off."

"With—with whom?"

"Why, with me. I was just going to start myself. I only sat down here to read the paper first. You'll excuse my saying so, but you do look very ill and tired—I'm sure it would do you good to come. Please do!"

The color that suddenly flooded the girl's face seemed all the more vivid because she had been so pale before.

"I suppose it was natural that you should say such a thing to me," she said, looking him full in the face, "because I came out here alone and sat down beside you and—and answered when you spoke to me. And—because I'm dressed the way I am. But I'm not—I'm a lady."

"I'm sure you are," said the man, smiling, "or I shouldn't have asked you to go out to ride with me."

"You don't understand yet," she said rather desperately. "I'm not a—a shop-girl, or a telephone-operator, or anything like that, who's had to 'lay off' because she was sick. I'm Camilla Montgomery."

"Camilla Montgomery," repeated the man, still smiling. "That's a pretty name. But—" Then suddenly it dawned upon him that he had heard—that more than once it had been remarked— He glanced from the shabby little figure beside him to the gaunt old brownstone house across the way. "You mean," he said, "one of the Montgomerys of Virginia? Your grandfather was Secretary of State, wasn't he, or something of the sort? And he and your parents are dead, and you live with your grandmother in the old family house in Lafayette Square?"

The girl nodded. "And so——"

"AND so I shouldn't have asked you to go to ride with me?" There was no doubt about it, the man had a remarkably nice smile, and nice eyes, crinkly and brown, that smiled too, and a fresh, ruddy color. "I wonder why I've never met you before?"

"Well," said she, a little haughtily, "you wouldn't be likely to, would you? Of course, we are dreadfully poor—you probably know that, since you seem to know all the rest; but still, we're——"

"You're 'cave-dwellers,' and I'm an outsider. Is that it?"

Camilla flushed again. "Yes. I'm sure you're awfully nice—I can see that. But grandmother— What do you do?"

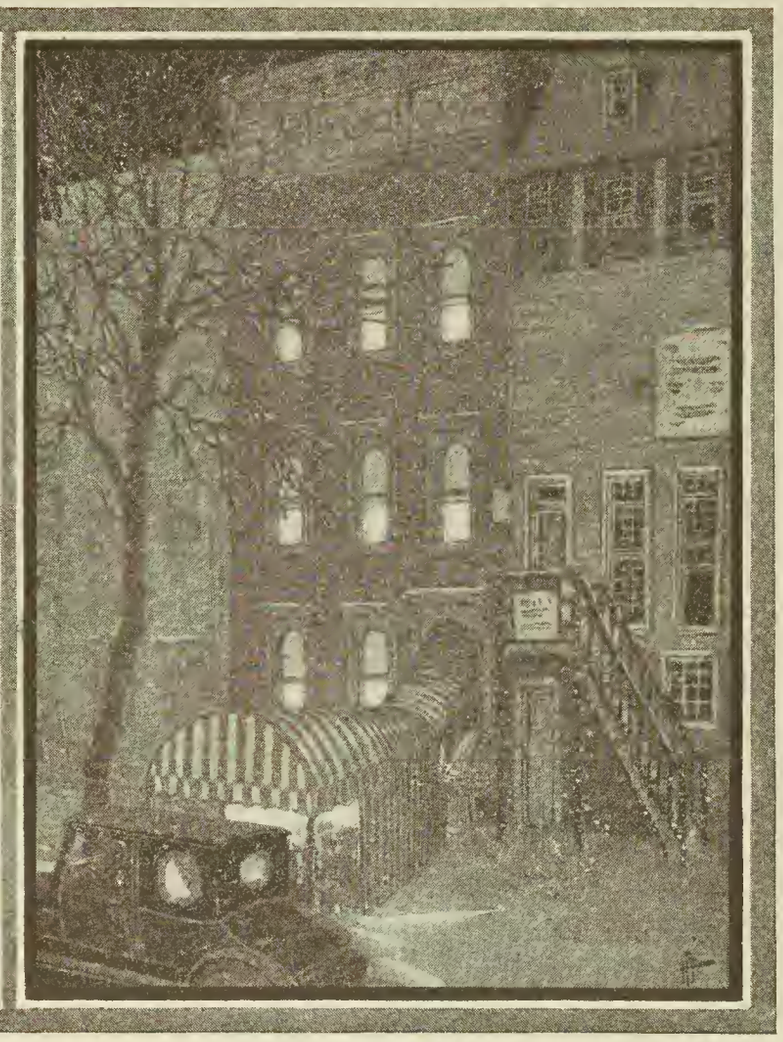
The man became rather vague. "Oh, I work for the government."

"I thought you probably did. There's no one left in Washington at this time of year except the poor government clerks."

"And 'cave-dwellers.' "

"Only the poor ones. The others—the ones who have stopped dwelling in Lafayette Square and gone up to New Hampshire Avenue and Sixteenth Street *really to live*—are all in the country. I can't afford to go to the country, not even for a week-end visit. It takes too many clothes."





WITH NEW FURNITURE AND RUGS, FORMAL DINNERS AND GAY DANCES

"I suppose," said the poor government clerk thoughtfully, "that you had just received a perfectly wonderful invitation for this very Sunday, when it suddenly began to seem to you so hot you couldn't stand it? And that you've sat indoors wishing and wishing that you could manage it, and not even telling your grandmother that the invitation had come, because that would make her feel badly too, knowing you couldn't go, and so—well, finally you came out here and sat down on a bench and cried."

CAMILLA nodded. "Yes—how did you guess? The invitation was from Liza Harrison—Justice Harrison's daughter, you know—for Bar Harbor. *Bar Harbor!* Just think how cool it is there! She's my best friend, always asking me to do nice things, and I never can. I can't even go to balls with her in the Winter. Tulle is so expensive in the first place, and then, it just *melts* when you dance. And she has lots of beaus—and—and all that sort of thing—and I never have any! I don't see what any man would want to call on me *for!* The parlor would depress any man that wasn't over ninety! It has a hideous carpet, and marble-topped tables, and portraits of the Montgomerys back to the time of Charles the Second—most of them very plain—on the walls. And the back parlor has no windows at all in it—and there are stuffed birds and glass flowers in the dining-room."

The man threw back his head and laughed. Camilla gave a little snort.

"You wouldn't laugh and think it was funny if you lived there," said she. "Up-stairs it's even worse. There's only one bathroom, and that has a horrid tin tub in it. And there are mottoes—'God bless our home' and things like that—and ugly big black-walnut beds with bunches of carved fruits on the headboards—and one old servant with her head done up in a red handkerchief."

If she expected the man to laugh again, she was disappointed. He seemed to have suddenly become thoughtful.

"I think," he said slowly, "that *I* should like to call."

"Oh, I would love to have you! But who would introduce you?"

"Well—I might find some one. I have quite a few friends. And then we could have our ride, after all."

Camilla began to twist her handkerchief again. "I'm sure you have," she said, as if she were trying to speak kindly and considerately, "but—don't you see? I don't want to hurt your feelings—but they probably wouldn't be *our* friends. Still——"

"Still," said the government clerk, "I think I'll risk it. Right now. Your grandmother couldn't do worse than turn me out, could she? Let's walk across and see."

LYING quivering in her ugly black-walnut bed that night, Camilla rehearsed over and over again the scene that had ensued. How, in spite of all her protests, the stranger had gained his point and gone home with her. How he had given his card to the slatternly old servant, and told her without a qualm to take it to Mrs. Montgomery. How her grandmother, after a long wait, during which Camilla knew she was getting out of her muslin dressing-sack and into her one respectable black silk, came into the ugly parlor, smiling graciously and saying: "Mr. Senator, I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. I hope my little girl has offered you something cool to drink."

How glad she had been to slink away! He "worked for the government," did he? Well, of course, that was true; but *what* an awful blunder she had made. All the time she had kept thinking his face was vaguely familiar—of course, she had seen it in the newspapers over and over again! And she had said she "wouldn't be likely to know him!" Well, that was true enough, too—she couldn't afford to go to the smart "official" parties that he did! And she had snubbed him—and patronized him! She squeezed lemons and squirted the juice into her eyes, and was glad that gave her an excuse to cry again with mortification and rage.

Mr. Lloyd Carroll drank the punch that she finally took into the parlor, praising it, and talking to Mrs. Montgomery about all the Virginians he knew—the very best Virginians there *were*—and then suggested, as if it were a brand-new thought, that he would like to take her and Miss Camilla for a little ride. Then he went off, and returned in a beautiful car that shone and glittered, and drove them out into Maryland, through miles and miles of cool, restful country, stopping for lunch at one lovely little inn and for tea at another, and finally left them at their door, promising himself the pleasure of seeing them both very soon again.

Promising *himself!* What, thought Camilla, hugging herself rapturously in the dark, about promising *her?* Think of being able to write to Liza, who never had any one more important than some young foreign attaché or some feeble light in the State Department to brag about, that the famous orator, Senator Carroll, had been to see her! It was all too perfect!

BEFORE another day was over, there was more still to write about to Liza. A big box of candy, an armful of roses, a sheaf of magazines and music; another ride after dinner, when the session at the Capitol was over; an offer of seats in the reserved gallery, if she "ever cared to go and listen to the speeches." Her little thin white face bloomed into sudden radiance with pleasure, and Lloyd Carroll, watching the change coming over it, felt something strange and powerful clutching at his heart-strings. The child had starved, had she? Well, everything that had been denied her should be showered upon her now. He made her understand that. If it was hot that Monday, Camilla forgot to notice it.

There came, after that, a long succession of miracles as July dragged itself torridly through to the time when the weary Congress adjourned early in August. And the greatest miracle of all happened, of course, on the night before Lloyd Carroll started for home to make the most of the few weeks that lay ahead of him in which to build up his political fences before the primaries took place.

"But you'll win, of course!" Camilla told him, standing beside him in the long open parlor window looking out at Lafayette Square.

"Oh, of course," he answered lightly. "The Solid South, you know! Though the Republicans have been very active there this year. Still, I hate to leave Washington—can't you guess why?"

Of course she could guess why. But she waited, breathlessly, for him to tell her.

"I'm so much older than you—nearly twenty years. You ought to have some nice boy. But I love you. And I can give you things, honey—all the things you've had to do without. Good times and pretty dresses and jewelry—my, but I want to see a string of pearls round your little white throat and diamonds on your pretty little white hands! Will you let me put them there?"

It was he, and not she, that trembled as he drew her toward him.

LLOYD won at the primaries without a struggle—there was not even a contest for the nomination. And that being over, the election, in his State, was a foregone conclusion. As soon as it was over, they were to be married—and that was only three months away—two months—one month. There was no money for a trousseau, no money even for a pretty wedding, in the drained coffers of the aristocratic Montgomerys. But what did that matter Lloyd laughingly asked Camilla, in the brief, blissful visits that he managed to snatch with her during the campaign. They were to stay on with her grandmother in the old house—any other plan would have been too brutally selfish—but the old house transformed from garret to cellar with electric lights and porcelain tubs and hardwood floors and a new furnace! With new furniture—ivory bedroom sets, and carved Florentine oak for the drawing-room, and Oriental rugs everywhere! And a new staff of well-trained servants for that next Winter. Camilla would have her "Thursdays," like every Senator's wife, her formal luncheons and dinners and gay little dances! And meanwhile the pearls and diamonds came from Lloyd, and wedding-gifts from all of her relatives, and envious letters from Liza from Bar Harbor.

Camilla was wakened to consciousness on the morning after election day by the raucous shouts of newsboys tearing up and down the street and darting across Lafayette Square. At first the words that they were screaming were unintelligible. She was too sleepy, too happily sure of the results anyway, to pay attention. At last the names "Harding and Coolidge" began to force themselves on her consciousness. Well, Lloyd had told her that might happen—and Harding had already made himself liked all over the country. She turned over, burying her head in her pillow. Then, these names were followed by a phrase repeated over and over again:

"Solid South broken at last——"

She sprang out of bed, threw her wrapper around her, and rushed to the window. Just then the doorbell

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THROUGH THE HALLWAY COULD BE SEEN THE LONG DINING-ROOM. THERE WAS A COLORED ORCHESTRA AT ONE END, WHOSE LEADER BAWLED OUT THE WORDS OF THE SELECTION

DANCERS IN THE DARK

By DOROTHY SPEARE

PART III

The Novel of the New Youth

The ways of youth in this modern world are more than bewildering. Why are to-day's young people so different, so incomprehensible to their elders? "Dancers in the Dark" is a story of youth. THE DELINEATOR has printed it, because it reflects life as young people meet it to-day. It is a cross-section of reality, painful and disturbing, and also a challenge. What are you going to do about it? Life is waiting for your sons and daughters, even as it meets Joy and Jerry in this story.

THE STORY SO FAR

Joy, with beauty, a lovely voice, and a small-town New England background, has come to Boston to study singing. Living with two girls, Jerry and Sally, acknowledged "excitement-eaters" whom she has met at a college prom, she is swept into their gay unconventional life. She meets and falls in love with Grant Grey, scion of an old Boston family, but not one of her friends' "gang," one of whom, Packy, opens Grant's eyes with a slurring remark on Joy's life in the unchaperoned apartment.

To take Packy to task, Joy goes motoring with him; but he has been drinking and the trip ends in a smash, Joy, Jim Dalton, and Jerry being badly injured. During her convalescence, Jerry gives a particularly convivial party in the apartment, and Joy decides she must leave. Returning from a music lesson, she finds Jerry looking sadly at her luggage.

ALL the resentment and doubt that had been torturing Joy was dispelled by the sight of that desolate figure. "Jerry!" she cried. "I—I thought about leaving here this morning—but I—I couldn't!"

"It never wandered into my brain until just now, when I came in and saw— But I've been boiling the idea down—and I think you'd better."

"Jerry!"

"You aren't happy here; I—I guess you never have been. I've never done anything but harm you, from the first moment I knew you. God knows, I didn't mean to, but it seems my good intentions always make the smoothest kind of boulevards for joy-riders. Joy—I've never told you about myself. Get comfortable now, because I'm going to ladle out the whole story."

Joy drew back instinctively. "Oh, no, Jerry—please don't tell me anything you'd rather not talk about—and you've often said you'd rather not talk about that—"

"I also said I'd tell you sometime when I felt like it. *Now* gets the vote. I should have told you right at the start, but I didn't because I didn't want to go into it. Now I've got to. To begin at the pop of the pistol—I was born in New York over on the East Side, where people live like flies. Never been there, have you?" Joy shook her head. "Then you probably won't believe some of the things I'm going to tell you. I was one of ten—and we all lived in two rooms." Jerry's voice seemed to grow dull, and she stared away from Joy as she talked. "When you toss it over in your mind—it's pretty brutalizing, living that way—"

"You don't mean *ten people in two rooms*," Joy gasped.

Jerry shrugged her shoulders. "That's exactly what I mean. Not only that, but we took two boarders in our rooms because father was always out of work." Jerry continued rapidly: "I sold newspapers as soon as I was able to take in the pennies. I wore a gray sweater and a pair of bloomers, and talked to everybody who bought a paper of me, whether they slung a line back or not." She gave a long, quivering sigh. "I don't intend to go into details about my life from the ground floor up—but get this clear: Joy, *I never knew what it was to be innocent*, not since I can remember. And I'm not throwing out any cross lines when I say that it wasn't my fault or my choosing. I—never had any other slant offered to me. My life was like that of an alley cat: it couldn't be translated to you any other way."

"I don't understand," said Joy faintly.

"You wouldn't. You were having milk fed to you when I was picking up beer leavings. That's the best way I can put it to you."

There was a pause. Finally Jerry, with a swift frown, plunged into the narrative again:

"When I was thirteen I got a job as a messenger girl for Charlette et Cie. Happened to have drifted up the avenue to see if I could get some man to buy my whole load of papers—saw the sign, 'Girl Wanted,' and tacked inside. There was a bunch of others waiting that dressed the part a little better—but I told the dame that was doing the interviewing that I'd carry their old bundles for less than the others. This underbidding tickled the old girl, somehow, and before I knew it I was one of Charlette's regular messenger girls at five dollars per. My getting rich quick was the cause of a split between me and the family. I shut my mitt on my income—and the result was the throwing of a few flat-irons and other little parties, which ended in the fact that one night I didn't come back, and I've never been back."

"What do you mean, Jerry?" Joy interposed. "You couldn't live—not *live*—on five dollars a week."

"I could, and did. I took a room at a dollar a week. It was a hall bedroom, the kind you don't even read about. No light, and squirming all over.. My next two years I spent carrying bundles for Charlette's, and incidentally hanging around the place before and after hours, absorbing the main truths about what clothes can do to

you and what you can do to clothes. My errands took me into the workrooms and fitting-rooms, and I began to make my own clothes. Watching the models and hearing them talk had given me an idea of what color and line could do.

"I think I was at my worst at fifteen. I tossed a mean make-up and looked probably older than I do now. I had no morals and a bunch of bad ideas. About the only rule I went by was to look out for myself. Along about then I struck for recognition—and they graduated me into the workrooms.

"That's the way my rise in the world began—that and changing to a sublet room in an apartment up-town. I was at Charlette's five years more; and at the end of that time I was one of the designers. I lapped up the work, I was so crazy about it. There seemed a sort of poetry in putting the right thing on the right person. I always worked overtime—I saved my money, too, and was the original glued-to-a-nickel fiend.

"Then, one day, a man walked into Charlette's who—I've never lined this out to a soul, Joy; but I'll try to hold my words in when I talk about him—a man came in with his sister, who was having us do her wedding-dress. She was Mabel Lancaster, old family, not much ready cash; and she had tied up to Eustace Drew, also old family, and a lot of ready cash.

"I was out front when he came in. Joy, he—well, he's tall, and big, and he's got brown hair, sort of choppy, with a pinch of red in it. And his eyes are blue as yours, only they're breezy and full of zip—and then, they can look at you with a little half-smile—" She caught herself up. "Tell me when I blow, Joy! I knew I would."

JOY laughed. "I love it when you 'blow,' Jerry! I've often wondered if you ever—could! Go on—quick!"

"Well—he didn't look at me at all. Mabel Lancaster was saying that she wanted to look at some evening-gowns for her trousseau, and Fanchon—Charlette's head woman—nailed me to rustle the dear models along. I did so, and then stood and kept my eyes pasted on the back of his head. I was hard in love with him then—with the back of his head, and the way he turned and smiled and said things to his sister.

" 'These models fascinate me, Phil,' she was saying. 'I've known some of their kind,' he answered, 'and their chief concern is what they put on or leave off their backs. Poor little rats! Not much "honor and truth and a sure intent" among them!'

"She laughed. 'You're always talking about "honor and truth and a sure intent." You're so romantic, Phil—any one would think you were getting married instead of me!'

"Then he wasn't married! That was my first thought. But later on the things he said began to sink in. 'Poor little rats!' I knew I was a poor little rat—that he'd call me the same thing if he ever had a good look at me. And the worst of it was, I didn't have a clue how not to be a poor little rat—not a clue, except for those three things he had named—'honor and truth and a sure intent!' The first two and me weren't speaking. The last—well, I thought I did have a sure intent. To get to the top on designing for Charlette—to get so that I would be the acknowledged head, second only to the old girl, Charlette, herself—that was my aim; and then I was going to spread and have a good time. Not a bad aim, as aims go.

"I thought about him on an average every day, after that. You see, no one had ever spilled it to me before that there might be something lacking in my get-up. I always believed that you can get anything you want if you want it hard enough to work for nothing but that. Look where I landed by tearing my eyes out with work—from the East Side newsie in a gray sweater and bloomers to a Fifth Avenue designer wearing a Charlette model—at twenty. And so I began to believe that if I wanted Phil Lancaster hard enough, I could get him. There was this hitch to it, though: I knew how to work for what I wanted, before. Now I was in the dark. The only right thing I knew was that I was wrong—and that I didn't want to see him again until I was right.

"THEN the war came along. When I read his name in the Plattsburg lists, I decided Y. M. C. A. entertainment was in my line. My voice was big and I had pep; but they told me I had no training, no repertoire—that I'd better study singing, and also get some practical professional experience.

"That's how I connected with Pa Graham. One of the designers had a friend who sang at Lector's and was studying for musical comedy. That girl took me to Pa—she was the only musical-comedy special he had. He didn't have much time, but when I told him I wanted to get to France, and sang for him, he fixed it."

"Wait a minute," said Joy. "Where did you practise, and when? Just tell me that."

"Oh, about that time I changed my living quarters to a two-room-and-bath arrangement, with a bum piano thrown in. I didn't care how bum it was, as it took all I could do to pick out notes with one finger.

"Then Fanchon came to me confidentially, one day, and offered to sell me some of her stock in the firm—war-times were getting stiff. I can tell you, I stood still and shivered in my silk socks. Charlette's stock was close-corporation stuff, and it had been one of my largest ideas to get some of it salted down. A stockholder! They couldn't kick me out now, I doped it.

"I wanted to get some percentage on my lessons, and some of the professional experience they talked about; so pretty soon I looked around for a cabaret job—and got one through the girl at Lector's, who knew the manager at Hanley's. It wasn't bad. I came on at seven-thirty and eleven-five, two songs each time. That was some life—practise early in the A. M., Charlette's at nine, work all day, Hanley's in the evening, Pa Graham Sundays.

"AND all this time I steered clear of men. It was funny, the way the thought of Phil Lancaster and the things he said stuck in my mind. 'Honor and truth and a sure intent'—I had all of that now, the way I looked at it. You remember war-times, Joy—everybody wanting to do something for somebody. All I wanted was to get over there and be some good. And after the war—Phil Lancaster—if he was still alive. Things would be different after the war, I thought. For by that time I saw what the first years of my life had done to me. I don't blame myself yet for being born an alley cat and living in scum for the first fifteen years of my life. I wasn't taught any different, and, in spite of everything, I taught myself and pulled myself out of the scum. No, I didn't blame myself; I only wanted to better myself—and I thought that this stuff overseas would do a lot toward wiping away the scum that seeps in under the skin when you're buried in it, and sticks afterward when you wash off the outside part.

"Then in October of 1917—listen—the top of everything was knocked off for me. I was at Hanley's, singing some fool song—'My Little Service Flag Having Seven Stars.' It was about eleven-fifteen when suddenly I saw him—Phil Lancaster—sitting alone at a table by the wall. He was looking at me—*he was looking at me!* He was in a captain's uniform, and if I hadn't been remembering him every day since he had come into Charlette's, I wouldn't have known him, he was so changed and tired-looking. But he was looking at me! I faded up and closed out—couldn't pipe another note. He had looked at me—well, as if he was noticing me, hot. When I came off, one of the waiters blew in with a note from him asking me if I wouldn't come out and have something to eat. I scrubbed off most of my make-up, just leaving what I thought was a good veneer for close-range work, and fox-trotted up to his table with all the starch in the world. And all the way I was saying to myself: 'Jerry, you've had to fight for everything you've got so far—and you've got to fight for this—but you've been given the chance to fight.'

"I sat down opposite him and grinned. He came out of a trance and looked at me. 'Oh, hello,' he said. 'Are you the one who has seven stars on her service flag?' 'Seven is my limit,' I said. 'Oh, is that final? Because I was seriously considering asking you if you would break over and add an eighth.'

"I took a minute off to look at him. Yes, he had the appearance of riding the sad sea waves. 'Where do you get it, you officer guys?' I asked him. He didn't answer—he was lamping me. 'On the stage up there you seemed quite wicked. Now you are a disappointment. I can never be taken up for conduct unbecoming an officer, with you at my table.'

"I OPENED my mouth and nearly fell in it. Then I managed to get out that I'd better leave, so he could try some one else. He said, 'No, I want *you*. You look as if you'd had enough joy of living to cheer up even a dead one—and that's what I am.'

"I suggested that if he wanted me to trot out any joy-of-living stuff, we had better go on up to my apartment. I had some there—a small but good assortment. We got into a meter-wagon and started off through the white lights. My heart was traveling quicker than the meter.

" 'It's sort of unusual for an officer to be alone in New York, isn't it?' I said, and he pulled a laugh that would have been funny if it hadn't been so pitiful. 'Alone? I'm the loneliest man in New York!' Then he set himself off and told me what was rotten in the state of Denmark. His girl had knocked him one by quietly sidestepping around the corner and getting sewed up to an artillery officer. This had just burst in upon him when he had heaved in from Upton that P. M. It had made him simply silly—he'd been sampling everything he could get hold of and was quite poppo by now, as I could see.

"We got to my apartment, and, as I opened up some joy-getter, he slumped right down again, and got so low he couldn't even drink. 'It's no use,' he said. 'In my frame of mind Uncle Sam's Army is better off without me, and God knows there's no one else in this universe who would care.' When men say that, you always know they mean a girl. They never seem to think of their families in that connection.

"I passed back: 'You're drunk. To snuff yourself out would brand you a coward in the eyes of the world—and God, too. Besides which, I won't let you.' He ripped off a nasty laugh at that. 'This is really good—to be listening to a cabaret girl tell me she won't let me snuff myself out.' He took my hand and hung on to it. 'Then you do want me for the eighth star!' A man never plain holds your hand, it seems—it's just a starter. 'Listen here,' I said. 'I may be a cabaret girl, but I'm not several other little things you seem to think I am. I've got "honor and truth and a sure intent," which is more than you'll have if you follow up your intent with me.'

"HE DROPPED my hand like a hot potato and squared off to take a look at me. 'I—did you say "honor and truth—' " 'I did,' said I. 'So come to, and stay there.' 'I never made a mistake like this before,' he said; 'I think I'd better go.'

"I can tell you, it made me feel pretty sick. I was knocked cold. I hadn't really got what he had doped me out to be—until he said he'd better go.

" 'Sit down,' I said. 'Sit down and let me tell you something. You've never seen me before. Well, I've seen *you*—at Charlette's, last February. I heard you talking to your sister about "honor and truth and a sure intent." You were the first real man that I had ever come within shouting distance of who sprang such stuff, and those words sank in till they got sewed in me. All the more so because I was—am—in love with a man who'd never look straight at me till I made myself over, and I figured that somehow those words might be the combination that would fix me up for him. I always remembered you and what you said, and I've been trying to get all those three things. And then, when you turned up to-night, I was as happy as a fool, thinking I'd be with a real man and he'd give me some more dope on how to be a real girl. Then you talk about 'ending it all' like any thirty-center, and take me for Mazie-off-the-streets thrown in!'

"He didn't say anything for a few minutes—turned



ALL JOY'S RESENTMENT AND DOUBT WERE DISPELLED BY THE SIGHT OF JERRY'S DESOLATE FIGURE

away from me and did a walk over to the piano. When he turned around, I saw he'd lost most of his edge. 'I beg your pardon,' he said. 'I've never been so ashamed of myself in all my life! Of all the girls in New York—to stumble on one who remembered something I said—something that she thought was doing her good!'

"He came up to me and looked me over—not hot this time, but impersonal. 'So you're in love with some one who—won't look straight at you?' He squinted his eyes up and took in the general effect. 'War-times are not so busy but what I'd like to play Pygmalion for you.' 'What kind of a game is that?' I said. He laughed, and gave me a close-up of the Pygmalion-Galatea affair. He was as keen and peppy as if he hadn't been talking about putting a bullet through his brains a while ago—and glimming me as cool and impersonal as if he hadn't mauled my hand around a minute back!

"When he left that night, he'd given me a list of books to wade through. He told me it would Galatea me some to follow the books for a while. And he also said he'd come up to the apartment in two weeks—he only got every other week-end off, usually—and see how I was working it.

"I quit Hanley's after that; I needed the evenings for getting those books down. Every day of that two weeks was just another day until he should come again, and when he did—first thing he did was to apologize again for the way he'd been the other night. He said he'd never been so limp before and never would be again, thanks to me. Then we slung a line of chatter about the books I had surrounded, and he asked me was I getting along any better with that man. I said no, I didn't see much progress; which was the truth. Well, he said he'd give me some mid-Victorian stuff to dive into for next time: Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King.' And believe me, Joy, it let in a whole new flood of light. If you read that when you're in love, it'll make you fall in harder than ever. Could I wait until he came again? To talk over 'Idylls of the King' with *him?*"

JERRY spread out her hands, then looked at them and laughed suddenly. "The action sags from now on, Joy, *because he never turned up again.*"

"What?" cried Joy.

"He never showed up. I never have seen him since. I waited that evening— God, Joy, I hope you don't know what it is to wait like that for a man who doesn't come—when you've been waiting for days for that evening—and then he doesn't come—and you can't do anything but just sit and *wait* and wonder and think of everything that might have happened—and think every minute that he'll come—even when it gets too late, hoping— And then the waiting afterward—to hear some explanation—watching the mail, jumping at the phone—oh, I can't go over it all again!"

"Perhaps he sailed for France," Joy said.

"I thought of that, of course. But he had told me he was stuck permanently on this side, as far as he could see. But, whatever happened, to go off without a word, without a word, for two years! When I thought it over long enough, though, I understood I was nothing but an incident in his life—I was nothing but a cabaret singer. Why should he go out of his way to observe any of the fine hairs of convention for me?" Jerry's teeth clicked.

"Oh, Jerry, I know there's something more to this. I *know* there must be some awfully good excuse."

Jerry shrugged her shoulders. "Then, the very next day at Charlette's, I keeled over—overworked. I had to quit Charlette's, but I kept the stock. The dividends from that make my only steady income now, and, as you've noticed, I can't keep to it.

"Somehow, that day when I came to and kicked the 'Idylls of the King' about, something had snapped. I guess you can call it my sure intent. My sure intent beat it then and there, and the only thing it left me was just as sure an intent to get as good a time as possible out of the rest of my life before I got so old that I'd have to put the snaffle on everything.

"Still, it was war-time. I signed up with the Y for duty over here. I put it over, as my songs were snappy and my work had cabaret pep. This touring of the camps was what started me as an international character. The college-boy type was what looked good to me, because they had just as sure an intent as I for having as good a time as possible while it lasted, and I liked their ways of going about it. They liked me, too, and—well—what was the use of any other sure intent? I knew I could never care again for anybody. He'd gone; so what was the use? And away I popped.

"When the colleges started their parties again, I made my début. I stood it all right, too. The way girls who had been brought up in front families acted made it possible for me to get away with my varnished-over-East-Side-plus-Charlette style. I was only a little more so, and that little more so made me a little more popular than they were.

"I decided to slip my things over to Boston and settle there. I was sick of New York. Boston was the nearest all colleges except Yale and Princeton, and the numbers of little comrades I had in the other colleges, and Harvard and Tech being right there, clinched the matter.

"I met Sal at a Cornell house-party, and afterward ran into her a good deal. When I moved to Boston we agreed to hit it off in this apartment. I wanted some one to live with; you can see, most girls wouldn't do; Sal's the answer. As for the rest about Sal—she can tell you, if she wants to; I've told you just as much as touches me and makes it my business." Jerry drew a long breath.

"But, Jerry—you don't still care for that man?"

Jerry's mouth grew pale. "I do. I could never care for any one else."

"But how can you, when he has gone off and left you?"

"Grant has gone off and left you. Do you still care?"

Joy considered, and into her cheeks crept a startled flush. "Why—why—I don't think I know."

"Well, then you never felt the way I do. It's so blamed all wrong. If I had been a man I could have gone out and hunted for the person I cared for—*made* her



CRAWF LOOKED AT DUM-DUM. "HAVEN'T YOU HEARD A WORD FROM HER? DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE SHE IS?"

give me at least a chance! But what can a girl do but wait and hope and wonder—and *wait!*" She caught herself up. "Hem—almost turned on the faucet then, all right. Well, Joy, I've spread the story for you. The present status Sal and I hold is shifty, and we notice we never meet any fond relatives of our little friends. And so I see now that it was a raw deal on you, in a way, coming to live with us. It puts you in our light. We're not ashamed of it, for that's the way we're going to live while we last. But this morning I've been thinking things over, and for the first time I've got your side of the matter; and so I think it's the best thing for you to go."

"I WAS at Pa's this morning," said Joy, "and what he told me made me decide to stay here—if you still want me."

There was a little pause. Then Jerry spoke in a detached tone: "Nothing I've said has made you change your mind?"

"Why, Jerry—what you've told—has made everything *right!* Oh, I was horrified at first—it all seemed so awful. But to have come out of it all as you did! Jerry—you're—you're *valiant.* I've always thought of that word in connection with you—*valiant.*"

"I'm not valiant." Jerry rose, and the pink mules sounded their way to the door. She stood with one finger on the knob, and with her hair roughed up about her face, her kimono sliding from the slim angles of her shoulders. "I tell you, Joy, I'm not good for you; I can see that now. I'm not fourteen-karat bad, but I'm an *excitement-eater.* That's a *new-style girl,* and the style is getting popular. I live on excitement—I feed on it. I can't live without it. I scatter it around me—all excitement-eaters do, and for you a little goes a long way. I'm not good for you. And that's that."

"Pa decided me this morning," Joy repeated; "and that's *that.* You can eat your old excitement all you want. I'm going to eat music. Your story just clinches my resolve to stay. Oh, Jerry, you *are* valiant. I can see you standing there, with your chin out, telling that man you weren't Mazie-off-the-streets."

But the door was swinging, and a vanishing flutter of purple silk was Jerry's only response.

JOY'S decision for steadfast endeavor did not waver. In the days that followed she began to feel a calm content—content such as she had never known before. All the restlessness, the uneasiness, and the depression had vanished in the light of an objective. Pa's talk had miraculously swept away the cobwebs in her brain. There was always the dull ache of Grant's continued silence; but, as the days wore on, it became more and more negative.

She threw herself into her study with an intense concentration that left her no energy for anything else—that left her almost no time to listen for the telephone and the door-bell. Surely he would not be forever gone, without a word save the fitful telephoning during her illness. She watched Jerry's gaiety, and wondered if beneath Jerry also still hoped that any day she might hear some word.

One afternoon Jerry burst in upon her. "Joy, if you study any more you'll get eye trouble, and whoever heard of a singer getting away with glasses? We've absolutely got to have another girl to-night—it'll do you good to get out! How can you stand this perpetual-motion-of-the-brain?"

Joy laughed. "Sorry, Jerry, but I couldn't. Don't tempt me."

"Well—you really ought to get out—it isn't because we've *got* to have another girl that I wanted you. As it happens, there's another available. Félicie Durant is back in town."

Joy had heard Jerry and Sarah speak of Félicie Durant, and the name had left an impression, being about the only *girl's* name they had ever taken the breath to mention.

"I'll tell you what," said Jerry. "You nail on your lid right now, and we'll wiggle over to Félicie's. You've got to have some exercise, and there's much more chance of my getting Félicie to go to-night by a personal interview than as if I popped the project over the phone. Come on!"

"What is she like?" Joy asked, on the way in the street-car.

"She's a jellyfish," replied Jerry; "got the spine and determination of a jellyfish. Lives out here with her great-aunt or something—but wait till you see her!"

A first glimpse of Félicie Durant was unforgetable. Large brown velvet eyes trimmed with elaborate fringes of lashes that curled up at the end, a face whose daintily regular features were brought out by a skin as smooth as the surface of a pearl, with a cobwebby maze of ringlets dark as her eyes drifting around and away from her temples; the lips, scarlet and full almost to pouting, parted in a smile of welcome. Félicie, who received them in the kitchen, waved a soapy hand.

"Félicie, this is Joy Nelson," said Jerry.

"Don't come too near me—I'm washing the dog. Wait till I rinse him out and then I'll shake hands," Félicie panted. She wrung out the animated mop, and put it down on the floor with an order to "go to it." "Come on in my room while I put on some clothes." And she ran before them to a speckless white boudoir that had the air of not having quite recovered from its last cleaning.

"I have a new picture of Greg," said Félicie, disappearing into a closet. "There on the dressing-table."

"Still in love with him?" asked Jerry, taking up the picture with interest. A muffled but sure-fire assent came from the closet.

"Then why the devil won't you marry him?" Jerry exploded, slamming the picture down with force. She turned to Joy. "Félicie's in love with Greg; he's crazy as a fool about her; and she won't even get engaged, much less marry him"!

"Now, Jerry, you know perfectly well you wouldn't, either," said Félicie, as she came out of the closet.

"Oh, you pretty—pretty *thing!*" thought Joy. A gown of foamy white lace swirled about her, from which the darkness of her eyes and hair and the redness of her lips gleamed.

"I'm twenty years old," Félicie continued, "and for a girl to marry at my age would be *sacrifice—human sacrifice.* If girls marry nowadays at twenty, they're either afraid they've got their only chance, or they haven't the cash to hold out, or they're just plain fools. I care more for Greg than any one else. But I've got at least four good years before me of fun and excitement—the best years of my life and looks—and why should I devote them to being domestic? After I'm married I can never have the kind of a good time I have now. I may be

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HE FOUND DAUNCEY ALIVE, WITH A FROZEN BISCUIT IN HIS HAND

SWORDSMITHS

"So like a sword the son shall roam, on nobler missions sent"

By M. L. C. PICKTHALL

FOR years, Riordan had given his hard love to a hard land and to nothing else. During those years when he fought toward success, a cigar-box had contained the minimum of sentimental personal possessions the loneliest can not escape. When he could rest, when success came, it came to a perfectly solitary man relying only on himself, and in his own eyes owing no man, woman, nor God anything.

In the boarding-house on Beech Street, he was as much out of place as a Rodin statue in a fancy-work store. He had drifted there, a little bewildered in his leisure. He stayed on because, used as he was to dealing with hard big things, the little soft whispering life of the place fascinated him. It was like a purposeless dream. There was only one man besides himself, old Mr. Jennings. The others were all old ladies, and old ladies apparently entirely disconnected with life—little ornaments, broken off and waiting for the dust-pan. And of these old ladies, only Mrs. Dauncey and Mrs. Lane Fraser seemed to be friends.

At least, he supposed they were friends. Nothing so elemental as friendship, as he understood it, could have shelter at Beechcroft. He wondered what faded, formal bond united these two.

He watched them of evenings with incisive amused eyes. He had visions. For instance, what would happen to all these people if they were set down in reality? If you put Mrs. Dauncey and Mrs. Fraser, for instance, on those cliffs above the estuary, where the Kwanesum met the northern sea—why, they'd simply go out, they'd cease to exist apart from their environment of inept furniture and shaded lights.

His scorn was not untender. He wondered why life had any place for such people, that was all. And somewhere at the back of his mind was a gladness that his own life was perfectly clean-cut, self-contained, untrammeled with any futile relationships. Fancy being the son, the nephew, the kin of any of these—of Mrs. James, Mrs. Lewey, Mrs. Dauncey, or Mrs. Lane Fraser! Such a connection would be like trying to walk with his feet wrapped in their interminable skeins of wool.

Something soft like a kitten rolled and bounced against his ankle. He looked down. It was Mrs. Dauncey's ball of wool. He picked it up and returned it to her. He asked gravely, "Is it a shawl?"

"A sweater for my son."

RIORDAN leaned back. He was absurdly surprised. It had absolutely never occurred to him that Mrs. Dauncey might be bound to life by the strongest of all ties—that of having given it. She went on, "If it doesn't do for Hal, it'll fit Len," and with another silly shock, Riordan thought, "Mrs. Fraser has a son too," before Mrs. Dauncey finished heavily, "Halston and Lennox are friends."

Riordan was silent and he felt pity. To have been so immensely connected with life. And to end like this, at Beechcroft!

"You been up North much, Mr. Riordan?"

Mrs. Fraser's nervous little flat voice. He looked at her, a gleam under his shaggy brows. "Yes, I know the North pretty well."

"You know Kwanesum, Mr. Riordan?—I don't think these silks are a good match, Mrs. Dauncey."

Struggling with absurd readjustments, Riordan said slowly, "Yes, I know Kwanesum."

"It was there the boys first met. They're the same age."

Desperately Riordan tried to picture these women's sons—at Kwanesum. Something safe in a bank, the manager of a dry-goods store, the minister of some entirely unemotional sect, but—Kwanesum.

Quite suddenly, and in conventional words he could never remember, Mrs. Dauncey in the parlor at Beechcroft was telling him the story of that meeting.

There are hills to the east of Kwanesum, hills to the west, covered with low scrub which turns in the Fall to flaming rose, orange, and magenta. Lennox Fraser came to the river from the east, making for Fort Dismay in the west. The river freezes here sooner than anywhere else, because of an island in the middle of the vast milky stream that holds the floe. Fraser sat down to wait until it should freeze over and give him passage.

While he made his camp under a screen of shivering scrub, he noticed something awash on the river beach. It was a small dugout, stove in. He climbed the low

earth cliff and looked about. Presently he saw a weak thread of smoke rising from the island in midstream. Some one had been trying to cross the river in a dugout and had been wrecked on the island. Fraser wondered who it was. It was Halston Dauncey.

That night Fraser lighted as large a fire as he could, to let the other fellow know there was help at hand. The red light plunged profound opal gleams in the water and made the rocks of the island glow. Fraser watched. In a little while he saw that there was a man sitting on the rocks and staring toward his fire. He stood in front of it and raised his hand. The man on the island did the same.

Fraser calculated it would be three or four days before the ice would hold. Until then, he could not reach the island. He could do absolutely nothing for the fellow on the island but keep alight those strange fires of comradeship and assurance.

IT TOOK him half his days to collect wood. As soon as it was dark he would light the pile, and the other man would come from the crannies of the island and watch it. So for three nights. On the fourth the temperature dropped lower, and in the small hours Fraser took his pack and a long pole and crossed to the island on a heaving, groaning bridge of grounded floe, lighted by the leaping of the flames of his fire.

He found Halston Dauncey alive in a cranny with a half-frozen scrap of biscuit in his hand. Fraser took off his pack, shouldered Dauncey instead, and carried him across the ice on the other side of the island to the western shore. Then he fetched his pack. By that time the fire on the eastern bank had died down, but Fraser had one going on the western shore. He thawed Dauncey out and fed him all he dared. He seems to have said to Dauncey, in a tone of ridiculous gratitude, "Say, but I'm glad you didn't let go!"

Fraser nursed Dauncey a day. They could not stop longer because of the grub. But Dauncey said he felt fine. They made about three miles the first day.

The second day Fraser found it was all he could do to get Dauncey along. He was on quarter rations, you see. He wouldn't, of course, let on to Dauncey, but Dauncey knew; and Fraser saw fit to take an old Colt .44 Dauncey had away from him while he slept. Next day they made about four miles. Toward the end of those interminable and perfectly unrepresentative measurements of arbitrary distance, Dauncey dropped and fainted every few hundred yards. No reference was made to this. Fraser respected Dauncey's feelings. He said the weather was going to clear, and again asked Dauncey how he felt. Dauncey, breath whistling through b ued lips, said he felt fine and not a bit hungry. When Dauncey dropped and could not get up, they camped; not before.

WHILE Dauncey slept, Fraser climbed a hill behind the camp, looking for familiar landmarks. There were none. The hills, humped like frozen cattle against the dying flare of the southwest, were strange to him. Somehow, somewhere, in that trackless expanse, he had missed the way.

He had, when he picked up Dauncey, just enough grub to get one man into Fort Dismay, with a tight belt at that. Now there were two of them. And he did not know exactly where Fort Dismay was.

He said nothing about this to Dauncey.

Next day he was half-carrying Dauncey again, struggling on in the direction where he thought the fort was likely to be. They had nothing to eat but a few beans and some coffee.

The writers of those books whose heroes shoot buck and grouse and things every day have never been in Kwanesum, the Land of Always, just after the first snow.

They camped early. Fraser could not sleep that night. He was too hungry, and Dauncey was moaning with cramp in his sleep. In the morning the snow commenced. Dauncey looked as if he were dying. He moved doubled up like an old Siwash. Fraser, who now loved Dauncey very much, and had no idea where the fort was or should be, wondered if he ought to pray that Dauncey would die in his sleep.

The next day Dauncey was very far gone, and it still snowed. Fraser tied a rope to his blanket, and bound Dauncey in the blanket, and dragged him that way. The snow was soft; it pushed in ridges under Dauncey's weight. After an hour or two, Fraser was surprised to find himself lying on the ground with his mouth half full of snow. He wondered how long he had been lying there. He crawled—it was too much trouble to stand up—he crawled back to the figure in the blanket, and said, "Hello, Hal, how do you feel?" But there was no answer. Dauncey had quit feeling just then. Fraser thought, "I guess this ends it." Then he looked up and saw the cabin.

Just a square, log-built cabin, such as you find anywhere in the North. The gates of the New Jerusalem couldn't have startled Fraser more. He crawled to it and peeped through a slit in the logs. He saw a very small stove, glowing red, and three men sitting round it, quite motionless. They were enormous men, gigantic in their furs. They sat as still as stone, their hands on their knees, exactly as the stone kings of the Nile sit and stare into the centuries. Fraser made some sound at the window, and all three turned their heads and stared at him together, without otherwise moving. And the three faces revealed in the dusky red glow were quite black.

He went in. They just sat and stared at him. They showed no curiosity, no sympathy. It was as if they did not even know he also was a man. They were like terrible great images. Under the circumstances their immobility was monstrous. Their black faces revolted him. He said angrily, "There's a man out in the snow, sick. You—help me fetch him in."

They did not move.

A flash of bright white rage, like a flash of steel, thrilled Fraser from head to foot. He went up to the nearest of those huge immobile shapes and struck it—him—in the face.

It was a blow that would not have shaken a child. Fraser was weak, weak; and at best he was a little fellow, weighing some hundred-and-thirty pounds, and twenty-two years old. He struck the huge black across the face; and instantly, with a low whining sound, the ponderous figure collapsed upon itself, rolled over, and fell on the floor at his feet. The others did not move.

Then Fraser understood. All the giant mechanism of their physical strength was there, but they, too, were starving. In their huge primitive flesh suffering had quenched the immortal spark. They were no longer men. They were dead, though they had a kind of being.

But if his own spirit was strong enough, he might lay his will upon them. He might breathe into them the breath of life and perhaps save Dauncey.

He went to the nearer of the two seated negroes and gripped him—it—by the shoulder and shouted loudly, "Come on! You must! You've got to! Come with me!" He shouted till he was trembling, dripping with sweat, gasping for breath. But he felt the tremendous triumph of a veritable act of creation when the negro rose tottering from his place and very slowly followed him out into the snow.

Fraser led him to where Dauncey lay. He said, with his teeth clenched to hide his hysterical trembling, "Lift him up. Take him in your arms." He said it over and over, thrusting his face into the black face, so wildly strange among the furs. At last the negro slowly obeyed. Groaning, he lifted Dauncey and staggered to the cabin with him and laid him down by the stove. Fraser shouted at them, "Food! Do you hear? Something to eat!"

SLOWLY and feebly, the negro who had not yet moved lifted from the floor a tin pan and held it out to Fraser.

Fraser snatched it. He turned it to the light and looked into it.

It contained gold.

Nothing but gold. Gold from the size of coarse flour to nuggets as big as a sparrow's egg. This was all they had. There was gold in the cabin, but no food.

He gave the pan back in silence. In silence he brought out, under the eyes of the three starving negroes, the food remaining in his pack; very little. He thrust some cold beans between Dauncey's lips. He heated coffee—all he had left—on the stove; he gave most of it to Dauncey, who swallowed it without knowing he did so. The rest he divided into four parts. He drank some himself and gave the rest to the three black men. He was terrified at its effect. On their hunger and emptiness the bitter thin stuff acted like wine. They regained a life that was not of his giving—a life monstrous, dangerous. They stirred, gazing at him wolfishly. Showing nothing of his fear, he said loudly, "To-morrow we will go to Fort Dismay."

The night was like a long sickness. He dared not sleep. He dared not release those three mechanisms of bone and sinew from the control of his own animating will.

In the morning Dauncey lived. Fraser was very weak. The negroes sat as before round the stove and the pan of gold. Fraser said to them, "Now we'll go on to Fort Dismay." Pointing to Dauncey, he said, "Lift him up. Carry him." He gathered within himself the whole force of his soul, of his love for Dauncey; his spirit flashed and struck at them like a blade. Like images endowed with reluctant obedience, they stirred at last. They dragged themselves erect. Two of them lifted Dauncey. They swayed out of the cabin into the snow, carrying him. Fraser lingered behind a few minutes. They had not realized his absence when he came staggering after them.

They went on. In reality, it was only he who went on, his soul animating one white body and three black ones.

Behind the stems of the black bull-pines something leaped and flickered, piercing the blued shadows of the Land of Always with a sword of flame. The blacks turned and stared. Their mouths opened. They set Dauncey down in the snow. Reeling, they came to Fraser. They threatened him monstrously with great dream-like gestures. He faced them, smiling. He pushed them away. He said, "Now you'll have to go on. The cabin'll be burnt down in five minutes."

Fraser had fired the cabin. Unless they found the fort, there was now no refuge for any of them.

They went on—his living will went on in its four half-dead bodies, carrying Dauncey.

"AND the next day they came to the fort," said Mrs. Dauncey. "I don't think you have that stitch just right, Mrs. Fraser."

Riordan looked at their smooth heads, their folded bands of gray hair, bent together over the embroidery. He looked round the parlor. Everything was just as it had been: the inept furniture, the foolish ornaments, the muffled windows, the veiled lights, and the inept, foolish, muffled bodies of the old women.

He said abruptly, "*How* did he do it?"

Mrs. Dauncey's lips moved. She was counting stitches for Mrs. Lane Fraser. They seemed hardly aware he had spoken, so intent were they on the embroidery. And, after all, Riordan did not really wish to ask any questions or elicit any comment on the supreme achievement. Of all men in the world, he was best

Concluded on page 78



THE TINKERS

The while I'm bendin' at the spade,
The like of some poor beast or felon,
There's tinkers sprawlin' in the shade
And story-tellin'.

The while I break me back in two,
For fear me da will name me shirkin',
They sit and mend a pot, they do,
And call it workin'.

And when I'm trudgin' in at night,
Heart-broken with the load I'm bringin',
They're stretched beside their camp-fire's light,
Eatin' and singin'.

And when in bed I'm turned about,
Wastin' the moon and stars in sleepin',
The tinkers have their fiddles out,
Dancin' and leapin'.

What's all this talk of farm and food?
(Sure, kettle-mendin's some *employment.)*
I'd do without me meals, I would,
To have enjoyment.

'Tis only courage that lads lack,
Or, faith, the sensible and thinkers
Would break the spade that breaks the back
And join the tinkers;

And roam the land from sea to sea —
Heart-free and easy-all and driftin',
And laugh to see a fool like me
Diggin' and liftin'.

THEODOSIA GARRISON



SHE WAS MAKING A GOOD IMPRESSION ON JUDGE AND JURY

THE FEUD

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

THE STORY

It started because Bowden's yellow dog bit Steer's leg. Steer shot the dog. One thing led to another until these two obstinate, hot-tempered old men had drawn the whole countryside into their quarrel. But when Bowden's son, Ned, jilted Steer's niece, and Steer retaliated with a breach-of-promise suit, tragedy really began. The story is concluded in this second instalment.

PART II

THOUGH sorely tried by the "pernicketty" nature of his niece, Steer had been borne up by the thought that he had only to hold on a little longer to obtain justice. How he had got her to the starting-post he really did not know, so pitiably had she "jibbed." The conviction that good solid damages would in the end be better for her than anything else had salved and soothed a conscience really affected by her nervous distress. Her pale face and reddened eyes on the way to the court disturbed him, and yet he knew they were valuable—she was looking her best for the occasion. It would be all over—he told her—in an hour, and then she should go to the seaside: what did she say to Weston-super-Mare? She said nothing, and he had entered the law courts with his arm through hers and his upper lip very long.

The sight of the two Bowdens seated on a bench in the corridor restored the burning in his heart. He marked his niece's eyes slide round when they passed young Bowden. Yes! She would take him even now! He saw Ned shuffle his feet, and Bowden grin, and he hurried her on—not for anything would he forgo the five hundred out of that fellow's pocket! At that moment the feud between him and his neighbor showed naked—those young people but the catspaws of it.

The custom of the court compelled them all presently to be sitting in a row, divided faction from faction by not more than the breadth of a pig. Steer's thin face, racked by effort to follow the patter of the chap in a wig, acquired a sort of maniacal fixity; but he kept hold of his niece's arm, squeezing it half-consciously now and again, and aware of her shrinking faint look. As for "those two fellows," they sat as they might have at an auction, giving nothing away, putting the whole business in its proper place—monkey-tricks that must fail if they "sat tight and didn' du nothin'." It seemed unjust to him that they should seem unmoved while his niece was wilting beside him.

When she went up, trembling, into the "dock," a strong scent of camphor floated from Steer, stirred from his clothes by the heat within him. He could hardly hear her, and they kept telling her to speak up. He saw tears roll down her cheeks; the ginger in his graying hair and beard brightened and he glared at those Bowdens, who never moved. They didn't ask her much—not even Bowden's counsel—afraid to, he could see! And, vaguely through his anger and discomfort, Steer felt that, with her "lady-likeness," her tears, her shrinking, she was making a good impression on judge and jury. It enraged him to see her made to shrink and weep, but it delighted him too.

She came back to his side and sat down all shrunk into herself. Bowden's counsel began outlining the defense, and Steer listened with his mouth a little open—an outrageous defense, for what did it amount to but a confession that the fellow had played fast and loose? His client—said counsel—came into court, not to defend this action, but to express his regret as an honorable man for having caused the plaintiff distress, though not, he would submit, any material damage; for, now that they had seen her in the box, it would be absurd to suppose that what was called her "value in the marriage-market" had deteriorated. His client had come there to tell them the simple truth that, finding his feelings toward the plaintiff changed, he had considered it more honorable, wise, and merciful to renounce his engagement before it was too late, rather than to enter into a union from the start doomed to unhappiness, which, the gentlemen of the jury must remember, would, in the nature of men and things, fall far more heavily on the plaintiff than on the defendant himself. Though fully admitting his responsibility for the mistake he had made and the hastiness of which he had been guilty, the defendant believed they would give him credit for his moral courage in stopping before it was too late and saving the plaintiff from a miserable fiasco.

AT the words "moral courage" Steer had righted himself in his seat so suddenly that the judge was seen to blink. "Moral courage"! Wasn't anybody going to tell those dodos there that the fellow had been playing the rip with that cross-bred girl Pansy? Wasn't anybody going to tell them that Bowden had put his son up to this to spite him—Steer? A sense of mystification and falsity muddled and enraged him; it was all bluff and blarney, like selling a horse.

With the robust common sense characteristic—counsel went on—of plain and honest men, the jury would realize that one could not have things both ways in this world—however it might be in the next. The sad records of the divorce court showed what was the outcome of hasty and ill-considered marriages. They gave one to think furiously, indeed, whether these actions for breach of promise, with their threat of publicity, were not responsible for much of the work of that dismal tribunal. He would submit that where you had, as here, a young man, admitting his error and regretting it, yet manly enough to face this ordeal in order to save the plaintiff, and in less degree himself, of course, from a life of misery, that young man was entitled, if not to credit, at least to just and considerate treatment at the hands of his fellow citizens, who had themselves all been young and perhaps not always as wise as Solomon. Let them remember what young blood was—a sunny lane in that beautiful western county, the scent of honeysuckle, a pretty girl—and then let them lay their hands on their hearts and say that they themselves might not have mistaken the emotions of a moment for a lifelong feeling.

"Don't let us be hypocrites, gentlemen, and pretend that we always carry out that to which in moments of midsummer madness we commit ourselves. My client will tell you quite simply, for he is a simple country youth, that he just made a mistake, which no one regrets more than he, and then I shall leave it in your hands—confident that, sorry as we all are for the disappointment of this charming girl, you will assess the real values of the case with the instinct of shrewd and understanding men."

"Well, I'm darned!"

"H'sh! Silence in the Court!"

THE mutter which had been riven from Steer by counsel's closing words by no means adequately expressed feelings which grew with every monosyllable from that "young ruffian" answering the cunning questions of his advocate.

With his sleek bullet head he looked sheepish enough, but the thing was being made so easy for him—that was what seemed villainous to Steer, that and the sight of Bowden's face, unmoved, the breadth of two pigs away. When his own counsel began to cross-examine, Steer became conscious that he had made a hideous mistake. Why had he not caused his lawyer to drag in the girl Pansy? What on earth had he been about to let his natural secretiveness, his pride in his niece, prevent his using the weapon which would have alienated every sympathy from that young rascal? He tingled with disappointed anger. So the fellow was not to be shown up properly! It was

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outrageous. And then suddenly his ears pricked up. "Now, young man," counsel was saying, "don't you think that in days like these you can serve your country better than by going about breaking girls' hearts? Kindly answer that question! Don't waste his Lordship's time. Yes? Speak up, please!"

"I'm workin' the land—I'm growin' food for you to eat!"

"Indeed! The jury will draw their own conclusions as to what sort of leniency they can extend to a young man in your position."

And Steer's lips relaxed. That was a nasty one!

Then came the speeches from counsel on both sides, and everything was said over again. But Steer had lost interest; disappointment nagged at him, as at a man who has meant to play a fine inning—and gets out for seven. Now the judge was saying everything that everybody had said and a little more besides. The jury must not let themselves this, and let themselves that. Defendant's counsel had alluded to the divorce court—they must not allow any such consideration to weigh with them. While the law was what it was, breach-of-promise actions must be decided on their merits. They would consider this, and they would consider that, and return a verdict, and give damages according to their consciences. And out the jury filed. Steer felt lonely while they were absent. On one side of him were those Bowdens whom he wanted to make sweat, on the other his niece whom, to judge from her face, he *had* made sweat. He was not a lover of animals, but a dog against his legs would have been a comfort during that long quarter of an hour while those two enemies of his so stolidly stared before them. Then the jury came back, and the sentiment in his heart stuttered into a form he could almost have sent through the post: "Oh, Lord! Make them sweat.. Your humble servant, J. Steer."

"WE find for the plaintiff with damages, three hundred pounds."

Three hundred! And costs—with costs it would come to five! And Bowden had no capital; he was always on the edge of borrowing to get through—yes, it would push him hard!

And grasping his niece's arm Steer rose and led her out by the right-hand door, while the Bowdens sought the left. In the corridor his lawyer came up. The fellow hadn't half done his job! And Steer was about to say so, when those two passed, walking as though over turnips, and he heard Bowden say: "Think he'll get that stickin'-plaster—let 'im wait an' see!"

He was about to answer, when the lawyer laid hold of his lapel. "Get your niece away, Mr. Steer; she's had enough."

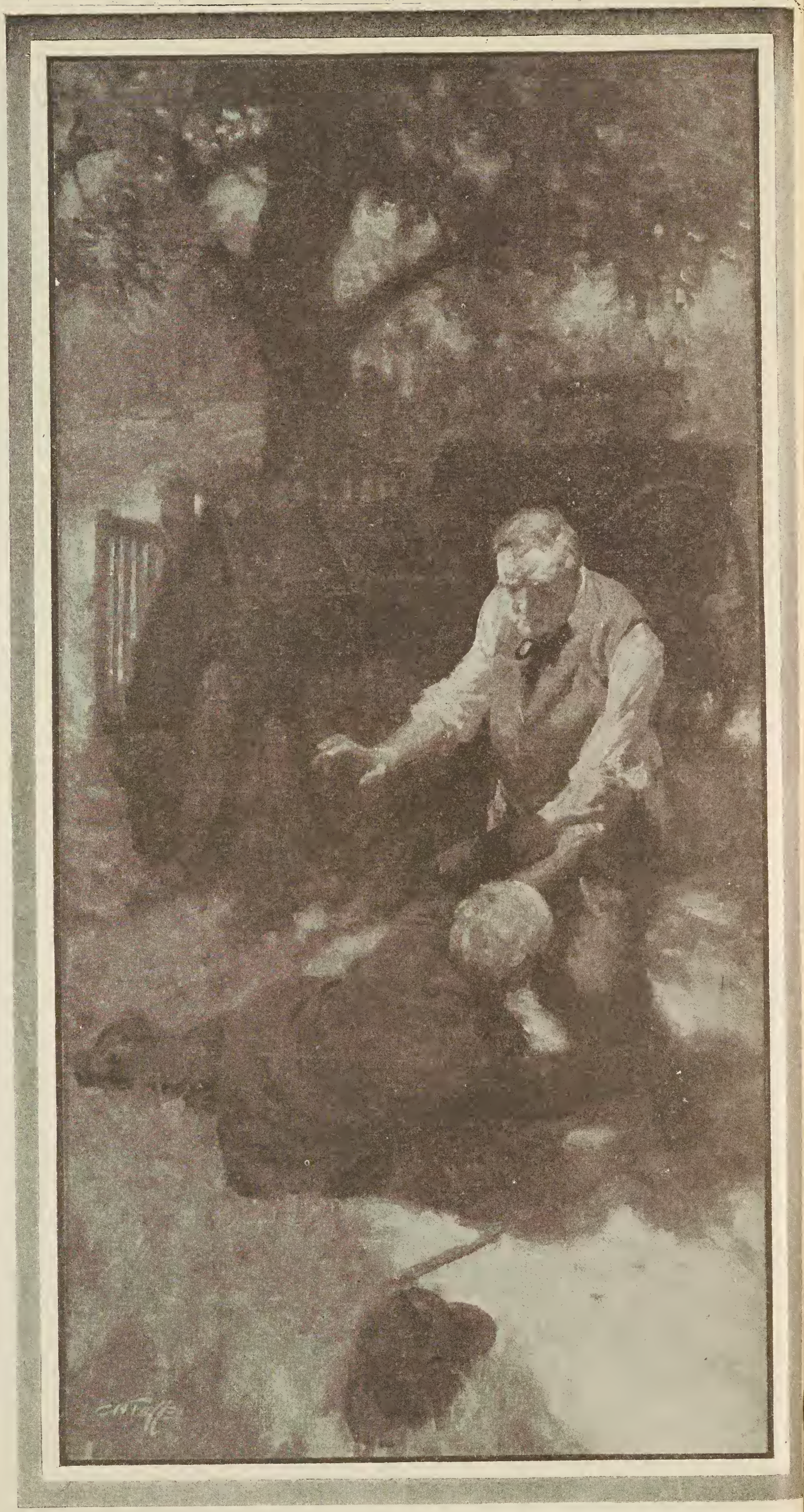
And without sense of conquest, with nothing but a dull irritable aching in his heart, Steer took her arm and walked her out of the precincts of the law.

The news that Ned Bowden had "joined up" reached the village simultaneously with the report that Steer had "shot" him in London for three hundred pounds and costs for breaking his promise to Molly Winch. The double sensation was delicious. Honors seemed so easy that no one could see which had come off best. It was fairly clear, however, that Molly Winch and the girl Pansy had come off worst. And there was great curiosity to see them. This was not found possible, for Molly Winch was at Weston-super-Mare and the girl Pansy invisible, even to those whose business took them to Bowden's yard. Bowden himself put in his customary appearance at The Three Stars, where he said quite openly that Steer would never see a penny of that money; Steer his customary appearances at church, where he was a warden and could naturally say nothing. Christmas passed, and the new year wore on through colorless February and March, when every tree was bare, the bracken's russet had gone dark-dun, and the hedgerows were songless.

STEER'S victory had lost him his niece. She had displayed invincible reluctance to return as a conquering heroine, and had gone into an office. Bowden's victory had lost him his son, whose training would soon be over now, and whose battalion was in Flanders. Neither of the neighboring enemies showed by word or sign that they saw any connection between victory and loss; but the schoolmistress met them one afternoon at the end of March seated in their carts face to face in a lane so narrow that some compromise was essential to the passage of either. They had been there without movement long enough for their mares to have begun grazing in the hedge on either hand. Bowden was sitting with folded arms and an expression as of his own bull on his face. Steer's teeth and eyes were bared very much like a dog's when it is going to bite.

The schoolmistress, who had courage, took hold of Bowden's mare and backed her. "Now, Mr. Steer," she said, "pull in to your left, please. You can't stay here all day, blocking the lane for everybody."

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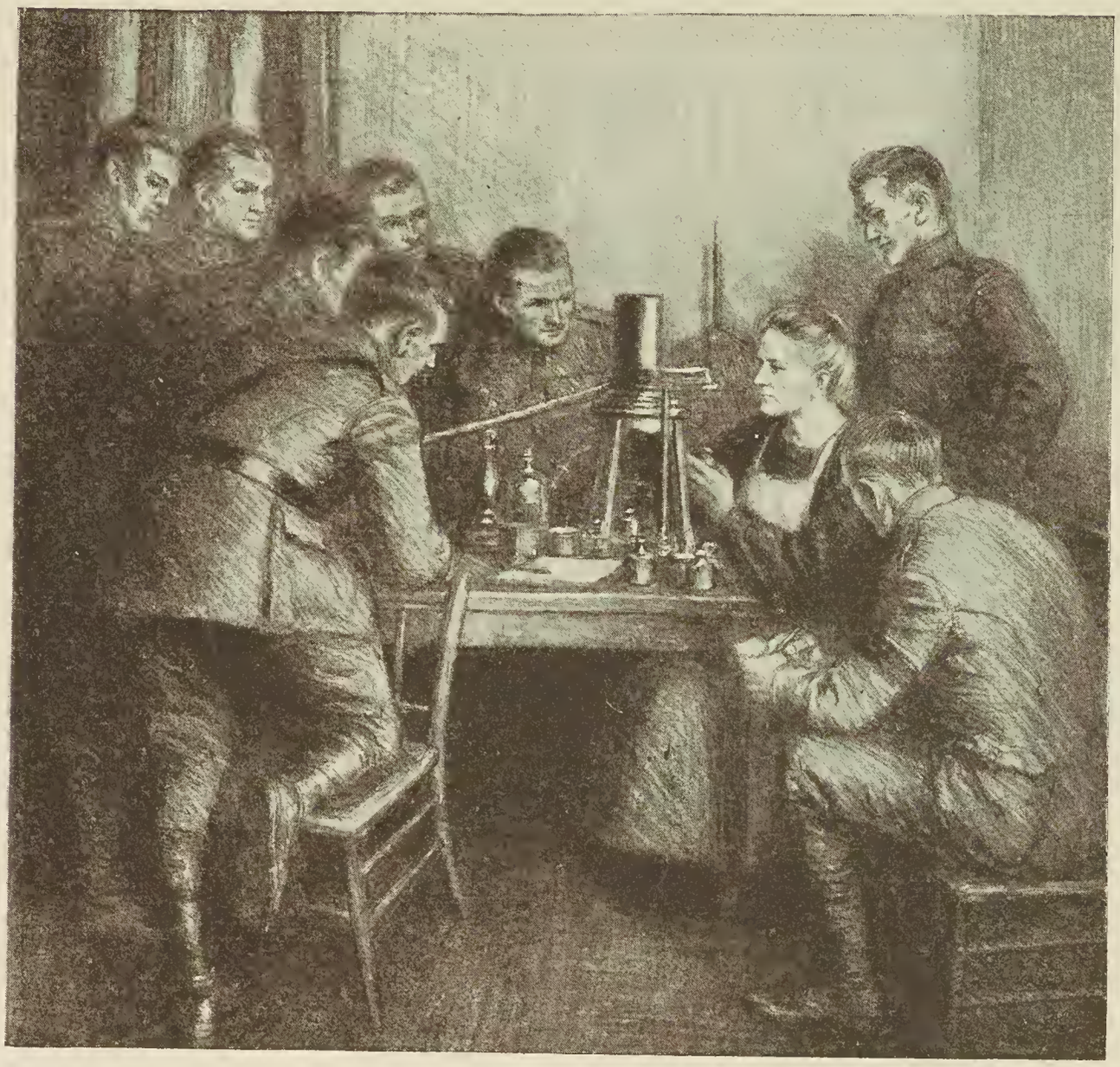
THEY SWAYED BETWEEN THE BEECH TRUNKS, NOW IN SHADOW, NOW IN MOONLIGHT WHICH SHOWED THE EXPRESSION IN THEIR EYES OF MEN OUT TO KILL. SUDDENLY STEER WENT ON HIS KNEES AND, GRIPPING BOWDEN'S LEGS, STRAINED AT THEM TILL THE HEAVY, UNSTEADY BULK PITCHED FORWARD AND FELL

The record of her services to the war-wounded concludes

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

By MARIE CURIE





VOLUNTEER HELPERS WERE INSTRUCTED IN THE OPERATION OF RADIOLOGY STATIONS



IN 1914 it happened that my daughters left Paris for their vacation before I did. They were accompanied by their governess, a woman in whom I had every confidence. They were staying in a small house on the seashore in Brittany, at a place where were also the families of several of our friends. My work did not generally permit me to pass the entire vacation near them without interruptions.

That year I was preparing to join them in the last days of July, when I was stopped by the bad political news, with its premonitions of an imminent military mobilization.

It did not seem possible for me to leave under these conditions, and I waited for further events—the mobilization on August first, immediately followed by Germany's declaration of war on France.

The few men of the laboratory staff were mobilized, and I was left alone with a mechanic who could not join the army because of heart trouble.

The events that followed are known to every one, but only those who lived in Paris through the days of August and September, 1914, can ever really know the state of mind in the capital and the quiet courage shown by it.

The mobilization was a general wave of all France passing out to the border for the defense of her land. All our interest now centered on news from the front.

First it was the invasion of Belgium and the heroic resistance of that little country; then the victorious march of the German army through the valley of the Oise toward Paris; and soon the departure of the French Government to Bordeaux, followed by the leaving of all the Parisians who could not or would not face the possible danger of German occupation.

The overloaded trains took into the country a great number of people. But, on the whole, the people of Paris gave a strong impression of calm and quiet decision in that fateful year of 1914.

In the end of August and the beginning of September the weather was radiant, and under the glorious sky of those days the great city with its architectural treasures seemed to be particularly dear to those who remained in it.

WHEN the danger of German attack on Paris became pressing, I felt obliged to put in security the supply of radium in my laboratory, and I was charged by the Government to take it to Bordeaux for safety. I did not want to be away long, and decided to return immediately.

I left by one of the trains that were carrying Government personnel and baggage, and I well remember the aspect of the national highway which is at intervals in view from the railway. It showed a long line of motor-cars carrying their owners from the capital.

Arriving at Bordeaux in the evening, I hurried the next morning to put the radium in a safe place, and succeeded, although not without difficulty, in taking a military train back to Paris on the evening of the same day.

Having opportunity for exchanging a few sentences with persons in Bordeaux, I was interested to notice that they seemed surprised and comforted to learn of some one who found it natural to return to Paris.

The trip back was troubled by delays. For several hours the train stood still on the rails, while the travelers accepted a little bread from the soldiers who were provided with it. Finally arriving in Paris, I learned that the German army had turned; the battle of the Marne had begun.

In Paris I shared the alternations of hope and grief of the inhabitants during the course of that great battle; and had the constant worry of foreseeing a long separation from my children in case the Germans succeeded in occupying the city. Yet I felt that I must stay at my post. After the battle of the Marne, however, I brought my daughters back to Paris and had them take up their studies again.

The dominant duty imposed on every one at that time was to help the country in whatever way possible during the extreme crisis that it faced.

No general instructions to this were given the members of the university. It was left to each to take his own initiative and course of action. I therefore sought to discover the most efficient way to be helpful, to turn my scientific knowledge to most profit.

During the rapid succession of events in August, 1914, it was clearly proved that the preparation for defense was insufficient. Public feeling was especially aroused by the realization of the grave failings that appeared in the organization of the Service of Health. My own attention was particularly drawn to this situation, and I soon found a field of activity which, once entered upon, absorbed the greater part of my time and effort until the end of the war, and even for some time after.

This work was the organization of radiologic and radio-therapeutic services for the military hospitals. But I also had to make the change, during those difficult war years, of my laboratory into the new buildings of the Institute of Radium and to continue, in the measure possible to me, regular teaching as well as to investigate certain problems especially interesting the military service.

It is well known that the X-rays offer surgeons and doctors an extremely useful means for the examination of the sick and wounded. They make possible the discovery of the exact location of projectiles that have entered the body, and this is, of course, a great help in extracting them. These rays also reveal lesions of the bones and permit one to examine the internal organs, as well as to follow the progress of recovery from internal injuries.

HOWEVER, at the beginning of the war the Military Board of Health had no organization of radiology, while the civil organization was also but little developed.

To meet this need I first gathered together and purchased all the apparatus I could find in the laboratories and stores. With this equipment I established, in August and September, 1914, several stations of radiology the operation of which was assured by volunteer helpers to whom I gave instruction.

These stations rendered great service during the battle of the Marne. But as the stations were not sufficient for all the hospitals of the Paris region, I fitted up, with the help of the Red Cross, a radiologic car. This was simply a touring motor-car fitted to transport a complete radiologic apparatus, together with a dynamo that was worked by the engine of the car and that furnished the electric current necessary for the radio apparatus. This car was accessible to all of the hospitals near Paris, which at this time were caring for the wounded who could not be transported to more distant hospitals.

I was able, besides, to equip my laboratory and give to the army twenty radiologic cars. The frames of these cars were donated by various persons.

THESE privately developed installations were of special importance in the first years of the war, when the regular military service possessed only a few radiologic instruments. Later the Military Service developed, little by little, a considerable radiologic service of its own. But the needs of the armies were so great that my cooperation continued necessary to the end of the war.

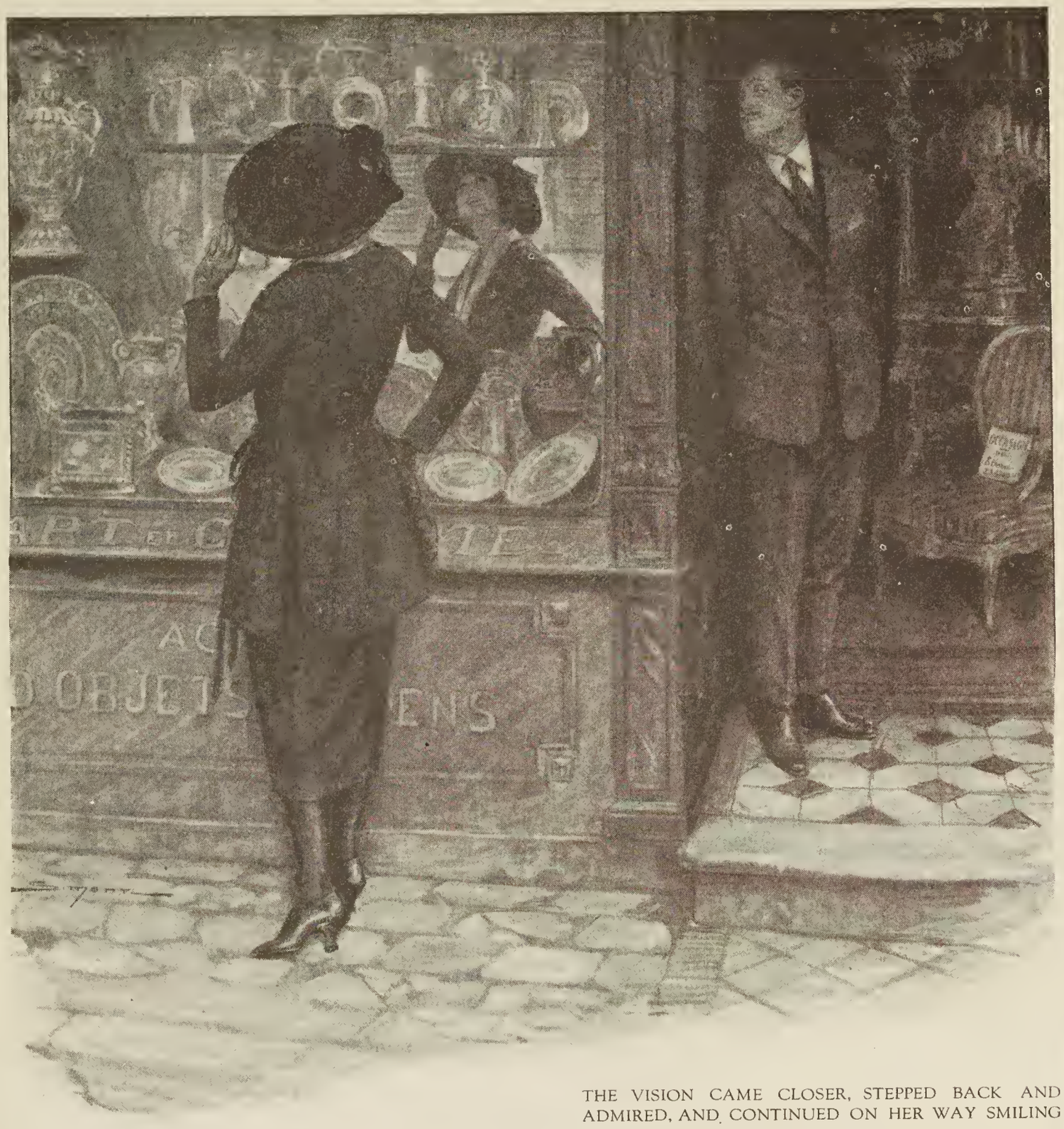
I could not have accomplished this work without seeing for myself the needs of the ambulance stations and hospitals. I was able to make several trips to the army zones.

The motive of these trips was usually a demand for help from surgeons. I would go with a radiologic car which I kept for my personal use. In making examina-

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SERVANTS OF HUMANITY

Only the truly great are content with this title, which is Pierre and Marie Curie's. They never reaped material rewards from the discovery of radium. They were content with the achievement. In this, the last instalment of her life story, Madame Curie continues the story of her work after the death of her husband. Through her efforts, and the gifts of American women, the long-hoped-for research in radium has become a reality



THE VISION CAME CLOSER, STEPPED BACK AND ADMIRED, AND CONTINUED ON HER WAY SMILING

THE SHELL *of* JULES DUVET

Opens to the soft hand of the wrong woman

By EARL MARVIN RUSH

IT WAS scarcely eight-thirty when Jules Duvet unlocked the door of the little antique shop. He hurriedly cranked up the steel shutter that by night protected the one display-window. Then, standing well back in the shadowy shop, he kept an expectant eye on the pedestrians who were beginning to enliven the Rue National.

Three days before, by the accident of madame's *pension* clock being wrong, he had arrived thus early, and had seen a girl—a slim brown vision of loveliness—start with delight on finding the shutter up, then step close and admire the display in the window. Since then Jules had made it a point to have the shop open at eight-thirty. This morning, after some minutes of waiting, he started forward eagerly. There she was, pausing for an instant to gaze into his window. When she had passed on, a faint smile of approval on her lips, Jules heaved a tremendous sigh and proceeded with his dusting.

The proprietor, when presently he bustled in, found Jules staring at a pair of Flemish candlesticks. He was thinking how well they matched the color scheme of the vision.

"Ah, Duvet," said the proprietor, "you are prompt."

"Yes," replied Jules absently; "it is a day to get one out early."

Monsieur Briard, shaking the water from his cloak, eyed his clerk. "*Petit idiot*," he cried, "it is a day of the devil!"

"I believe," said Jules after a moment, "that the window should be done oftener. It is that which attracts the—the tourists."

Monsieur Briard shrugged his shoulders. "As you will. But now you had best quit staring at those candlesticks and finish the dusting."

That evening Jules arranged a Flemish window around the two candlesticks. Then he hastened out to make a purchase. The purchase, a cravat of rich brown tones, he wore to dinner. Every one at the *pension* noticed this departure from the customary black. Mademoiselle Beugnot, who sat next him, turned her blond head ever so slightly and cast a look at it from her blue eyes. But even Georges Grigoire, the wit of the table, contented himself with a low-voiced remark to his neighbor. They tolerated the quiet, awkward Jules at Madame Touraine's. They even liked him. But what can one do with a man who can't talk or dance or play cards or sing or make love?

"Little snail," the men would say among themselves. "It is a soft hand that will bring him out of his shell."

As he watched the vision hesitating over his Flemish window next morning, Jules found himself wondering how he would look in brown. He liked brown. *Sacré!* Why should he not wear what he liked? At noon he drove the clerks of two boot-shops to the verge of imbecility before he found the desired shade of boots. Shod in these, he did a seventeenth-century window entirely in Boulle furniture. The result pleased him. The vision herself was typically Boulle, he reflected—slim, dainty, fragile Boulle.

Strangely enough, though she stood long before the display, the girl did not seem at all pleased. When she had gone, Jules went out into the drizzle and studied the window. He could find nothing to be desired. Evidently she did not like Boulle furniture. He moped around the shop all day.

"*Mon Dieu*," cried the exasperated proprietor, "but you crawl about like a weeping snail!"

As soon as the shop was closed, Jules did the window in rare ceramics. When he had finished, he raised the shutter long enough to view the effect. He had selected his pieces with discrimination, and the mirrors reflected a display that was creditable to his taste. Even Monsieur Briard's exasperation melted into enthusiasm. "You improve, Duvet," he said cautiously. "Do no worse, and I think—I *think* I can promise you—" But Jules, who was engrossed in other things, scarcely heard.

The morning brought more pleasing vindication of his taste in ceramics. The vision gazed at the display longer than on any other he had placed before her. She stood close to the window and looked, stepped back and admired, considered the pieces from two or three angles, and continued on her way smiling. At the recollection of her smile Jules flecked his lustrous brown boots and straightened his brown cravat. Then, instinctively, a hand crept up and fondled his mustache. "How careless I grow!" he whispered to himself. "I really must have it waxed."

JULES developed rapidly after that. Within a fortnight he completed his outfit with a brown suit and a remarkable brown hat, which he wore at a rakish angle. Madame Touraine's household could no longer ignore the change. Finding that Jules did not now flee at the slightest personality, they openly accused him of being in love. And Jules, though he blushed a good deal at first, began to linger over his dessert, that he might hear more of such credible accusations. Occasionally he essayed a witticism himself, and was rewarded with much laughter, not because he was clever, but because he was unexpected.

He took to smoking a pipe, which, when it did not make him very sick, made him very bold. In the latter mood he found the dance steps not half so difficult as he had imagined. The mysteries of cards were easily made plain to him. It was even discovered that he possessed a fair tenor voice. In time his shouting and laughter were almost equal to that of Grigoire himself.

"Ah," said the men among themselves, "the little snail is almost out of his shell. I wonder what soft hand it is that coaxes!"

Monsieur Briard was amazed at his clerk's devotion to the window, which each evening was decorated with new pieces or with fresh combinations of the old. Jules became increasingly popular with the tourists. Business flourished. In all Tours, in all the province, there was not an antique shop more patronized or more prosperous. Monsieur Briard employed a second clerk.

One day, while the proprietor and this clerk were at lunch, there entered the shop a tall, well-dressed gentleman who, within five minutes, had Jules discussing the furniture of Cressent with an enthusiasm that he did not know he possessed.

"So it is you," the stranger finally interrupted, "who arranges the window displays?"

"Yes, *m'sieu*," answered Jules, a little abashed by his intensity.

For a moment the other allowed his keen, appraising eyes to wander about the dark little shop. "A miserable hole," he said, shrugging disdainfully. "Come with me to Paris and I will put you in a real antique shop."

Jules was stupefied. "But—but I do not understand."

BY WAY of answer the stranger laid a card on the display-case. He was Jacques Romort, the most renowned connoisseur in France and the owner of half a dozen large establishments in Paris. Paris! Had there been a day, as he labored and studied, when Jules had not said to himself, "Some day I will find my success in Paris"? And now!

"Come," said Monsieur Romort, "what do you say? I need such a man as you. The salary"—he shrugged—"it will be as large as you can earn."

But poor Jules, whose brain had been whirling dizzily, suddenly sobered at the remembrance of the brown vision. To leave her, even for Paris and Monsieur Romort!

"I—I can not come just now, *m'sieu*," he said in a low tone.

"Can not!" snapped the connoisseur impatiently. "What is there to prevent? Do not be a fool. You are an artist and you waste your talents here."

Jules, that evening, rolled Monsieur Romort's last sentence over his tongue thoughtfully. After a time the explanation of it struck him. It was plain that in striving to please the brown vision he had incidentally pleased the great connoisseur. But—himself an artist! He smiled at the idea. No! That was for the fortunate, the brilliant, the Parisian. Monsieur Romort would expect always to be pleased, and, alas! he could not always please the vision—though he did know, after many experiments, that she did not care for rare old furniture.

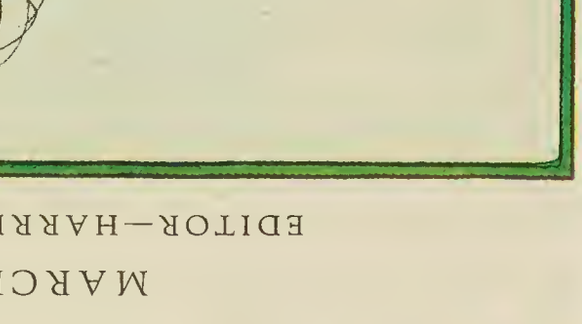
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THE DEER THAT TOOK THEIR OWN PHOTOGRAPHS

From flashlight photographs by George Shiras 3rd.
Courtesy of The National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.



THE FIRST PICTURE THE DEER TOOK OF THEMSELVES AT NIGHT



THE SECOND PICTURE THEY TOOK A SECOND LATER

THESE photographs were taken by the same deer you see in the pictures! A man named George Shiras used to go hunting with a gun in the woods on Lake Superior in Michigan. One day Mr. Shiras said to his guide, Jake: "I believe it would be just as much fun to hunt animals with a camera as with a gun." So he and Jake started out in a canoe, on the lake, with their camera hidden under branches of trees. They paddled softly along near shore until they saw a deer. Then Mr. Shiras clicked the camera.

But afterward, he was so excited that he pulled out the wrong plate and spoiled the picture!

Then Mr. Shiras tried taking pictures at night. He and Jake paddled softly along in their canoe, with the camera ready and a flashlight powder in a little pan, and a very bright lantern tied in front. Soon a deer came out of the woods to see what this beautiful light was. Mr. Shiras touched a match to the flashlight powder, the powder exploded, making everything as bright as day, and click! went the camera.

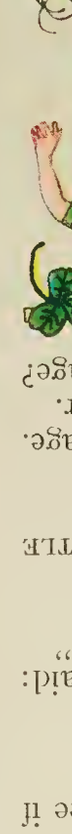
Then Mr. Shiras thought of the best way of all.

Deer used to sneak up in the night and eat the cabbages Jake had planted around the camp. So Mr. Shiras tied a string across the cabbage patch where the deer would hit it with their heads. At one end of the string was a camera and a flashlight.

That night, when two deer leaned down to crunch cabbages, bang! exploded the flashlight, and click! went the camera, taking the first picture on this page.

But the first pan of flashlight powder had a string in it, leading to another pan and another camera. When the first flashlight burned, the string caught fire, the flame ran along the string to the second pan, and that powder exploded and that camera clicked just as the deer jumped away. That made the second picture on this page.

OH BOY—WIN THIS BABE RUTH AUTOGRAPHED BAT AND BALL!



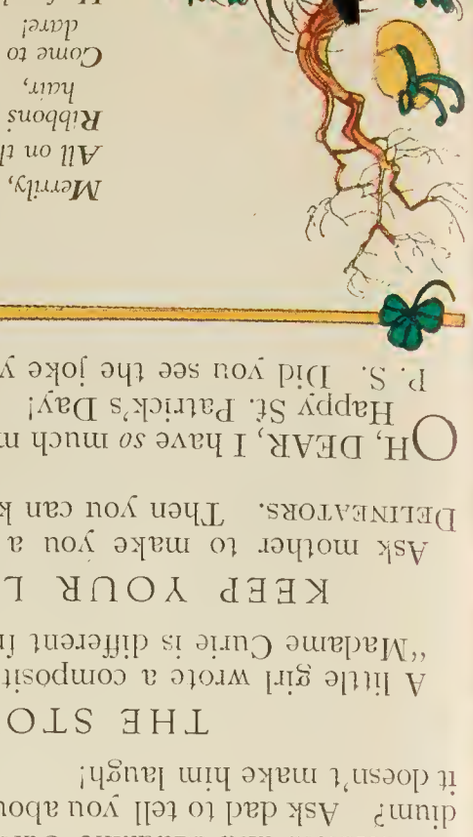


BABE RUTH is the best baseball batter in America. Not long ago some scientists examined him.

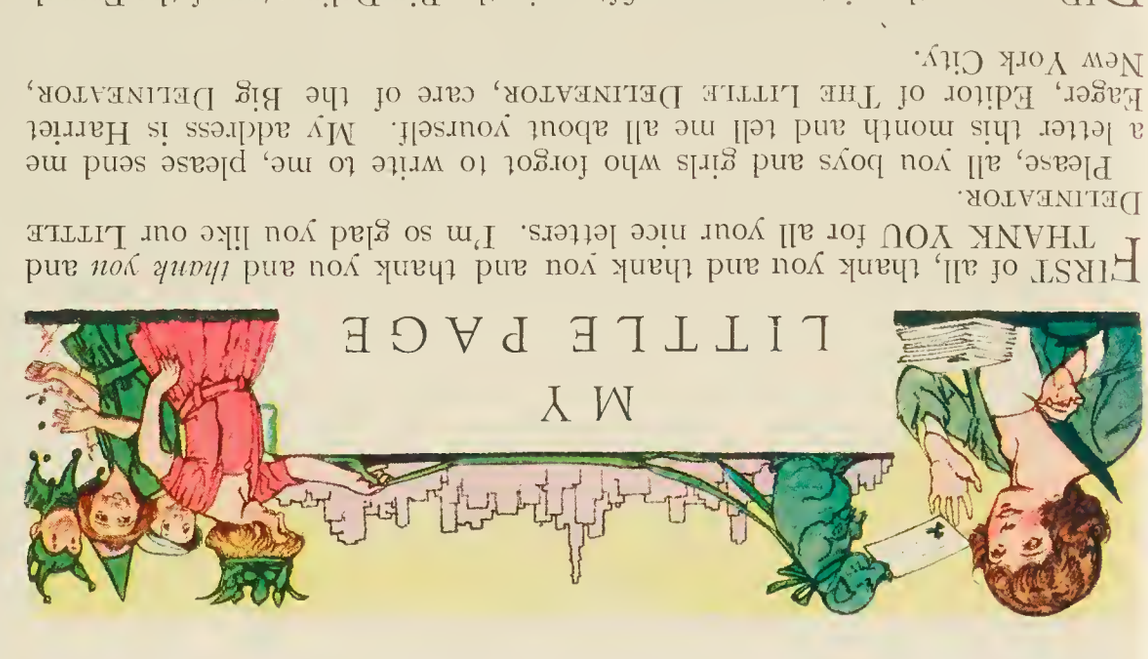
They strapped a sort of harness of rubber tubes around Ruth's chest, connected with a cylinder that showed how he breathed. Then they gave him a bat. They found out that just before Babe Ruth hit the ball, he held his breath. If he learns not to, he will bat even better.

Everybody who answers the baseball contest will get an interesting letter about Babe Ruth.

Every picture in this puzzle means some word used in baseball. No. 6 is "Home run." What are the others? The boy or girl who sends the correct answers and the most interesting short letter on "Baseball," will win this fine baseball bat and ball which Babe Ruth has autographed. Contest closes March twentieth. Address Baseball Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, Care of the Big DELINEATOR, New York City.



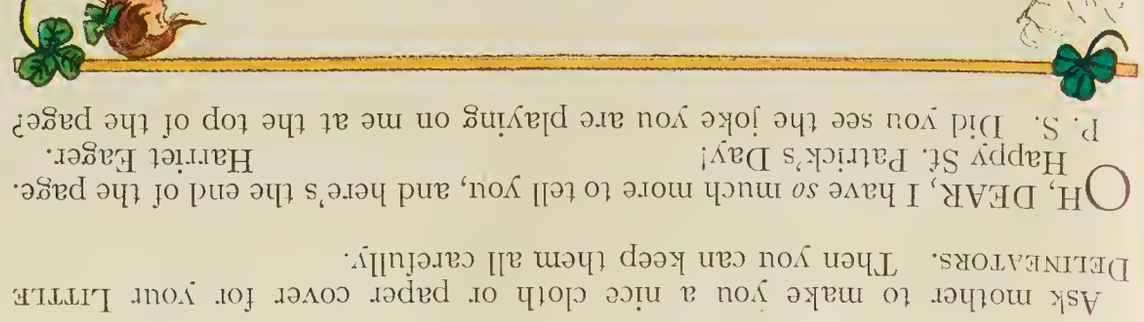
BABE RUTH WITH HIS FAVORITE BAT



THE LITTLE DELINEATOR
MARCH 1922
EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER



LOOK AT THE BIG COVER ON THE BIG DELINEATOR AND THEN LOOK AT THIS. WHAT HAPPENED?



MY LITTLE PAGE

FIRST of all, thank you and thank you and thank you and *thank you* and THANK YOU for all your nice letters. I'm so glad you like our LITTLE DELINEATOR.

Please, all you boys and girls who forgot to write to me, please send me a letter this month and tell me all about yourself. My address is Harriet Eager, Editor of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, care of the Big DELINEATOR, New York City.

DID you see the picture on page fifteen in the Big Delineator of the French soldiers and Madame Curie, the wonderful woman who discovered radium? Ask dad to tell you about radium. Tell him this story, too, and see if it doesn't make him laugh!

THE STORY TO TELL DAD

A little girl wrote a composition on Madame Curie. At the end she said: "Madame Curie is different from other ladies. She thinks all the time."

KEEP YOUR LITTLE DELINEATORS

Ask mother to make you a nice cloth or paper cover for your LITTLE DELINEATORS. Then you can keep them all carefully.

OH, DEAR, I have *so* much more to tell you, and here's the end of the page.
Happy St. Patrick's Day! Harriet Eager.
P. S. Did you see the joke you are playing on me at the top of the page?

MARCH

Merrily, merrily, winds do blow
All on the day of St. Patrick—o!
Ribbons green on each little girl's hair,
Come to school without green if you dare!
Ho for the shamrock that blooms in the snow!



THE STUCK-UP MONKEY



JESUS WITH THE LITTLE BIRD

DO YOU remember the picture last month of Baby Jesus sitting in his mother's lap hugging a baby lamb?

This is another picture of Jesus when he was a little older. His father is holding him this time. Isn't their white dog cute, sitting up begging with one paw? Can you see what little Jesus has in his hand? A bird! Of course the white dog wants it. But of course Jesus won't let him have it.

Father thinks it's very funny to see these three babies—the bird and the dog and the little boy—playing together. But mother looks as if she had just said: "Don't squeeze the bird too hard, darling, and don't tease your dog too much, or you will spoil his disposition. Dogs that get teased too much grow up snappy and mean."

This picture was painted hundreds of years ago by an artist named Murillo. Of course, he had never seen Joseph and Mary and Jesus, although he had read about them in the Bible, so he just painted them like real people he knew himself. Maybe this Boy Jesus looks just like Murillo's own baby. And I'm sure the dog was copied from a real dog. Don't you think so?



THE LAST ADVENTURE OF PRINCE TOOFAT

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

AS SOON as the Princess got up inside the tower, it began to run away. So the Prince and Himself were left all alone in the bawl grounds, but the Prince couldn't cry.

"What I've got to do is to find some monsters and giants and witches and then we'll find the tower all right," he said, turning to Himself, but

Look on the last page for a very funny story to tell your dad.

a funny little fellow stood there bowing.

"I'm the King of the Giants," he said in a squeaky little voice.

"Well, I'll declare," said the Prince. "Why, you're not as big as I am."

"We grow small up here," answered the Giant pleasantly.

"Well, you see," the Prince said slowly, "I've got to slay a giant, but of course——"

"Will it hurt much?" asked the Giant.

"Well," said the Prince, "I'm afraid it might kill you."

"Oh, if that's all, don't worry," replied the Giant, relieved, "because nobody dies up here. But hurry up, because I've got to play dominoes with the King of Dwarfs. Did you ever play dominoes? First, I say, 'Domino,' you know; then you say 'Domiyes.' Then we both laugh and walk around the table three times, and the first one that cracks his fingerpoints, he's it."

"I don't believe I ever played it that way," said the Prince thoughtfully, and was going to tell the other way when another funny little man appeared.

"I suppose this is your brother," said the Prince to the Giant, but the Giant shook his head so hard it turned around three times—I'll bet you can't do it—and said:

"Indeed, no; this is the King of Dwarfs. You know they grow large up here. So now please slay me."

So the Prince took out his sword and slew the Giant and then they all played dominoes till the Prince heard somebody calling him and looked up and there the Princess sat in her tower playing her light guitar, *tra la*.

"I've found the Monster Store," she said. "I hunted it up in the advertisement."

So the Prince started to run and never stopped till he got to the Monster Store.

There wasn't any door or windows to the Monster Store, nor anything but a little knob. So the Prince ate off the little knob, and the Monster Store opened up, and he was on the inside, while the Giant and Dwarf played cross-eyed tag on the leapfrog shelves. Did you ever play it?

"Just step this way, please," said a familiar voice, and there was Himself with a pencil behind each ear.

"Look here!" said the Prince. "How is it you always get to play storekeeper?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Himself. "We have some very nice monsters marked down to ninety-eight wrinkles. Would you like a monster with four heads and seven tails, or one with seven heads?"

(Finished next month)



Do you know why this picture of March has a lion and a lamb, and a harp and green shamrocks? Ask mother, and if she doesn't know, ask your teacher

The LOG-CABIN LADY

She learns to brave the conventions

"ASHAMED OF HIS WIFE"—that was the secret fear of this woman, the wife of a man in public life, who spent the early years of her life in mental anguish because she did not know how to act in her husband's world. Born in a log cabin on the Western frontier, presented at the Court of St. James's before she was thirty, she stepped from an untutored childhood into a sophisticated and formal European world. The social embarrassments she suffered because she had never been taught the elements of social form in her childhood nearly cost her her husband's love. To-day she is known on two continents as a distinguished woman, a charming hostess. She has written her story for THE DELINEATOR, so that other women may profit by her mistakes and unnecessary sorrows.

PART IV

FEAR is the destroyer of peace. I knew no peace until I learned not to be afraid of conventions. The three most wretched years in my life might easily have been avoided by a little training at home or at school.

I realize now the unhappiness of those first years of my married life. I was awkward and ill at ease in a world that valued social poise above knowledge. From my childhood I had loved honest, sincere people. After my marriage I met distinguished men and women, even a few who might be called great; but they, too, had their affectations and petty vanities. Being young, I judged them harshly because they set what I considered too much store upon absurd conventions.

In the course of my travels since, I have come to realize that social customs are a simple matter of geography! What is proper in England is bad form in France, and many customs that were correct in Vienna would be intolerable in Spain. In the formal circles of Vienna no one spoke to anybody without an introduction. In Spain there was a more subtle and truly aristocratic standard. The assumption was that anybody one met in the home of one's host was desirable, and it was courtesy, therefore, to begin a conversation with any guest. This is the attitude also in parts of France.

But in those first months I had not acquired my philosophy. I lived through homesick days, and some that were hard and bitter. I stayed with Tom that first year only because I was too bewildered to take any initiative, and because I kept hoping that things would right themselves and I would wake out of my nightmare.

My baby came in the second year, and then I could not go home. The simple life of my own people slipped very, very far away. We made a hurried trip back to the United States that Summer, but Tom would not consent to my going West. His own family wanted to see our baby, and they decided that the little fellow had traveled enough and should not be subjected to the hardships of a cross-country train trip.

So Tom sent for mother and the twins to come to us, and they arrived at the Waldorf Hotel, where we were staying. Dear, simple mother, in her terrible clothes,



SACRED CONVENTIONS WERE IGNORED WHEN THE KING AND QUEEN HAD TEA WITH THE "Y" GIRLS

and the twins, got up with more thought for economy than for beauty! I shopped extravagantly with them. The youngsters wanted to see everything in New York; but mother, despite all of those hard, lonely years in our rough country and the many interesting things for her to do and see in New York—mother wanted nothing better than to stay with the baby.

WITH all the children she had brought into this world one might think she had seen enough of babies. But she adored my little son. How near she seemed to me then! How hungry I had been for her, without realizing it! I felt that she loved my baby boy as she had never loved me or any of her own children. And I understood why mother never had had time to love her own babies. In the struggle for existence of those hard years she had never had a minute to indulge in the pure joy of having her baby. I sat watching her with her first grandchild, so sweet in his exquisite hand-sewn little clothes, and suddenly I found myself crying hysterically.

Mother was very dear to me from that day. Later in this chronicle I want to give a chapter to my mother and what we both suffered during this period of her visit to New York, for it marked the climax of my own development.

When mother and the children started off on their return trip to the West, Tom sent them flowers and candy and fruit. He had already generously put financial worry away from my family for all time, but I knew that he was a little ashamed of some of mother's crudities. I wondered why I did not feel ashamed. I was very, very glad I did not. It gave me something tangible to cling to—a sure consciousness of power, that comes of knowing one possesses the true pride to rise above the opinions of other people.

I would have given my life, that day, to be able to assure my family that material security which they owed to my husband, who neither loved nor understood them. I looked down the years and saw myself crushed by a burden of indebtedness to a man I felt I no longer loved. Only mother's grateful, simple happiness eased my hurt.

I had never approached my mother, but I knew now

that if her natural dignity and great, kind heart had been given the advantages that the women in my husband's family took as a matter of course, she would have been superior to them all. Yet they barely tolerated mother—no more.

I longed to go home to my own warm, hearty, open West. I stood on the ferry after they had gone, thinking that, if my family were not so deeply indebted to my husband; I would leave him.

I suppose I did not really mean that thought, but it made me unhappy. I felt disloyal and dishonest. Finally I told Tom. There was a scene; but from that day he began to understand me, and things were better.

A few days later we came home from a dinner-party, and, after going to the baby's room for a minute, Tom asked me to stay and talk. But he did not talk. For a long time he sat smoking and thinking. I knew he had something on his mind, and I waited. Finally I realized that he was embarrassed.

"Can I help? Is it something I have done that has embarrassed you?" I asked.

THAT was many years ago, but I can never forget the look Tom gave me. It held all the love of our courtship and something besides that I had never seen in his face before.

"For God's sake, never say that to me again!" he cried. "Embarrassed me! I am proud of you—you never can know how proud. I was sitting here trying to think how to tell you something my mother said about you, and just what it means."

His mother! My heart dropped. His mother had never said anything about me, excepting criticism. I had been a bitter disappointment to her. Whatever she said would be politely cruel—at best, a damning with faint praise.

"She said," my husband went on, "that she is very happy in our marriage, completely satisfied, and that she has come to be proud of you. I don't know how to tell you just what that means."

I knew. I knew his mother could have given me no higher praise. I had learned what to her were the essentials; I had cultivated the manner she placed above price. But the realization brought self-distrust. Had I lost my honesty and sincerity?

Tom went on to tell me that his mother had particularly admired my attitude toward my own mother, and the manner in which I met every little failing of hers. She felt I had a sense of true values in people, and that the simplicity and sureness with which I had met this situation was the essence of good breeding.

I had not thought it possible that Tom's mother could understand my feeling for my mother and my honest pride in her real worth. Perhaps, I reflected, I had been unjust to my mother-in-law. I knew what a shock I had been to her in the early days of our marriage, and I knew only too well that even Tom had often regretted my ignorance of social usages.

They are simple customs, and should be taught in every school in America, but I had not learned them.

I was happy that night and for days afterward.

Then we went back to Europe. Tom knew people on the steamer to whom I took a dislike. They were bold and even vulgar, and Tom admitted that he did not admire them. I made up my mind we should avoid them. The next afternoon I found Tom and that group walking the deck arm in arm, chatting affably. When we were alone, I asked Tom how he could do it. I know now that a man can not hold an official position like Tom's and ignore politically important people. But he only said rather carelessly, and with a laugh, that it was one of the prices a man pays for public office.

AFTER that I noticed that my husband was known to nearly every one. He had a glad hand and a smile for the public—because it was the public. I watched to see if he had a slightly different smile for the people of Back Bay and his own particular social class; sometimes I thought he had, and it made me a little soul-sick.

I longed for a home for my baby and a few friends I could love and really enjoy. I was not fitted to be the wife of a public man.

It was the poverty and crudeness of my youth that had made me intolerant. One of the big lessons life has taught me is that people can be amiable, tolerant, and even friendly, and still be sincere. The pleasantry of social relations among the civilized peoples of the earth is a mere garment we wear for our own protection and to cover our feelings. It is the oil of the machinery of life. I have found that men and women who take part in the big work of the earth wear that garment of civility and graciousness, and yet have their strong friendships and even their bitter enmities.

But I did not understand this when we went back to Europe. I only knew that my husband was amiable to people he did not like, and I questioned how deep his affection for me went. How much of his kindness to me was just the easiest way and the manner of a gentleman?

A hard and bare youth had made me supersensitive and suspicious and narrow. I wanted to measure other people by the standards of my own primitive years. Out on the frontier we had judged life in the rough. Courage and truth were the essentials. A man fought his enemies out in the open, and made no compromises. There was nothing easy in life, no smooth rhythm. And I tried to drag forward with me, as I went, the bold ethics of the frontier. I resented good manners because I believed they were a cloak for hypocrisy.

A few months after we returned to Europe the shadow of death crossed our path, swiftly and terribly. My little son died. Other babies came to us later, but that first little boy had brought more into my life than all the rest of the world could ever give. He had restored my faith in life, my hope, and for a while was all my joy.

People were kind, but I felt that many called merely because it was "good form"—"the thing to do." Bitterness was creeping into my heart.

Yet why should it not be "the thing to do" to call on a bereaved mother? It is a gesture of humanity.

Tom seemed very far away. I felt that his pride was hurt, perhaps his vanity; for he had boasted of the little fellow and loved to show him off. How little I understood!

I bring myself to tell these intimate things because there is a lesson in them for other women—because I resent that any free-born American citizen should be handicapped by lacking so small and easily acquired a possession as poise, poise that comes with knowledge of the simple rules of the social game. It is my hope that this honest confession of my own feelings, due directly to lack of training, may help other women, and particularly other mothers whose children are now in the plastic years.

It was my utter lack of appreciation of manners and customs in my husband's class that estranged me from Tom. I was resentful and antagonistic merely because I was different.

MY HUSBAND was suffering even as I was suffering; but no one realized it, least of all myself. Every one was especially kind to me, because I was a woman. People are rarely attentive and tender with men when loss comes. Men are supposed to be strong and self-controlled; their hearts are rated as a little less deep and tender than the hearts of women: yet when men are truly hurt they need love and care even as little children.

A month after the baby's death, Tom and I were walking along the Embankment in London one Saturday afternoon, when we met a small girl carrying a little child.

The baby was too tired to walk any farther; it was dirty, and was crying bitterly. Tom stopped, spoke to the girl, and offered to carry the baby, who soon quieted down on Tom's shoulder. At the end of that walk Tom's light Summer suit was ruined. I expected him to turn with some trivial, jesting remark, but he said nothing. I looked at him and saw that his face was set and hard and his eyes wet. Without looking at me, he said: "Don't speak to me now."

That moment of silence revealed to me my husband's character better than months of talking.

The next day my husband came to me and said:

"Mary, I have asked for a leave of absence. We are going back to the United States. We are going out West to have a visit with your family."

Two years before I had believed that Tom would not fit into my Northwest. But in twenty-four hours Tom and my father were old pals. He was as much at home with mother and the children as I, and all the neighbors liked him. He was interested in everything on the ranch, and even in the small-town life of the village. He interested father in putting modern equipment on the ranch. He went hunting with the men, played games with the children, visited the little district schoolhouse, and found joy in buying gifts for the youngsters. When mother made a big platter full of taffy, he pulled as enthusiastically as a boy. As I stood at the corral, one day, and watched Tom with my youngest brother, I remembered him at the court of St. James's, and I began to understand.

Tom was natural. It was just a part of him to be kindly and gracious to everybody. I had never seen him angry with men of his own type, but I saw him furious enough to commit murder when a man on the ranch tied up a dog and beat her for running away. In after years I saw Tom angry with men of his own class; I saw him waging long, bitter fights against public men who had betrayed public trust. Something barbaric in me was satisfied that my kind, gently bred man was one with the men of my own tribe, who fought man and beast and the elements to take civilization farther west.

Almost a generation slipped by between that visit to the West and the next scene in my life of which I shall write. Many things of personal and of national importance happened meantime, but they have nothing to do with this message to women.

I was in France when the World War began. I had been in Vienna again, and in England at regular intervals. I had learned to accept life as I found it, and to get much joy out of living. Sometimes I chafed a little under the demands of social life and needless formalities, but I accepted them as inevitable.

THEN the world was torn in two. The earth dripped in blood and sorrow. Life became more difficult than on the frontier, and more elemental.

I was present, in the first year of the war, in a house where the King and Queen of the Belgians were guests, where great generals and great statesmen had gathered on great and earnest and desperate business. I was only an onlooker, and I noticed what every one else was too absorbed to see. As the evening progressed, I realized that pomp and ceremony had died with the youth of France. King, generals, statesmen met as human men pitting their wits against one another, desperately struggling to find a way out of the hell into which they were falling.

Twice the king rose to his feet, and no one else stood. They were all too deep in the terrible question of war.

When the meeting was over and the guests of the house ready to retire, the little queen said very quietly:

"Madam, may not my husband and I occupy this room together? It is very kind of you to arrange two suites for us, but I am sure there are many guests here to-night—and, anyway, I prefer to be near him."

The war had done that. Who would expect a queen to think of the problems of housing guests, even a great queen? And the war had made the king not the king, but her man, very near and very dear.

Many other conventions I saw die by the way as the war progressed. Then America came in.

There is a temptation to talk about America in the war, but, after all, that has no bearing on my story. Soon after the United States entered, American men and women began to arrive in Europe in great numbers. I met them everywhere; sight-seeing, in offices, at universities, at embassies and consulates. I met them and loved them and suffered for them.

I was proud of something they brought to France that France needed, and I have no doubt that many of them took back to America something from France that we need.

For pure mental quality and courage, no people on earth could match what the American girls took to France. It was the finest stuff in the world. They knew how to meet hardship without grumbling. They knew how to run a kitchen and see that hungry men were fed. They knew how to nurse, to run telephones, automobiles—anything that needed to be done. Some failed and fell by the wayside, but they were the smallest possible percentage.

Those American girls knew how to do everything—almost everything.

Two wonderful girls, one who ran a telephone for the army and another in the "Y," both from the Middle West, were at headquarters the day the King and Queen of the Belgians arrived. With others they were sent to serve tea, and they served it. The "Y" girl, taking a young captain whose presence made her eyes glisten to her Majesty, said:

"CAPTAIN Blank, meet the queen."

And the queen, holding out her hand, and never batting an eye to show that all the conventions had been thrown to the winds, said:

"Captain, I am very happy to meet you."

They served tea—served it to the king, the queen, the general of the American army, and other important people. There was cake besides tea, and it was not easy to drink tea and eat cake standing. The telephone girl insisted that General Pershing must sit down. The king was standing, and of course General Pershing continued to do the same.

"Will you sit down?" said another girl to the king. "There are plenty of chairs."

That girl had done her job in France—a job of which many a man might have been proud—and on her left breast she wore a military medal for valor. The king touched the medal, smiled at her, and said he was glad there were plenty of chairs, for he knew places where there were not.

But General Pershing and his cake still bothered the little Illinois girl, who went back at him again and asked him to sit down and enjoy his cake. The king indicated to the general to be seated.

No one but General Pershing would have known what to do between the rule to stand when a king stands and the rule to obey the order of the king. He gracefully placed his plate on the side of a table, half seated

Continued on page 97

NEW YORK SEEN IN THE LIGHT OF THE FIRST SPRING SUNSHINE



The New York dressmaker has borrowed the charming French fashion of displaying her new models in a delightful setting and on a pretty manikin, a misleading lady who convinces all comers, young and old, the halt, the meager and the mountainous that they will look as she does in the new gowns. The Fifth Avenue houses are using black for crêpe silk, satin, and broadcloth, a contrasting color for the new bloused and belted jacket with a black skirt, vivid color for the body which is a third part of the coat and dress suit, the low waistline, the boat neck and the broken hem

AT THIS season of the year New York has a charm that is perverse and unreliable yet half maddening in its first promises of Spring. Days are dipped in yellow sunshine, the cold sweet scent of street corner violets falls on the air, motors drone like hives of lazy bees, and in the shop-windows of Fifth Avenue and the Fifties dresses of rose and silver gauze and primrose yellow spread their skirts and await the invitation to the Easter dances at Sherry's and the gay little suppers at the so-called clubs where New York gathers after the theater. The first warm days, suddenly hot and enervating, fill one with eagerness and irritation, the oppressive sense of Winter clothes too heavy, too clumsy and too dull, the hunger for something fresh and exquisite and totally new.

One stable quality New York possesses—the fascinations of its shop-windows and window shoppers, the women who stroll along the Avenue in their paper-soled patent leather sandals and skin-colored stockings, slim even under the black capes and pale gray cloaks that are so much worn this season. For the street New York women, like the Parisian, are wearing capes that match their dresses or their suits. Smart little capes, fairly short, are worn over sports dresses of kasha or with the patch-pocket jacket and narrow skirt of the belted suit. At the Ritz and Delmonico's at lunch-time and at tea, one sees longer capes of a quite different type, gathered in at the neck under rose collars of fabric flowers.

One notices in the Fifth Avenue shops among the sober navy blues dedicated to serge, the dead black of the crêpe silks and the soft beige and platinum of the new kashas, the more vivid colors in jersey sports clothes and striped flannels, cretonne patterns printed on pongees and cashmere and Paisley designs on foulards. These printed silks will be used for entire dresses later in the Spring. One sees them now in wide sleeves, in the lining of the cape, or in the hip-length body of a dress worn with a short jacket matching the skirt.

WELL-CUT suits are worn as well as capes, and among the newest comers is the little French suit with a short bloused coat that hugs the hips and has a narrow string girdle, and is sometimes made in white matelassé or white cloth stitched all over in black, or in scarlet or gray or putty-colored broadcloth. These little light jackets are worn with black broadcloth skirts, but are regarded as suits. One sees other types, of course, among them an early Spring arrival in navy serge with a smartly cut jacket bound with silver braid, and with silver braid on the loose panels of the skirt and silver braid and silver embroidery and carved turquoise buttons on the draped waistcoat of white taffeta, such as the French woman wears in lieu of a blouse. The more severely cut, classical tailor-made is also worn.

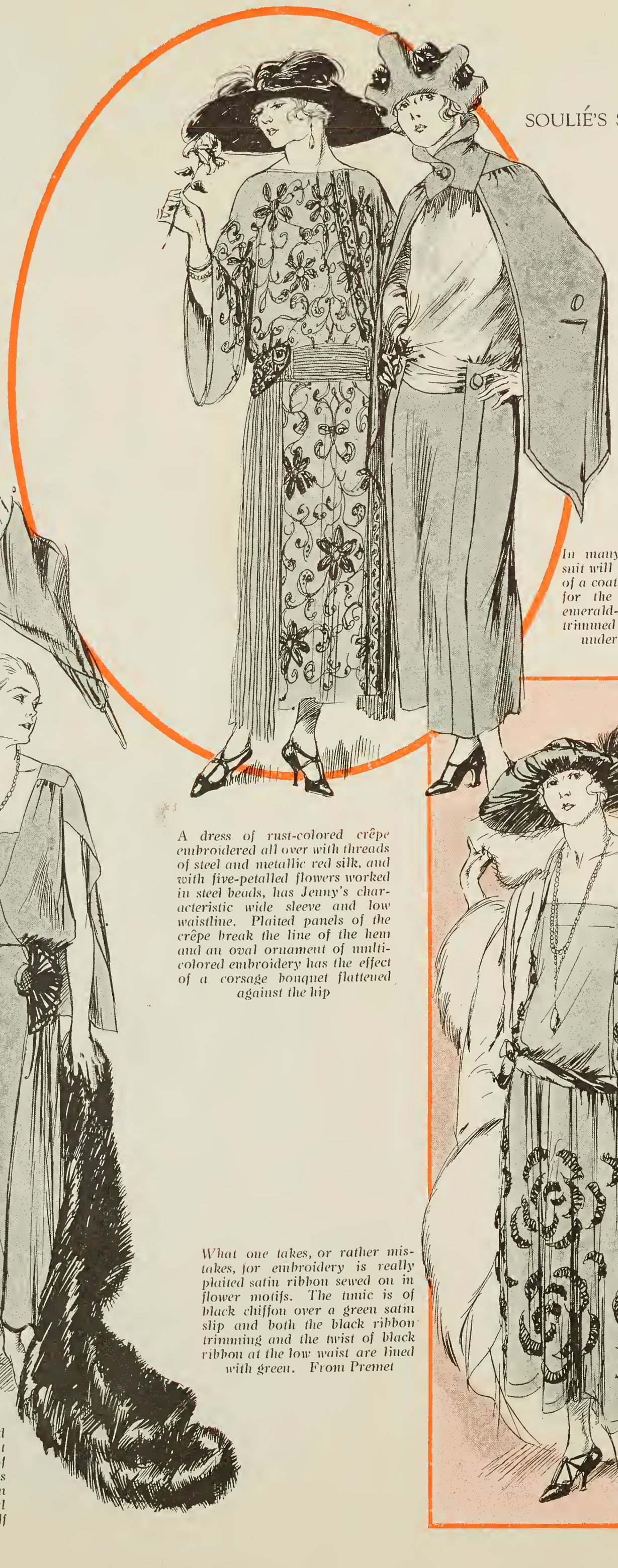
One observes with suits of all types that the blouse collar, if it has one, is never brought out over the coat. It is to soften this rather trying fashion and also to complete the boat-shaped neck of the collarless dress that women wear fox scarfs in the Spring. Many of the smartest women that one sees are dressed in black crêpe or broadcloth frocks of the simplest possible cut, broken only by some slight irregularity in the hem, a simple hat, a fox neck-piece, pearls, pale-colored gloves, faultless patent-leather pumps and thin gauze stockings. A costume of this kind is flawless and is quite perfect for the woman who must be well dressed and yet can not afford a varied wardrobe, for it can be worn at all hours and for a whole season almost without a change.

Luncheon at Sherry's or Pierre's and a stroll on the Avenue afterward tempted by the new hats, tormented by the endless variations of charming dresses, is to be convinced of several things. The silhouette remains narrow and slim, the waistline low, the neck boat-shaped, the skirt longer than last year, but not long, the hem irregular and the sleeve long and wide.

SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES SENT FROM THE POINT TO THE CAPE SUIT, AND THE NARROW HIP

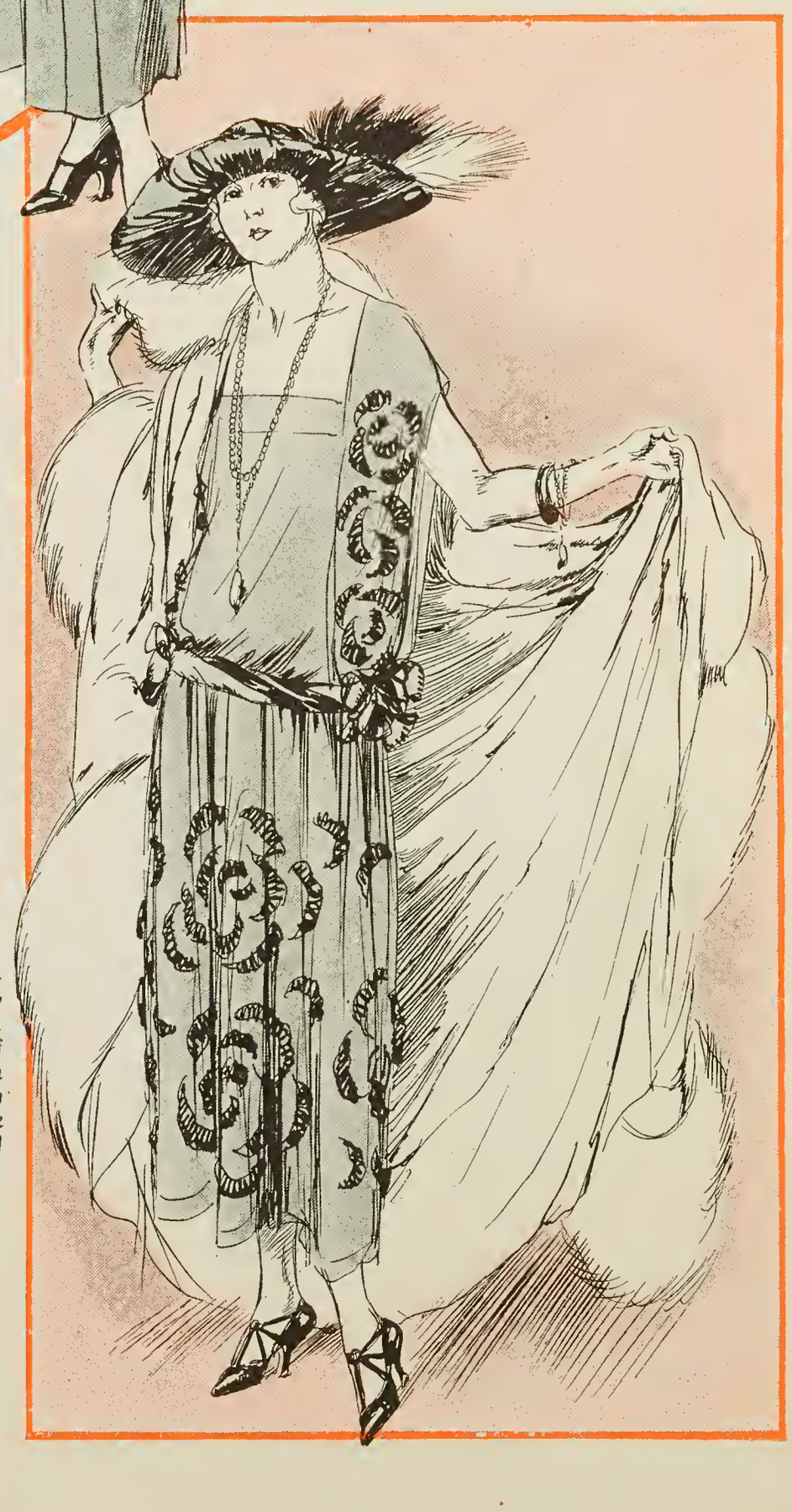


The odd jacket—not odd in cut but in its differentiation from the skirt—is much used for the Spring suit. Here Premet has given the air of another fabric to satin by stitching it in a check design and making the kilted skirt of the plain satin



In many instances the Spring suit will have a short cape instead of a coat. Jenny uses black repp for the suit with a bodice of emerald-green crêpe de Chine trimmed with fringe and buttoned under the plaits of the skirt

A dress of rust-colored crêpe embroidered all over with threads of steel and metallic red silk, and with five-petalled flowers worked in steel beads, has Jenny's characteristic wide sleeve and low waistline. Plaited panels of the crêpe break the line of the hem and an oval ornament of multicolored embroidery has the effect of a corsage bouquet flattened against the hip





What one takes, or rather mistakes, for embroidery is really plaited satin ribbon sewed on in flower motifs. The tunic is of black chiffon over a green satin slip and both the black ribbon trimming and the twist of black ribbon at the low waist are lined with green. From Premet

Drapery wrapping the figure closely and caught up apparently by an ornament at the hip is used on many French dresses of the more elegant type. In a dinner dress from Martial et Armand the rose geranium velvet is untrimmed save for the fan-shaped ornament of black celophane and the half cape at the back

DELINEATOR'S PARIS ESTABLISHMENT

THE CONTRASTING JACKET

OF THE SPRING MODE

PARIS at present is in the Midi, at Monte Carlo and Nice, at Biarritz and at Cannes. It is not the South as we know it, in spite of its mimosa and olive trees and lemon groves. It is a sort of false Spring, where in March the Parisienne needs the type of dress that she will wear in Paris late in May, not the cotton frocks and bathing-suits of Palm Beach. Her white dresses are of kasha and serge, and she wears smart little suits of light wool, many of them with capes or with the new short jacket that hugs the hips and blouses a bit over a string belt. Her evening gowns are elegant, but of the greatest simplicity, irregular of hem and almost untrimmed, a fairly high décolletage and usually no sleeves.



A coat dress from Worth ignores the waistline altogether and goes straight to conclusion of its monkey-skin fringe. The material is black craquelinette trimmed with monkey fur and worn over a waistcoat of white satin

Again the jacket apparently at odds with the skirt for the black satin tunics almost hide the skirt of red duvetyn which matches the short scarlet jacket banded with satin and embroidered with jet. From Worth



The Parisienne learned to walk during the war and the Paris countrier has had to turn tailor. The suit with the classical fitted jacket is much worn, also the belted suit with the belt placed low on the hip. Doeuillet makes a smart thing of putty-colored drapella checked with black

"United we stand" is the motto of a coat and skirt made one and indivisible by the plaits at the left side. The material is putty-colored serge trimmed with black satin and lifted into a slight drapery in the skirt. From Martial et Armand



Lanvin cuts recklessly into old shawls of cashmere and Paisley designs for the trimming of her Spring frocks. For a dress of gray-silk jersey she uses an inlaid panel of cashmere at the front and bits of the cashmere at the wrist of the long, close sleeves



Tunic Blouse 3530
Slip 3489—Hat 3596

Dress 3597
Beading
design
10819

Dress 3543
Embroidery
design 10909

Dress 3604
Embroidery
design 10913

Dress 3595

Other views and descriptions of these garments on page 98

Dress 3608



Coat 3623
Skirt 3520
Embroidery design 10916

Coat 3619
Skirt 3262

Dress 3620

Coat 3621 Tam 3596

Other views of these garments are shown on page 101

Cape 3563 Dress 3510

Dress 3622 Embroidery design 10899

THE MOOD OF THE SLEEVE VARIES, BUT THE NECKLINE IS CONSTANT FOR DIFFERENT DEGREES OF DRESSING UP



Evening dress 3606

3606—Even an evening gown makes a slim pretence at having the fashionable wide sleeve. The line of the neck is new and becoming and the deep armhole may reveal a body of the same material or of metal cloth. The soft straight skirt of the dress is attached at the low waistline, which is finished by a flower girdle of the same material. The dress slips over the head and closes under the left arm. Silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor or Georgette in any of the evening shades would be attractive.

36 bust requires 3½ yards of Georgette 40 inches wide. Lower edge of drop skirt 54 inches; skirt 1¾ yard.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 3545
Embroidery design 10895

Dress 3560



Dress 3553

3545—10895—Many tricks of line and trimming go out dining on this gown, such as fabric flowers, detachable cape and cascade draperies. The flowers are made of silk to match the dress or the cape lining. They may also be done in a combination of beading or French-knot embroidery, etc. The dress, for which a body lining is possible, slips over the head and closes under the left arm. The straight skirt, in two pieces, is attached at the low waistline. Use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide and ¾ yard of contrasting material 36 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3560—The back of this dress is so curious to meet the front that it comes more than its share of the way. This joining before the shoulder gives an unusual line to the full sleeves, which appear fuller for the banding near the cuff. The straight skirt is attached to the body at a low waistline and there may be a long lining marked for a camisole top. The dress slips over the head and closes under the left arm. Use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, satin, taffeta, etc. Lower edge 62½ inches, drop skirt 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards of foulard silk 40 inches wide and 1⅛ yard of 36 inch contrasting color.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3553—Three tiers of a straight ruffled skirt are finished by a pointed edging of the same material and fastened at a low waistline. For the body, the jumper theme with variations. The underbody, which may be made in a contrasting color, grows into a full sleeve and is fastened into a tight cuff. There may be a long body lining marked for a camisole top. The dress slips over the head and closes under the left arm. Use taffeta, crêpe de Chine, lace, and, for Summer, organdy, swiss etc. Lower edge 40 inches, lowest ruffle 60 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards of crêpe satin 40 inches wide and 1¾ yard of Georgette 40 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 42 bust.

3588—10873—The soft, simple sleeves of a one-piece slip-over dress flare unexpectedly into gauntlet cuffs, and the collar, which may be snugly buttoned high, is spread open to display an embroidered vestee. Crisscross figures also band the straight lower edge and sleeves. They may be worked in cross-stitch or beads. The blouse at the low waistline is attained by drawing in the fulness on an elastic, and there may be a body lining. Use heavy silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe jersey, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse, satin, pongee, etc. Lower edge 53½ inches.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3576—10858—A slip-over dress which takes to heart the verdict of the long straight line, has straight plaited panels attached across the sides at a slightly low waistline. A blouse body lining is a matter of choice. Above the metal belt the initials of the wearer are an individual touch. They may be worked in satin-stitch or outline. A dress of this type is particularly becoming to a stout figure. Use serge, tricotine, wool crêpe, wool jersey, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, linen, linen-finished cottons, etc.

36 bust requires 4 yards of serge 44 inches wide and ¼ yard of silk crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge 2¾ yards.

This dress is becoming to ladies 34 to 52 bust.

3571—10880—One of the easiest ways of being gay in a gay season is to combine a long embroidered body with a straight simple skirt. The embroidery may be worked in a combination of one-stitch or bugle-bead embroidery and outline.

Other views are on page 99

The dress slips over the head and may have a long body lining, if you like. Make the dress entirely of satin or with the body of silk crêpe; use crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse, all one side of the material or combining dull and shiny sides, etc.

36 bust requires 1⅜ yard of crêpe satin 40 inches wide for body, sleeves and belt, and 2¼ yards of the same material in a contrasting color. Lower edge 63 inches.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3594—10950—A comfortable coat answers the blouse question in the affirmative. It may be made, however, without the elastic in the low waistline and in this case will hang straight. The wide collar and even wider sleeves are emphasized by winding embroidery motifs. They may be worked in outline or chain-stitch embroidery. The coat is good-looking in either wool or heavier silk materials. Use heavy silk crêpes, satin, camel's-hair cloaking, serge, velours, duvetyn, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards of velours 54 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

This coat is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses.

3593—A redingote goes sleeveless for the pleasure of borrowing wider and gayer sleeves from a slip-over underdress. The underdress is further to be recommended for its low waistline at which the straight skirt is attached and for its deep armholes. The redingote is in one piece. Use serge, tricotine, soft twills, broadcloth, with crêpe meteor, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or foulard; crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, charmeuse—all one side of the material or combining dull and shiny sides—silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge 49 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide and 1¼ yard of Paisley silk 36 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 42 bust.

3589—3460—Quite the newest costume of Spring is the cape and dress "en suite." The short circular cape has set-in pockets; the dress is in one piece and closes at the back. The blouse effect and the body lining are a matter of choice. For both cape and dress use serge, tricotine, gabardine; for the cape wool poplin, camel's-hair suiting, double tweed material, etc., and for the dress soft twills, checks, heavy silk crêpes, etc. Lower edge of cape 2¾ yards; of dress 54 inches.

36 bust requires for the cape and dress 4 yards of cloth 54 inches wide and ¼ yard of flannel 27 or more inches wide.

The cape, 3589, and the dress, 3460, are becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; they are also nice for misses.

TO BLOUSE OR NOT IS THE PROBLEM OF THE LOW WAISTLINE



Dress 3588
Embroidery
design 10873



Dress 3576
Embroidery design 10858



Dress 3571
Embroidery
design 10880



Coat 3594
Embroidery design 10950

Other views of these garments are shown on page 99

Dress 3593



Cape 3589
Dress 3460

SOME CHOOSE PANELS OR SIDE DRAPERIES FOR MARCH WINDS TO BLOW, WHILE OTHERS PREFER THE SIMPLER FROCK



Dress 3586

Dress 3557
Embroidery design 10926

Dress 3599

Dress 3584

Dress 3526

Dress 3601
Embroidery design 10856

Other views of these garments are shown on page 100

3524—The V neckline, which nowadays stands for vestee, is cut so low that she knots her tie almost at the trim little belt. Braid is the newest finish for this skirt edge. The dress is in one piece and slips over the head; there may be a blouse body lining but it is not really necessary. Use wool crêpe, serge, tricotine, soft twills, sports silks, or for Summer, gingham, cotton ratine, heavy etamine, linen, linen finished cottons, plain cottons or cotton poplin. Lower edge 1½ yard.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards of check wool 48 inches wide and ¼ yard of broadcloth 36 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust; it is also nice for misses.

3549—Rows of braid finish the straight skirt, wide sleeves, pockets, and collar of a Spring sports dress. The little belt at the low waistline crosses with a flourish in front, and at the sides conceals the elastic on which the fulness is drawn. The dress, which may have a body lining, slips over the head and is in one piece. Use wool jersey, soft serge, wool crêpe, crêpe jersey, heavy silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, satin, pongee, sports silk, or for Summer gingham, linen or linen-finished cottons. Lower edge 52 inches.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards of wool jersey 54 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 46 bust; it is also nice for misses.



Dress 3524 Dress 3549



Coat 3533
Skirt 3414



Cape 3602
Dress 3465

ONE-PIECE SPORTS DRESS, SUIT OR CAPE COSTUME ARE FAVORITES FOR THE STREET

3533—3414—A coat of French temperament flares a little with the help of slightly circular trimming folds, without which it takes a straight line. There is a soft, becoming plait at the back of the armhole. As for the straight skirt, it is in two pieces with the waistline raised 1¼ inch, and if you like, it may have loose panels. For the coat use wool crêpes, soft serge, etc.; for the skirt same materials, etc. Lower edge of skirt 53 inches.

36 bust and 38 hip requires 5½ yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide and ¼ yard of a contrasting color 40 inches wide.

This coat, 3533, is becoming to ladies 32 to 42 bust; it is also nice for misses. The skirt, 3414, is becoming to ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

3602—3465—A straight cape with fabric flowers chooses to appear in the shorter of its two possible lengths. There is just a glimpse of a slip-over gown beneath, with a straight skirt attached to a long body of contrasting color. The cape and dress make the smartest costume of the year. For the cape use silk crêpes, satin, taffeta, etc.; for the dress silk-crêpe fabrics, etc. Lower edge of cape in either length 2 yards; of dress 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 5½ yards of crêpe satin 40 inches wide for the cape and skirt and 1½ yard of contrasting color 40 inches wide.

This cape, 3602, is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses. The dress, 3465, is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3586—A one-piece dress is smart when it has a scalloped bottom edged with points of the same material. The effect of a plait characterizes the front and back while at the low waistline on the sides fulness is secured by an elastic in a casing. You may have a body lining or not, as you like. The dress slips over the head. Use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, foulard, crêpe jersey, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe voile or wool crêpe. Lower edge 53 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses.

3557—10926—A fascinating design of chains and scrolls bands the straight skirt and body of a one-piece dress. They may be worked in half-inch braid, soutache braid, outline, chain-stitch or couching. An elastic at the low waistline gives the blouse effect, without which the dress will hang straight. The dress slips over the head and may have a body lining. Use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, foulard, Georgette, crêpe jersey, fine cotton crêpe, etc. The lower edge measures 53½ inches and is straight.

36 bust requires 3 yards of serge 44 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses.

3599—A becoming body is bloused or drawn down to meet the straight skirt at a low waistline. The neck is roundly cut to display a fresh white vestee which matches tiny suggestions of a collar at each side of the neck, and a medium deep armhole permits of full sleeves. The dress closes under the left arm and may have a body lining if you like. Use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, satin, taffeta, foulard, silk voile, or for Summer fine cotton crêpe, crêpe voile or dimity.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards of foulard silk 40 inches wide and ¼ yard of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3584—Latticed fabric trimming on loose side panels creates a new version of the uneven hem line, and a new finish for fashionable wide sleeves. The straight skirt of the dress is attached to the waist at a low line. A long body lining is possible, but is not really necessary. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, wool crêpe, crêpe voile in one or two colors; crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, all one side of the material or combining dull and shiny sides; foulard, Georgette or silk voile alone. Lower edge 52 inches.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide including fabric trimming.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3526—Front and back panels are independent features of the slip-over dress opposite. Kimono body and straight skirt which may be of a contrasting color meet at a slightly low waistline. The dress closes under the left arm and may have a long body lining. Use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, wool crêpe, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe voile, cotton voile in one or two colors, or figured with plain or crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, combining dull and shiny sides, etc. Lower edge measures 1½ yard.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard of brocaded crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide for panels and 3⅛ yards of Georgette 40 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3601—10856—Cascade draperies on a straight skirt are responsible for the uneven hem line. The long body, which joins the skirt at a low line, may have a body lining marked for a camisole top. The wide sleeves are sewed to the front and back, giving the effect of a deep armhole. Both sleeves and body are embroidered in scroll patterns. They may be done in a combination of one-stitch and bead or French knot embroidery. Make entirely of silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine or wool crêpes; use crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, foulard, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards of crêpe satin 40 inches wide and 1¼ yard of Georgette 40 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Other views of these garments on page 100



SKIRTS AND BLOUSES SHOW UTILITARIAN TENDENCIES WITH AN APPRECIATION OF THE DECORATIVE

3573—The tailored skirt maintains its place in outfits of well-dressed women. Such a skirt has a fitting sense of dignity and proportion we are not yet ready to abandon. This two-piece skirt has neatly outlined pockets and a soft fulness at the back which is most becoming. The waistline is about 1¼ inches above normal. Suitable materials for such a skirt are camel's-hair suitings, wool crêpe, homespun, tweed, serge, tricotine, soft twills, broadcloth, light-weight velours, duvetyn, Oxford suitings, checks, stripes, plaids, flannel, satin or pongee, and for the South cotton ratine, linen, linen-finished cottons, etc.

38 hip measure requires 2¼ yards of tweed 44 inches wide. Lower edge measures about 56 inches.

The skirt is good for ladies 35 to 45 hip measure.

3583—10937—It's a happy sort of blouse which will adapt itself to the golf course, the shopping expedition or the academic dignity of college classes. This slip-over blouse may have different neck outlines. She who wears it can never be called by any name but her proper one in view of the oval, interlaced monogram at the front. Work the monogram in satin-stitch or outline embroidery. Make the blouse of wool jersey, crêpe jersey, Canton crêpe, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, satin, pongee or fine cotton crêpe.

36 bust will require 1½ yard of wool jersey 54 inches wide and ⅜ yard of linen 36 inches wide for collar and cuffs.

The blouse is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also good for misses.

3615—The younger set have approved the raglan blouse and wear it with equal delight for matinées or week-end events. This blouse in peasant style is one of the new popular blouses. A narrow bow is a bright, gaily colored addition to one's costume, and the soft gathers about the neck will admit the omission of collar. The sleeves may scorn the limitations of the cuff and the waistline is gracefully low. Use crêpe de Chine, chiffon cloth, Georgette, silk voile, pongee, China silk, cotton voile, batiste, fine cotton crêpe or net for this blouse.

36 bust will require 2¼ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide.

The blouse is becoming to ladies 32 to 40 bust. It is suitable for misses.

3520—For a soft, crêpe-silk suit the French dressmakers use a skirt of this character, very simple yet soft enough to suit the material. The trimming band often matches the trimming of the jacket. This two-piece skirt has a 1¼-inch raised waistline and may be made without the trimming band. The happy arrangement of soft fulness adds to its becoming qualities and also makes it a good skirt for sports. Make the skirt of silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, sports silks, knitted crêpe, for the South, and of wool crêpes, soft serge, soft tricotine, soft twills and wool jersey.

38 hip requires 2¼ yards of wool crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge measures about 52½ inches.

The skirt is good for ladies 35 to 47½ hip measure.



3585—A compromise is the best of decisions when we approach the subject of blouse styles suitable to accompany the suit. For instance a shirt may be in most mannish style, but soft enough to appear becoming and the effect of graceful lines comes undoubtedly from the becoming collar. This trim shirt may be made with a high neck and convertible collar or an open neck. The sleeves may have a French or plain cuff, the shirt may have a neat back yoke facing or not. Make it of dimity, linen, madras, cotton shirtings, wool shirtings, pongee, crêpe de Chine, radium, tub silks and satins, silk shirting, silk broadcloth or China silk.

36 bust will require 1⅞ yard radium silk 36 inches wide.

The shirt is very becoming to ladies 32 to 50 bust.

3613—10873—Confronted with two such ardent exponents of the strictly tailored style, what else can she do but turn her back on one and completely dazzle the other with a full view of the raglan blouse she wears. This slip-over blouse in peasant style is tucked or gathered and is in three-quarter length. It may be made with or without elastic in a casing at a low waistline. Embroidery finishes the cuffs and the lower border of the blouse. Work it in cross-stitch or beading. Suitable materials for the blouse are crêpe de Chine, Georgette, chiffon cloth, silk voile, pongee, China silk, batiste, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide.

The blouse is becoming to ladies 32 to 40 bust; it is good for misses.

3598—Everywhere women are launching out fearlessly into the world outside. Their self-confidence is due in part to a knowledge that they are clothed in good taste—practical tailored suits and trim mannish shirt-waists. This is a well-cut shirt-waist for sports, and out of town many women use this type of waist for riding. The shirt-waist may be made with or without the shoulder yoke as you like and there is a choice of collars. Use pongee, crêpe de Chine, radium, tub silks, tub satins, silk shirtings, China silk, dimity, linen, madras, cotton or wool shirtings for this shirt-waist.

36 bust will require 2⅜ yards of pongee 32 inches wide.

The shirt-waist is good for ladies 32 to 48 bust. It is becoming to misses.



SIMPLE EVERY-DAY CLOTHES WITH A FLAIR FOR THE PRACTICAL, AND DAINTY HAND-WORKED LINGERIE

3579—10699—First in favor comes lingerie which will stand the tubbing during Summer wear and a straight style is most acceptable to any collection. It is simple to make, and well-shaped with a seam under each arm. Realistic butterflies perch here and there at telling points and a scalloped edging offers a satisfactory finish. The butterflies may be worked in outline, satin-stitch, French stemming, eyelet embroidery and buttonholing. The chemise may be seamed or buttoned on the shoulders and is easy to wear as well as simple to make. Make it of nainsook, batiste, long-cloth, cotton crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards of batiste 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The chemise is suitable for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3591—Simple handwork is the "open sesame" of Summer sewing for there are a variety of dainty designs in sprays or flowers and drawn-work designs of graceful outline. And as for materials, the colorings are lovely and the texture fine. This envelope chemise with the markings for hand-hemstitching is simple and easy to make. If you plan to trim it with drawn-work one precaution is necessary: Do not attempt such work on nainsook or long-cloth. Make it of cotton voile, batiste, or handkerchief linen if you finish it with drawn-work, or nainsook, long-cloth, cotton crêpe, cross-bar, underwear mull, wash satin, radium, Georgette, or crêpe de Chine.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide.

The chemise is practical for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3575—It's Monday morning, bright and cheery; Tuesday morning, never weary—with the young housewife who chooses this apron as her workaday garb. After all much of that blue Monday mood comes from dull, drab work clothes, and just because a garment must be practical is no excuse for lack of attractive qualities. A novel feature of this apron is the body and front of the skirt cut in one. Bias tape finishes the straps and sash which ties behind and two neat pockets adorn the front with geometrical nicety. Make the apron of gingham, chambray, percale, madras, seersucker, cotton crêpe, etc.

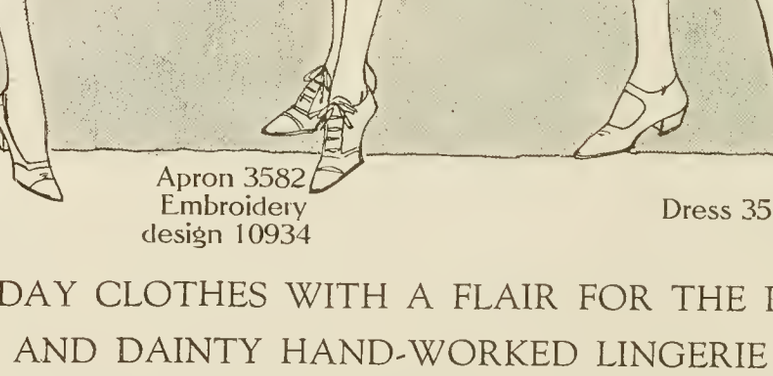
36 bust will require 2⅛ yards of percale 36 inches wide and bias tape for edges.

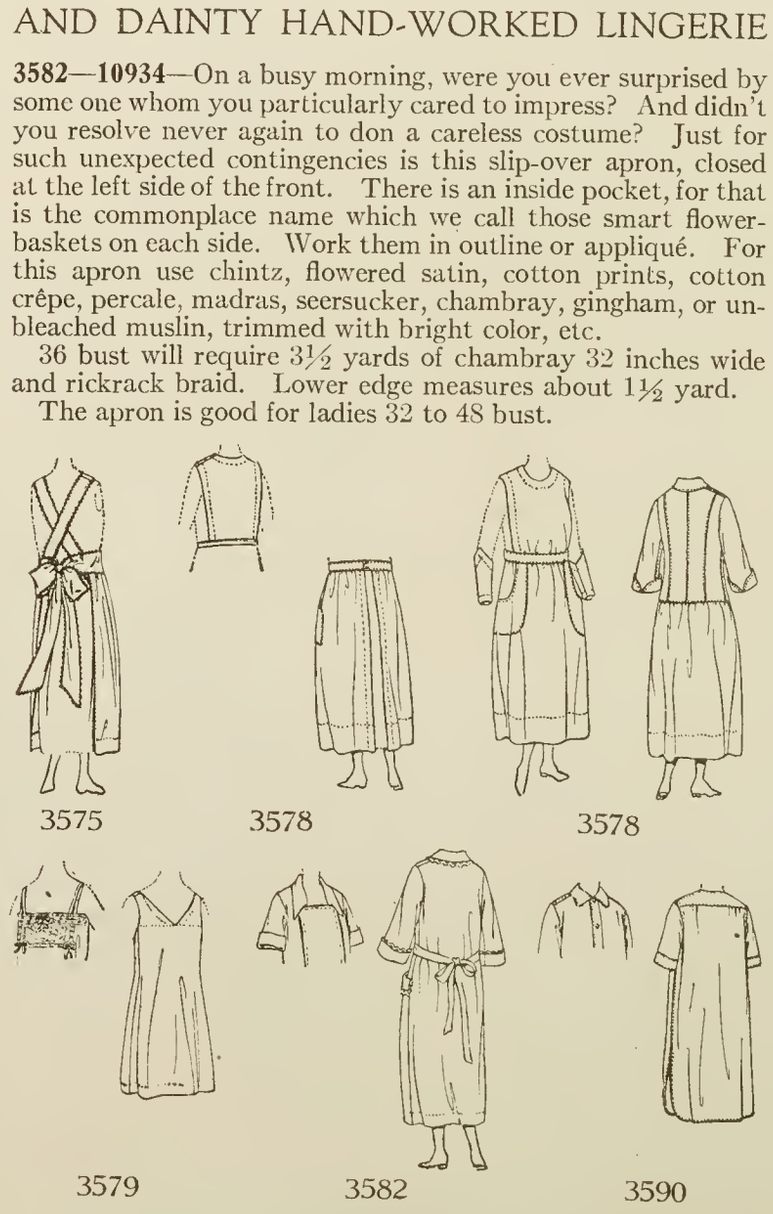
The apron is good for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3582—10934—On a busy morning, were you ever surprised by some one whom you particularly cared to impress? And didn't you resolve never again to don a careless costume? Just for such unexpected contingencies is this slip-over apron, closed at the left side of the front. There is an inside pocket, for that is the commonplace name which we call those smart flower-baskets on each side. Work them in outline or appliqué. For this apron use chintz, flowered satin, cotton prints, cotton crêpe, percale, madras, seersucker, chambray, gingham, or unbleached muslin, trimmed with bright color, etc.

36 bust will require 3½ yards of chambray 32 inches wide and rickrack braid. Lower edge measures about 1½ yard.

The apron is good for ladies 32 to 48 bust.





3578—The secret of whole-hearted service lies in the comfort of a costume, and the nurse who wears a sensible and comfortable uniform like this one can stretch her energy over a number of hours. The straight skirt is attached to a semi-fitted long body, and the collar is detachable. There is a straight apron with separate bib and cuff for those who like the strictly regulation uniform. This is a suitable house dress. Make the uniform of plain linen or cotton and for the apron lawn or muslin. Gingham, chambray, madras, percale, seersucker, colored cottons, or cotton poplin are good materials.

36 bust will require 4 yards of linen 36 inches wide. Lower edge measures about 2¼ yards.

The dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3580—Maternal protests against ink-splotches and marks from rough tussles irritate the best of good scouts. The wise mother, therefore, who understands that ink will fly and young men will be boys chooses durable materials for such an outing shirt. The collar is attached or simply finished with a neckband, and the attached cuffs are in regulation or French style. The sleeve may be merely finished with wristbands. The collar and plain back are new. Make the shirt of madras, percale, pongee, cotton shirtings, light-weight cheviot, etc.

15½ inches neck measure will require 2⅝ yards of madras 36 inches wide.

The shirt is good for men and boys from 12 to 19 neck measure.

3590—The length of this nightshirt will appeal to most masculine members of a family. Then there is the fulness at the back and the yoke which proves to be most comfortable. It has an open neck or a high neck and a one-piece turndown collar. The sleeves may be short or long as you prefer and every busy mother of a full household clamoring for her time, will find this a simple nightshirt to make. One begins to wonder why a man likes the pocket on such a garment, but they do, so there you are! Use muslin, cambric, flannelet, nainsook, or pongee for the nightshirt.

38 breast measure requires 3⅝ yards of muslin 36 inches, wide.

The nightshirt is suitable for men and boys 24 to 50 breast measure.

CLOTHES FOR PLEASANT HOURS AND JOLLY WALKS

Dress 3562

Dress 3527
Embroidery design 10871

Dress 3618
Hat 3596

Cape 3566
Dress 3455
Hat 3596

Coat 3554
Knickers 3496

3562—Something especially "trick," as she might say, in a one-piece slip-over frock which blouses at the waistline when there is elastic in the casing. A blouse body lining may be used if you wish. Use silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etamine, wool crêpe in one color, or with sleeves and collar in contrasting color or figured with plain; crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, all one side of the material or combining dull and shiny sides, etc. Lower edge 48½ inches.

17-year size or 34 bust requires 2⅞ yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide and ⅞ yard of contrasting-color crêpe 40 inches wide for collar, sleeves and binding.

This dress is nice for misses 32 to 34 bust; it is also becoming to ladies.

3566—3455—3596—A slip-over jumper in one piece plus a three-piece circular cape and a four-gored hat equals the cape costume. Two lengths are possible for the cape, and the dress may have a body lining. For the cape use cheviot, serge, soft twills, etc. For the dress use wool jersey, serge, satin, etc.

17-year size or 34 inches bust requires 3⅜ yards of tricotine 54 inches wide for cape and dress. 21¾ head measure requires for hat ⅝ yard of 32-inch flannel. Lower edge of cape in shorter length 2⅛ yards. Lower edge of dress 1⅜ yard.

This cape, 3566, is becoming to misses 32 to 34 bust; it is also nice for ladies; the dress, 3455, is becoming to misses 32 to 34 bust; it is also nice for ladies; the hat, 3596, is nice for misses, girls, children or ladies.

3554—3496—For sports, the coat and knickers. The coat may be made with stitched or pressed dart plaits or sleeves, or without them, if you like. The knickers have a reinforced seat and wide or narrow bands. For the coat and knickers use homespun, tweeds, heather mixtures, cheviot, wool jersey, serge, especially heavy for the knickers, velours, checks, wool khaki; or for the South, linen, crash, cotton khaki or pongee. Flannel is also possible for the coat.

18-year size or 34 bust requires for knickers and coat 3 yards of tweed 54 inches wide.

This coat is becoming to misses 32 to 34 bust; it is also nice for ladies. The knickers are becoming to misses 14 to 18 years; they are nice for ladies and for girls.

Dress 3557
Embroidery design 10930

3618—3596—Straps climb higher than the low waistline of a little slip-over dress. The straight contrasting skirt is attached at the waist and the closing of the dress is under the left arm. A long body lining is possible. The cherry-laden hat has four gores. Use crêpe faille, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, satin, wool crêpe, crêpe jersey, etc., all one material, etc. For the hat use velours, duvetyn, etc. Lower edge 54 ins.

17 years or 34 bust requires 1¾ yard of 40-inch silk crêpe for waist and straps, 1½ yard of 40-inch contrasting silk crêpe for skirt (cut crosswise). 21¾ head measure requires for hat ½ yard 40-inch silk crepe.

This dress is good for misses 16 to 20 years; it is nice for small women. The hat is nice for misses, girls, children, ladies.

3557—10930—Tea time and a little frock of ruffled silk! An elastic in a casing at the low waistline is responsible for the blouse effect, without which the dress will hang straight. The collar and the puffed sleeves are finished by ruffles. The motifs may also be worked in large beads or French-knot embroidery. The dress slips over the head and has a straight lower edge. A blouse body lining may be used. Use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, foulard, Georgette, crêpe jersey; or for the South fine cotton crêpe, etc.

16-year size or 32 bust requires 3¼ yards of Georgette 40 inches wide. Lower edge 48½ inches.

This dress is becoming to misses 32 to 34 bust; it is also nice for ladies.

3527—10871—Banding of braid and embroidery gives a "flapper" version of the uneven hem by ending in little silk tassels. The squares may be worked in one-stitch or bugle beads. The dress, which closes under the left arm, has a straight skirt attached at the low waistline. There may be a blouse body lining. Use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, crêpe voile, all of one material or with body or sleeves of a harmonizing color; crêpe meteor, crêpe satin all one side of the material or combining dull and shiny sides, etc.

16-year size or 32 bust requires 2 yards of serge 54 inches wide and ¼ yard of 36-inch linen for collar. Lower edge 62½ inches.

This dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years; it is also nice for small women.



3562



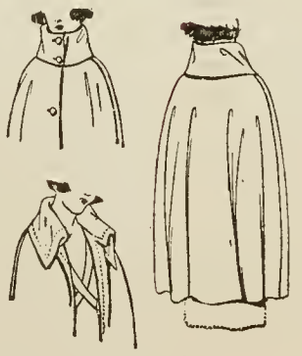
3527



3557



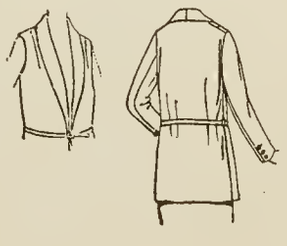
3618



3566



3455



3554



3496

SPRING FROCKS FOR FREQUENT WEAR AND GAY FRIVOLOUS CLOTHES



Dress 3569
Embroidery design 10753

Dress 3610

Dress 3612

Dress 3550
Embroidery design
10946

Dress 3542
Beading design
10756

3569—10753—The magical year of sixteen when all the world is an enchanting place of unchartered joys! For the semi-formal occasions is this slip-over dress. The dainty bit of embroidery about the neck and sleeves is unique. Work this design in a combination of beading or French knots and embroidery. The dress may be made without the blouse body lining and the straight skirt is attached to a long body. Use silk crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, Georgette—all one material, in two colors, etc. Lower edge measures 58½ inches.

16 years requires 2½ yards of crêpe satin 40 inches wide and ½ yard of Georgette 40 inches wide for lower part of sleeves.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years. It is good for small women.

3610—The modern granddaughter has a certain link of sympathy with her mother's mother. A hint of other-day charm comes in the dress with a straight full skirt buttoned to the guimpe at a low waistline. Make the dress of silk crêpes, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine, taffeta or flowered silk, with the guimpe of plain net, dotted net, chiffon, etc. Lower edge measures 2½ yards.

16 years requires 3½ yards of taffeta 36 inches wide including flower, and ⅞ yard of chiffon 40 inches wide for collar, facing for front, sleeves, cuffs and ruffles for guimpe, and ¾ yard 36-inch material for body of guimpe.

The dress is good for misses 16 to 20 years. It is becoming to small women.

3612—The picturesque is never so appreciated as in the age of teens and twenty. Wide sleeves are fitting background for a graceful arm and the straight easy lines are good. This slip-over dress has a straight lower edge and may be made without the blouse body lining. Make it of wool jersey, soft serge or wool crêpe, of gingham, cotton homespun, linen, linen-finished cotton, plain cotton, dimity, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe voile, or cotton voile for the South, or of silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine—all one material or with sleeves in contrasting, etc.

17 years requires 2⅛ yards of wool jersey 54 inches wide and braid binding. Lower edge measures about 52 inches.

The dress is good for misses 16 to 20 years. It is becoming to small women.



Dress 3616

3550—10946—With Easter on its way one must be prepared to face a flood of social teas. There is a new decoration of embroidered squares on this slip-over dress. They may be worked in French knots and one-stitch embroidery, bugle beads, or a combination of beads or wooden beads. The dress is closed at the left underarm. Make it with or without the blouse body lining. A straight skirt and loose panels are attached at a low waistline. Make the dress of silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, serge, of satin or foulard with Georgette, etc.

17 years requires 3¼ yards of silk crêpe 40 inches wide, and contrasting ribbon binding. Lower edge measures 54 inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years. It is good for small women.

3542—10756—The design on this new slip-over dress may be worked in beading or French-knot embroidery. The dress closes at left underarm and has a slightly low armhole. Front and back panels are loose and a straight skirt is attached at a slightly low waistline. You may make it without the long body lining. Use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, wool crêpe, in one or two colors or figured with plain crêpe meteor, crêpe satin or charmeuse alone or with Georgette, etc.

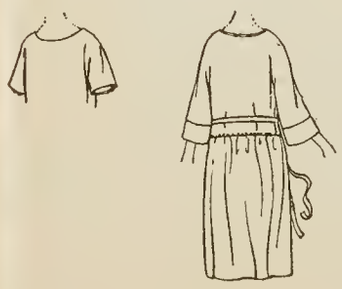
17 years requires 1½ yard of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide for panels and bands and 3 yards contrasting 40 inches wide for waist and skirt. Lower edge measures 49½ inches.

The dress is good for misses 16 to 20 years. It is becoming to small women.

3616—A lattice border is quite French and attractive enough even if we failed to take account of four panels and an unusually low blouse. The slip-over dress closes at the left underarm and may be made without the long body lining marked for a camisole top. The straight skirt is attached at a low waistline. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, all one side of the material or combining dull and shiny surfaces, taffeta all one material, Georgette or plain silk voile all one material or over taffeta, or for the South cotton voile, swiss, organdy, fine cotton crêpe, all one color, etc.

16 years requires 3⅝ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide including ornament. Lower edge measures 51 inches.

The dress is good for misses 16 to 20 years. It is becoming to small women.



3569



3610



3616



3612



3550



3542



PUSSY-WILLOW TIME BRINGS DREAMED-OF SPRING FROCKS TO LITTLE LADIES

3574—Appliquéd blocks of kid of some gay color suggest that the little dress might make a pretty checkerboard. Rather wide sleeves set in a medium-deep armhole give grown-up lines. The dress is in one piece and slips over the head. Use crêpe de Chine, pongee, gingham, cotton ratine, linen, linen-finished cottons, cotton prints, entirely; or put sleeves of crêpe de Chine or taffeta in a serge dress; use taffeta alone or with sleeves of Georgette.

12-year size requires 2⅛ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide and ⅜ yard of contrasting material 36 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to girls 8 to 15 years; it is also nice for juniors.

3609—Fabric trimming in pocket edition finishes the skirt and sleeves of a slip-over frock. The straight skirt is attached to a long body and the erratic ribbon belt suggests the popular second waistline. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, cotton voile, crêpe voile, fine cotton crêpe, all of one material in two colors or figured with plain; serge of one material, or with taffeta; wool jersey, wool crêpe, cotton ratine or taffeta, alone; gingham alone or with chambray; linen, linen-finished cottons, plain cottons of one material or a color with white, etc.

14-year size requires 2¼ yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to girls 6 to 15 years; it is also nice for juniors.

3577—10370—An Old-English B—perhaps for Betty—is a quaint, individual touch on a particularly modern little dress. One or more of your initials may be used. There is fulness at the sides, drawn in on an elastic at the low waistline, which is marked by a little stitched and tasseled cross-belt. The dress slips over the head and is in one piece. The lower edge is straight. Use wool jersey, serge, wool crêpe, crêpe jersey, heavy silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, pongee, gingham, chambray, cotton homespun, linen, linen-finished cottons or plain cottons.

13-year size requires 1¾ yard of wool jersey 54 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to girls 8 to 15 years; it is also nice for juniors.

3605—Oh how she longed for a real party dress of softly colored silk with graceful sash and shortest of sleeves! Even when one is young and parties largely mean lively games and pink ice-cream refreshments, it is not too early to observe that social grace is due in part to clothes we wear. This slip-over dress has a straight skirt attached at a low waistline. Make the dress of silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, wool crêpe, organdy, swiss, batiste, cotton voile, dimity, or fine cotton crêpe.

13 years will require 2⅜ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide and ½ yard 40 inch extra material for trimming.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

3587—She's the admiration of her classmates and did they but know, it's the fastidious little details and the finish of her frock which give her such enviable poise. This slip-over dress closes on the left shoulder and has a straight lower edge. Make it in silk crêpes or crêpe de Chine all one color or two colors, of wool crêpe, wool jersey, soft serge, gingham, chambray, cotton homespun, linen, linen-finished cottons, plain cottons, dimity, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe voile, cotton voile, etc.

14 years requires 2⅛ yards of 44-inch checked woolen material, with ¾ yard of 36-inch satin for the side body and sleeves and trimming braid.

This dress is pretty for girls 8 to 15 years; also for juniors.

3607—3596—Nowadays Little Red Riding Hood goes out to call on Grandmother in a cape and cap costume like this one. The cape is circular. It may have a permanent hood which you can pull on when you see the wolf coming, or, if the little four-gored tam is sufficient it may have a high braid-bound collar like the one in the picture. The openings for the hands are also a matter of choice. For the cape use serge, soft twills, tricotine, taffeta or satin. For the hat use flannel, satin, etc.

12-year size for the cape requires 2 yards of serge 44 inches wide. 21 head measure requires ½ yard of 36-inch flannel.

The cape is nice for girls 2 to 14 years. The tam is nice for girls, misses, ladies and children.

3570—10934—10933—This Little Bo-Peep hasn't lost anything, not even the opportunity to wear a brand-new play dress with a gay flower pocket! She has told Peter Rabbit all about it and he agreed that it was a great convenience to wear a dress and bloomers all in one. This basket pocket appeals to baby fingers. Work it in outline or appliqué. Stuff the rabbit with cotton and embroider in outline. Use small-check gingham, chambray, seersucker, heavy cotton crêpe, madras, plain cottons, cotton poplin, for the dress, etc.

3 years requires 1¼ yard of sateen 36 inches wide and ⅜ yard contrasting 36-inch material for collar, cuffs and bands.

The dress is good for little girls 1 to 5 years.



SMALL EXPLORERS OF THE WORLD ARE ATTRACTIVELY EQUIPPED FOR MARCH

3568—10934—Squirrel pockets are appropriate storehouses for the hoarded treasures of a little boy or girl, we're not sure which in this case. The squirrels may be worked in outline or appliqué. The quaint little rompers have a drop seat, Make the body of chambray and the bloomers of gingham; combine plain lawn with dimity, plain material with stripes, white with a color, or make entirely of gingham, chambray, dimity, seersucker, heavy cotton crêpe, madras, linen-finished cottons, cotton poplin or cotton gabardine.

3-year size requires ⅝ yard of chambray 32 inches wide for the body and 1⅛ yard of a contrasting color 36 inches wide.

These rompers are becoming to children 1 to 5 years.

3603—10873—A small puss finds a buttoned-down-the-back dress with a straight skirt that may be either plaited or gathered. At the low waistline a wide belt is marked by delicate stitching, which appears also on the wide round collar and diminutive cuffs. Cross-stitch embroidery or beading may be used. If a plaited skirt is desired, make the dress of serge, wool jersey, checks, plaids, gingham, linen, linen-finished cottons, plain cottons; for a gathered skirt use these materials or cotton homespun or cotton prints.

9-year size requires 2 yards of serge 44 inches wide and ⅜ yard of flannel 32 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to girls 6 to 14 years.

3592—3611—10592—Never too young to start out to see the world. A very little explorer wears a coat with a youthful Empire line emphasized by stitching. The smocking can be done in any dainty color. To be especially fetching a cap should have a soft puffed crown and flower trimming. For the bonnet use silk faille, grosgrain silk, organdy or fine muslin; for the coat use crêpe de Chine, silk faille, taffeta, pongee, serge, Henrietta, cashmere or wool taffeta.

3-year size for the coat and 19¼ head measure for the cap require 2⅜ yards of taffeta 36 inches wide.

The coat, 3592, is becoming to children ½ to 4 years; the cap 3611 is pretty for infants, 1 and 3 years.

3568

3603

3592

3600


3581

3614

3572

3600—If Little Lord Fauntleroy had to get along in these rough-and-tumble days he would probably adopt a sailor suit like this one. The blouse, which has no shoulder seam, and the straight trousers are popular and much worn in dark jerseys by French children. The blouse may slip over the head or it may close in front. The historic braid trimming on collar and sleeves and the lanyard at the neck give somehow the tang of sea adventure to the imaginative small boy. Use serge, galatea, repp, linen, linen-finished cottons, chambray or wool jersey.

7-year size requires 1½ yard of serge 54 inches wide.

This sailor suit is nice for little boys 2 to 12 years.

3581—10934—It is hard to keep one's hand out of a pocket that is a big red geranium in a crisscross flower-pot. The pocket can be done in outline or appliqué. As for the dress it is a simple, slip-over one with stitched collar and cuffs. The knickers are straight and separate. Use linen, linen-finished cottons, cotton homespun, chambray, plain lawn, seersucker, cotton crêpe, pongee, taffeta, in one or two colors; pin-check gingham of one material or with chambray; dimity alone or with plain lawn; black sateen with colored, etc.

5-year size requires 1¾ yard of unbleached muslin 36 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to little girls 2 to 8 years.

3572—3332—To keep away that lurking demon, the Spring cold, there is a coat with inverted plaits and a becoming round yoke. A demure flower-crowned hat rolls down enough to shade the eyes. For the coat use heavy silk crêpe, silk faille, pongee, serge, cheviot, cashmere, Henrietta, broadcloth or checks. For the hat use duvetyn, silk faille, piqué, etc.

6-year size requires 1¾ yard of serge 48 inches wide and 20½ head measure requires ½ yard of taffeta 36 inches wide for the hat.

This coat, 3572, is becoming to little girls 1 to 8 years. The hat, 3332, is becoming to little girls 2 to 8 years; it is also nice for girls from 8 to 12 years.

3614—3596—A soft tam refuses to blow off in March gales. A very adaptable coat comes in either of two lengths and has an inverted or box plait at the back. The collar can be worn either closed or open. Use camel's-hair cloaking, homespun, mixtures, tweeds, polo cloth, wool ratine, cheviot, serge, checks or pongee. For the tam use flannel, brush wool, velvet, corduroy, satin, duvetyn, broadcloth, etc.

11-year size requires 2⅛ yards of tweed 54 inches wide and ⅝ yard of velvet 36 inches wide for the tam. The set including this tam has also a four-gored hat.

The coat, 3614, is becoming to girls 4 to 15 years. The tam is nice for girls, children, ladies and misses.

EMBROIDERY SENDS OUT A LIFE-LINE TO THE WARDROBE AND LINEN CHEST

10949—A daytime costume for the table which will equal the white wear of the evening is often difficult to discover. Everything considered, a round centerpiece with scallops is the best. The design must be cross-stitched for many reasons. First of all because the stiff, angular little stitches contrast so nicely with the rounded edge of the centerpiece; then because cross-stitching has so many affiliations with both past and present. It can't help reminding you of samplers and tapestries and so will suit your older furniture and it is modern enough in the design of its ribbon-tied baskets and may be made even more modern in its coloring so that it will be becoming to the painted breakfast or dining table. Both baskets and sprays are easy to make. This design can be adapted to one centerpiece 36 inches in diameter.



Embroidery design 10949

Embroidery design 10953

10953—Up in the bedroom the secrets of beauty are neatly arranged upon a cross-stitched bureau scarf, and rows of pins are militantly drawn up on cross-stitched cushions. Like the centerpiece the bureau scarf is scalloped and is decorated at each end by a brimming basket of flowers. All through the Winter the flowers are there with their reminder that Spring can not possibly be "far behind," and all through the Summer they will set off vases of your garden flowers. Incidentally cross-stitch is quite the easiest and most fascinating of the embroidery stitches to make. The design can be adapted to one scarf 20 by 62 inches for bureau and buffet and two pincushions 14 by 6 inches.

Embroidery design 10948

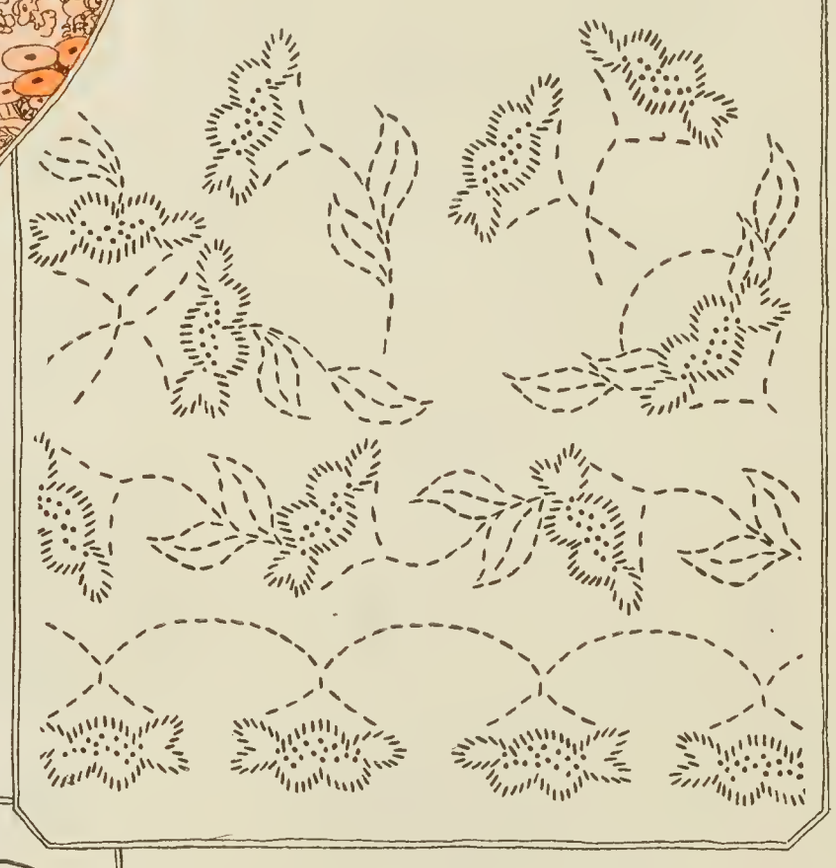
10948—Any part of your wardrobe or your linen can be rescued from the commonplace by one of these designs. If you have a favorite apron which needs a bit of color before it can "come out of the kitchen," appliqué or outline a bunch of grapes or a spray of flowers upon the pocket. To put your guests thoroughly in the spirit of the bridge game work the four suits, one in each corner of your table-cover. And then to cover your tea-tray,—a little round basket of flowers in one corner or a long spray of nodding bluebells for a border. All of these bands or motifs can be worked in outline or appliquéd and are easy to do. This design may be adapted to 3½ yards of banding 3¾ inches wide and 50 assorted motifs in 9 assorted designs.

THE EMBROIDERY NEEDLE TRACES FINE LINES TO SNARE THE FANCY OF THE SPRING AND SOUTHERN FROCK



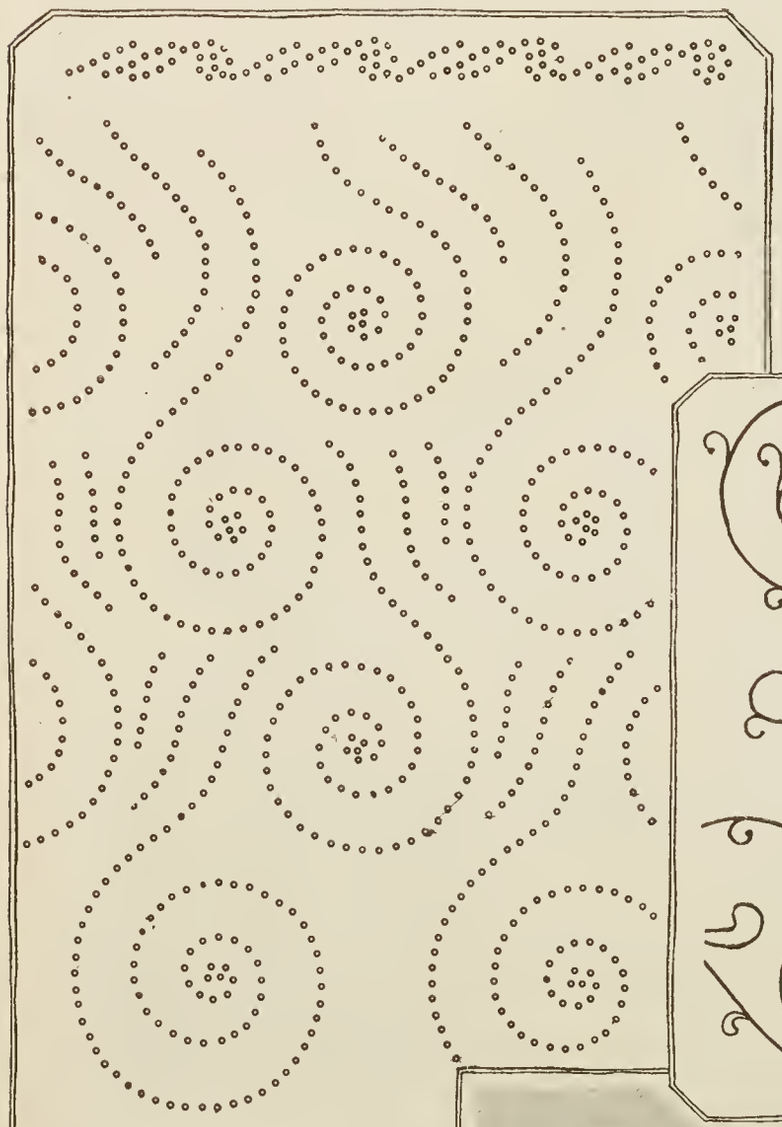
10952—The first to raise the question of embroidery and the lighter materials, and very considerately to answer it at the same time, is a design such as 10952. Figures resembling small, inquisitive question-marks climb upon one another in their eagerness to make bands delicate enough for the airiest of Summer materials. Large wooden beads are effective on skirts, overblouses and dresses, and for tub frocks wash beads are particularly convenient. If you prefer embroidery, tiny French knots produce somewhat the same result. The daintier colors, replace the bright bizarre effects of Winter. This design may be adapted to 2⅜ yards of banding 29 inches wide, and 2⅛ yards of banding 1-inch wide.

10950—The two most reliable performers on the bill of embroidery are outline and chain stitch, and with either of these as guides, the little labyrinths of a design such as 10950 can be successfully followed. The dress, coat or blouse that is going south or the overblouse or skirt that is being planned for next Summer need just such a delicate touch of color, which may be supplied, according to your preference, in long bands or in striking motifs, Combinations of color are also possible. The design can be adapted to 7⅝ yards of banding ½ inch wide, 5⅛ yards of banding 3½ inches wide, 9 motifs 8 by 3½ inches, 12 motifs 3½ by 3½ inches and 6 corners 15⅞ by 7¾ inches.

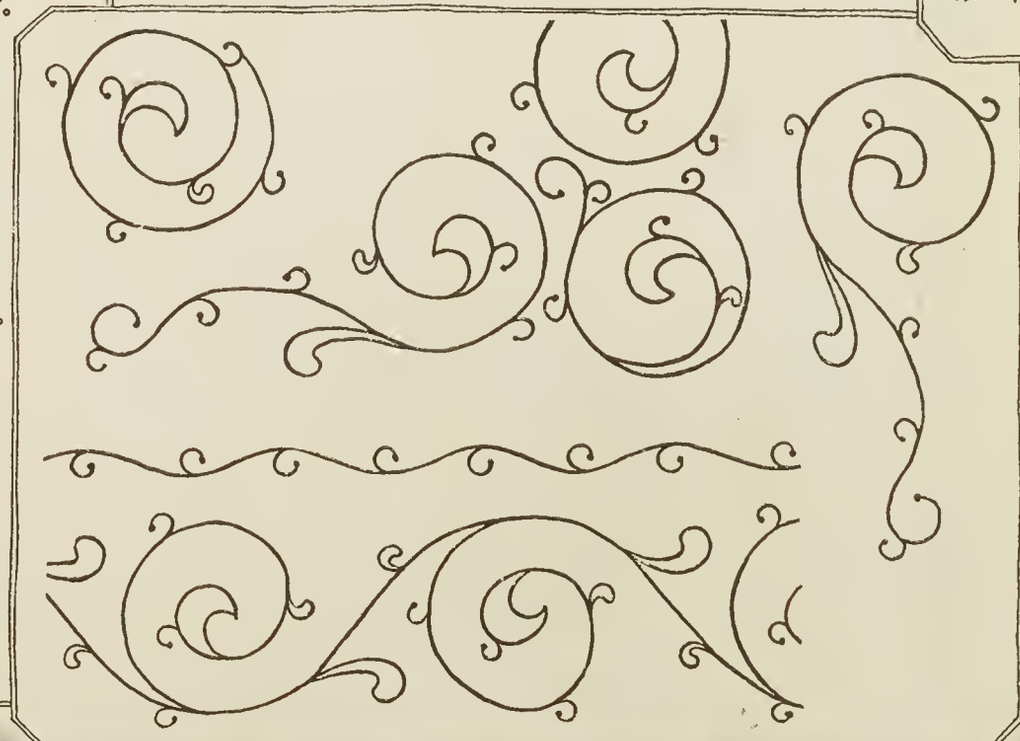


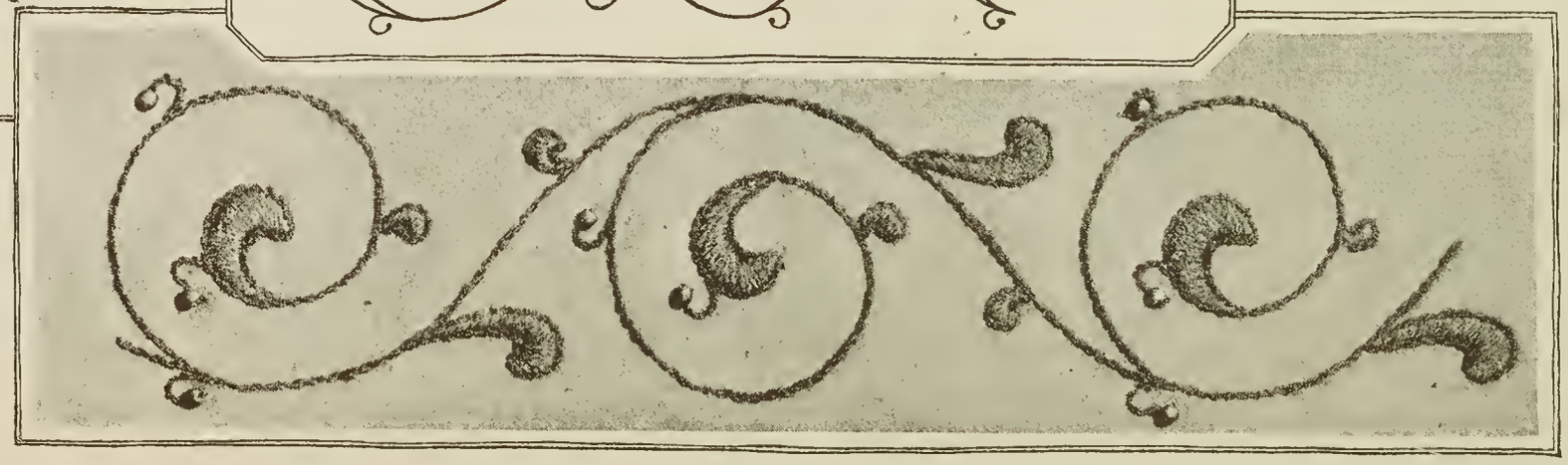
Embroidery design 10951

10951—The modest field-flower has been carefully studied for such a design as 10951, which is unusual and attractive on any article of outer apparel whether you choose to work it in long garlands or in single or double sprays. Cornflower blue, maize, rose, violet or any other flower colors are appropriate for waists, dresses, skirts or overblouses. Hats embroidered in colors to match are pretty for the South or for Summer. Either one-stitch embroidery or bugle beads may be used; and if you hesitate to choose between glittering bead and popular embroidery, a combination of the two is possible. Petals and stems may be embroidered and the center beaded, as illustrated. The design can be adapted to 5⅛ yards of banding 4 inches wide, 2½ yards of banding 3⅞ inches wide, 6 motifs 8 by 4¾ inches, 6 motifs 5¾ by 7¼ inches, 6 motifs 7¾ by 4¼ inches and 3 motifs 12¾ by 5⅞ inches.



Embroidery design 10952





Embroidery design 10950





Underwood and Underwood

Very high caste is the Burmese turban festooned with jet in lieu of Indian pearls. It is a most useful type, wearable at any season and with almost any type of dress. From Marthe Yerlès



Underwood and Underwood

The Parisienne likes a hat with the semi-formal dinner dress she wears at restaurants, and when one dances as well as dines, it is often a small turban of silver cloth. From Françane

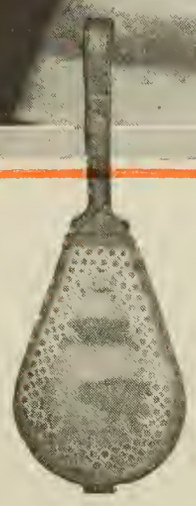




The wide brim has taken to rolling a bit on the sea of Spring fashion, but the ribbon streamers are on anchor to windward. Larger hats are worn this season with suits as well as dresses



Edward Thayer Monroe



The sports hat for the car, the golf course and country life in general must be many things to many women. It must be small and light with brim enough to shade the eyes. The newest of them have a scarf to match



Underwood and Underwood

Silks and feathers know no season, and an excellent choice for those trying days when one wears Winter and Spring clothes, not together but alternately



Underwood and Underwood

In town the derby or a silk hat is correct with the side-saddle habit. Either the derby or a soft tweed or felt hat is used when one rides astride—for the country preferably the soft hat. From Delron



THE STAGE HOLDS UP A MIRROR TO THE COIFFURE AND REFLECTS THE FACT THAT ALL HAIR IS NOT STRAIGHT CUT

Only very great beauty or very great distinction and a forehead that is not high, bulging, nor too close to the color of the hair—justifies a coiffure in which the hair is drawn back from the face. Bloud hair combed straight back gives a startlingly bald and skull-like look to the head. Most hair-dressing to-day is extremely simple, and the hair is usually arranged close to the head



It is well to remember in looking at "the lip's young red, the hair's young gold" of Marilyn Miller's rose-tinted girlhood that bobbed hair is not always a short cut to beauty and that there is as much art in its arrangement as in any other coiffure. Hair that is thin or that grows badly around the face ought never be bobbed, and straight hair in most cases should be curled after it is cut



Marilyn Miller, who is the star of "Sally," has recently cut her bloud curls and is prettier, if possible, than ever. Photograph by Nickolas Muray



The Victorian hair-dressing—parted, drawn down, and arranged in curls at the back of the head—calls for a very perfect type, such as Corone Payuter's, of the Greenwich Village Follies, a statuesque young beauty, with dark-red hair, gray eyes and a lovely heart-shaped face. Photograph by Abbé
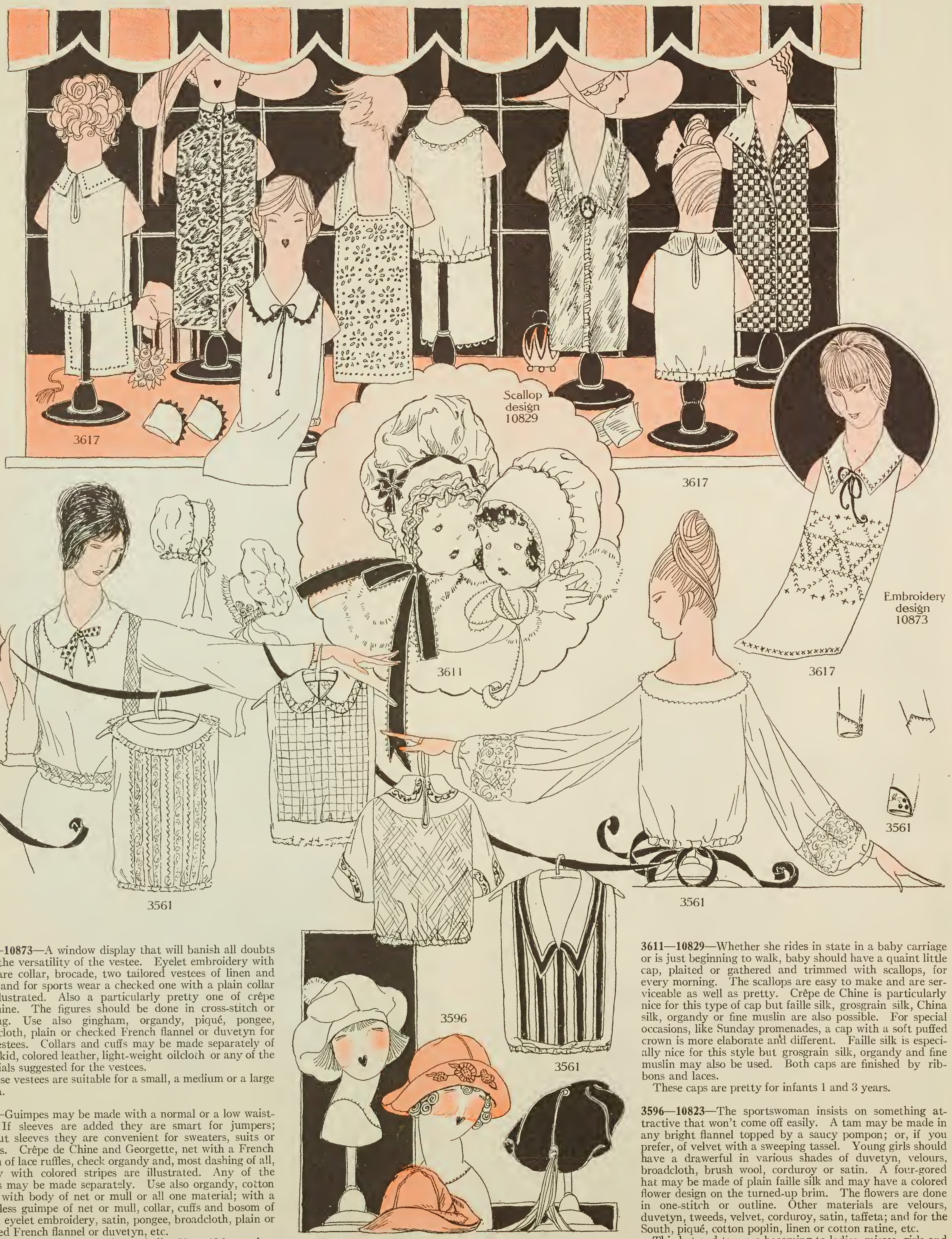


Carlotta Mouterey's beauty has a sharp flavor of its own, sophisticated, vibraut and unusual. Her dark hair is always severely dressed after a manner that would be cruel to most women. Photograph by Goldberg



A portrait study of Grace Bizet, of the Greenwich Village Follies, might be called "L'Heure Exquise de la Jeuesse." Bobbed hair has to its credit that it has prolonged the touchingly brief and exquisite hour of youth, and the young girl is no longer in haste to pin up her curls. Photograph by Abbé

The modern undulation of the hair is borrowed from the classical statues of ancient Greece. The present "wave," as Katherine Hawley uses it is softer, looser, and more becoming. Photograph by Nickolas Muray

EVEN WOODEN HEADS ARE TURNED BY A DISPLAY OF VESTEES, GUIMPES, SPORTS HATS AND BABY CAPS



3617—10873—A window display that will banish all doubts as to the versatility of the vestee. Eyelet embroidery with a square collar, brocade, two tailored vestees of linen and satin, and for sports wear a checked one with a plain collar are illustrated. Also a particularly pretty one of crêpe de Chine. The figures should be done in cross-stitch or beading. Use also gingham, organdy, piqué, pongee, broadcloth, plain or checked French flannel or duvetyn for the vestees. Collars and cuffs may be made separately of white kid, colored leather, light-weight oilcloth or any of the materials suggested for the vestees.

These vestees are suitable for a small, a medium or a large person.

3561—Guimpes may be made with a normal or a low waistline. If sleeves are added they are smart for jumpers; without sleeves they are convenient for sweaters, suits or dresses. Crêpe de Chine and Georgette, net with a French bosom of lace ruffles, check organdy and, most dashing of all, dimity with colored stripes are illustrated. Any of the collars may be made separately. Use also organdy, cotton voile, with body of net or mull or all one material; with a sleeveless guimpe of net or mull, collar, cuffs and bosom of piqué, eyelet embroidery, satin, pongee, broadcloth, plain or checked French flannel or duvetyn, etc.

These guimpes are becoming to ladies 32 to 46 bust; they are also nice for misses.

3611—10829—Whether she rides in state in a baby carriage or is just beginning to walk, baby should have a quaint little cap, plaited or gathered and trimmed with scallops, for every morning. The scallops are easy to make and are serviceable as well as pretty. Crêpe de Chine is particularly nice for this type of cap but faille silk, grosgrain silk, China silk, organdy or fine muslin are also possible. For special occasions, like Sunday promenades, a cap with a soft puffed crown is more elaborate and different. Faille silk is especially nice for this style but grosgrain silk, organdy and fine muslin may also be used. Both caps are finished by ribbons and laces.

These caps are pretty for infants 1 and 3 years.

3596—10823—The sportswoman insists on something attractive that won't come off easily. A tam may be made in any bright flannel topped by a saucy pompon; or, if you prefer, of velvet with a sweeping tassel. Young girls should have a drawerful in various shades of duvetyn, velours, broadcloth, brush wool, corduroy or satin. A four-gored hat may be made of plain faille silk and may have a colored flower design on the turned-up brim. The flowers are done in one-stitch or outline. Other materials are velours, duvetyn, tweeds, velvet, corduroy, satin, taffeta; and for the South, piqué, cotton poplin, linen or cotton ratine, etc.

This hat and tam are becoming to ladies, misses, girls and children.









HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT

Edited by MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Head of School of Home Economics, Cornell University

TWO HOME JOBS

TWO important civic interests this month are jobs for the home-makers.

Clean-Up Week and Fire-Prevention Week are a part of the Spring and Fall program in most towns and cities. They should be in every town of the United States.

There is no country in the world where the loss of life and property from fire is so heavy as in the United States.

Fifteen thousand people are burned to death every year in this country. We were appalled at battles where fifteen thousand lives went out in defense of ideals, but we give little serious thought to the useless waste of so many men, women, and children every year from preventable fires.

Most of the fires which cost human lives are in homes. A very large percentage are directly due to criminal negligence.

Teach your family to be careful with matches.

Make sure that there are no unprotected gas-jets in your house. If the men of your family smoke, insist that they give some thought to where they throw their matches and cigaret and cigar butts, and where they empty their pipes.

If there are open fires in your house, have fire-screens over them.

Millions of dollars are wasted every year and life endangered because oil mops and cloths for cleaning furniture are left in hot places where spontaneous combustion may be produced.

Keep no gasoline or other inflammables in the house, and do no dry-cleaning in the house with any kind of inflammable material.

Ask the fire underwriters of your insurance company to inspect the schools attended by your children, and if there are violations of the fire laws, insist upon them being corrected.

Clean-Up Week is also the home-maker's work.

Travelers returning from Switzerland, Germany, France, England—almost any corner of the globe—are impressed by the neatness of the villages and the order of the towns. One of the first impressions a stranger in this country gets is of dumps. If he travels through some small towns, he sees piles of rubbish and unkempt yards and paths. Is this true of your town?

There is a village in Westchester County, New York, where rules of cleanliness and order are not strict. The town is neither a financial success nor a beauty-spot.

Near that village is another of about the same size, where clean-up rules and a strict ordinance against rubbish and dumps are enforced. The beautiful town is named Hartsdale. It is against the law to put garbage-cans on the sidewalk or to throw any kind of rubbish in the road or on the street. There is architectural supervision. Hartsdale is not one of the rich centers of New York, but it is one of the most beautiful and healthful, and its property values are almost double that of some of its neighbors that are indifferent to clean-up standards.

It pays to take pride in your town, both in money and in happiness.

WHAT ARE MANNERS?

THE DELINEATOR is making an important contribution to American literature in the story of "The Log-Cabin Lady." It is valuable not merely because it is a human document, but because it shows our national lack of interest in courtesy.

We need to pay more attention to manners. Manners in their truest sense are the essence of kindliness. The Divine Teacher would have been incapable of doing a harsh or rude thing.

Unfortunately, many of us confuse manner with manners. Manner may be the cloak of a hypocrite or a scoundrel. Manners are the outward expressions of true gentility.

Mr. Samuel C. Mumford, a member of the Board of Education of Detroit, Michigan, has said that his city, like other American cities, needs a course in public manners. He is quoted as saying:

"Detroit needs a 'better manners' campaign. Our schools should have 'better manners' classes. Such little things as a man failing to remove his hat in an elevator in which are women, or to yield his seat to her in a street-car, show the general trend.

"But the thing goes deeper than that. We exhibit lack of courtesy to women and to men as well in all our relations of daily affairs. The great 'I' is the all-powerful factor. The children of to-day do not respect their parents. Ample proof of this lies in the fact that many parents come each week to our schools to ask how they can establish control over their children."

Manners are a combination of common sense and thoughtfulness for other people.

You can not begin too early in life to teach manners to your children.

It is one of the most difficult parts of your home job, but it is a work that pays a big dividend.

CAN YOU LIVE ON $1,500?

A YOUNG woman living in St. Paul, Minnesota, writes concerning an article that appeared recently in THE DELINEATOR called "We the New Poor," in which a family of two had had to change their standards to live on a $4,000 income instead of a $20,000 one. Our correspondent considers $4,000 unheard-of riches to many of the readers of THE DELINEATOR who have been buying homes and rearing families on $3,000 or less a year.

For several years the writer earned $1,500 a year, and with this she supported herself and sent money to her family. Then she lost her position, and for several weeks lived on her savings. The best job she has been able to find pays only fifteen dollars a week. From this she must subtract car-fare, board, and room, and she finds nothing left for sodas, matinées, or even laundry.

Standards of living built upon a $20,000 income do not take so severe a tumble when reduced to $4,000 a year as do standards built upon $1,500 a year when reduced to $780 a year. But there is a lesson in contentment in the first as well as the second case, and we are glad to have its philosophy expressed in THE DELINEATOR.

COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

THE number of automobiles owned on farms last year was reported to be 2,146,512. A statement of this nature ought to point to one way to relieve a situation expressed by a woman who said sadly, when asked to drive with a neighbor: "I can't leave the work. I have not been away from home much in the last few years."

This point of view is an injustice to the woman, to her family, and to the community in which she lives. Some one ought to help her out of her idea that she can't leave her work, if she is to be saved for the good work she can do when encouraged and rested. She should learn to run one of the 2,146,512 family cars and leave the work behind long enough to get a new perspective on it. The work will be there when she gets back, but she will see it from a totally different angle, and it will still get done.

THE WIFE'S MONEY

JUSTICE MULLAN of the Supreme Court of New York, formerly judge of the Court of Domestic Relations, has said that one of the chief causes of failure in marriage is money. It is his belief that there is not a sound adjustment of the economic relations between the man and his wife.

He believes that every woman ought to have a budget, be on an allowance, and made to handle successfully her home-making funds.

A DELINEATOR reader writes to me of her own experience with the money problem in the home. Her letter, which follows, has the value of actual experience and intelligent judgment on this vital question:

"Of one thing I am sure. I know which I prefer, the common checking account or the separate appropriation for the wife. I have given each a fair trial. In marrying I feared the money question. I had had my own personal bank account. My husband knew it, so he straightway made his bank account a joint account. So we began our married life with the common checking account.

"We had the common check-book to keep the balance for the common account, to be used by both, and which could be in but one place at a time. This was merely inconvenient. Something more serious was that we found we had different ideas on economy. I was willing to spend money freely for things my husband thought we did not need, and likewise he, I thought, wasted money often on non-essentials. We were simply two individuals.

"The common fund always before us kept money more constantly in our minds when we thought of each other, kept us justifying our expenditures to each other. Not only in spending did we differ: we did not agree on what should be done with any surplus; we did not think the same about investment.

"One day my husband suggested that we try a different plan. We agreed upon an amount for my personal and household expenses. Each month I am 'paid off.' My husband gives me my part of our money, and straightway forgets about it. I settle my own problems in regard to money. He does the same. We enjoy the freedom of managing our money as we did in the days of single blessedness.

"Using the separate-appropriation plan, we can now spend our evenings talking of the happenings of the day instead of the amount I have been using this week for groceries. It takes away such a source of disagreement. My soul is my own and his belongs to him. He is free to have an idea different from mine and the difference does not affect me.

"In our home we have removed a rock that endangered our happiness."

This is an interesting solution: I shall be glad to hear from other readers on the subject.

TELL THIS TO THE MEN

A WELL-KNOWN publisher was asked for a list of sure "best sellers." The first two books he named were the Bible and a cook-book.

It is estimated that more homes in America have the Bible than any other book, and that next to the Bible they have cook-books. There are nearly thirty million cook-books in this country and the demand is increasing.

People may be entertained, and they should be amused; but they *must* eat.

Proof that the American woman is really interested in the science of her kitchen lies in the fact that substantial, practical cook-books are, next to the Word of God, the biggest sellers in America.

THE PLACE OF CHEESE IN MENU-MAKING

Neither "fish, flesh, nor fowl," it is yet a food of the first rank

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

ALTHOUGH neither "fish, flesh, nor fowl," common American cheese ranks with these staple foods and not with the condiments, seasonings, and those other supplementary complements of meal-making. This knowledge is worth possessing when one must keep both the food budget and the family in a tractable humor. Here is a product of the dairy that offers the adults of the family an excellent means of heeding that safety-first rule of a quart of milk a day now being applied to our American dietaries.

Moreover, it is a highly concentrated form of animal food containing large amounts of protein, fat, lime, phosphorus, and those body-building and body-regulating vitamines in a form especially pleasing both to the needs of the body and to the taste of the individual. Although largely used as a staple food in European countries, cheese has never been one of the foods in high favor in this country. This may have been due to one or both of two reasons—the varying quality of cheese, or wrong methods of cooking. Both faults may be easily overcome.

The quality of cheese may be determined somewhat by observation. A crumbly cheese is likely to have an acid flavor; a cheese full of gas holes may have a strong or undesirable flavor. A still better test is to taste a crum of cheese about to be purchased.

Wrong methods of cooking and serving have unfortunately caused a popular prejudice concerning the digestibility of cheese. When served at the end of a meal with pie, as is our American custom, there is likely to be trouble. Since cheese is a rich, highly concentrated food, comparable in its chief food elements to meat, the digestive organs are given too large an amount of protein and fat to handle. But if cheese is regarded as the main portion of protein and fat in a meal, and combined with crisp foods such as crackers, bread-crums, or succulent vegetables, it is not likely to cause indigestion.



CHEESE "ROULETTES," BAKED IN MUFFIN-TINS, ARE TO BE SERVED ALONE OR WITH FISH



THE HOME-MADE CHEESE WAFER MAY ACCOMPANY THE SALAD COURSE OR BE USED AS DESSERT

However, like all protein foods, cheese must be cooked at a low temperature; otherwise the protein is made tough and stringy and is difficult to digest.

Dishes for which recipes follow should be served with a meal containing little protein or fat, since cheese is rich in these substances.

CHEESE CUTLETS

1 cup mashed potatoes
⅓ cup grated cheese
½ cup cooked Lima beans, ground
2 tablespoons minced pimiento
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon poultry seasoning
¼ teaspoon celery-salt
Bread-crums
1 egg

COMBINE the ingredients, and shape the mixture into cutlets about ½ inch thick. Roll them in the beaten egg and then in the bread-crums. Brown them in a small amount of hot fat and serve them with horseradish sauce.

HORSERADISH SAUCE

1 tablespoon butter or butter substitute
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup meat-stock
½ teaspoon salt
Pepper
1 tablespoon horseradish

MELT the butter or butter substitute, remove it from the heat, and add the flour. Stir the mixture until it is smooth, add the meat-stock, and return the mixture to the fire. Bring it to the boiling-point, and boil it for 3 to 4 minutes, stirring constantly. Add the seasoning and the horseradish, and serve.

CHEESE SALAD DRESSING

1 egg-yolk
2 tablespoons vinegar or lemon-juice
1 teaspoon mustard
1 cup grated cheese
1 cup oil
Paprika
1 teaspoon salt

BEAT the egg-yolk, and add the acid, mustard, salt, and paprika. Mix these ingredients well, and add the cheese. Stir the mixture until it is perfectly smooth, then gradually add the oil. If kept in a cool place, the dressing will remain in excellent condition for several days.

CHEESE ROULETTES

¼ cup milk
2 cups mashed potatoes
4 tablespoons grated cheese
1 egg-white
½ teaspoon salt
Paprika
1 tablespoon parsley, minced.

COMBINE all the ingredients except the egg-white, and beat the mixture until it is light. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg-white and drop the mixture by spoonfuls in greased muffin-tins. Brush over the tops with beaten egg, and brown them in a moderate oven. Cheese roulettes should be served hot, either alone or as a border for creamed fish.

CHEESE CASSEROLE

2 tablespoons butter or butter substitute.
1 cup cooked potatoes diced
1 medium-sized onion, minced
1 cup tomato-juice
1½ tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
Paprika
6 tablespoons grated or shaved cheese
¾ cup boiled rice
1 pimiento cut in small pieces

BROWN the potatoes and the onion in fat. Mix a little of the tomato-juice with the flour, pouring this into the remainder of the heated tomato-juice, and stir until the mixture thickens. Add the seasoning and the cheese to the tomato sauce, and pour this over the vegetables. Turn the mixture into a greased baking-dish, and cover the top with boiled rice and melted butter or butter substitute. Bake in a slow oven for thirty minutes.

CHEESE-AND-SPINACH ROLL

1 quart spinach, chard, or other greens, cooked and chopped.
1 tablespoon butter or butter substitute
1 cup grated cheese
2 tablespoons catchup
1 tablespoon horseradish
1 cup cooked hominy grits or rice

COMBINE the ingredients, and form the mixture into a roll. Place it on a greased pan and bake for twenty-five minutes in a slow oven. Remove the mixture to a hot platter and garnish it with sliced hard-boiled eggs. Serve the roll with tomato sauce.

CHEESE CLUB SANDWICH

2 slices toasted bread
Lettuce
Sliced fresh tomato or tomato jelly
Grated cheese
Mayonnaise dressing
Crisp bacon

BUTTER one slice of the toast; place a lettuce leaf on this, and then a slice of tomato. Sprinkle the tomato generously with grated cheese, and cover it with mayonnaise dressing. Cover the sandwich with the second slice of toast, and garnish with crisp bacon. Cut the sandwich diagonally, and serve at once. When fresh tomatoes are not available, an excellent substitute may be made by molding plain tomato jelly in a plate or any shallow dish and cutting it in pieces to fit the slice of toast.

CHEESE-AND-EGG SANDWICH

1 tablespoon butter or butter substitute
1 egg
3 tablespoons milk
Salt, paprika
2 slices bread
Lettuce
3 tablespoons grated cheese

MELT the butter or butter substitute in a double boiler. Beat the egg, and add the milk, salt, and paprika to it. Pour this mixture into the melted butter. Cook until the mixture thickens, then fold in the grated cheese. Place a lettuce leaf on a slice of bread, add the egg mixture, and cover the egg with a second slice of bread. Cut the sandwich in three strips and serve at once.

CHEESE-MARMALADE SANDWICH

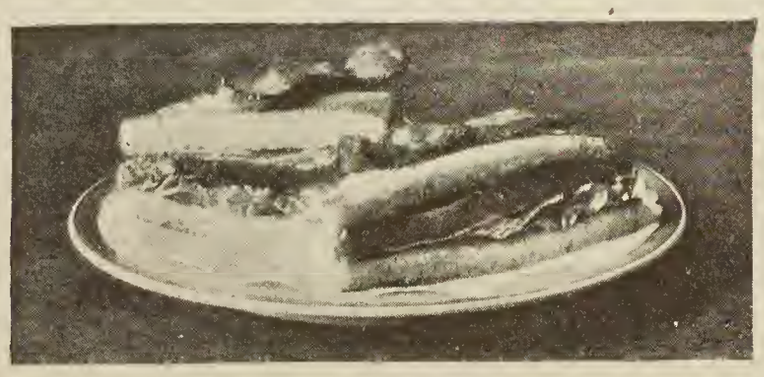
CUT thin slices of either white or brown bread. Spread the bread with marmalade and sprinkle it generously with grated cheese. Cover this with a second slice of bread. Cut the sandwich in small squares, and serve.

CHEESE WAFERS

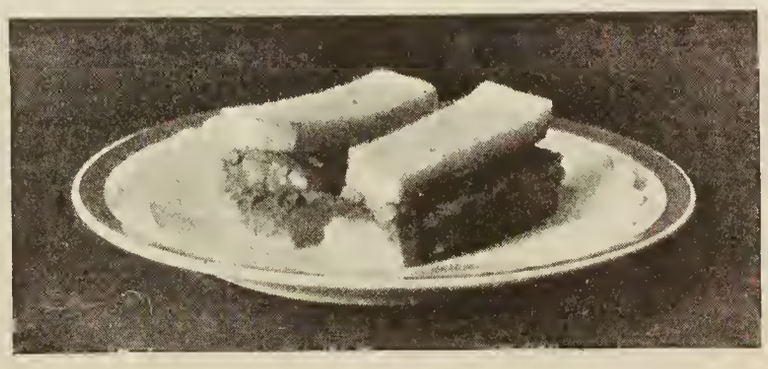
1 cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon baking-powder
Paprika
¼ cup fat
Cold water
4 tablespoons grated cheese

MIX the dry ingredients together. Cut in the fat, and moisten to a dough with cold water as in making pie-crust.

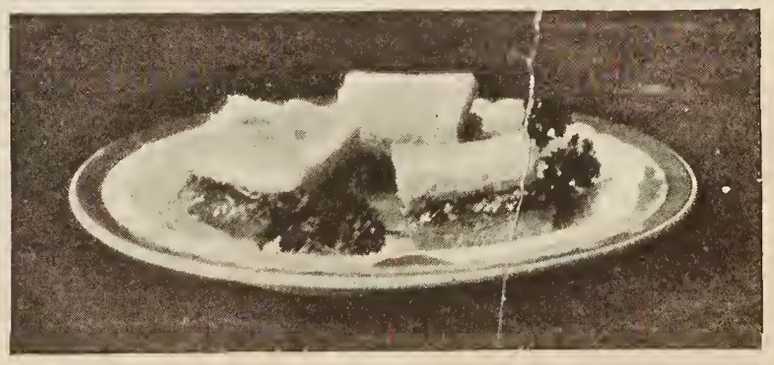
Turn the mixture on a floured board and roll it into a thin rectangular sheet. Sprinkle the sheet with grated cheese. Fold each end back to the center, then fold the sides to the center, and roll until the sheet is again about one-eighth of an inch thick. Roll the pastry as for cinnamon rolls and cut off slices ¼ inch thick. Place the slices on a baking-pan, allowing a space of one-half inch between them. Bake in a moderate oven until straw brown.



A CLUB SANDWICH THAT INCLUDES GRATED CHEESE AND TOMATO JELLY ON TOAST



SCRAMBLED EGG AND GRATED CHEESE MAKE A VERY NOURISHING SANDWICH



CHEESE-AND-MARMALADE SANDWICHES ARE MADE WITH EITHER WHITE OR BROWN BREAD

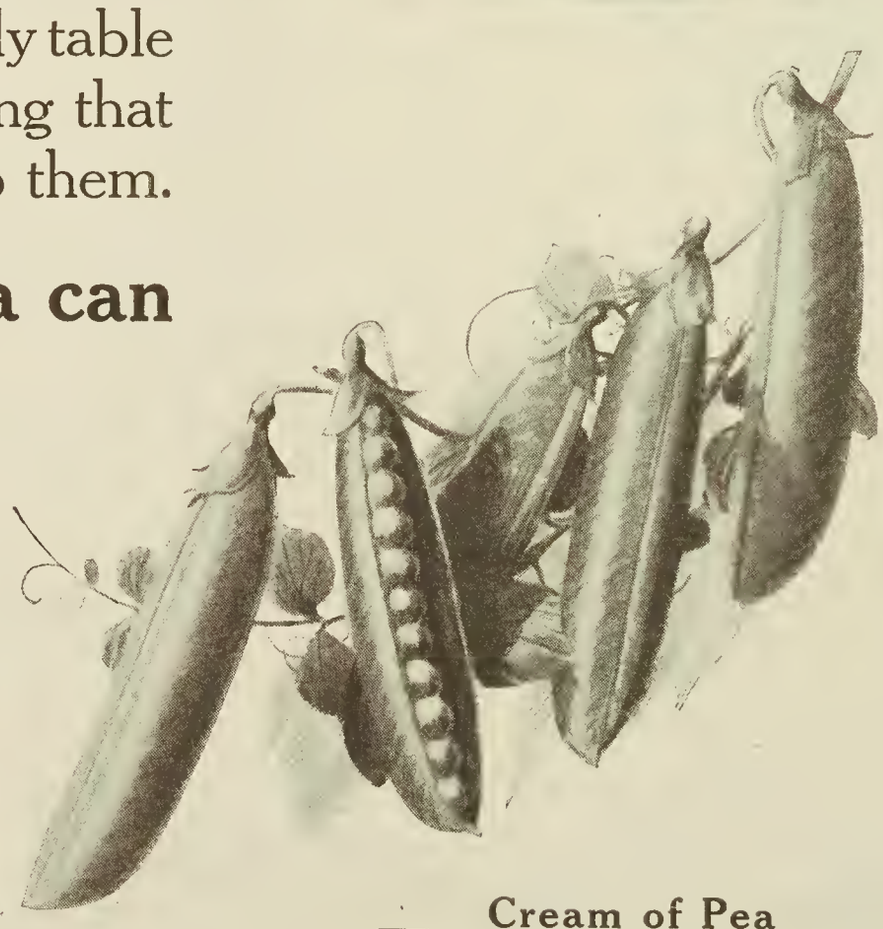
Pea Soup! There's delight in every spoonful

Just treat yourself tonight to this rich, mellow blend of tender little peas, golden creamery butter and sweet country milk, with the most tasty and delicate of seasoning. It has a freshness and a richness that make it one of the most delightful of all soups—a triumph of Campbell's quality and Campbell's skill.

Good pea soup is a delicacy that housewives used to reserve for their special guest occasions because it was by no means easy to make it "just right." But now they serve Campbell's Pea Soup on the family table and when they are entertaining, knowing that the soup will always be a real pride to them.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**





She has good soup with all her meals
And knows the way a fellow feels.
It isn't every girl you meet
Knows just the things you like to eat!



Cream of Pea easily prepared

Stir slowly into Campbell's Pea Soup an equal quantity of milk or cream, adding only a little at a time and each time mixing until smooth. Heat almost to boiling point (but do not boil). Serve immediately.

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

WHEN HOUSEWORK BECAME HOUSEPLAY

in the home of a Governor's lady

By Mrs. Tad Powell

IT WAS when Martha McKelvie discovered that housework can be "houseplay" that she solved the problem of living without servants, and happily.

Wife of the Governor of Nebraska, mistress of a house of twenty-one rooms, thirty-four years of age and attractive, she does all her own housework, and with such ease that she has time and enthusiasm to spare for writing, painting, and music.

Women doubt it. There has been a murmur of feminine protest through the Middle West, with suggestions of sketchy dusting methods, neglected windows, caterers, and press-the-button service.

But a day with the Governor's wife shows her task of homekeeper in a mansion to be only one of so many activities that they seem bewildering.

Mrs. McKelvie is always pitting her executive genius against time. "Time is too important to kill," she says. "That is why I get my housework in my twenty-one rooms done by 10 A.M."

"How do I do it? Well, I find a bed can be made in one trip around it. Yesterday I watched a woman make six trips before she was satisfied.

"I cut down kitchen mileage. One trip from the cupboard to the table will 'set' the table, if you think carefully as you select your service for a meal.

"I do a great deal of my kitchen work over a protective covering of old newspapers. While I clean up following breakfast, I peel my potatoes and prepare other vegetables for dinner, always being careful to save work by using newspapers to catch the refuse.

"I would suggest that housekeepers might save a great deal of time by plugging the telephone while they are working in the morning. It may save hours of gossip. I can not do it, but surely some can."

SURPRISE that the McKelvies continue to live in their own house instead of occupying the executive mansion vanishes long before the journey is finished from the McKelvie attic to the McKelvie cellar. They couldn't have moved without too great a sacrifice of attributes that are the very bone and sinew of a home. The attic is Mrs. McKelvie's "study"; the basement is Governor McKelvie's treasure-house—the "forest" room, they call it.

In every room on each of the four floors are marks of an inventive mind and busy hands. In the "forest" room is a large fireplace made by Mrs. McKelvie with stones she spent one Summer gathering in the Black Hills. The family couldn't move away from a fireplace like that.

After gradually evolving a dream-palace of a home, with a "Chinese" room, a music-room, a "peacock" room, a "butterfly" room, a "wild-rose" room, a "morning-glory" room, and a "forest" room, not to mention fourteen others, who could have the heart to leave it for a mere executive mansion?

The two places are only a few blocks apart in Lincoln, Nebraska. The Governor's mansion is kept open to visitors, and all state functions are held there, although Mrs. McKelvie does a good deal of entertaining at her own home, too. Every Sunday night during the last legislature forty-eight Nebraska lawmakers were guests of the Governor and his wife at their own home.



THE EXTERIOR OF THE TWENTY-ONE-ROOM HOUSE IN LINCOLN WHICH THE WIFE OF NEBRASKA'S GOVERNOR CARES FOR WITHOUT HELP



IN THE BREAKFAST-ROOM, WHERE MRS. McKELVIE HERSELF SERVES THE TOAST AND COFFEE SHE PREPARES WITH HER OWN HANDS



CARED FOR BY MRS. McKELVIE AS PERFECTLY AS IT WOULD BE WITH A CORPS OF EXPENSIVE SERVANTS IS THIS DINING-ROOM WHERE THE GOVERNOR AND HIS WIFE DO ALL EXCEPT THE MOST FORMAL ENTERTAINING; THE LATTER IS TAKEN CARE OF AT THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION TWO BLOCKS AWAY

These were informal entertainments, Mrs. McKelvie herself making the coffee and sandwiches and salad and the Governor popping corn over the coals in the huge stone fireplace. Light shimmered through lamp-shades made from jasper and agate found by Mrs. McKelvie on geological excursions in the Black Hills and afterward cut and polished and applied in a pattern. In the dining-room, butterflies and grasses, collected by the mistress of the house, form a novel decorative scheme for light-shades and tray.

WITH a cleverly contrived wall refrigerator that opens into both the kitchen and the breakfast-room, with labels on bureau drawers and closet boxes that make it impossible to lose anything, with a novel hat-box in her dressing-room of her own devising, none of the rooms can be dull.

One rule advocated by Mrs. McKelvie for the "measure for measure" home worker is the refusal of all invitations for daytime entertainments. While the husband is doing his eight hours of production, she thinks the wife should be doing hers at home.

"I wish," she says, with a far-away look, "we might have a parent curfew. Call it anything you please, but let it control parents so that they will 'keep school' for home training. Let us start a back-to-the-home movement. When a child begins school, I would have it examined to see what it has learned at home, basing such examination upon the fact that character foundations are fairly well laid by the age of seven. I would have a slogan for children up to the eighth grade, 'Do something to help mother or father at home every day.' After the eighth grade I would have the slogan, 'Do something to add to the beauty of your home every day.'

"As a girl in Missouri, I used to know women who got up at five o'clock in the morning, fed the chickens, milked, churned, packed lunches and got seven or eight children off to school, cooked a breakfast of hickory-smoked ham, eggs, potatoes, pancakes, biscuits, and coffee, put the clothes to soak, and had them on the line before their husbands went to the field after the 'chores' were done, then cooked two more square meals in the day for the hired men and the family.

"There are still many such women on the farms of Missouri and Kansas and Nebraska. They make me, with my vacuum cleaner, my place for everything, feel like an idler. Compare the breakfast I prepare for my husband and myself with the breakfast they prepare for men who work in the soil and children who consume food like young cormorants.

"When I think of the 'hog-killin' ' times in Clay County, Missouri, the great smoke-houses with their bounty of meat for the Winter, the cellars with hundreds of jars of fruit, vegetables, and pickles—when I think of the worn and knotted hands that did all this work, often without assistance, I realize that I am not doing half the work these women did and are doing.

"I get up at a reasonable hour in the morning, seldom later than seven o'clock, often earlier. I do not take time for a bath upon rising, as I prefer it later in the day—just before dressing for the afternoon. I wash my hands and face quickly, comb my hair neatly, put on a house dress, open the beds and leave them to air by the wide-open window. All this takes only a few minutes.

"BY THE time I am down-stairs my husband is usually down too, and I set out his glass of orange-juice, which I prepare the night before and place in the refrigerator. That is all he takes before starting for his early-morning walk.

"By the time he is back breakfast is ready, and it is so simple that a farmer's wife would hardly recognize it as a meal. It consists of making toast on an electric toaster, boiling eggs, and making egg-settled coffee in an old-fashioned coffee-pot.

"After breakfast I wash the dishes and make all neat in the kitchen and breakfast-room. If the living and music rooms need a few touches, I give them, and then go up-stairs and make the beds—walking, as you will remember, only once around each.

"Few things are out of place, as we try to keep them put away. Half the problem of housekeeping lies in keeping things in order and clean, after you have once put them in condition.

"Otherwise you live a merry-go-round existence—always getting on and off at the same spot. As the old mammy said to her boy who spent a whole dollar riding on the merry-go-round: 'Now yo' is spent all yo' money, whar yo'-all bin?' "

Concluded on page 92

Six Savings from Soap

Made possible with Fels-Naptha by its perfect combination of splendid soap and real naptha. How this golden bar brings ease and economy in doing your washing and general housework



1. A saving of clothes

Why not make your lovely clothes last longer? Those dainty undergarments with edgings and insertions you crochet with your own hands, are too precious to be worn-out so soon in washing.

When you rub clothes between a hard soap and a hard washboard, that means wearing away the fabric and hurrying it to the rag-bag.

Fels-Naptha is particularly safe. Because it is not a brick-hard soap it rubs off easily on the clothes without wear. And it washes clothes so gently! The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go by loosening it from the fibre without injury to the fabric. Only extremely soiled places need a light rubbing. You don't have to do any *hard* rubbing at all. This is why Fels-Naptha keeps clothes from wearing-out fast.



2. A saving of hands

There is no need to risk scalding and shriveling your hands in hot water, or to put up with the extra heat and steamy atmosphere of boiling clothes. Fels-Naptha does its work in water of *any* temperature.

You can boil clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish, and get them clean quicker than with ordinary soap, because of the real naptha in Fels-Naptha; but thousands of women tell us they find no need of boiling when they use Fels-Naptha.

The Fels-Naptha way of washing with lukewarm water is the *comfortable* way.



3. A saving of time

In using Fels-Naptha you simply wet the clothes, soap them, put them to soak, then go about the house for half an hour doing something else while the real naptha in Fels-Naptha goes through and through the clothes and loosens the dirt. At the same time, Fels-Naptha makes the water soapy, ready to flush away the dirt when you douse the clothes up and down a few times. Extremely soiled places, of course, will need a light rubbing. Rinse, and the washing is done. A saving of time!

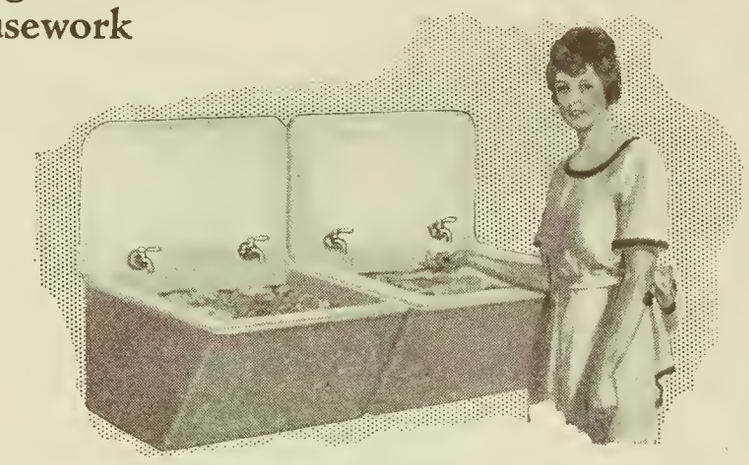
4. A saving of fuel

Since you can do the washing with Fels-Naptha in lukewarm water, what is the use of wasting gas or coal? You can save all the *extra* heat needed to boil clothes, if you use Fels-Naptha.

When you use a washing-machine:—because the naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt even before the washer starts to work, you don't have to run the washer so long—you save electric current.



© 1921 Fels & Co. Philadelphia



5. A saving of work

When you use Fels-Naptha there is no need to spend the morning bending over the washtub, or to rub your strength away on the washboard. There is no boiler to lift on and off the stove, and no lifting of clothes in and out of the boiler. You will never dread the weekly wash when you do it the Fels-Naptha way, because it doesn't tire you out.

If you have the washing "done out" with Fels-Naptha, the clothes come home sweeter and cleaner, and with less wash wear-and-tear. Or, if the washing is done at home for you with Fels-Naptha, the strength saved enables your laundress to do the ironing, too, the same day. A real saving of work!



6. A saving of money

Besides the saving of money in fuel, time, and clothes, very often with Fels-Naptha you save doctor's bills by preventing colds from overheating, and other illness from over-exertion.

The only way you can make this all-round saving from soap is to be sure you get *Fels-Naptha*—the original and genuine naptha soap—of your grocer. The clean naptha odor and the red-and-green wrapper are your guides.

It is amazing how quickly and thoroughly Fels-Naptha works throughout the house—brightening painted woodwork, taking spots out of rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies, cleaning enamel of bathtub, wash-stand, and sink.

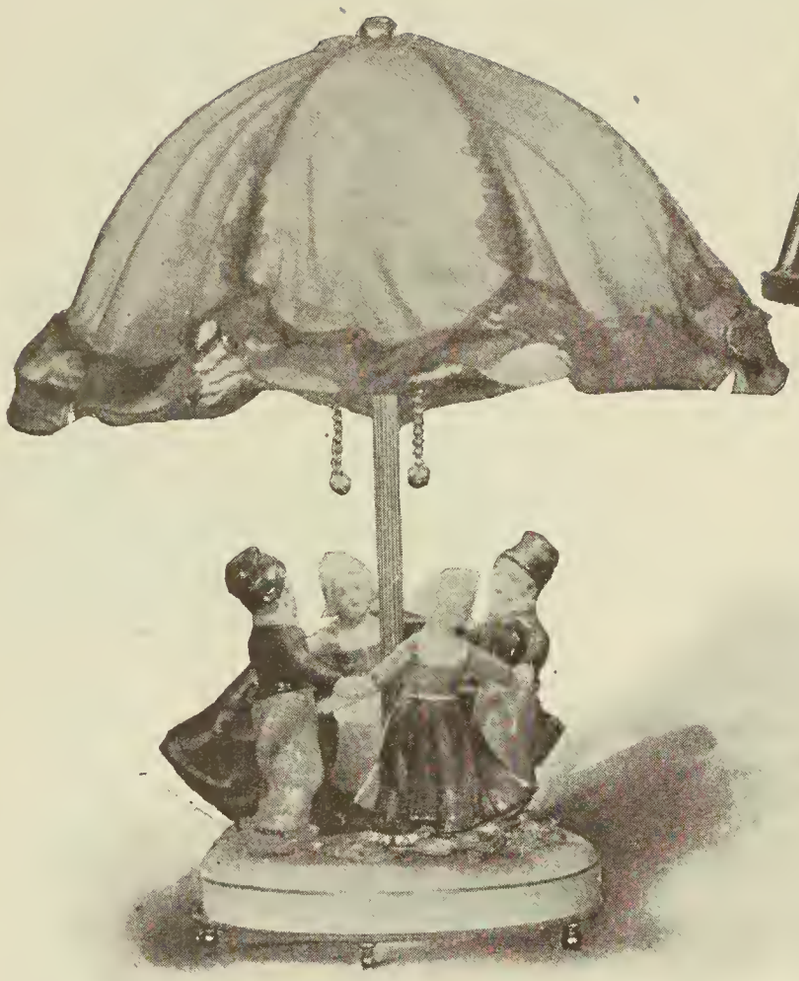
FREE If you haven't tried Fels-Naptha for washing and cleaning a pleasant surprise awaits you. Send for sample, free. Write Fels-Naptha, Philadelphia.



You can tell genuine Fels-Naptha by its clean naptha odor—and the work it does.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



Courtesy of Ovington Bros.

Little Dutch figures in colored bisque hold up the light for a child's room under an umbrella-shaped silk shade



The vase at the base of this lamp (above) costs one dollar twenty-five cents. The Japanese shade is also inexpensive (one dollar seventy-five cents). A silk one on a wire frame would do just as well



For the formal drawing-room or the bedroom, a bisque figure forms the base of a pretty lamp. A brass rod at the back holds the light fixture; the shade is pink silk and white lace

Courtesy of Ovington Bros.



The oil-lamp's day is not dead. Electrically fixtured and shaded in green and gold silk harmonizing with its bronze base, this lamp begins a second youth

The candelabra now blooms under electricity. Place the shade high enough so that the cluster of lights can be seen, and be sure to use frosted bulbs

Courtesy of Ovington Bros.



An ordinary forty-cent bean-pot, combined with an inexpensive simple shade, produced this useful, attractive lamp, which cost but a few dollars

Your hallway needs this old Colonial brass lantern—a reproduction will serve as well as an original—which may be wired and fitted to look like an old-fashioned candle

LAMPS—OLD AND NEW

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Until properly fitted, a woman little realizes the manifold blessings of the corset. It is four aids to beauty in one — benefitting figure, health, comfort, appearance.

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But the right model of "La Camille" expertly fitted, gives the most perfect sense of well-being. No crowding of organs. You bend, sit, relax in graceful ease. Figure defects are corrected, style lines are right, your gowns fit perfectly.

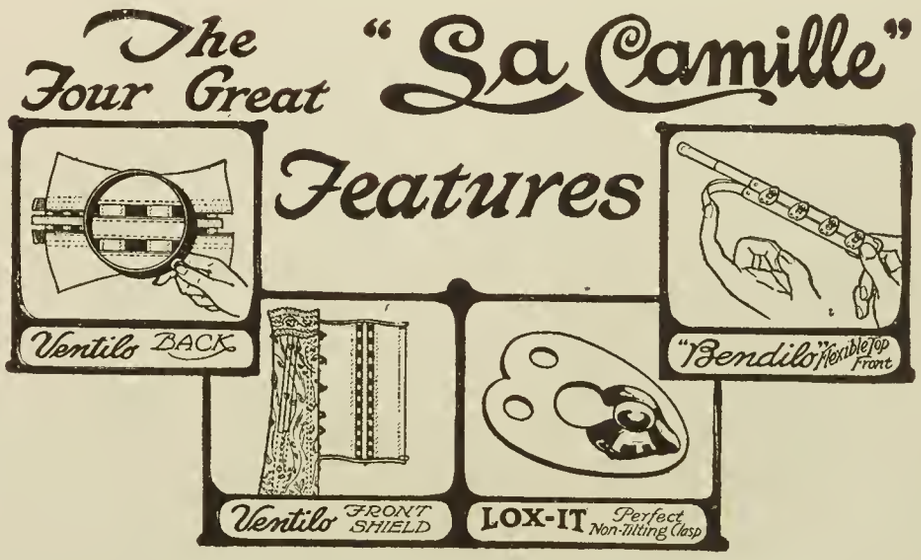
In this happy corseting result, the exclusive "La Camille" features play an important part. Ventilation front and back; no pressure on spine; no cutting of lacers; no digging in of the top — all this is distinctly and exclusively "La Camille."

Get full value in your next corset —get "La Camille" and have it fitted. If you don't know your "La Camille" dealer, let us tell you —also send you our leaflet telling why every corset should be fitted.

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Through "La Camille" slight figures attain the ideal silhouette; stout figures are comfortably slendered. Model pictured, No. 3638 is extremely low top — roomy through diaphragm. Made of pink brocade. Ask your dealer to show it. - - - $6



THE ORNAMENTAL VEGETABLE-GARDEN

Success rewards early planning and wise selections

By Florence Taft Eaton

WE HAVE often pictured to ourselves the "kitchen-garden" of the English novel, full not only of peas, kidney-beans, and vegetable marrows, but also of eglantine, cabbage-roses, and gilliflowers, with the wall fruit ripening in the sun on the old brick walls. We remember the Hall Farm in "Adam Bede," presided over by that most efficient and fiery-tongued matron *Mrs. Poyser*, with "hardy perennial flowers, unpruned fruit-trees, and kitchen vegetables growing together," where the tall hollyhocks, beginning to blossom, the syringas, and the guelder-roses neighbored scarlet beans and late peas; where the "superfluity of broad beans" crowded flaunting masses of Provence and York and Lancaster roses.

We can almost inhale the fragrance of sweet *Nancy's* old-fashioned garden at the Red House in "Silas Marner," where beds of lavender, rosemary, and thyme distilled their spicy fragrance among the vegetables, near which the lilacs and laburnums "showed their golden and purple wealth above the lichen-tinted walls." And in France do not the humble salad vegetables hobnob with the stately iris in the cottage gardens? And if we should visit Nonet's beautiful garden in Giverny, we should probably pass between masses of feathery gooseberry-bushes bordering the path, with beds of gorgeous blossoms inside. Even Nature's planting of poppies and corn-flowers can transform a cornfield into a picture.

We do not see so much of this combining of the practical and the purely beautiful in our own gardens, although I notice that more and more the careful and ornamental planting of the home plot is becoming a consideration, and combinations of flowers and vegetables are not an unusual feature. One of the loveliest pictures of this sort that I ever saw was on an estate in Newport, Rhode Island, where cosmos had been set thickly in the asparagus bed just after cutting had been discontinued. A lovelier combination than the starry white, pink, and crimson blossoms, with their own graceful foliage, and the blue-green feathery asparagus would be hard to find; and the support afforded the brittle cosmos by the wiry asparagus was a not negligible advantage.

In considering the ornamental vegetable-garden, if appreciable space for flowers can not be afforded, a really beautiful effect may be obtained by availing ourselves of the assets of neatness and symmetry with a little beforehand planning in regard to the general layout and planting. The foliage of all vegetables is attractive—much of it really beautiful. What, for instance, more lovely than a row of feathery carrots neighboring the rich dark red and green of beets? What more graceful than rows of rippling corn? What more effective than trellises of carefully trained and pruned tomatoes, with clusters of glowing fruit among the leaves?

THERE is no more spectacular change in the conduct of any one vegetable in the home garden than the tomato. Instead of an untidy mass of sprawling plants, foliage and fruit alike prostrate on the ground—the latter prone to immediate decay unless quickly picked at the psychological moment, and the harvesting a back-breaking job at best—the well-kept garden displays neat, ornamental trellises of carefully trained vines producing attractive and incredibly prolific clusters of tomatoes, shading from green to bright crimson.

We use for tomato-trellising, in the garden that we try to make ornamental as well as useful, uprights of iron piping an inch in diameter, at the ends and in the middle of a thirty-foot row, with heavy wire uprights between, at two-foot intervals, the whole connected with three rows of fairly stout but easily manipulated wire, which we fasten to the piping and other uprights with fine wire. We allow only three main stalks of the tomatoes to develop, pruning off all extra growth. Of course, tall stakes or some of the supporting devices found at seed-stores may be used instead, if preferred, but we like the trellises best. We keep both piping and wire uprights from year to year, buying a coil of the fine wire, which lasts only one season.



ARCHES OF POLE-LIMAS ADD GREATLY TO THE BEAUTY OF THIS COMBINATION FLOWER-AND-VEGETABLE GARDEN

For varieties we use "Stone" (late) and "John Baer" (early), planting only one-fourth as many of the latter as of the former. We save our own seed, and start them in a flat in the house about March first, transplant the seedlings into the cold-frame in April, and set them in permanent position in the open the last of May or very first of June.

"KENTUCKY WONDER" string-beans are one of the valuable assets of the ornamental garden. The beans in the "string" state (although they have no strings) are delicious, being prolific, tender, and of fine texture and flavor; and the vines in rapidity of growth surely rival *Jack's* famous beanstalk. We use them to form arches placed at intervals down our garden-path, setting for each a couple of tall poles at each side, connected with others at the top, and planting a few beans around each upright. Two or three of these arches will supply you with an abundance of delicate string-beans, as the pods, although slender, are very long. A red-bean vine or two, or a few morning-glories, make an attractive addition.

Pole-Limas may also be utilized for this purpose. Either these or the "Kentucky Wonders" may also be used for covering a pergola, to form an effective background for the garden. One row of well-covered poles, set rather close together, connected at the top to form a long line, makes a lovely screen; two rows, a pole's length apart and similarly connected, a really ornamental pergola. For this you may alternate pole-Limas and "Kentucky Wonders," or, if you have plenty of space, make the pergola of poles of unstripped cedar, covered with rambler roses, leaving two or three inches of stub when trimming off the branches.

You may, if you wish, easily provide your own rose-vines by conserving or begging clippings at pruning-time (after blossoming), cutting them into fifteen-inch lengths, and setting in a close row in a shady place, burying a few inches of the stalk. Keep watered, and next Spring they will be well rooted and ready to set, with hardly an exception. You may prefer to cover your pergola with grape-vines. These are very ornamental, and with care an abundance of delicious grapes is obtained. Concord, "Moore's Early," and Rogers are three good varieties.

For one boundary use alternating currant and gooseberry bushes. Keep these well sprayed with pyrox until the fruit is well set, then powder with hellebore if signs of the currant-worm appear. With careful pruning and fertilizing, these bushes are very ornamental.

For the other boundary set blackberry-bushes. A blackberry hedge is a thing of beauty, surely, at blossoming-time, and an ornament at all times, with its rich fruit and dark-green foliage, changing to garnet in the Fall. We set a row of raspberries in front of the blackberries. Snyder is a fine variety of the latter, Cuthbert of the former. St. Regis—ever-bearing—is very satisfactory. Branches of gooseberries may be pinned down to root, to increase stock; and currant cuttings rooted as directed for rambler roses.

I think the best and prettiest layout for not only the large but the small garden is the central path, of grass or gravel as you wish, and wide or narrow as space allows, with arches at intervals, and a pergola or screen at the back, and berry-bushes at the sides. As may be inferred, the screen and arches are not extravagant of room, but really an economy, allowing the gardener to take toll from air-space in producing and conserving his vegetables until they are ready to harvest. "We need standing-room only!" they silently but cheerfully assert.

We like to outline our central path a part of the way with zinnia "hedges" of brilliant mixed color. The plants have a neat and trim habit of growth, and the glowing blossoms give a gay effect to the whole garden. Parsley or carrots make lovely green borders, and I know a garden in Old Concord where chives, set sparsely, form an effective edge not only to the central path but to the different beds. Its bright-green spires are the very first thing to appear in the Spring, and the luxuriant dull-purple blossoms, later on, are both ornamental and "different."

THE only drawback to the carrot border is that, when you begin to pull the carrots, it naturally grows shabby. Therefore, always select Winter carrots, which may keep their place through the entire garden season. And, by the way, remember to make several small plantings of carrots and beets instead of one or two large ones, to insure an abundance of tiny vegetables both to use and to can. Thin, by pulling out, when at a size that can be utilized for the table. Tiny carrots and beets are most delicious, amply repaying one for the time spent in preparing—always assuming a vital interest in the family table on the part of the cook. Plan to have plenty of these vegetables, at "midget" size, to can, if garden space allows.

There are certain flowers for which we always afford a place in the vegetable-garden, not only to beautify it but because here they flourish more luxuriantly, no matter how favorable the conditions in the flower-garden. Among them are sweet-peas, as a matter of course shifting their location each year. By the way, don't plant more than you can keep religiously picked, as, if they start seeding, blossoming season will soon be over. Cosmos we set in the asparagus-bed, as suggested above; or, if there is no asparagus-bed, set the plants in a row, one and one-half feet apart. Stake well; otherwise, after a sudden violent storm, they will split apart and present a most tragic appearance.

ANOTHER helpful group consists of German asters—be sure to include the single, daisy-like variety; double annual larkspur, one of the most enchanting of the annuals, its luxuriant stalks of multipetaled blossoms of every bewitching color blooming until hard frosts; salpiglossis and mourning-bride. All these, having a delicate, trim habit of growth, we set between rows of vegetables with similar characteristics—onions, beets, carrots, and the like—with beautiful effect. These we use largely for "picking-flowers," allowing those in formal beds and borders to remain mostly undisturbed, removing all faded blossoms before seed is formed, as a matter of course. I imagine that the more thorough preparation of the soil bestowed upon the vegetable-garden—plowing, harrowing and fertilizing, and the imperative and frequent "after-cultivating"—is the secret of the wonderful luxuriance of these flowers that neighbor with the vegetables; be that as it may, we find it a very satisfactory and successful method.

But after all is said, and whether we import a few or many blossoms and vines to mitigate the simplicity of the kitchen-garden, or depend upon the luxuriance and variety of the vegetables themselves, the great attraction of the ornamental vegetable-garden consists in its being so cared for that it presents a neat, well-kept, and shipshape appearance. The smallest, simplest, and least ambitious home plot may possess this charm, and there is hardly a greater one. Use a little preliminary head-work in making a plan along the lines of symmetry, attractive combinations, and proportion as to size and height of vegetables, and then take as exquisite care of the whole as your leisure and help at your disposal will allow.

NOW, as to the care of the garden: After planning, the great secret is to keep ahead of the game.

Go over the ground often with an iron rake (the best all-round cultivator). This will both effect the moisture-conserving "dust-mulch" and also keep the weeds from starting. It is hard work to weed—very little to keep the ground in such condition that weeding is never necessary (I except, of course, the hand-weeding in the rows of delicate vegetables, such as onions, carrots, and the like). This cultivating also stirs the earth around the roots of the plants, increasing their growth and productiveness; it is really a three-in-one process.

I hope, also, that the great idea to which I have been leading in the last paragraph has firmly insinuated itself: That the ornamental garden, as far as its beauty depends upon its well-kept appearance, is really easier to work than the unornamental one, and requires a definitely smaller number of hours' work than the untidy one, if one is forehanded.

Another great help in producing the ornamental appearance of the whole is to keep up with all the garden activities. Stake those things requiring such assistance; pull out used-up plants after the bearing season—pea-vines and the like; clear up the ground and put in the next crop; remove all débris and litter immediately. Go over the paths occasionally with a shovel-hoe (an invaluable assistant), rake them, and "firm" the edges.

Start a compost-heap in some inconspicuous corner, and on it throw all succulent débris; screen with a few sunflowers or train a squash or cucumber vine over it, or some nasturtiums. Keep canes and fruit and berry bushes pruned and tidy, and keep everything well sprayed to eliminate pests—remembering that here, especially, a "stitch in time saves nine."

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ABOUT YOUR MOUTH

If it's lovable, keep it so; if not, improve it

By Juliet Dixon

WATCH the lips of your friends, and notice how flexible and sensitive, how under control, they are. Even when silent, the mouth is a close rival of the eyes in expression. And when it comes to that irresistible blend of character and of physical charm which we call "lovable," the mouth is far and away the most revealing of the features.

The blend is of physical charm and character. It may truthfully be said that no mouth can look really lovable, no matter how beautifully formed (unless sometimes in deceptive first youth), unless the owner of it is herself a lovable person. But this is not a rule that works both ways. Undoubtedly a pleasant expression transforms many an otherwise commonplace mouth. But what can a mouth that is out of shape, or full of bad teeth, or neglected do for the worthiest of owners but be unfair to her?

Can you actually change the shape of your mouth? More than you dream, perhaps. You can't help changing it, you will discover, when you consider this matter of character. How many spoiled, weak, discontented, stingy, cruel, or sensual mouths you must have seen, if you are observant as you go about in the world. They couldn't have looked that way when they started in life. What has happened to those one-time baby rosebuds? And what has turned other baby lips into mouths that draw your friendship at the first sight of them, with their candor, their intelligence, their self-control, and their sweetness?

You may not see the changes even from year to year, but it is nevertheless a fact that something from within is at work on your features day after day, building up the cells here, breaking them down and hollowing them out there, just as literally as the sculptor would add clay in one place and scrape it off in another if he were modeling your portrait.

BUT is there no first aid for mouths that offer poor material to the slow chiseling of the spirit? Certainly. But, first, is your mouth really homely? You can't change a "wide, sweet mouth" into a tiny cupid's-bow, if that's what you want. You probably wouldn't want it either, once it was done, for it wouldn't fit your type and your face would have lost its character. In these intelligent days features with individuality have a better chance of attracting admiration than empty doll prettiness. The fundamental style of your mouth has been chosen for you. It remains for you only to see that it is the best of its kind.

If your mouth is really badly shaped, the cause may be adenoids or a growth in the nose that causes you to breathe through your mouth. It is not a serious operation to remove such growths. And if you have suffered from them you will find that, once they are out, not only will you look more intelligent and prettier, but you will be a quicker-witted, more vivacious, happier person, and that will tend to make you better-looking still.

Lips are sometimes thrust into unlovely lines by the ill-shaped jaw or protruding teeth that support them. Such defects are more easily remedied in childhood, it is true. Yet it is never too late to improve, and dentists are wizards these days. Only, don't trust the shape of your face to a second-rate man.

After bones come muscles as mouth-shapers. Are you ever startled, in passing a surface that mirrors you, such as a shop-window, to see how down in the mouth you look? Perhaps all you need is to remember a funny story; or to sit down comfortably somewhere and allow your facial muscles to relax; or to change to a fresh pair of shoes; or to telephone a friend; or to wash your face with cool water. Whatever it is, do it quickly. Pull that sag up with a jerk, or your mouth will set that way.

If it's washing your face that you need, do that; and every time you wash your face, make each touch of the wash-cloth or fingers or towel into a beauty treatment—an upward and outward stroke. Fill the cheeks with air as a squirrel does with nuts, and pat gently along the lines from nose to mouth-corner. If you're near your cold-cream jar, touch your fingers to the cream and rub them lightly upward along the lines in a spiral. Erase the lines as you would erase pencil-marks on easily roughened paper. Only, you must do all this in front of the mirror to be sure you're not pursing your lips. Finish by smoothing your upper lip with thumb and middle finger, while your first finger indents the little cleft in the center.

Do you let your perfectly good mouth pretend that it is ugly? Does it twitch? Does it pout, stretch, grimace, fairly play the clown, merely to express your every-day ideas? Perhaps that's because you give it too many "awfuls," "wonderfuls" and "screamings" to pronounce.

Perhaps you have ugly tricks beyond your direct control. You can't stop biting your lips, for instance, you tell me. (A trick not only ugly in itself, but ruinous to the shape and to the skin of your lips.) If your nerves make your mouth do these things, what puts your nerves up to such tricks? Surely you know how much sleep and good plain food and open-air exercise you need to keep your nerves fed and quiet. But one thing more. Do you get rid of the poisons of your body thoroughly and regularly? Drink a great deal of water, eat bran (mixed with cereals or honey or milk), bathe daily? Most unruly nerves are simply poisoned, drunk, or acid-bitten nerves.

There are many considerations besides shape, if you want to keep your mouth at its eloquent best. Keeping the lips fresh is a matter of prevention. Lips once rough, chapped, or cracked are not easy to heal. If you catch cold, don't wait until the skin around your mouth and nose is like birch-bark. Anoint it at once with camphor-ice or mentholatum or some other salve more actively healing than cold-cream. If you feel a cold-sore coming, scare it away with spirits of camphor and niter (half and half), but alternate this drying treatment with an ointment.

WHEN you venture into the Winter wind, or start on an automobile or yachting trip, drop a lip-stick into your purse. Of course you are too well bred to apply it publicly, but have it ready for your intervals, and forestall exposure. Just a touch, with some of the touch removed, will be enough to keep your lips flexible and smooth. Be sure to buy a stick of healing ointment, not rouge.

Now open your mouth and—no, you need not stick out your tongue. I can see it while you talk, and its "coated" condition indicates that you ought to follow the suggestions for the girl with the nervous mouth. Bid farewell to pie, to "sinkers," to wheat-cakes, and substitute fresh vegetables. And brush your tongue when you brush your teeth. A coated tongue often accompanies an unpleasant breath, of which you alone remain ignorant. If you can't redden the tongue and lips and sweeten the breath by the simple means I have suggested, consult a doctor.

You have fine teeth. Do you prize them enough, I wonder? I am glad this is not a medical article, or I should have to enumerate half the ills that flesh is heir to, which, according to modern diagnosis, are a legacy from unappreciated teeth. But do you realize how inviting, how truly lovely, are good teeth showing between fresh parted lips? And how revolting is the sight of teeth that are uncared for and decaying!

I AM going to tell you how Dr. Albert Jones, a member of the Advisory Board of the Life Extension Institute, tells his patients to take care of their mouths. If they will follow his directions faithfully, he promises that they'll never need him again—a torturer. Part of his prescription is that they shall visit one of his assistants frequently (every two or three months is best) for the supplementary cleaning and polishing that only a dentist can give. Think of your cleaning bill, even if you go as often as that, against the bill for one ugly filling, and of that dressed-up feeling of immaculate teeth which a Paris gown can hardly equal. But the home care is the important thing.

First—Brush the teeth with clear water upon rising, and with paste or powder after each meal.

Brush the outside of the closed teeth *and the gums* above and below with a large circular motion, never crosswise.

Brush the inside of the teeth and gums, the roof of the mouth, and the grinding surfaces with an in-and-out motion.

The stroke must be rapid and light. Underline *light*.

If you have never brushed your gums before, begin gently. You will soon stimulate and harden them.

Second—After meals, clean between the teeth with dental floss.

Third—Rinse the mouth with lime-water till it foams. This dissolves the glue-like mucin which holds the germs of fermentation. Make your own lime-water with half a cupful of unslaked lime from the paint-store (not drug-store) shaken in a quart bottle of water. Pour off the first water, refill, and use the clear solution, refilling the bottle until all the lime is dissolved.

But cleaning is not all. You must feed your teeth as well. Teeth can be starved as well as any other tissue of the body. The food of teeth and bones is alkali. Now, the fluids of the body must always be somewhat alkaline. If your blood loses its requisite alkalinity, the resistance of the body to fatigue and disease is lowered. So the blood snatches greedily all the alkali it can get out of your food. If that is not enough, it begins to steal from bones and teeth. No wonder the expectant mother, who must supply the alkali for the bones and teeth of a new being, is likely to have trouble with her teeth. If you would have your teeth, then, feed them alkali. It will be worth your while to study the best ways of doing this. There are many articles and books nowadays about food constituents. Tomatoes and oranges are among the best foods for the teeth.

And don't be misled by the taste of things. Meat, white sugar, and starch (which is the chief part of white flour, peeled boiled potatoes, white rice, and macaroni), once they are in the body, form acid. The antidote for this acid, alkali, is in the skins and juices which are retained in brown sugar, honey, maple-sirup, whole wheat, brown rice, baked potatoes eaten skin and all, fruits and vegetables served with the juices. The enamel of your kitchen sink doesn't need the water you throw into it from your boiled vegetables; the enamel of your teeth does.

CAN YOU CHANGE the shape of your mouth? To a degree, even this is possible to the woman who cares and who takes pains.

Aside from improving the shape of the mouth by having teeth straightened and by the removal of adenoids, consider the matter of expression. One simply can not help exhibiting one's character in one's mouth—it is too sensitive to hide discontent, sensuality, stinginess, or any other unpleasant quality. But cultivate pleasant, healthy thoughts and your mouth will just as surely take on a pleasing expression.

THE DELINEATOR believes that with care any woman can improve her appearance. If you wish special advice, write, enclosing stamped and addressed return envelope, to Juliet Dixon, care of THE DELINEATOR.



PROTRUDING TEETH OFTEN RESULT FROM ADENOIDS, EASILY REMOVED



WHAT FACE HAS A FAIR CHANCE WHEN ITS OWNER ALLOWS THIS TO HAPPEN



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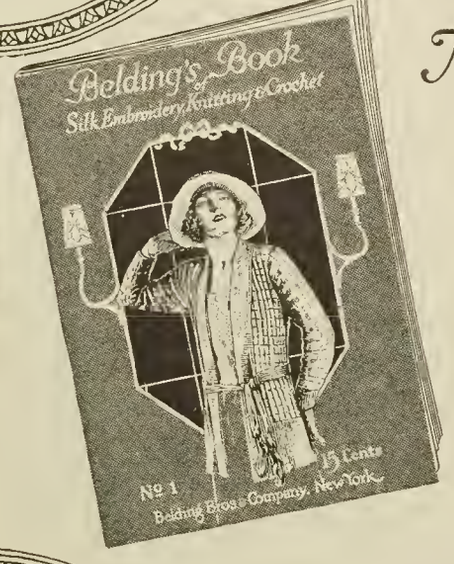
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THE SOCIAL SIDE OF MARCH

By Daisy McKay

FOR a Saint Patrick's Day party a young hostess can easily dress as a "sweet Irish colleen." The simplest white frock, white stockings and low-heeled black slippers with straps should be worn. A green crêpe-paper cape and hood should fall low in the back, while held in place with ribbons which cross in front and tie around the waist. The hair should be worn in two braids.

Shamrocks and Oranges—From sheets of green and orange paper, cut an equal number of shamrocks and oranges, attach strings to them, and seal in individual envelopes. The envelopes are then placed in a basket and are drawn by the guests on arrival. Later these can be used for keeping scores in games, and also to indicate "sides."

In an Orange and Pratie Race, those on the orange side are given oranges, and those on the green side are furnished with potatoes. These are to be rolled on two chalk-lines drawn the length of the room, guided by shillalahs made of knotted sticks cut from any tree.

A "green" man and an "orange" man start simultaneously, the crowd acting as judges. The object is to avoid departing from the straight and narrow way of the chalk-line, and at the same time to be the first one to reach the goal.

Each couple competes, and a mark may be given to every winner or, better still, if the crowd is not too large, have the victors play off tournament style until there is finally left but one triumphant narrow-path keeper.

The Taking of Ireland is a unique potato race. You've heard the expression "taking everything but the town." Well, this is a case of taking the town too. Lay out a double row of potatoes, about ten in a row, and on each potato have the name of an Irish city or village affixed to a wooden skewer sign-post. The potatoes must be taken in the order they come and deposited in a basket at the end of the room. One minute is the time allowed.

The hostess then reads from a paper prepared for the occasion the approximate population of each "captured" town.

For instance, one side may have Cork and Dublin, against Tipperary and Belfast, held by their rivals.

The score is kept for each side until every "green" and "orange" man has competed; the only difference being that after the first round the names of the towns are put in a hat and drawn for by two sides, and stuck in the potatoes in the order drawn, the first name on the first potato, etc.

For singing Irish songs, appoint a song leader for each side, and let the crowd separate for a five-minute rehearsal of two songs to be sung against two by the other side. "Kathleen Mavourneen" against "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and "Killarney" against "Tipperary" are good combinations.

Kissing the Blarney Stone—Outline a Blarney Stone with a stick of charcoal on a sheet—just an irregular circle with the words "Blarney Stone" written in the center. Each guest is to try to kiss the Blarney Stone, blindfolded, but he must first have a generous dab of lip rouge, to make the kisses show up.

It is a lot of fun to make every one in turn attempt an Irish jig, the music for the occasion being furnished by the crowd whistling and patting time.

Prizes for a party of this kind could be an Irish pipe or cane, a book of Irish verse, a pot of shamrock, or a box of candy pebbles (Blarney Stone chips).

A Waffle Party—If you want to have a few friends for an informal Lenten evening, have a waffle party. Each girl should bring her own apron and one for her escort. The men's aprons may be wrapped in packages, and drawn for, if you like. Of course, properly, the waffles should be baked in the kitchen; but in these days of electrical attachments they may, with impunity, be done in the dining-room on electric waffle-irons.

The hostess should have a batter already prepared and in a broad-mouthed pitcher, or better still in a chocolate-pot. The refreshments consist entirely of waffles, sirup, and coffee.

A RABBIT PARTY

THE traditional Welsh dress makes a unique costume for the hostess of a rabbit party—the Welsh rabbit, as it were. The young harpist who played for the King of England on a recent visit to Wales wore a striped skirt and a long, black, fitted coat, cut away from the front, and showing an apron neckerchief, and wide white cuffs, all of white. She wore white stockings and low black shoes, the kind we call Colonial. On her head was a little white cap with a frill around the face, surmounted by the enormous black hat that always suggests Wales—or else the old woman who lived in a shoe. This black hat can be made of pasteboard, covered with black cambric.

Two lively young people should be asked to represent the mad March hares. Have them dress as fantastically as possible. Brown cambric smocks, brown stockings pulled over their hands and arms, to look like rabbit paws, and brown stocking-caps with erect ears sewed on, make a good effect. Sew straw and twigs all over their shoulders and caps. The madder the hares, the better they look.

With any plain dress a girl can wear a white stocking hood, with crêpe-paper ears, sewed on to a short round cape, and white stockings over her hands and arms.

To each girl on her arrival is given a picture of a rabbit, with a number on it in two places. She is to tear the rabbit in two and deposit one piece (with a number on it) in the mad March hare hat and retain the other piece. When the crowd has assembled, the men draw the numbers from the hat for partners.

A March Blow—Make or buy two gold-paper cornucopias; have the small end large enough to blow through. Put a string about two yards long through each cornucopia and tack one end of the string to a door, keeping the cornucopias about two feet apart. The March hares may hold the other ends, holding them on a straight line, so they can be blown freely from one end to the other.

The object is to see who can blow the cornucopia the length of the string in the fewest number of blows. The winners gain points on their score-cards.

"Who's Your Friend?" is still another popular diversion. Supply the guests with numbered sheets of paper, and have them make sketches of the mad March hares, who are posing quietly (?) for the test. Pin the results on the wall, and let the crowd judge the best, and give points accordingly.

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That explains the delicate, fresh flavor they always add to every-day meals. Try the recipes below and you will realize the almost unlimited menu possibilities at your command—not only with peaches, but with more than a hundred other delicious varieties of choicest fruits and vegetables packed under the Del Monte label.

Peach Junket

Dissolve one junket tablet in one tablespoon cold water. Heat ¼ cup milk and two tablespoons sugar quickly in a saucepan, stirring until sugar is dissolved; add 3¾ cups milk and heat slowly until luke-warm, no more. Remove from fire, add one teaspoon vanilla or almond extract, add dissolved junket tablet and pour into dish from which it is to be served. Stand in warm place undisturbed until set like jelly, then chill. Serve with one can Del Monte Sliced Peaches.

Peach Trifle

Drain one can Del Monte Peaches and rub through sieve. Dissolve 3 tablespoons powdered gelatin in one cup peach juice and keep hot. Pour ½ cup each of peach juice and water into small pan, add ½ cup sugar, bring to boiling point and boil 10 minutes. Add peaches, one cup custard and gelatin. Cool and beat 8 minutes, add 4 egg whites and beat until slightly stiff. Chill in a glass dish and serve with sliced peaches.

Peach Betty

Arrange 1 cup of bread crumbs and 1½ cups (⅔ can) of Del Monte Canned Sliced Peaches which have been drained, in alternate layers in a greased baking dish, sprinkle each layer of peaches with sugar and a little cinnamon, dot with 2 tablespoons of butter, pour ¾ cup of water over all, and bake 35 minutes in a moderate oven.

Send for this free book

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Del Monte makes summer last all year long



Lord and Lady Baltimore Cakes—make them for your next party. One takes the egg whites, the other the yolks.

Lady Baltimore

(White Cake)

1 cupful sugar
¾ cupful Crisco
½ cupful cold water
1 teaspoonful vanilla extract
2½ cupfuls flour
2½ teaspoonfuls baking powder
½ teaspoonful salt
6 whites of eggs

For the Filling

1 cupful sugar
½ cupful boiling water
2 whites of eggs
1 teaspoonful vanilla extract
Pinch cream of tartar
½ cupful chopped candied cherries
½ cupful chopped candied pineapple

For cake. Cream Crisco and sugar together. Sift together three times dry ingredients and add alternately with water. Add vanilla, beat mixture well then fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Divide into two Criscoed and floured layer cake tins and bake in moderate oven twenty-five minutes.

For filling. Put sugar and water into sauce pan, stir till boiling, add cream of tartar, then boil until it forms a soft ball when tried in cold water, or 240° F.; pour on to the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, pouring in a steady stream and very slowly, adding, while beating, vanilla, cherries and pineapple, beat till thick and divide between and on top of cake.

Sufficient for one large layer cake.

Lord Baltimore

(Yellow Cake)

Exactly the same as "Lady Baltimore", except that you use the six egg yolks in the batter, and use ½ cupful chopped raisins, same of chopped nut meats, and 5 chopped figs instead of the cherries and pineapple in the frosting. Confectioners' sugar icing may be used instead of boiled frosting if desired.

What is safe economy in making fine cakes?

THE expert cook knows that when she attempts to economize by reducing the number of eggs in a fine cake recipe, she forfeits the fine, feathery, moist texture of the perfect cake. She knows that bread flour, instead of pastry flour, tends to make the cake coarse-grained and bread-like.

In the choice of shortening, however, it is possible to economize and still have the richest and most delicately flavored cake that can be made. You are sure of the utmost in texture and flavor, but your cake costs less, when you use Crisco.

Crisco makes cakes as rich as can be because it is all richness itself, free from salt and moisture, both of which are found in the best butter. It is tasteless, like unsalted butter; therefore only the addition of salt to the batter is needed to produce a delicious butter-like flavor. It is so white and delicate that it is ideal for the finest white cakes. Being strictly vegetable and of a solid cream-like appetizing appearance, the very knowledge that it has been used in a cake appeals to all who are particular about the food they eat.

Any woman who ever has used Crisco for fine cake-baking will tell you that it is an unnecessary expense to use butter. Try it yourself. Get a can from your grocer—use it for cake-baking, pastry-making, and frying—and see how much better everything tastes.



Do you know the right way to cool a cake?

Learn the correct way, and all the other little knacks of making perfect cakes from the big Crisco cookbook, "The Calendar of Dinners", in which Marion Harris Neil, formerly cookery editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal", gives the cooking knowledge that made her famous. Tells how to judge meats, fish, game, fowl, and vegetables; what to do and what not to do in baking, broiling, roasting, and frying all kinds of food; gives 615 exclusive, useful recipes and 365 complete dinner menus—one for every day in the year. 231 pages. Illustrated. Clothbound. Send us 10 cents in stamps, today, and we'll mail you one copy, postpaid. (Only one copy to an address, as each book costs us almost 50 cents.) Write to Section F-3, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Crisco always comes in sanitary, sealed cans, 1, 3, 6 and 9 pounds, net weight; never in bulk. Costs less per pound in the larger sizes.

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EST. 1837

SOME SAVORY RABBIT DISHES

Nine Tested Recipes

By S. E. Blau

THERE is still enough of the primitive in most of us to relish rabbit or partridge even above porterhouse or turkey. The following recipes, although prepared especially for wild game, may be used also with the domesticated hare.

RABBIT POT-PIE

3 dressed rabbits
2 slices lemon
1 tablespoon butter or butter substitute
2 pints boiling water
2 small onions, minced
1 teaspoon salt
Flour
Cayenne

CUT the rabbits into pieces for serving, flour them, and fry in drippings until brown. Fry the minced onion in the butter or butter substitute until brown, and add the rabbit and the boiling water, two slices of lemon, one teaspoon of salt, and a little Cayenne. Cover closely and stew for one hour.

Make a biscuit crust, roll out and cut in rounds, and lay on top of the meat. Let it boil, covered closely, for twenty minutes. Remove from the fire.

Place the rabbit in the center of a platter; arrange the dumplings around it, thicken the gravy with browned flour and pour over it. Serve with tomato catchup or a tart jelly.

BROILED RABBIT

SOAK the dressed rabbit in salt water for several hours, then broil just like chicken until done. Season with pepper and salt, and just before sending to the table pour over it a dressing made of two tablespoons of melted butter, two tablespoons of vinegar, and one of French mustard. Serve with apple sauce.

PANNED RABBIT

CUT dressed rabbits in halves. Place them in a baking-pan, spread with butter, dust with pepper and salt, and bake in a quick oven for one hour, basting frequently.

When done, place on a heated dish. Add half a pint of boiling water to the gravy in the pan, thicken, season, and pour over rabbit.

RABBIT FRICASSEE

REMOVE the meat from the bones of the rabbit, sear it in butter or butter substitute over a quick fire without browning, cover it with boiling water, and let it simmer until it is tender. Boil the stock down to a pint, add one tablespoon of butter and one level tablespoon of flour; season with half a teaspoon of celery salt, two teaspoons of lemon-juice, three drops of onion-juice, a little salt and Cayenne pepper, and cook until thick. Add a cup of hot cream and pour the sauce slowly over two well-beaten eggs; stir well.

Place the meat in the center of a platter, pour the sauce over it, and garnish with toast points and curly parsley.

STEWED RABBIT LARDED

WASH and soak the dressed rabbit; cut it into quarters; lard them with strips of bacon, and fry. Place two cups of stock, a bunch of savory herbs, two tablespoons of butter or butter substitute, pepper and salt in a stew-pan with the broth, and simmer until tender. Strain the gravy, thicken it, boil up once, and pour over the rabbit. Garnish with sliced lemon.



RABBIT SOUP

SKIN and dress the rabbit, cut it into joints, wash and dry them, then dust over with a little flour. Melt two tablespoons drippings in a stew-pan, add the joints of the rabbit and an onion cut in rings, and fry until light brown. Stir in two tablespoons flour, and add the liver of the rabbit and three and one-half pints of stock. Let all simmer together very gently until the rabbit is tender—about an hour is generally sufficient.

Take out the rabbit, remove the best of the meat, cut into small squares, and place on a plate. Put the bones and inferior meat back into the saucepan with a minced onion, a carrot, three stalks of celery, a bunch of herbs, and simmer the soup for two hours longer. Rub the liver through a sieve, strain the soup, and return it to the saucepan with the liver. Add mushroom catchup, salt and Cayenne, and any other seasoning desired. When it boils, add the pieces of rabbit. As soon as these are hot the soup is ready.

PICKLED RABBIT

WHEN more rabbit is at hand than can be used at once, a marinade or pickle may be made. Use one pint of vinegar, one pint of water, one onion into which stick three cloves, two bay-leaves, half a dozen allspice, one tablespoon salt, one dozen whole peppercorns or one dozen chilli peppers cut in halves. Prepare the rabbit as for roasting, place in a stone jar or crock, and cover with the liquid. Let it remain two or three days; then take from the jar and stew or braise it.

To braise one rabbit, cut one-eighth of a pound of salt pork in slices to cover the bottom of the baking-pan. If vegetables are used, place upon the pork two tablespoons each of chopped onion, carrot, turnip, and celery. Lay the meat upon this and dredge it with flour. Cover and cook one-half hour in a moderate oven. Then pour one pint of hot water or stock over it, dredge again with flour and salt and pepper.

Cook very slowly while closely covered for two hours longer. At the end of the two hours add more stock or water, and a thickening made of one tablespoon of corn-starch mixed with one-half cup of cold water. During the last half-hour cook the meat uncovered to a delicate brown. Serve on a warm platter. Strain a portion of the gravy over it and put the rest in a gravy-dish.

To braise successfully the cooking must be done slowly, and it is well to place a grate or iron ring under the braising-pan.

ROAST RABBIT WITH CHESTNUTS

REMOVE the head from a dressed rabbit and truss the fore legs back and the hind legs forward. Make a stuffing by removing the skins from a cup of chestnuts, boiling them until tender, then mashing them to a paste with a tablespoon of butter or butter substitute, a tablespoon of cream, a little salt, pepper, nutmeg, and lemon-juice. Add three tablespoons of bread-crums. Mix the dressing well and fill the rabbit. Roast in the oven, basting frequently.

BELGIAN HARE

CLEAN and split a hare, season with salt and pepper, and lard the back and the hind legs. Place in a baking-pan with a small quantity of brown stock and vegetables, including carrot and onion cooked in bacon fat. Baste hare often with the stock in the pan, and bake for forty-five minutes. Add one cup cream to which is added the juice of one lemon and one tablespoon corn-starch with enough cold water to form a smooth paste. Baste the hare with the cream and cook it for fifteen or twenty minutes longer. Strain the sauce in the pan and serve with the hare.

LITTLE LEAKS IN COOKING

By May Belle Brooks

"MANY a spoonful makes a panful," to paraphrase an old saying, and if strict account were kept, it would doubtless reveal that in the course of a single day the average cook throws out food that would constitute a square meal for at least one person.

One little leak seldom considered lies in the use of a utensil either too large or too small for the food in question. If it is too large, some of the material is bound to be wasted by being spread over the extra space. On the other hand, a dish too small may cause certain foods to boil over the sides or spill over in stirring. Oatmeal, dried beans, milk, and cocoa are some of the things sure to boil over while being brought to the boiling-point. Putting on the lid too tightly during this expansion period will produce the same sort of wasteful overflow.

Employing too many utensils in the various processes of preparing food is another little extravagance. Every dish used carries away just that much of food materials. Whenever possible, it is wise to cook food in the same dish in which it is to be served. This is where the steamer plays a telling part, and even cookery in casseroles or glass baking-dishes is to be commended.

When making a cake, for instance, try this method. Measure the shortening; use the same cup for measuring the sugar, which will absorb the surplus shortening left in the cup; next, measure the milk, which will in turn dissolve any remaining grains of sugar. If the eggs are to be beaten in a separate bowl, turn the milk into this bowl after pouring out the eggs. This will wash from the sides every bit of the precious egg. If you have used the egg-beater, dip it in the milk also. For measuring the flour, use a clean, dry cup. It makes for economy of both time and food to keep two measuring-cups always at hand—a glass one for dry ingredients and an aluminum or granite one for liquids, hot liquids being apt to break the glass.

To avoid waste in measuring anything prone to stick, it is a good plan first to heat the cup by dipping it in hot water. Molasses will come out more easily if the cup is lightly greased or dipped in corn-starch. But if one remembers to measure the molasses first (unless the recipe also calls for fat, which should always come first in the cup), then the sugar, and lastly the liquids, every particle will be available. In short, in all cooking processes, form the habit of using one ingredient to wash out the cup of the other.

HOW many cooks follow the practise of scraping every bit of material from the cooking utensils? There is usually enough batter left in the mixing-bowl for at least one muffin, or sufficient mashed potato in the kettle for a single serving. The use of a spatula, which is a broad, pliable knife without sharp edges, will enable one to scrape a pan thoroughly and with ease.

How much burned food goes into the garbage-pail when a little watchfulness would have saved it! If the oven burns things on the bottom, put a sheet of asbestos under the pans, or an inverted pie-tin will often save the day and the bread. If it is the top that burns, lay a piece of paper or a lid over it until it is ready for browning. If you are one of those individuals with a reputation for burning things, invest in a false bottom for your kettles to raise the food, so that it will not burn if the kettle boils dry. A wire frying-basket will serve the same purpose.

Think how much cereal is left in pans to soak every morning! The use of a double boiler would prevent most of this waste, or greasing the cooker would help considerably. But if there does remain a thick film of food that can't be scraped from the pan, put it to soak with clean, cold water, and add it to the next morning's batch, or use it in other dishes, such as griddle-cakes, muffins, cakes or bread, soups or sauces.

Many times it is possible to use a pan in which one thing was cooked for another dish of similar nature. For instance, every one knows how hard it is to scrape out all of the fudge, because it sets so rapidly. If a chocolate pudding or blanc-mange were on the day's menu, it could be made in the same dish or pan without washing. One thrifty woman uses all the rinsings from pans in which icings, sirups, candies, or preserves have been cooked, to make vinegar. A piece of "mother" put into the jar in which they are poured helps fermentation.

THE modern cook is much given to over-refining of foodstuffs, as witness all the straining and grating and chopping that goes on in the average kitchen. Think of the valuable mineral salts that are daily poured into the greedy maw of the kitchen sink—water in which the vegetables have been cooked. A little practical observation will soon teach one just how little water may be used to perform the cooking process without burning. We used to think that dried legumes should be soaked and parboiled and drained and fresh water then applied; but the newest advice warns us not to throw out the water used for soaking, since it contains much nutriment.

To cook rice perfectly a large quantity of water is required, but this should never be thrown away. Add it to soups, or let it congeal, when it may be served to children or invalids in the form of a delicious jelly. Sweeten it slightly, add flavoring and a spoonful of cream, and serve in a sherbet-glass. You have heard the story of the Japanese servants who, during a famine, offered to serve the whole grains of the rice to their masters, provided they might have the water in which it was cooked. They knew food value.

The grater is a greedy utensil. It manages to retain about as much as it gives forth. Keep a special wire-fiber brush to clean out this surplus. The food-chopper is another offender. Remove the food lodged in its plates by running a few crackers or stale bread through at the last.

I HAVE seen many a pat of butter vanish into the waste-basket because somebody neglected to remove the paper wrapper and lay the pound on a clean dish as soon as it came into the house.

Pieces of meat or chicken that are to be floured may be more evenly and economically coated by shaking in a paper bag containing the flour or meal. Shaking the doughnuts, too, in a bag of powdered sugar is to be preferred to sprinkling them.

An enormous leak comes from paring vegetables and fruits carelessly. Learn to use the half-round paring-knife having a sharpened slit in the center, which enables one to pare thinly and evenly and rapidly. It will seem awkward at first, but after becoming accustomed to its use it will be difficult to return to the old-fashioned paring-knife.

Whenever possible, boil vegetables before paring, a practise to be highly commended in the case of potatoes, where the mineral value lies in the skin.



BETTY BUTTERICK IN ENGLAND

HERE are the pictures of Betty in England. In the top picture she is with the English children at Berkshire Manor. Then you see her dancing around the Peter Pan statue. How do you like the Beef-Eaters in the Tower of London and the armor? Aren't the children all having fun in their pony-cart? Cut these pictures out on the black line, paste on a cardboard back and you can make a little theater.

BETTY'S LETTER FROM ENGLAND

She sees Mr. Fairy-Barrie and gets lost in a London fog

By Harriet Ide Eager

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAREST DOTSY:

Oh, goodness! I could write about a million trillion pages!

The most exciting thing happened about Mr. Barrie.

You know, Mr. Fairy-Barrie that wrote the *Peter Pan* book. Well, it's my favorite story. So Brother took me to Kensington Gardens to see the *Peter Pan* statue.

I forgot whether you've read "Peter Pan," so I'll just explain everything.

Kensington Gardens is a park where London children play. It's nice and sunny and there are lots of dogs. I saw one old Englishman taking a walk with seven dogs on seven leashes. He had white whiskers and a red face. The dogs pulled him every which way.

There are nurses that wear white caps and babies. There is a round pond where boys sail the *cutest* sail-boats! I saw the statue of *Peter Pan*. He is a little boy made out of bronze. (You know that kind of shiny brown statue stuff.) He has on a kind of short bronze nightshirt. He is playing on something like a bronze mouth-organ, only they call it Pan pipes. He is standing on a kind of bronze hill that is a tree stump and there are bronze fairies and people and cute little bronze rabbits and lizards peeping out.

In the book Mr. Barrie wrote, *Peter Pan* was a little boy that flew away in his night-gown and lived in Kensington Gardens with the fairies. But the fairies only come out at night when the gates are locked. So I didn't see any because we were there in the morning.

There is a little dog cemetery in Kensington Gardens. It has lots of little gravestones, rows and rows. Some stick up and some lie down flat. There are little marble statues of dogs.

One gravestone said: "Alas, poor Zoe, as deeply mourned as ever dog was mourned."

One said: "Our Faithful Little Friend Wobbles." That made my throat feel funny. So I went away quick.

Mr. Barrie didn't write about the Dog Cemetery in the *Peter Pan* book because he didn't want to make his old dog feel bad. So don't you tell Snippie either, hear?

But this is what I started to tell you. Brother said: "If *Peter Pan* gave you one wish, what would it be?"

And I said: "To see Mr. Fairy-Barrie, because he wrote the *Peter Pan* book."

So Brother found out where Mr. Barrie lives and we went there. I took my new *Peter Pan* book that Brother bought me.

It's an apartment house—they call them lodgings—and it's number 3 Adelphi Terrace. The man at the door said Mr. Barrie would be out soon, but we mustn't bother him. So we promised not to speak to him. And the man promised to take out his handkerchief and blow his nose to tell us it was Mr. Barrie.

Well, we waited and waited and *waited* for about one hundred years. My legs hurt so I had to sit down on the curbstone. Brother wanted me to go home, but I wouldn't.

Once the janitor blew his nose by mistake. I mean he had to, and it wasn't Mr. Barrie. Then he blew it right.

Oh, I was so excited! You know, I thought maybe Mr. Barrie looked like *Peter Pan*, only not in a nightshirt of course, or the King of England. My heart bumped me so hard inside I thought sure Mr. Barrie would hear it. But he didn't. He just walked right past us in an awful hurry.

Well, I couldn't speak because we promised. So I held up my *Peter Pan* book, and Mr. Barrie saw it and he turned his face back and smiled. Wasn't that *wonderful?* He looked kind of shy, but awful nice and sweet. His hair is white and gray and he is thin and about medium tall.

I said: "I guess Mr. Fairy-Barrie can get the fairies to change him young when he wants to."

And Brother said: "Whenever Mr. Barrie shuts himself up in a room to write stories, the fairies turn him young."

I wonder if they make him look like *Peter Pan?*

BETTY'S MESSAGE TO YOU

DEAR EVERYBODY:

Whee! I never got so many letters in my life! It's awfully exciting. Some are from teachers too, and people like that. Brother says he hopes this won't turn my head. I said I guess there's not much chance with *him* around!

We've started on our trip around the world. So thank you very much for voting yes.

Please write to me again. Because sometimes I get homesick. Tell me what you like best in my letter to Dotsy this time. And I'll send you a post-card of England. Honest. Your loving unknown friend,

BETTY BUTTERICK.

P. S. Just write MISS BETTY BUTTERICK, THE DELINEATOR, New York City, and they'll send me all the letters.

STILL IN LONDON, ENGLAND.

THE *funniest* thing happened yesterday!

I woke up in the middle of the night and remembered and I had to stuff my mouth in the pillow to keep from laughing everybody awake.

You know they have buses in London something like street-cars, only instead of tracks they run like automobiles, only always on the same streets. There are seats on the roof and steps outside to climb up.

Well, the buses are marked in front where they are going. So Brother and I saw one that said: "Piccadilly Circus." So we thought that sounded like lots of fun. Brother asked the man in our hotel what time we could go to Piccadilly Circus. The man looked kind of surprised but he said any time.

So we went. Well, we got off at Piccadilly Circus, but we didn't see any tents or side-shows or smell any animals or anything. There was just a kind of round street and lots of other streets ran into it. It had a fountain in the middle. Some ladies were selling flowers in big baskets.

We saw a big bobbie with a red face. Oh, I forgot to tell you they call policemen "bobbies" in London, just like we say "cops." They wear helmets with a strap under their chin.

So Brother asked the bobbie, "Where is Piccadilly Circus?"

And the bobbie said, "Right 'ere, sir."

So we looked and looked but we didn't see any circus.

And all of a sudden Brother sat down on the curbstone and laughed so loud you could hear him a block off. Honest. And he had to hold his stomach. So the bobbie thought he was sick and he said: "Beg pardon, sir. 'Ave you been took bad, sir?"

Brother explained to me. He said circus doesn't only mean a circus with clowns and monkeys and peanuts. Circus means a place in a city where lots of streets run into a circle and stop there. And one part of London is called Piccadilly. So Piccadilly Circus was just that round place where we were standing.

Wasn't that a good joke on us, though?

You know I thought the English people talked exactly like Americans, and I was so glad because I was tired of not understanding what anybody said in Holland and Spain. But my goodness, I don't know what some of these people say and lots of times they can't even understand *me!*

I'm making a list just for fun of things English people call different from our names. Here are some:

Americans say:	*English people say:*
Sugar-bowl	Sugar-basin
Cream-pitcher	Cream-jug
Dress	Frock
Shoes	Boots

(They don't mean rubber boots either, just regular shoes.)

Candy	Sweets or sweeties

(I like this one. It sounds as if it tasted better than ours.)

STILL IN LONDON.

I'M SO tired I can hardly stand up. I've seen Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London to-day.

Westminster Abbey is a big church that's very old, and it's tall and dark and spooky inside and lots of famous people are buried there. So you talk in a whisper. Here are some of the dead people:

Sir Isaac Newton. Remember we had about him in school? He watched the apple fall.

Charles Kingsley. He wrote that book you like called "Water Babies."

Doctor Isaac Watts. He was a minister and he wrote: "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" and "Joy to the World" and lots of other hymns.

David Livingstone. He went exploring in Africa. I bet your Brother Jack knows about him.

William Shakespeare. You know the man that wrote all those plays. He has a statue in the Poets' Corner and so has Mr. Longfellow, the American who wrote "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Children's Hour" that we had in school.

Lots of kings and queens and lords and ladies are buried there too.

We went to the Tower of London. It is a big old gray fort, with different buildings and lots of towers, not just one, the way I thought. The kings of England used to live there. It was a prison once, too. I saw the prison where they put Sir Walter Raleigh. You know the man that spread his nice coat over the mud-puddle so Queen Elizabeth could walk across.

There's a big ditch all around the Tower of London. It used to be filled with water. It has a bridge across that used to be a drawbridge. If enemies tried to get over, the people who lived in the Tower let the bridge drop and all the enemies were drowned.

It made me feel funny to walk across. So I was glad when we got inside.

The guards to the Tower wear red suits with gold trimming and red velvet capes. Their name is Beef-Eaters. I thought it was because they ate beef and have red faces. But Brother says the guards used to wait on the table when the king and queen lived there. So the king and queen called them a French word for waiters: "*Buffetiers.*" So the English people that didn't know French said "Beef-Eaters."

Tell your Brother Jack I saw lots of suits of armor that knights used to wear. Some suits were so heavy that if a knight ever fell down he couldn't get up again. Honest! I saw lots of old swords and funny guns on the wall.

Oh. yes, and I forgot to say I saw the Crown Jewels of England in a case. Gold crowns with real diamonds and rubies, and royal scepters and bracelets that belonged to different kings and queens. One Beef-Eater told us if anybody tried to steal the jewels, he or the other Beef-Eaters could press a secret spring and the jewel-case would drop right down into the floor.

Tell Jack I saw Scotland Yard that they're always talking about in those Sherlock Holmes books he's so crazy about. It's not a yard at all. It's a big square red police station, and it doesn't look a bit exciting.

STILL IN LONDON.

SOMETHING else exciting happened, only it wasn't nice like Mr. Fairy-Barrie. You know I thought there were fogs in London all the time. So I was surprised when we came and it was sunny.

So yesterday morning the maid in the hotel waked me up. But it was all dark like night, so I turned over to go to sleep. But she said it was eight o'clock. And there was a terrible fog: you couldn't see out the window at all. It was like ugly thick wet yellow smoke everywhere, and it sneaked in the window and hurt your eyes and made you cough. Breakfast tasted kind of wet.

Brother got a guide with a torch though; and went to see what it was like. But he wouldn't take me. So I was mad. So, when nobody was looking I sneaked out the front door. I went about three steps and then I was lost! I couldn't even see my own feet. Honest! And I held my hand right against my eyes but it wasn't there.

I tried to turn around, but I didn't know where around was. I bumped my nose bang into a wall. I heard a wagon or something go by. But I couldn't see it. Oh, I was so scared! I began to cry. And a man said "Where are you?" and I kept on saying "Here, here!" until he found me, and it was one of the porters in the hotel that saw me run out. And he held my hand and felt along the wall to the door. And I had been right near the hotel all the time!

BERKSHIRE MANOR.

(The English people say *Bark*shire)

YOU see, I'm not in London now. Brother brought me to visit a real English family in the country because he knew their son that died in the war.

There is a cute little girl four years old named Muriel. And a boy twelve named Malcolm. He goes to Eton School. He is home for a holiday now. He wears the funniest suit. All the Eton boys do. It's a black coat and a white turn-down collar and long black pants and a black silk hat like the high hat Brother wears to parties.

Malcolm and his little sister eat breakfast and lunch and dinner in the nursery with Governess. Her name is Miss Primity. So I eat with them and it's lots of fun. We have cambric tea every afternoon and the grown people have regular tea down-stairs. After our dinner we dress up and go down just in time for dessert with the grown people. We sit around a while and then we go back.

Miss Primity talks French to little Muriel and you ought to hear how she can answer.

In the afternoon we play in the garden. The old gardener is named Wigmore. He doesn't do anything but take care of the flowers and trees and cut the hedges and talk to the nurse. There are hedges in the shape of ships and dogs and peacocks. There are some real peacocks that strut around.

You know all the English people, even common ones, say: "I cawn't," and "Hawf pawst" for "Half past," But it sounds so funny for a *boy* to talk that way. Malcolm said he was going to grow a "mous*tawche*" in a few years. So I laughed right in his face. So he got mad and he said: "Well, old girl, you sound dashed silly yourself, just like this." And he held his nose tight and talked that way, and honest it did sound more like Americans! But I wouldn't speak to him for one hour.

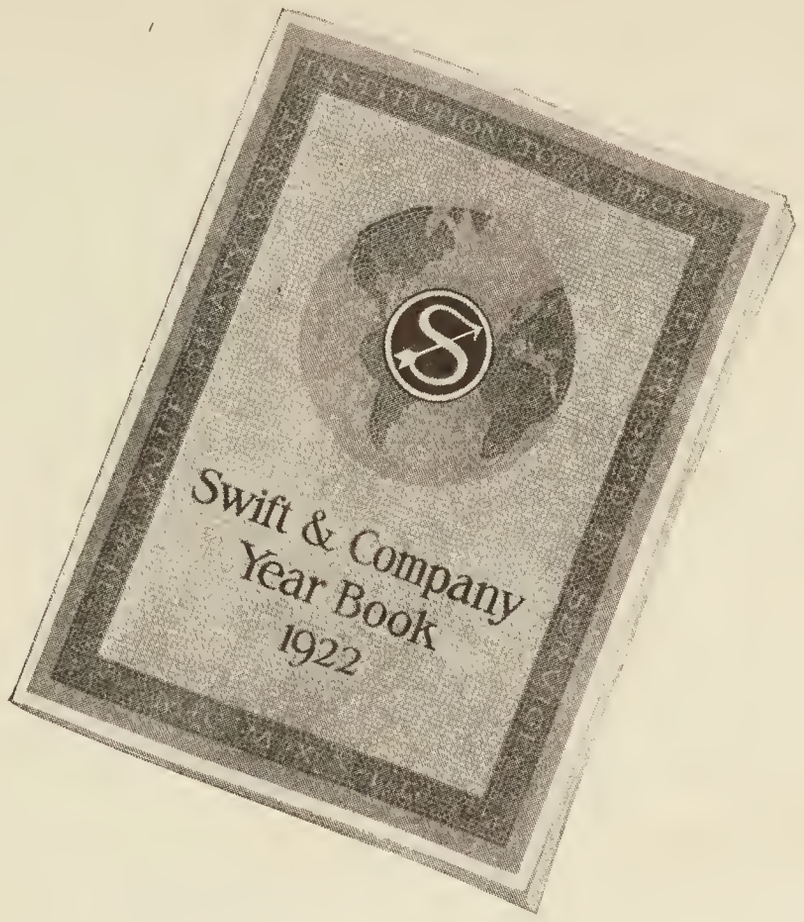
Then Malcolm said: "I dare say you think I'm no end of a cad." And I said: "Is that the same as saying 'You're a big pill'?" And Malcolm didn't know what that meant, so we both laughed.

Good-by. Love and kisses from

BETTY.

P. S.—Tell Snippie Malcolm's father has lots of dogs. He takes them fox-hunting.

P. S. again.—But be sure not to tell him about that Dog Cemetery. B. B.



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THE COOPERATIVE TEA-ROOM

An idea of ten young women of Utica that may help you solve your financial problem

IS THERE a town that hasn't had an unemployment committee sitting at desperate intervals recently in the Woman's Club or the City Hall? Knowing full well that there could be no manufactured solution of the problem, haven't they sat with furrowed brows, planning ways and means of helping just *some* of the unemployed, somehow? Establishing loan funds, creating municipal jobs, and other temporary relief have been attempted; but it took Utica, New York, to place hope for some of its unemployed women in *marmalade*—cooperative marmalade, at that. Incidentally they demonstrated a thoroughly practical working basis in which girls in almost any town can start a business of their own on a capital of little more than energy and grit.

Starting a new business when many others were on the brink of closing down was the bit of daring that supplied jobs for ten Utica young women. At a meeting of Y. W. C. A. club girls and secretaries it was decided to capitalize marmalade talent for one hundred dollars, sell shares to the community at one dollar apiece, and under the banner of the Blue Triangle to open a marmalade kitchen on a cooperative basis. To-day the marmalade kitchen has grown into a tea-room and flourishes under the name of the Step-Down Inn, with capital stock increased to two hundred dollars and seventy stockholders. Miss Harriet McDaniels guided the plan.

To girls anxious to tide over an enforced idleness or to make pin-money, if there is a potential tea-room within the resources of your town, the story of the Step-Down Inn holds much of interest.

ANY one had the privilege of buying from one to three shares at one dollar a share, carrying interest at five per cent. One hundred people bought shares at one dollar, giving a capital of one hundred dollars. We found that every one was enthusiastic not only about helping our unemployed girls start a venture of their own, but to own a share in an attractive tea-room. From the start it was on a cooperative basis only in that the stockholder had but one vote, regardless of the number of shares he held, and that we were working together to relieve our local situation of enforced idleness for self-supporting Y. W. C. A. girls. Since we believed in a forty-four-hour week, we decided to work from eight to five, with an hour at noon and half a day on Saturdays; and also that wages based on fifteen dollars a week should be thirty-five cents an hour. Since then we have been paying regularly fifteen dollars and fifty cents a week.

We purchased equipment and hung out a modest sign advertising marmalade for sale. Attics were ransacked for furniture. The girls set to work with paint-pots with such zeal that the hundred dollars, untouched, did wonders for china, silver, and other necessities.

There were only two stockholders' meetings. The stock is owned mostly by the girls, although some of the Association board members and secretaries hold shares. Strangely enough, the girls are not interested in the venture from the standpoint of extra dividends.

At first they bought shares because they honestly wanted to help the other girls, and now they buy them because it is interesting to hold a share in the little business venture.

Very little supervision of the girls was necessary from the start. After the first instruction they have made the marmalade entirely themselves. The marmalade has always given a good profit, but of course the market for it in a town the size of Utica is limited, so we added candy and salted almonds. Orders came in faster than we could fill them, and from the four girls who started the number grew to eight. During the holidays we had ten girls. We have tried to impress on each one the importance of knowing how to make one thing particularly well and all the other articles when necessary.

Despite the demand, we didn't make money at first. To my surprise, however, the girls voted to continue the venture. "We can't succeed at once," one said. "We have done what we set out to do—given some of the girls employment. We can't expect extra dividends yet." So, luckily, the venture was continued.

A typical day's menu shows prices kept very low: soups at twelve cents, nut-breads at six, and salads from twenty cents up. The menu-cards were cut from cardboard in the shape of a cup and saucer, and written by hand in ink.

When the kitchen first developed into a tea-room, Miss McDaniels made out the menus, did the buying, much of the ordering, set the prices and kept books, always in consultation with the girls. The girls are now beginning to take charge of the entire business: handling the cash, doing most of the buying and ordering, and making out their own menus. In addition they deliver the cake and nut-bread orders that come in.

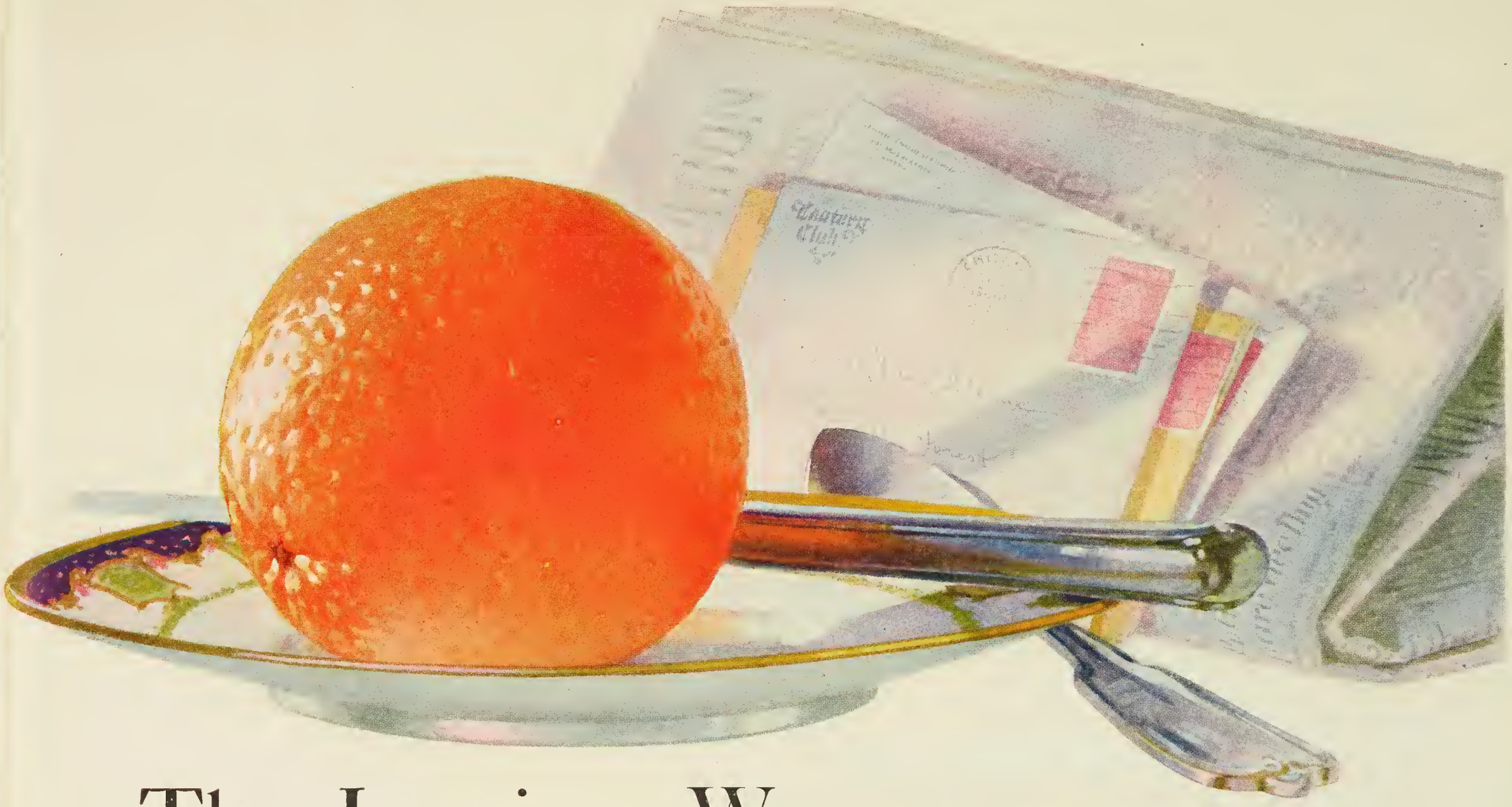
The tea-room is open from eleven to five-thirty daily. Two hot dishes a day are served. The woman in charge of the candy also does the cooking; one of the girls takes charge of the cash, one of the supply closet; a fourth does the ordering; and a fifth does the dish-washing. The girl who does the cooking comes in at eight in the morning and leaves at five; the others alternate, the hours being from eight to five and from ten to seven.

One of the things that the Step-Down Inn emphasizes is the value of publicity and advertising. Canvassing for orders was tried, but was not particularly successful. When an attractive folder was sent out, it immediately brought in a good deal of trade.

To young women anxious to succeed in a similar way, the proprietors of Step-Down Inn recommend that gifts of brass or local needlework or handcraft be included as a side line. The Utica project includes articles of this nature, and they sell so readily that homespuns from the South and work from other localities are to be added.

THE latest report from the Y. W. C. A. in Utica says that trade is increasing. All possible emphasis is laid on having everything fresh, dainty, and absolutely first-class. To any group of girls interested in trying the experiment, their advice is that a similar venture should have at least a few hundred dollars of working capital to carry the business for the first six months. They are anxious to develop it into a real cooperative business, offering to every stockholder a return on his or her surplus, according to the amount of his trade at the tea-room. In short, the more the individual buys, the greater will be his dividends. This can not be done until there is a surplus.

One of the most encouraging aspects of the whole venture has been the girls' attitude when the mills reopened and their old jobs were offered to them. They had become so deeply interested in making their own business a success that they voted to remain with the Step-Down Inn. For them it has proved a step *up* in personal initiative and independence and applied skill as an individual, rather than operating as a cog in a machine.



The Luscious Way

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A FRESH, ripe, delicious orange to start the breakfast right!

Cut it open. The glistening juice—the mere appearance of it—entices even jaded palates to enjoy.

Then taste! The tang and zest created by organic salts and acids immediately whet *real* appetite *and help digest* the entire *meal*.

You'll have a more *efficient* breakfast, and it's the day's most important meal.

Whole days, weeks, *months*, are made "more regular," more healthful, more productive for millions in this delightful way.

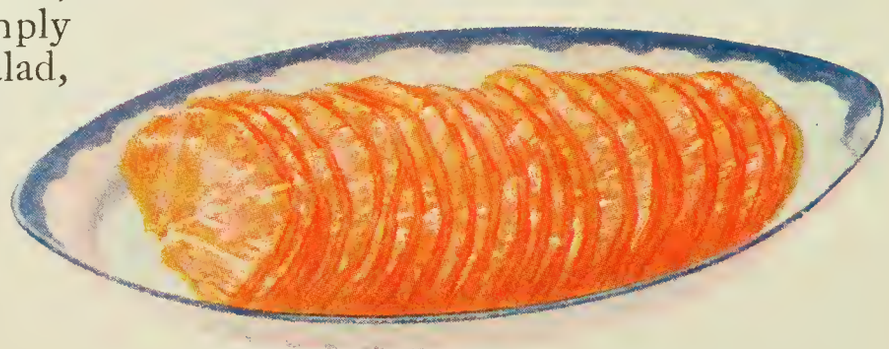
Start with an orange daily for a ten-day trial, and see.

Here, too, is the most attractive way to insure a healthful vitamine supply. For oranges are acknowledged by physicians, scientists and chemists to be one of the greatest carriers of this newly-recognized vital element in food.

If some foods lack vitamine content entirely, or lose in cooking, or processing, you are assured that oranges contain them in abundance—*fresh*, *potent* vitamines, which you can add to any meal by simply adding *luscious oranges* in a dainty salad, orange dessert, or breakfast dish.



"Drink an orange" for breakfast. The right way to start the day.



Sliced oranges for the noon-day meal are as refreshing as they are delicious.



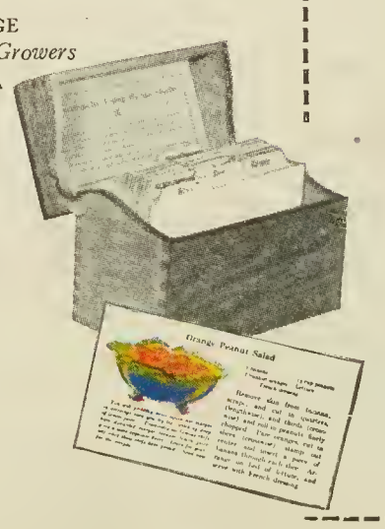
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OF ALL the fruits you can name, apricots are the "friendliest"—they mix so well with *any*thing. Especially is this true of Sunsweet *Dried* Apricots. For their tart, tangy flavor puts a keen, "relishy" sensation into any dish.

What could be more alluring than this Apricot Puff? More airy or enticing than this Apricot Charlotte Russe? More open and inviting than this Apricot Tart? And even in dishes where this accomplished fruit-food does not play the major role it offers the major flavor—for example:

Is rice pudding becoming trite at your table? Then try a combination of rice and Sunsweet *Dried* Apricots. Try apricot juice sometime to "pep up" a fresh fruit cocktail. Or, add cooked apricots to a compote of fruit or a fruit salad and notice the flavor-difference.

Nor should you overlook this more-than-flavor feature: Sunsweet Dried Apricots are "friendly" not only in the kitchen but in the *stomach*, too. For they supply a natural, tart fruit-acid that the main dinner course must have before it can become a really "happy mixture."

Would you like to know other "friendly" flavor-full dishes you can make with Sunsweet Dried Apricots—the aristocrat of fruit-foods? Then send for our new Recipe Packet—"Sunsweet Surprises for 1922." It is just that—and it's free! California Prune and Apricot Growers Inc., 387 Market St., San Jose, California 11,000 grower-members.

SUNSWEET
CALIFORNIA'S NATURE-FLAVORED
Dried APRICOTS



Sunsweet Apricot Puffs

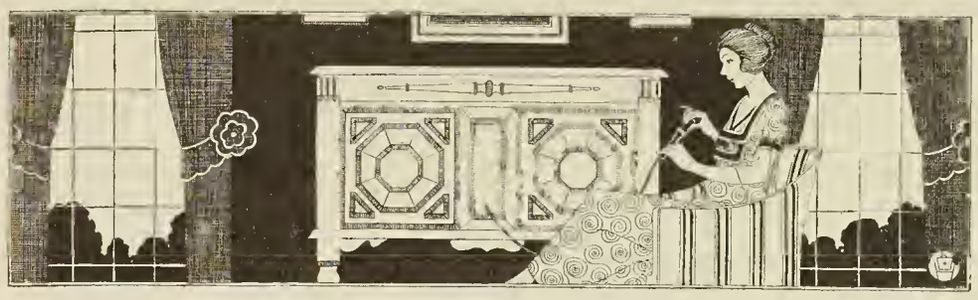
One egg, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup sifted flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ cup milk, ¼ cup melted shortening, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups cooked Sunsweet [Dried] Apricots rubbed through a coarse sieve. Beat egg, add sugar; sift flour and baking powder; add alternately with milk; add shortening and vanilla. Pour into buttered custard cups filling half full. Set in a steamer over boiling water, cover closely; steam about thirty minutes. Heat apricot sauce and pour over unmoulded puffs.

Sunsweet Charlotte Russe

Line four sherbet glasses with narrow three inch pieces of sponge cake and cooked, drained Sunsweet [Dried] Apricots. Whip 1 cup cream, add ⅓ cup apricot pulp [fruit rubbed through a coarse sieve], ½ teaspoon pineapple flavoring. Pile in center of glass and serve cold.

Sunsweet Apricot Tart California

Drain and press cooked Sunsweet [Dried] Apricots through a coarse sieve, having 1½ cups of Apricot pulp. Pour into baked pastry shell; cover top with cooked apricots, cut side up. Place a blanched almond in center of each apricot to simulate a pit. Melt any clear amber jelly and pour over the top to glaze. Jelly may be made of ½ cup of hot apricot juice to which has been added 1 teaspoon gelatine soaked in 1 tablespoon cold water. Cool somewhat before pouring over the fruit and set aside to become firm.



CHOOSING *the* NEW RECORD

By Horace Johnson

IRISH FOLK-SONG RECORDS—rollicking jigs, old ballads, and the tenderest love-songs in all the world—are now very popular. This is due, no doubt, partly to the wonderful interpretative singing of John McCormack, and also to the impetus that has been given to everything Irish by recent political events.

Of course it is impossible even to name all of these Irish records, but if you wish more information about these or any other of the new records, Mr. Johnson will be glad to send it to you on receipt of a stamped self-addressed envelope, directed to him in care of THE DELINEATOR.

THERE is nothing more indicative of the characteristics of a people than their folk-music. And the folk-songs of Ireland paint the spirit of its people, the rollicking good nature of active mind and active body, with brilliant colors. Many records of these folk-tunes have been published by the record companies, and in most cases they are not only splendid reproductions, but authentic records, following exactly the original theme. This is due, no doubt, to the fact that the Irish are a singing people.

A short time ago I heard the record Thomas Eagan has made of "The Low-Backed Car." He has expressed all the fascination and charm, the lilt and swing, that every measure of the song contains. His brogue—indeed, a factor very necessary for the singing of Irish tunes—is perfect and his diction is clean and well formed.

"Kathleen Mavourneen," probably better known to all the world than any other Irish song, is another favorite of mine. A few years ago I heard John McCormack sing it in a way that brought tears to the eyes of many of his audience. Sitting near me were an old Irish couple; and next to them was a young man with an attractive girl companion.

"Kathleen Mavourneen" was the last of a group of songs, and as McCormack left the stage and the applause died down, I heard the girl remark, "What a peculiar family name Kathleen had—Mavourneen." That was too much for the little old woman. She turned and, with a touch of scorn in her ringing Irish brogue, said: "Sure and that ain't a family name. 'Mavourneen' is Irish for 'darlint.' And everybody knows that."

Most of you are familiar with Mr. McCormack's record of this song, but I want you to know about Theo Karle's reproduction of it also. It is one of the most satisfactory disks he has made. His voice is musical and his interpretation splendid.

THOMAS MOORE, the great Irish poet who lived in the early part of the nineteenth century, is responsible for the words of a great many of the ballads of the Emerald Isle. Three of these songs which have been published on records are very interesting. They are: "The Minstrel Boy," "The Last Rose of Summer," and "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms."

"The Minstrel Boy," a song of the tune of the old-time troubadour ballads, has been recorded by Reed Miller in excellent manner. He sings the stately melody with the intensive bravado that most perfectly interprets it.

I wonder how many of you knew that "The Last Rose of Summer" is an Irish song. The song came to the attention of von Flotow when he was writing the opera "Martha" in 1847. He promptly made an arrangement of it and interpolated it in his score. Marie Rappold has made a recreation of it that is exceptionally fine. Her high notes are clear and musical, and the final exquisite note has a beautiful floating quality.

Last but not the least song by Thomas Moore—the song whose air was long ago adopted for "Fair Harvard"—is "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms."

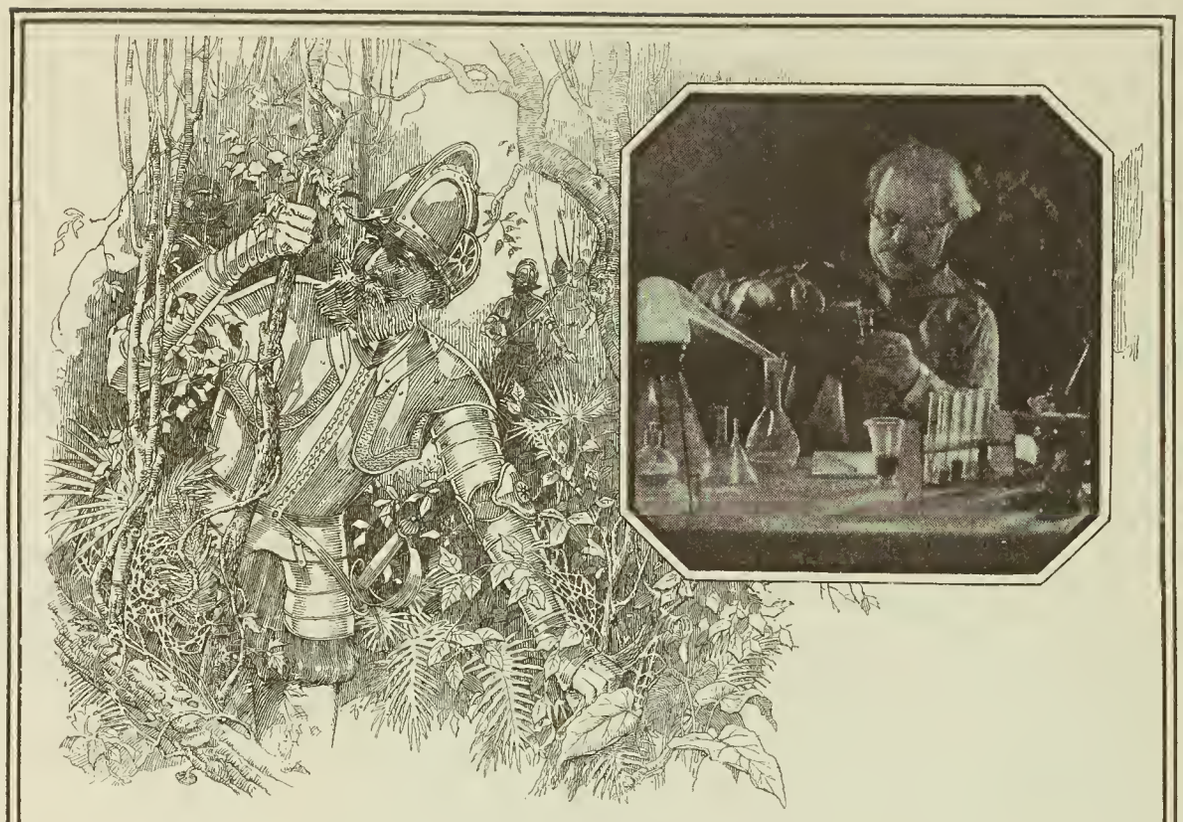
McCormack has made numerous records and many of exceptional merit; but his reproduction of "Mother Machree" is easily the most popular, and deservedly so. This song is not an Irish ballad in the strict sense of the word, for it was written in America by Chauncey Olcott and Ernest Ball to a poem of Rida Johnson Young. It was published in 1910, but it was not until McCormack began to sing the song on his program in 1912 that it became well known. From then on it gained nation-wide popularity, and to the present time has sold more than twenty editions. This record of Mr. McCormack has given and is still giving enjoyment to thousands of people; for his interpretation and rendition of the poignant little song is incomparable.

The lakes and rivers of Killarney are famed for their beauty, and there are several songs about them. "Killarney" is the most famous of these ballads, and Colin O'More has made a splendid record of it. It is one of the most perfect specimens of his art, and expresses the haunting appeal of the melody.

IN ANY review of Irish music one can not overlook the Irish jig—the music that is used for folk-dancing. It is quick and catchy, with a compelling rhythm and swing demanding physical response. The "Kerry Dance" is the tune we have heard oftenest. Dorothy Jardon has made an excellent vocal record of it, although it is a melody that is usually danced rather than sung. Her interpretation is inimitable, displaying in a vivid manner the contrasting sentiment of the verses of the lyric. A clever imitation of the bagpipe is introduced in interludes between the verses.

Another favorite of every son of Erin is the jig entitled "Irish Washerwoman," a tune much of the type of "Turkey in the Straw." This selection is coupled with "Miss McLeod's Reel" and played on the same disk by Prince's Orchestra, in strict time for dancing the old rounds of Ireland.

Among the records issued recently there are several of popular melodies that will please you. "When Buddha Smiles," an Oriental fox-trot played by the Club de Vingt Orchestra, is one of the most popular of the new dance numbers. It has an effervescent melody that is exhibited to advantage by the Club de Vingt aggregation. Then, there is the dance record "One Kiss," meritoriously reproduced by the Benson Orchestra of Chicago. This selection, although heavily orchestrated, keeps perfect balance; the piano has registered particularly well. A tune from "The Music-Box Revue"—"They Call It Dancing"—is sung by Al Herman, the black-faced comedian. It is a "slam" at the modern dance, and the lyric, which Mr. Herman expounds clearly, is very funny. With "Sal-o-may," a fox-trot made by Selvin's Orchestra, and which introduces a tiny fragment from Luigini's "Ballet Egyptien," "Weep No More, My Mammy," played by Bennie Krueger and his orchestra, a Southern ragtime song which hints of "My Old Kentucky Home," and "Tea-Cup Girl," a fox-trot with a Chinese flavoring and a succulent melody, you will find enough enjoyment for much dancing and a lot of genuine pleasure.



Why the Human Body Grows Old Sooner than Necessary

"There's a Reason"

POOR old Ponce de Leon followed a delusion and found a disappointment.

Metchnikoff was a great scientist. He followed facts and found why the human body grows old sooner than necessary.

He found that food that passes too slowly through the intestines (as many starchy, heavy and "refined" foods do) creates conditions which amount to an ageing of the body.

"Auto-intoxication" is one of the terms used to describe what happens. Hardening of the arteries is one of the results.

Sense Instead of Magic

There is no fountain of eternal youth, of course. But there is an extension of youth, through proper feeding and care of the body.

One of the distinctive qualities of Grape-Nuts as a food is that it helps to avoid the conditions pointed out by Metchnikoff, and by many others since his time, as being the real beginning of old age.

Grape-Nuts has wide popularity because of its delightful taste, its economy and its unusual nourishment—but it has a larger merit than that.

Finding the Life Elements

The processes that make Grape-Nuts—including continuous baking for 20 hours—act upon the nutritive solids, producing a food which is partially pre-digested, and develop in Grape-Nuts its own natural sweetness from the grains.



Whole wheat and malted barley flour—from the grains which are richest of all in the food elements needed by the body—is used in making Grape-Nuts. All the nutriment of the grains is retained, including essential phosphates and other mineral salts, intended by Nature for the building of human bone and brain tissue and for feeding the red corpuscles of the blood.

A Sad Waste Stopped

Often in making the so-called "refined" or whitened cereal products, these most vital of Nature's gifts are thrown away. Grape-Nuts contains the necessary "roughness" to stimulate quick and complete functioning in the digestive tract.

Grape-Nuts delights the taste with the richness and sweetness of its flavor. Served with cream or milk, it supplies the body with what scientists have found to be an unusually accurate balance of food elements needed for body-building.

Grape-Nuts puts no burden upon the digestion—and it passes naturally through the digestive tract without causing fermentation or creating any of those disturbing conditions which are so common, and which have been identified as a first and principal cause of the ageing of the body.

"There's a Reason"

These are scientific facts about Grape-Nuts

PARIS EXPLOITS THE COSTUME WITH THE CAPE; MANY SPRING DRESSES HAVE A DECIDED SLANT IN THE WAISTLINE, NECK, AND TUNIC; BRAID BINDING BRINGS A NEW FINISH TO THE SKIRT EDGE, AND A NEW SLEEVE HANGS BY A THREAD

By ELEANOR CHALMERS

THERE is something about fashion that is always tempting one to explain that most inexplicable of creatures. Why is it, for example, that the cape, after years in the dust-bin of social oblivion, is having such a tremendous success this Spring? Is it because all good styles are slated to return once within a certain cycle of years? Or is it because there is something about their careless grace that suits the easy ways of the dress of to-day? Probably the latter, especially as the French dressmakers have found new ways of making the cape attractive. What a delightful little costume the sports cape makes, for example, with its scarlet lining over the now almost classical sports dress of beige-colored kasha. It is youth itself in the life *en plein air* that it conjures up before one. Or what could a woman find that is as elegant and distinguished and yet as effortless and simple as the cape of crêpe silk?—a straight length of crêpe caught at the throat with fabric flowers and worn over a crêpe dress as simple and exquisite as itself. Or what more perfect for keeping unbroken the splendid pattern of a broché or a metal brocade for an evening wrap? The cape is charming, and it is small wonder that women wear it morning, noon and night and that the cape costume is the costume of the year.



IRREGULARITY of line is a characteristic of the present fashions. Possibly it is because the soft, easy, often unlined dresses slip on the figure any way that the French dressmakers have very cleverly decided to make what is an accident look like a design. The boat neck and the low-waistline girdle are the greatest backsliders, for it is very difficult to keep them in their place, and so it is on that account that a great many of the new French dresses are made with waistlines that deliberately droop a little on one side, or with collars and tunics that have a one-sided slope, or with a cluster of plaits or a long sash end that breaks the hemline at one side only.

IT IS new this season to bind the lower edge of the skirt with silk braid—black braid on black, white or navy blue; black or self-colored braid on gray; black, self-colored or dark brown on putty, and self-color or white on the bright colors that are used for sports dresses and jumper frocks. Jenny uses silver braid on a suit of marine-blue serge and it is extremely pretty and very impractical, for it tarnishes quickly with the best of care.

THE heart of the Parisian designer is still very much on her sleeve. Since sleeves can not very well go further in the matter of width or length—or shortness, for the very short sleeve just covering the top of the arm is used a great deal—Paris invents "fantasies," bracelet sleeves that do not reach the armhole, narrow bands that hang from the shoulder by a thread and which are called sleeves by courtesy only, the full-at-the-wrist raglan sleeve of the new peasant blouses, and the wide sleeve that ends in a lacework lattice of fabric-covered cord. The wide sleeve is never trimmed with anything that has any weight, for a heavy trimming would make the sleeve extremely clumsy. The lattice trimmings are used a great deal on satin and the crêpe silks, white piqué is smart for cuffs on navy serge, and on Georgette sleeves one often sees several rows of flat silk braid about three-eighths of an inch wide. The very short sleeve is extremely becoming with the boat-shaped neck in a silk dress, but it does not look as new as the long sleeve.

ONE FOR ALL AND TWO FOR ONE

THE old motto of the Musketeers is the working principle of the Deltor, changed slightly in figures but not in practise. Any woman who uses the Deltor for one dress uses it for all, and finds not infrequently that with the Deltor the material she had meant to use for one dress is sufficient for two. A woman came to a Butterick pattern department the other day and as her glasses seemed to be hopelessly mislaid at the bottom of her hand-bag under the usual collection of unused transfers, samples, yeast-tablets, receipted bills, shopping-lists, extra hairpins, veil, etc., the saleswoman obligingly offered to tell her the amount of material she would require.

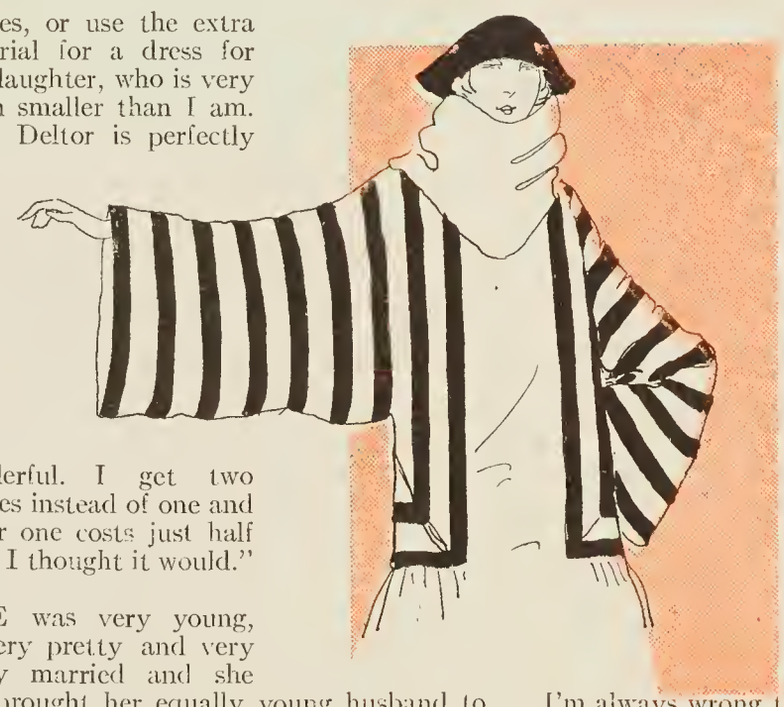
"Don't bother, my dear," said the customer; "I have my material already."

"How much did you buy?" asked the saleswoman.

"Five yards of crêpe meteor," said the customer.

"But you will only need two and seven-eighths yards for this dress," said the saleswoman quite aghast, but the customer was frankly delighted.

"Why, don't you see," she exclaimed. "I can either get a little more and have two dresses, or use the extra material for a dress for my daughter, who is very much smaller than I am. That Deltor is perfectly wonderful. I get two dresses instead of one and either one costs just half what I thought it would."



SHE was very young, very pretty and very newly married and she had brought her equally young husband to the pattern department with her to impress him with the fact that she was a most thrifty person and could even make her own coats. When it transpired that she had already bought her material, three yards and a quarter of duvetyn fifty-four inches wide, the saleswoman, tactless creature, almost brought the shopping expedition to an inglorious conclusion by exclaiming:

"But with the Deltor you only need two and three-quarters yards," and went into a spasm of mental arithmetic to show her what she might have saved if she had bought her pattern first.

"That's a good one on you, missy," said the young husband, "and I'll remember it the next time you tell me I'm always wrong the first time."

"*I* never am," said his bride imperturbably. "I knew I was getting too much—for a coat—but you see I'll use the rest of it for a fabric hat, so I really am just half a yard and a whole hat cleverer than you thought I was."

ALTHOUGH it is very gratifying to find two dresses where you thought only one would grow, it is always better to get your pattern first, buy the exact amount of material and save your money by doing so. Otherwise instead of getting two dresses you might make the appalling mistake of wasting the material altogether. A woman who chose a child's coat pattern happened to remark that she was going to use velvet.

"How wide is it?" asked the saleswoman.

"Twenty-two inches," said the customer.

"It's fortunate you haven't bought it," said the saleswoman, "for this pattern can't be cut from anything narrower than forty-inch material. You see the envelope recommends polo cloth, serge, velours, etc., all of them forty or fifty-four inches wide. With this raglan sleeve, narrow material would piece so badly that the coat would be ruined."

"That *was* a narrow escape," said the woman. "After this I'll always look at that list on the envelope. Do all the patterns give it?"

"All the patterns with the Deltor," said the saleswoman.

MATTERS TO KEEP IN MIND IN MAKING YOUR CLOTHES

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: When I was in New York last week, I saw a great many dresses in the Fifth Avenue shops trimmed with a sort of open-work banding made out of satin, crêpe de Chine, etc. I also have seen it on the dresses in THE DELINEATOR. Can this trimming be bought by the yard and if so where can I get it? M. R.

THE trimming that you refer to was designed originally by Lanvin in Paris and is used a great deal on French dresses. It is called "lattice trimming" and is always made of the material of the dress. It can not be bought but is very easy to make. The Deltor for Finishing tells you how to make this trimming when it is illustrated on a dress, and in cases where it is needed a perforated pattern is given for the lattice design. It makes a very distinctive trimming and one that you only see on very well-made dresses.

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I have several dresses made with the boat-shaped neck. I like it very much, but it won't stay in place. Could I pin it on the shoulders?

THE proper way to hold the boat-shaped neck or any collarless neck in place is with snap fasteners at the shoulder of the dress and slip or camisole underneath. The Deltor for Finishing tells you just where to place these snaps. Most women also wear a long bar pin set slantwise at the center of the front two or three inches below the neck edge. The pin is fastened to the slip and lingerie and helps to steady the dress and to preserve the center of gravity of the neck.



MY DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: Can Georgette and chiffon be stitched on the machine? I have tried it a number of times and it always puckers. D. H. F.

DELICATE, sheer materials like chiffon, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etc., can be stitched perfectly by machine, but they require a little care in handling. Always place a narrow strip of tissue-paper under the material just where you are going to stitch it. It keeps the material from puckering, and after it is stitched the tissue paper can be torn away.

MY DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: Is there anything one can do about pin marks on taffeta? I find that it scars so badly in working on it. C. L. F.

PROBABLY you have used too coarse pins. Whenever you work on silks, velvets, plush or corduroy use a very fine steel pin and take up as few threads of the material as possible. A coarse needle will also mark these materials. Use a fine needle, and for basting (silks, velvets, etc.) use silk thread instead of basting cotton, for the latter will leave holes. When you remove the bastings, clip them every few inches. If you pull out long bastings in these delicate materials, you will scar them.

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I have been using the Butterick patterns with the Deltor and find that the quantities are so small that it is apparently only by the closest possible planning that you can cut the garment from that amount. What would happen if the material shrank in sponging?

THE quantities given on the patterns with the Deltor do not allow for shrinking, since most materials are shrunken before they are sold. If you are going to use a material that has not been sponged or shrunken and fear that it will shrink perceptibly, you will still have enough material if you are below average height or if you wear your skirts more than eight inches from the floor, as so many women do nowadays. If, however, you are of average height and wear your dresses long, you will require a little extra material if the fabric will shrink in sponging. Most wool materials should be sponged or steamed before they are used and the heavier cotton materials should be shrunken.



18 inches at 28c an inch—$5.04

That's what the Deltor saved on this one dress!

SHE had always cut her patterns economically, she thought, out of the material each pattern called for. And now to claim that the individual Deltor enclosed in her pattern envelope could save *her* money! Of course not! How could it? *She* was an expert! She had used patterns for years and with undoubted success!

This time she planned to make a street dress. She bought the yardage her pattern called for and started to lay out her tissues on her two and a half yards of material.

Quickly and surely she worked at first. But gradually she slackened. It just wouldn't go. Somehow or other the pattern refused to fit into her length of fabric.

Like most women who had been making their own clothes for years, she did not realize, until experience showed her, that her pattern now called for less material than it could, were it not for the Deltor, enclosed in the envelope. She did not know that the half yard which her pattern was *seemingly* short represented the money that the Deltor saved—$5.04 on this one dress.

Then she consulted the Deltor. There she found a series of layout charts, photographic in their exactness, each one worked out for her size and one for each width of suitable material.

With the Deltor You Use Less Material Than Ever Before

SHE followed the Deltor, shifted the pieces of tissue. In ten minutes her pattern was laid. It fitted to the inch. There was not one inch short! Then and there she learned the value of the Deltor. Then and there she learned the lesson that thousands of women who have always made their own clothes are learning—that no matter how skilled they are in laying out a pattern, no matter how little material they have used before, Butterick patterns, because of the Deltor, now call for less material than any other patterns can—less than even Butterick patterns could—before the Deltor.

The Deltor means money saved because you buy ¼ to 1⅜ yards less material—a saving of from 50c to $10 on every gown, suit or dress you make.

Each Individual

DELTOR

especially planned for the pattern it accompanies

Saves You 50c to $10 on materials

◆

I. *enables you* to buy ¼ to 1⅜ yards less material because of its *individual* layout chart.

II. *guides you* in putting your garment together so that you attain the fit, drape and finish of an expert.

III. *gives you* Paris' own touch in finish—those all important things upon which the success of your gown depends.

◆

BUTTERICK

Style Leaders of the World

The Deltor Brings Paris' Own Charm

BESIDES showing you how to lay your pattern on ¼ to 1⅜ yards less than ever before, a saving of 50c to $10 *always*—the Deltor guides you to that air of Parisian smartness which has so long eluded even the most skilled needles.

Through simple picture-and-word illustrations, the Deltor shows you just how to put *your own* dress together. Every stitch, every step, the Parisian dressmaker would take is right before your eyes. You sew more quickly, more successfully than ever before!

And those little things upon which the fate of your gown depends—the new hem-line, sleeve or trimming—any whim which your dress embodies is explained in minute detail. Your dress—your most economical dress—is a creation of Paris!

Whichever Style You Select Becomes Simple and Economical

HUNDREDS and hundreds of this season's fashions await you at the Butterick counter. Make your selections, remembering that the Deltor simplifies the making of the most intricate garment and invariably saves you 50c to $10.

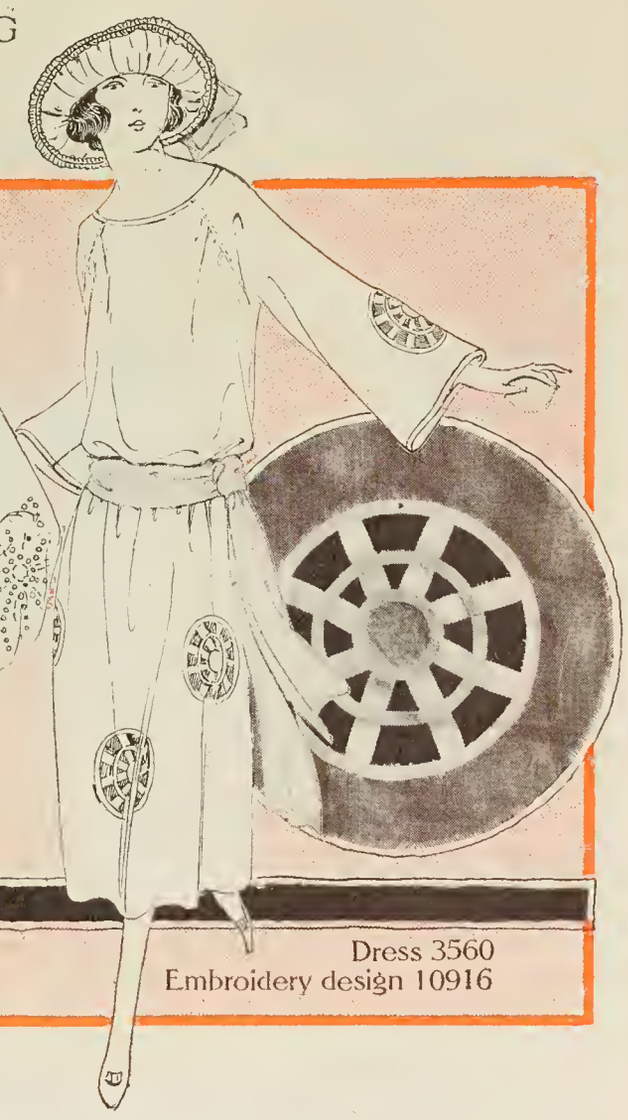
CLEVER FASHION INVENTS EASY NEW RECIPES FOR COMBINING THE INGREDIENTS OF HAND TRIMMING



Dress 3557
Embroidery design 10913



Dress 3545
Embroidery design 10892



Dress 3560
Embroidery design 10916

Dress 3584
Embroidery design 10941

DECIDING on the nature of the hand trimming for your gown is something like planning a particularly nice salad for your dinner-table. There are all the different ingredients to choose between, each comparatively unimportant by itself. The combination's the thing. To carry on the simile of the salad, the lettuce leaf of the trimming problem is the design you select. Imagine such a gown as 3557, made up in colored chambray. Large, interlaced rings from such a design as 10913 are particularly appropriate for the simple lines of this one-piece slip-over frock. To make the rings, cut 3-inch circles of chambray in harmonizing shades and appliqué them to the center of every other circle. Sew rickrack braid around these circles and work the rest of the design in one-stitch. The circles could also be worked in one-stitch entirely.

A dark silk or crêpe frock, even when it is copied from one of those fascinating cape models like 3545, also needs a bit of seasoning. Bands of conventionalized buds and stems, adapted from such a design as 10892, take the place of French dressing. The leaves and stems are embroidered in outline, and jade-green or black and white bone rings an inch in diameter are sewed over the circles. A combination of eyelet or satin stitch embroidery, beading and outline would also be possible.

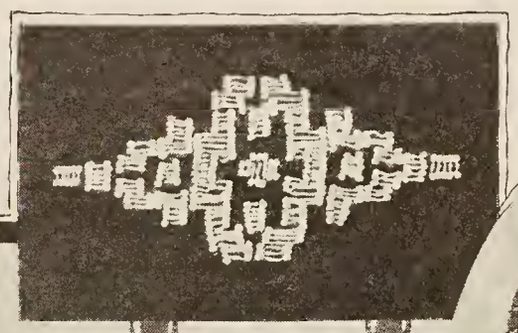
When it comes to trimming an already smart gown with loose side panels, such as 3584, something especially gorgeous in the way of a star design like 10941 has been imagined. On crêpes and silks a combination of beads, large wooden Pailettes, seed beads, or one-stitch embroidery, and bugles, is effective, but if the dress is made in summer shades of linen or cotton voile small white wash buttons are more unusual and practical.

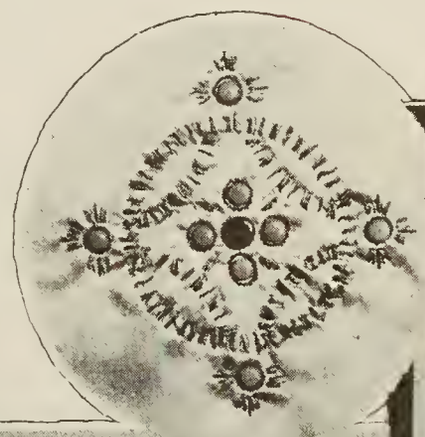
Such a design as 10865 is a satisfactory way of combining beads and embroidery. On a dark dress, for instance, the motifs might be worked in one-stitch with white, and small chalk beads sewed to the end of each row. Beads and one-stitch are also suited to a design like 10936. The stitch is worked with two threads, one metallic and one silk floss, and a large bead is sewed in the center of each circle.

Braiding and cording have great prestige this season. In such a design as 10919, the cording may be made of self-colored or contrasting material. Couching, chain-stitch or outline embroidery might also be used. Then for the hem and sleeves of those gay sports dresses in colored jerseys! Wide bands, adapted from such a design as 10871, are worked in contrasting colors in braid and one-stitch. The horizontal rows are one-stitch alone; in the vertical rows one-stitch is used to sew down the silk braid.

New combinations delicate enough for the real Summer materials are hardest of all to find. A design such as 10930 is worked entirely in small pearl-top buttons. Carried out in interesting shades of rose, blue or green these shining circles bring relief to the ever-present white frock. French-knot embroidery is also a dainty way of trimming. Organdy in exquisite shades such as violet and Nile green adorns itself with a fantastic latticework, which is really easy to make. A gown such as 3560, ideally suited in line to light materials, chooses openwork medallions. These circles may be adapted from such a design as 10916; the straight binding in the same or contrasting color can be bought by the yard. A round piece 4½ inches in diameter is cut from the dress; the binding is crossed on the lines of the circle design and sewed at every point of contact to the edge of the piece. Fold the binding in half, sew it around the outside and inside circles and stitch both edges. Cut a 2½-inch circle of the material, sew it to the center and stitch double binding around the edge. Last of all cut away the material underneath. For latticework banding suggested by a design such as 10918 proceed in somewhat the same way From a piece of paper cut a square scallop 3½ inches wide and 1¾ inches deep; measure 1½ inches and then cut another. The loop design will fill in your scallops. Fold the colored binding in half, stitch the edges and outline the design and both edges under the binding. Then cut the material away.

Embroidery design 10865

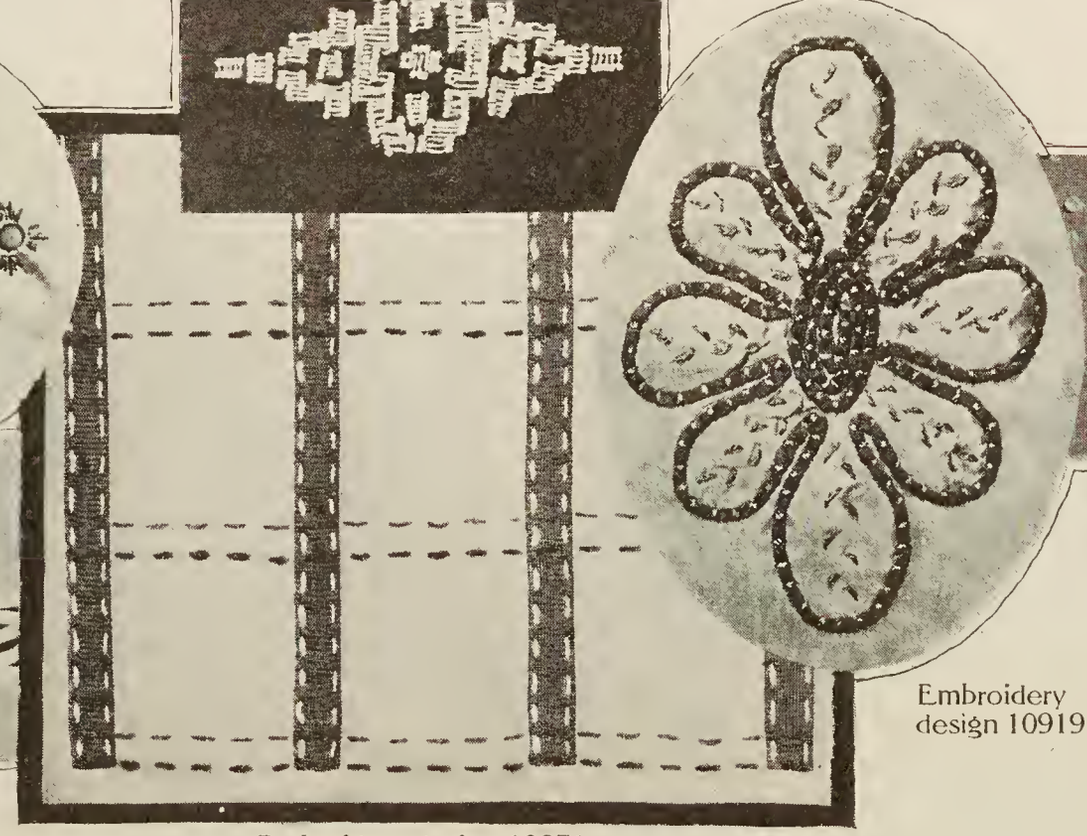




Embroidery design 10936

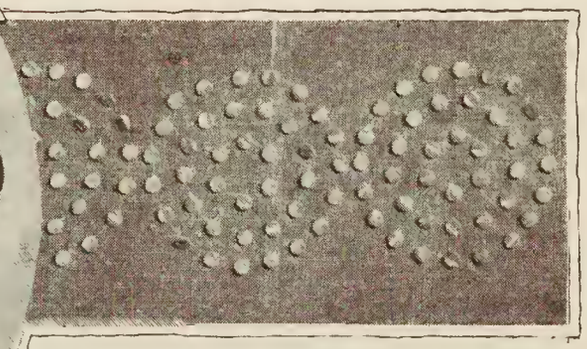


Embroidery design 10918

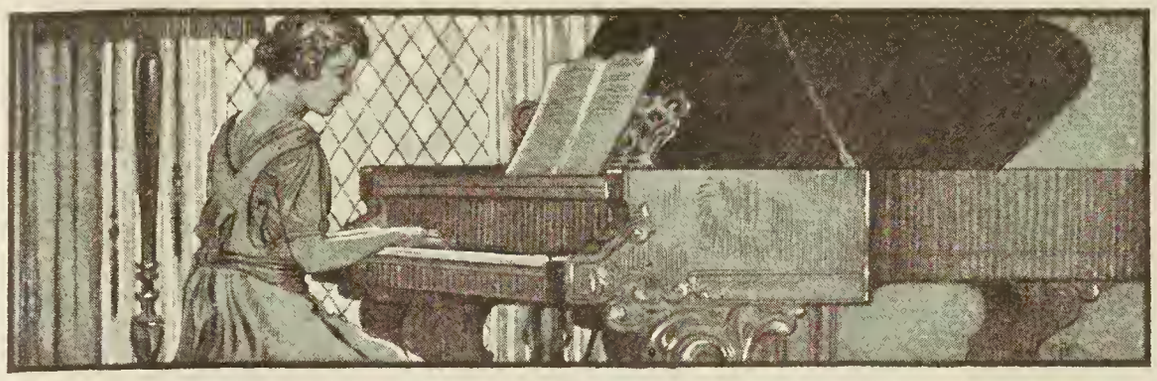


Embroidery design 10871

Embroidery design 10919



Embroidery design 10930



THE CARE OF YOUR PIANO

By Horace Johnson

YOUR piano is probably the most valuable piece of furniture in your home. In some cases it is the most misused. I doubt if there are three people out of every forty who really care for a piano as it should be cared for—who fully understand the careful and constant attention it requires in order that it may be efficiently beneficial to its owner and player.

It is strange, but nevertheless true, that it is usually the thing for which people have worked the hardest and paid the most money that they allow to depreciate in value. The intitial expense is not the only item to be considered. How many of you know people who have bought automobiles, glittering, clean, and trim, which at the end of a year looked like second-hand cars with a past of three joy-riding owners? Fortunately, a piano stays indoors and doesn't go out nights, and so keeps its external beauty longer.

In every piano, whatever its price and maker, the mahogany, oak, or ebony veneer is only half an inch thick, and is laid upon the hardwood of the case. In sudden changes of temperature this basic wood expands or contracts according as it is affected by heat and cold, causing little lines to appear on the surface of the case. This is called "checking." These lines are the result of cracks in the veneer, which is glued to the hardwood. No amount of polishing will remove them once they have appeared. They should be prevented by keeping your instrument in a room where there are no sudden changes of temperature and by never placing it near windows that are frequently opened or near a radiator. A glass partially filled with water should stand on the radiator, for heat, by removing the moisture from the air, causes the sounding-board of the piano to shrink. If your piano is an upright, it is better not to place it against an outside wall of the house. Such a wall is quickly affected by the weather, and a piano will suffer by this position almost as much as if the windows of the room were left open all the time.

WOOD used in the manufacture of pianos is carefully selected stock. It is dried and cured in a kiln for many months before it is cut and planed for use. The best wood goes into the sounding-board, the "soul" of the piano. It is very sensitive and cracks easily, whereupon the piano is valueless. So let me impress on you the importance of maintaining an even temperature in the room where your piano stands.

Governing your piano's life with a thermostat is not your only duty, however. Once every four months you must call the best tuner you know to put the instrument in condition. You do not hesitate to have your watch cleaned and repaired if it doesn't keep accurate time, and your piano is just as sensitive as your watch. Yet how often do people allow a piano to stand untuned for years! It pays to employ the best tuner even though he may be the most expensive. How much better it is to pay well for work done well than to be obliged to have it done over!

Though you may not be able to save money by tuning your piano yourself, by vigilance and a few minutes' time each day it is possible to keep your piano in such condition that the tuner will have nothing to do but tune it when he does call. Therefore equip yourself with a stiff brush, a can of silver polish, a piece of chamois, a dust-cloth, and a can of machine oil.

The stiff brush is probably the most indispensable tool of your equipment. At least once a week, and preferably twice, raise the cover of your instrument and brush away the dust that has gathered on the strings and hammers. If your piano is a grand, you will be able to do this with little effort, but with an upright instrument it will be necessary to remove the front of the case both above and below the keyboard.

You will find, also, that the pedal steps unscrew very easily, allowing you to burnish them with the silver polish, and to oil the pedal joint and brush out the dust that collects there. This should be done at least every two weeks, for pedals have the unpleasant habit of developing squeaks.

When I was a youngster, my mother used to clean the piano keys with a cloth moistened with milk, because she had been told that they would turn yellow if water was used. The keys of the first pianos manufactured were made of ivory, and, although I can not state authoritatively, it may be true that water does have such an effect on ivory. However, owners of present-day instruments need not fear that the keys of their pianos will yellow, for they are made of bone or celluloid. The keys may be cleaned best with dampened chamois.

IF YOUR piano is a player-piano or a reproducing instrument, attention must be paid to its diet as well as to its health and physical well being. Fuzz from the rolls is sucked into the air-pipes of the mechanism, weakening the pressure on the hammers and causing the notes to respond unevenly. This impediment is easily removed by an air-pump, which is sold by all dealers of player-pianos. The cheaper grades of piano-rolls aggravate this condition, for they are made of a paper that is thin and has a soft finish. This paper becomes fuzzy very quickly and fills the pipes, preventing the air from passing through. The better grade of rolls are made of a strong, hard-finish, durable paper that minimizes this trouble.

The structure of mechanical pianos, though strongly and sturdily built, can not perform continuous pianistic virtuosities without being carefully inspected every three months. This attention is needed because the instruments are played more intensively than ordinary pianos, more often and for longer periods. Also, the rolls double the space of a keyboard that a pianist uses, for they are usually arrangements for four hands. These facts naturally increase the wear on the instrument and cause it to get out of tune more quickly than a piano that has no mechanical attachment.

To tune a player-piano it is imperative that a man be secured who understands and is trained in the repair of these instruments in order that it be kept in a satisfactory condition. For the mechanism of a reproducing piano, though simple in construction, needs expert and careful treatment and should not be tampered with by one who does not know his business.

It is unnecessary for me to tell you, perhaps, that the tone of your piano will be much improved if it never rests on a rug, an uneven floor, or, with an upright instrument, flat against a wall. Remember, also, never to place a vase filled with water on your piano. Some accident might easily tip it over and completely ruin the instrument. The case should be dusted, not once a week, but every day, and occasionally rubbed with a light furniture polish. Use this sparingly, however, for the cases of most pianos have a dull finish. A little of it will go a long way. On days that are bright and sunny open the lid of the piano. This will dissolve the musty odors that tightly closed pianos often acquire.

Take care of your piano. It will live longer and you will enjoy it more, besides sparing you the expense of another instrument in a few years. Carelessness, more than haste, makes waste.



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What 112 Doctors Told Us

About Caring for a Baby's Skin

By the Head of the Research Laboratories of Bauer & Black

MODERN science has perfected a new and radically different way in infant hygiene.

Its object is to overcome diaper rash and skin irritations, and thus, by relieving discomfort, to make baby's days happier—and mother's days less trying.

It embodies new principles—principles now combined in a remarkable new Bauer & Black requisite—B & B Baby Talc. Note coupon below for liberal test package free.



Supplants Old Methods

Many months were spent perfecting this new way. Old methods were inadequate.

We consulted famous children's specialists, dermatologists, heads of maternity homes—112 in all. We sought a new way—a scientific way—of combating the irritant acids which obtain in perspiration and in urine.

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The pores of the skin constantly exude moisture. It is nature expelling impurities from the body. Upon exposure, this perspiration becomes a semi-acid irritant. So does urine. But more intensely so.

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Use it after baby's bath. Sprinkle it on diaper cloths. It is cooling, soothing, gently healing—scientific protection in the charming guise of a soft, white talc.

Try it for two days. Results are quick — and amazing. Note how much smoother baby's skin — how much more restful and happy—for comfortable babies are happy babies.

B & B Baby Soap
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A mother's zeal in keeping her baby sweet and clean, as every doctor knows, frequently finds expression in an unfortunate choice of soap. B & B Baby Soap is made of edible fats. It lathers freely, dries slowly, and rinses off readily. It contains a slight percentage of zinc oxide, hence is mildly healing. Bland and soothing, it provides a *safe soap* for your baby.

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TEACHING BABY TO SLEEP

By Mary E. Bayley, R. N.

Approved by Dr. Charles Gilmore Kerley, Baby Specialist, of New York

TEACH YOUR CHILD proper habits of sleep so its brain will grow. This is the most important part of an infant's life—the article below explains why. THE DELINEATOR will gladly help solve your baby problems if you will write, inclosing stamped addressed envelope, to the Infant Hygiene Editor.

FOR the first month of its life a baby should sleep nearly all the time, that is, about twenty-two hours out of twenty-four; and throughout the second and third months from twenty to twenty-two hours. During the remaining three months of the first half-year he should sleep from sixteen to eighteen hours, and up to the first year from fourteen to fifteen hours out of every twenty-four.

At six months of age the daytime sleep should consist of a two-hour nap both in the morning and in the afternoon. And in order that the baby may be prepared for the long, unbroken period of rest at night, it is best to have the afternoon nap come before three o'clock. After the first year of age one hour in the morning and two hours in the afternoon will be sufficient. These periods of sleep should then be continued until the eighteenth month, after which time the morning nap may be given up. The afternoon rest of two hours should, however, be continued until the end of the second year. And from this time until the child is six years of age he should sleep from one to one and one-half hours in the afternoon.

There is a very good reason why these sleeping hours should not be shortened. This reason is the enormous early growth of the brain. In the first year of the child's life its brain increases two and one-half times its size at birth. This is a much greater growth than takes place throughout all the remaining years of life. Now, considering this fact alone, it can readily be seen how curtailment of the hours of sleep will cause a nervous, fretful baby.

SLEEP is regulated largely by habit. This being true, it is most important for the welfare of the baby, as well as for the comfort of the entire household, that from the beginning proper habits should be established. Now, in order to establish proper habits, one must first fix in the mind just what they consist of. They constitute feeding, bathing, and doing all the things that pertain to the care of a baby, at a regular and definite time. If a correct routine is inaugurated at first, that is, if suitable feedings are given at definite times, followed by proper periods of sleep, little if any trouble will be experienced because of sleeplessness. Sleep disturbances always mean at least one of four things: unsuitable food, bad habits, indigestion or illness of some character.

Most physicians agree that the three-hour nursing interval is best for the baby until he is six months old, and after this four hours may be allowed to elapse between feedings.

If well trained, a healthy baby will usually wake about every three hours. The feeding intervals should be so arranged as to agree with the waking periods. But should the baby be asleep when the feeding period comes around, he should be gently awakened and given his feeding. If he should wake at other than his feeding hour, do not under any circumstances give him his feeding because he happens to be crying. Investigate the cause. He may be too warm or too cold, or he may be in a cramped position. See if the napkin is dry, if the band or napkin is too tight, and if his feet are warm. Then turn the baby and give him a drink of sterile water, slightly warmed. If, after doing all these things, he still continues to cry, leave him alone. He will soon discover that nothing is to be gained by crying, and will go to sleep again. He will also have learned a little lesson in discipline.

AN INFANT should never be allowed to go to sleep while nursing. Neither should he be allowed to sleep on the mother's breast, nor with the nipple of the bottle in his mouth. From the beginning he should become accustomed to being put down while awake and going to sleep of his own accord. He should not be walked, rocked, or dandled, neither should he be allowed to suck a rubber nipple or anything else. Not only are all of these methods of inducing sleep injurious, but the baby will soon acquire the habit of not sleeping without them, and will demand them with the full extent of his lung power. All that is necessary to induce sleep in the healthy baby is a satisfied appetite, a warm bed, a clean body, a dry napkin, and a gentle current of fresh air passing through the room. While the room should be moderately quiet, it should not be necessary to walk on tiptoe or to talk in whispers because the baby is asleep; he will soon learn to sleep through ordinary household noises. During a long nap he should be turned at least once.

A baby should be trained so the longest period of unbroken sleep will come at night. With this idea in view, he should not be fed frequently during the night. Make the interval four hours, beginning with the 6 P.M. feeding. That is, after being put to bed at 6 P.M., he should sleep until 10 P.M., when he should be given his feeding, even if it is necessary to wake him. After this he should sleep until 2 A.M. and from then until

Concluded on page 67

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TEACHING BABY TO SLEEP

6 A.M. This will give three long periods of unbroken sleep. It will seldom be found necessary to give a feeding between 10 P.M. and 6 A.M. after the baby is four months old. Any healthy baby can easily go this length of time, and the prolonged period of sleep will be much better for him than food.

In the beginning, when breaking away from the night feeding, if the baby is wakeful, give him a few swallows of boiled and slightly warmed water from a nursing-bottle. He will soon learn to be content without the night feeding.

A baby should never be permitted to sleep in the same bed with the mother. From the beginning he should be provided with his own bed, and whenever practicable an entire room should be given over to him.

It is perfectly safe for a baby more than a month old to sleep on a screened porch in the Summer, either night or day, provided, of course, he is protected against sudden changes in the weather. Fresh air is a great sleep-inducer. Very often a fretful child is simply a victim of bad air. It is important to remember that the heat production in a child is very active and his need for oxygen is much greater than in the adult. Proper ventilation of a room is best secured by opening the windows from the top, with cross-ventilation.

WHENEVER possible, that is, in good weather, the child should sleep outdoors an hour or two each day, care being taken always to protect the eyes from strong light.

An important cause for disturbed sleep and restlessness in a young child is overstimulation during his waking hours. The baby who is brought out in the evening to exhibit his "cuteness" or precocity to visitors, or who is tickled, played with, tossed about from one to another, with bright lights shining in his eyes, has his little brain brought to a fine state of excitement, and hence does not readily compose himself to sleep thereafter.

When the baby is put to bed, see that the napkin is dry, that chafed spots (if any) are carefully cared for, that the sheets are free from wrinkles, and that his hands and feet are warm. Care should be exercised not to tuck the bedclothing in too tightly. It is best to lay it over rather loosely, pinning it down around the bed with large safety-pins.

During the Summer months, when the baby is restless, a warm bath given at bedtime will promote quiet, restful sleep.

Children under six years of age should be put to bed not later than seven o'clock and should sleep until seven the next morning.

Never give an infant or young child any kind of soothing sirup to induce sleep; they contain drugs that are exceedingly injurious to young children.

We are giving below a routine which, with some variations, may be followed in the first year:

MORNING

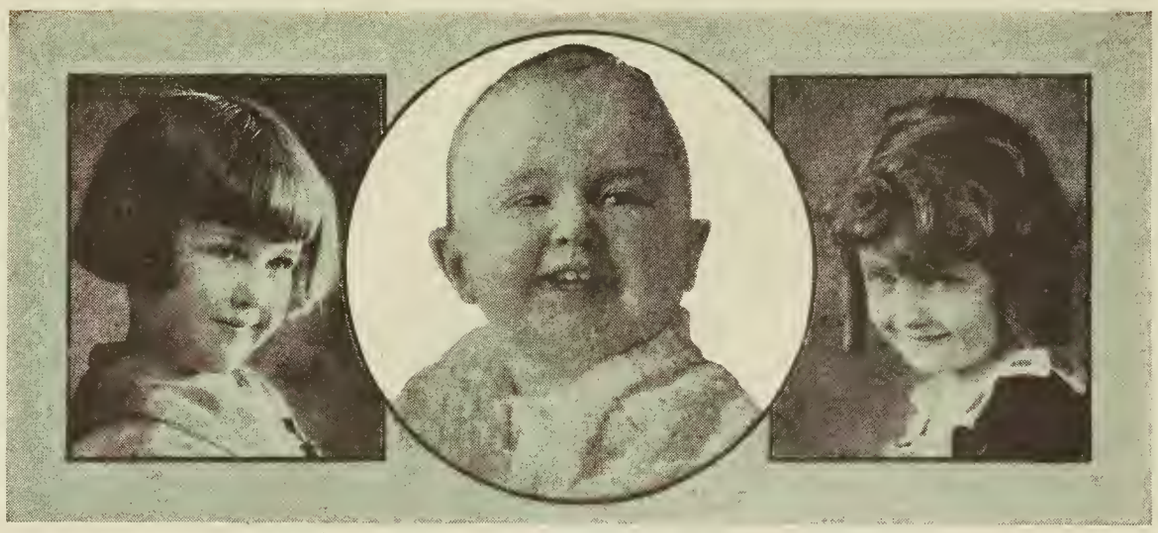
6:00 A.M. Feeding.
7:00 A.M. (About fourth month.) Place a small bowl or infant's chamber for bowel movement. The chamber should be held on the mother's lap with the baby's back well supported.
8:00 A.M. Bath.
9:00 A.M. Feeding.
9:30 A.M. to 11:30 A.M. Place outdoors to sleep.
11:30 A.M. Exercise and play on bed.
12:00 M. Feeding.

AFTERNOON

1:00 P.M. to 3:00 P.M. Outdoors to sleep.
3:00 P.M. Feeding.
4:00 P.M. Play and exercise. Should be taken up and held by mother for a part of the time.
5:00 P.M. Undress and put on night-clothing. Give sponge bath, if in Summer.

NIGHT

6:00 P.M. Feeding.
6:15 P.M. Sleep.
10:00 P.M. Feeding and napkin changed.
2:00 A.M. Feeding (until fourth month) and napkin changed.
2:00 A.M. to 6:00 A.M. Sleep.



Keeping a Child's Hair Beautiful

What a Mother Can Do to Keep Her Child's Hair Soft and Silky — Healthy and Luxuriant

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes their hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

It is surprising how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look.

Nature intended every child should have beautiful hair. Has yours? If not, read how you can insure to your child its rightful heritage.

In later life your child will thank you, if you teach it now, habits that will preserve the beautiful hair of childhood.

FOLLOW THIS SIMPLE METHOD

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

RUB THE LATHER IN THOROUGHLY

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean, it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

RINSE THE HAIR THOROUGHLY

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified Shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter—anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

TEACH YOUR BOY TO SHAMPOO HIS HAIR REGULARLY

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub it vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when he is through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after-life, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.





There's a nice new gown in your coal bill

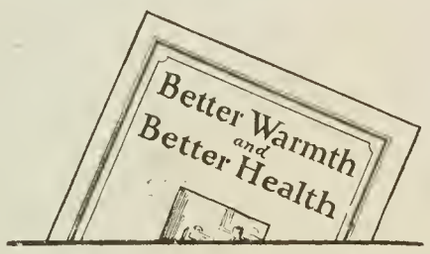
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THE ATTRACTIVENESS OF THE TINY KITCHENETTE, WHICH WAS SO EASILY FURNISHED, APPEALED TO EVERY ONE

OUR GARRET APARTMENT

Pleasing colors and attractive though inexpensive furniture transform it into a home

By Edith Pope Rhame

EVER since I can remember, I have furnished dream houses while waiting for the sandman. My first houses were huge mansions of pure marble surrounded by velvet lawns with sparkling fountains, sweet-scented flowers, and tall, stately trees. Later I dreamed of only a room to call my own, a beautiful pink-and-white affair with curtains fluttering above window-seats, a furry white rug before a cozy fireplace, a desk, and books. Afterward I thought, if I had a room with pennant-covered walls and a profusion of photographs I would be entirely happy.

It was not long before I emerged from that stage, however, and again was dreaming homes. Usually they were medium-sized houses, but oh! so complete, so soul-satisfying, and, I imagine, so very expensive. When the time came for me really to plan a home, my pretendings had to give way to a very small and simple reality. Nevertheless, I found the limitations of space and money an added attraction rather than a discouragement.

You see, we decided to make our home on the top floor of my father-in-law's house. For it was on the university campus, surrounded by the college buildings that my husband must attend a few more years. Fortunately, there was a door on the second floor opening on to an attractive staircase leading to the attic.

At the top of the stairs was a landing or diminutive hall, with a door at the right and one at the left. The right door led into a large front room. Entering this room, one faced an artistic group of three windows through which cool, green oak leaves filtered the afternoon sun so that it spattered through the mullioned panes in fluttering splashings. Across the room next to the hall was a long narrow closet. The door at the left of the landing opened into a narrow hall, which ended in the unfurnished attic. Directly opposite the door into the passage was the door of a small room with a good-sized closet.

WE DECIDED to make the front room our living-room and dining-room, making a kitchenette out of the long narrow closet. The smaller room would be our bedroom. Space for a bathroom could be partitioned off from the attic. We were delighted when we realized what a convenient suite this would make: The stairs and landing a wee reception-hall, with the living quarters at the right or front of the house and the sleeping-room and bath at the left or rear.

My husband moved the closet wall, cut a dormer window (the roof of which he shingled by moonlight), put in the sink, shelves, folding table, gas-plate, and a Winter ice cupboard. The illustration shows the convenient little workroom that resulted from his labors.

After the carpentry and plumbing were completed, my husband and his father painted the stairs and floors a deep gray. In the kitchenette and bath we laid a simple-patterned blue-and-gray linoleum. Real artists painted the woodwork of the stairs, landing, and living-room a beautiful silver-gray. They also covered the old gilt radiators with grayish white to harmonize with the wall-paper. Creamy enamel finished the kitchenette and the woodwork of the passage, bedroom, and bath.

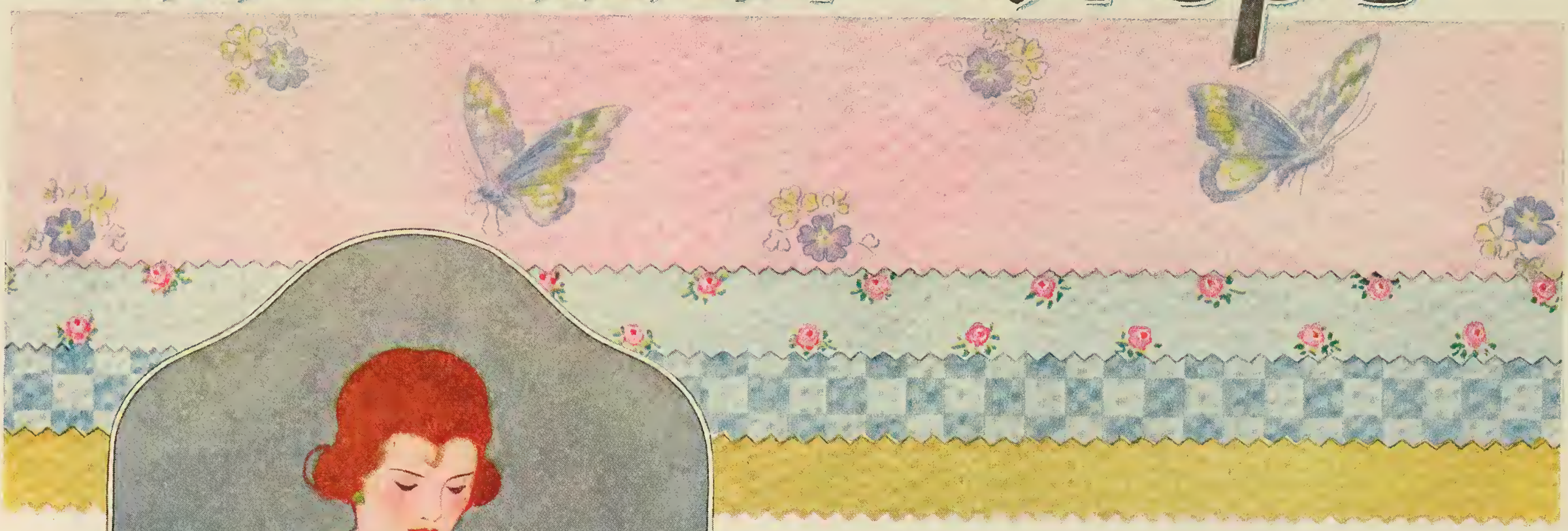
THEN the wall-paperers came. They hung a pearl-gray and satin-striped paper in the living-room, and on the stair walls one of all-over design in soft shades of gray, blue and rose. They covered the bedroom walls and those of the tiny hall with an old-fashioned paper: blue and pink roses and notes of golden brown and leaf green upon a grayish-white background. A washable paper with motifs in blue and rose decorated the bath.

When the paint had dried and the walls were finished, they installed the electricity. We bought cheap nickel side fixtures for the electric lights, and I covered the wire shade-frames with rose silk, edged with silver braid. Two fixtures with two extra wall-sockets (one for a desk-lamp and the other for our phonograph) were installed in the front room. A light hanging from a cord and a socket for the toaster or iron were furnished for the kitchenette. One light in the hall, two in the bedroom, and one in the bath completed the wiring. We had attractive fixtures and softly glowing rooms at a very minor cost.

We hung white scrim double-hemstitched curtains at the three front windows. Side draperies and a valance of lovely English chintz bound the windows into a single group. Dotted swiss fluttered at the kitchen dormer. At the bedroom window, also, we hung daintily ruffled dotted swiss and over-draperies of chintz in a plain harmonious rose with a grayish sheen that blended with the

Concluded on page 71

Windsor Crêpe







The Name of an Old Friend

THERE is a charming fabric, a dainty cotton crêpe of soft texture and exquisite design, an old friend that you have probably bought year after year, but perhaps never knew by name.

This is Windsor Crêpe.

The softness of Windsor Crêpe makes it congenially comfortable. Its crinkle keeps it from clinging in warm weather, and it needs no ironing. It is reasonable in price and wears well.

You can get Windsor Crêpe in most stores both by the yard and made up in underwear, nightgowns, and other garments. It comes in white, plain colors, and charming printed patterns.

Windsor Crêpe is a distinguished fabric and you will do well to ask for it by name. The Windsor Crêpe label in a ready-made garment indicates fine workmanship as well as fine material.

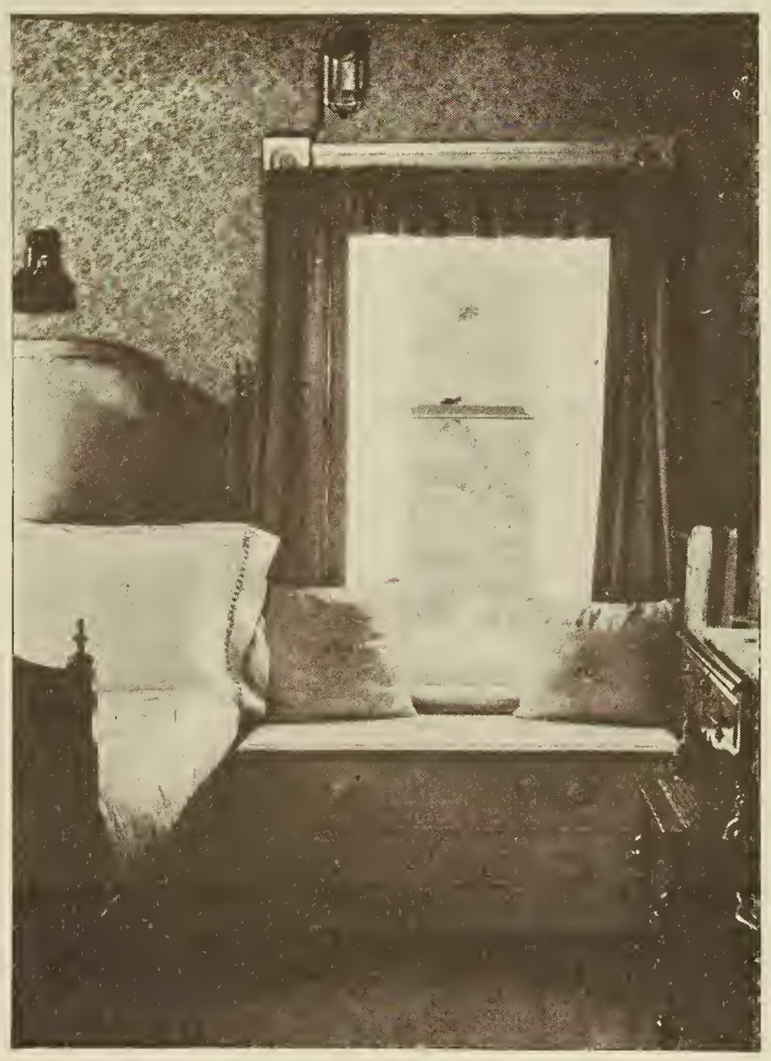
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THE KING AND QUEEN MIGHT EAT THEREOF
AND NOBLEMEN BESIDES

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TWO DRAWERS FROM AN OLD-FASHIONED BUREAU, CUSHIONED WITH GREEN LINEN, MADE A PLEASANT WINDOW-SEAT

Concluded from page 68

OUR GARRET APARTMENT

papered roses of the wall. The staircase windows were framed in delft-blue chintz.

We decided on an inexpensive gray-and-black patterned stair-carpet. For the living-room we purchased a plain gray Axminster rug. The price was only one-third that of velours, while the effect was the same, and if anything more suitable in our modest rooms. Two rose rugs for the bedroom, a blue one of matching pattern and size for the tiny hall, and a small Persian rug with melting tones of rose, blue, gray and tans, completed our investment in rugs.

THE gray background made a charming setting for our brown mahogany furniture. Every piece we bought we hunted for until we found exactly what we wanted—that is, of course, what we could afford to want. Our spinet desk was something I had long admired. My Martha Washington sewing-table will some day be an heirloom, for my husband made it for me. We saw it grow from an unfinished gold redwood to a service table of beauty. The Windsor rocker that sat beside it I had long coveted. For several January sales I had witnessed its reduction from eleven to nine dollars (pre-war prices).

Our low bookcase has its memories, too. We had been searching all afternoon and had almost decided on one we did not really want, when we found the one we had pictured. The wing-back blue-velours chair that makes a cozy corner by the desk was a real "find." Every other one of that style was about twenty-five dollars more than we could pay. It is not overstuffed and the velours is not silky, but the lines are good and it is a very comfy-feet-and-all chair. It was only twenty-five dollars (also pre-war price).

A DAVENPORT being impossible because of our narrow stairway, we bought a small day bed-couch. Covered with grayish-blue monk's-cloth and piled with cushions of blue, rose, and gray, it made an inviting seat; and, if necessary, it could be converted into a comfortable bed for two. The dull brown oak of our phonograph harmonized with the polished surfaces of the mahogany. We placed a gate-legged table in the center of the room. From the barn we resurrected four antique chairs. These were recaned, scraped, and finished in brown mahogany. The four chairs cost only twenty dollars, while their value was much more, not alone for sentiment.

We hung a few truly beautiful pictures, famous copies saved from magazines and framed at a small expense. Silver candlesticks placed here, a miniature, a basket of roses there—the room was complete. It was home. We were satisfied.

Our cedar chest, topped by a blue-silk cushion, was assigned to the formality of the hall. Above and at one side of the chest we hung an artistic panel mirror, one of our cherished wedding presents. Beside the living-room entrance we placed a half-circle table. A graceful rose in a slender mahogany bud-vase contrasted with the vivid color splashes of a Japanese print above the silver card-tray on the table. Our entrance breathed an atmosphere of welcome.

In the bedroom we arranged our William-and-Mary bed, dressing-table, and high-boy in the only possible positions. We hung a very few simple pictures, Japanese prints given away at the San Francisco exhibition and framed by my husband. He also dissected and enameled white an old-fashioned but not antique bureau. Its long mirror was screwed to the door and its two drawers made a pleasant window-seat. I revised an out-of-date green linen skirt into a cushion for the seat. Although small, the effect of the bedroom was restful.

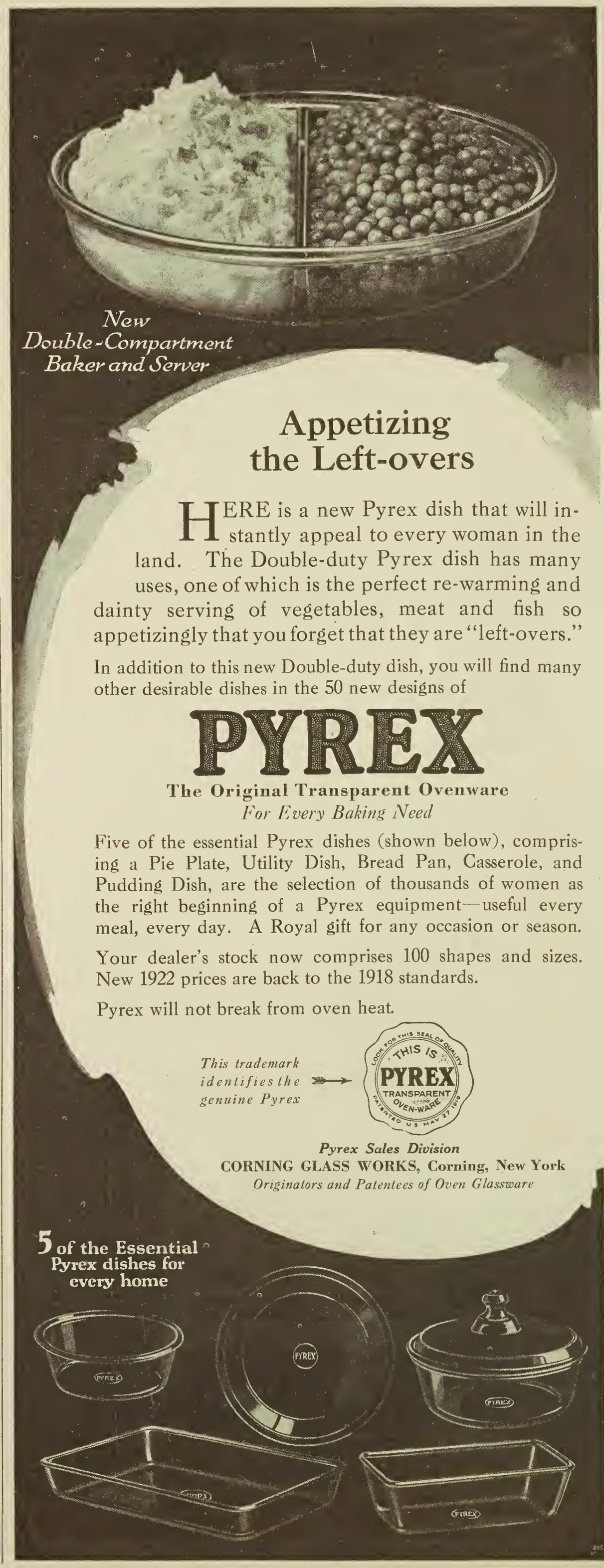
THE kitchenette was easily furnished. For all that was necessary was to arrange a place for the foodstuffs, the aluminum, the china and silver. Our china was made up of a Japanese tea-set of cool green and a dinner-set with a pretty convential border in grays, blues, and rose. We curtained the shelves to keep out the city's dust. The curtains are of jewel cloth with blue cross-stitched mottoes on the lower squares: "Eat, drink, and be merry" and "Enough is as good as a feast." Our tiny kitchen appeals to every one.

Our attic was finished. The gray background, relieved by the soft shades of blue and rose, with now and then a touch of green or yellow, proved restful and soul-satisfying.

When the sunlight streamed through the windows on the draperies, the birds of paradise seemed real, so clearly did they stand out in all their beautiful coloring against the gray of the woven cloth.

We were well pleased. What fun the work had been! What a happy time we spent then! How beautiful it was to look into the tip-tops of the trees and how near and friendly the moon looked!

We feel confident that any one would enjoy just such a little home among the tree-tops, and are positive that he would feel fully repaid for the time and labor spent in remodeling an attic into a cozy apartment.



You'd be surprised how many women don't know this

WOULD you believe that we still have to tell and to prove to some women that the blue flame of kerosene gas is smokeless and odorless?

When this is proved to their satisfaction they are quick to see the convenience and desirability of a Florence Oil Cook Stove.

We don't have to tell them how *nice* it is to light a fire or put it out by the turn of a lever.

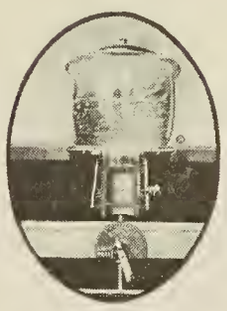
They know this means a cool kitchen and economy of fuel.

They are usually surprised, however, at the attractive appearance of the Florence, and are delighted to learn that it will bake and roast, boil and fry even better than a coal or wood range.

More Heat Less Care

You see, the heat can be regulated perfectly by turning the lever. You can get any degree from an intense heat to a mere simmering temperature.

And the last doubt disappears when they see with their own eyes how easy it is to keep the Florence Oil Cook Stove clean and how simple it is to use.



Note how the heat reaches up and is directed close up under the cooking by the powerful burner.

Any store where Florence Oil Cook Stoves are sold has one filled with oil which you may light and operate yourself. Such an examination will convince you that the privilege of a cool kitchen is yours.

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet

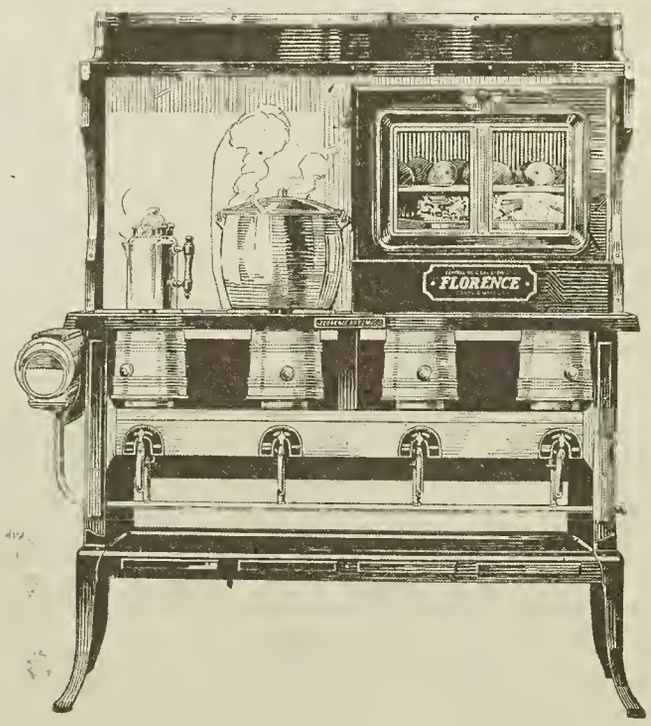
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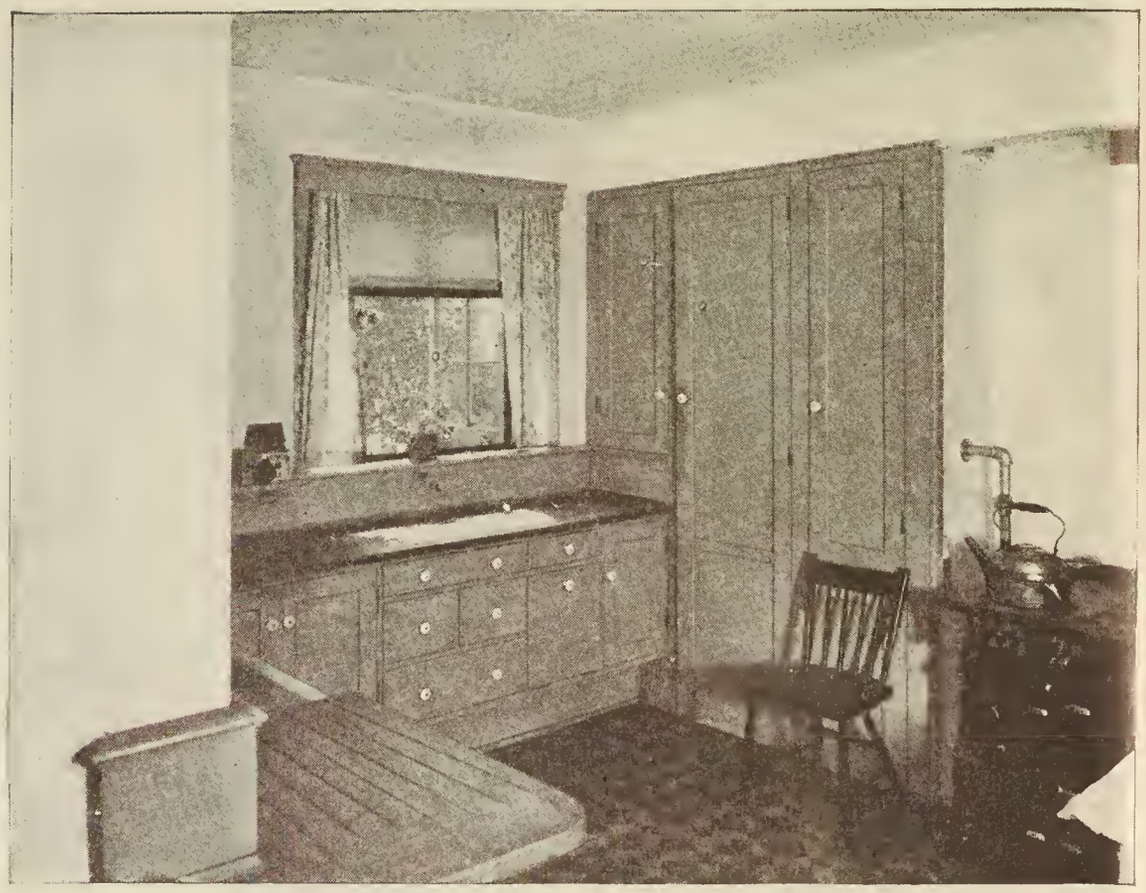
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A PLEASANT WORKROOM IS THE GREATEST FOE TO DRUDGERY

WHAT IS DRUDGERY?

By T. N. Carver

Professor of Economics, Harvard University

No degree of intelligence or skilful management will enable the housekeeper to avoid a certain amount of routine duties inseparable from her task. There is no reason, however, why such work should be continually monotonous or wearisome. When you read Professor Carver's article you will have a higher opinion than ever before of the dignity of the business of home-making, and you will be able to adopt the mental attitude toward work that makes it interesting and enjoyable.

DRUDGERY may be broadly defined as any kind of regular work to whose daily resumption one habitually looks forward with displeasure. Regularity and disagreeableness are both necessary to make it drudgery. Special tasks of short duration, that do not have to be repeated or regularly performed, are not usually called drudgery, even when they are disagreeable. However regular and continuous the work may be, if it is so agreeable as to cause us to look forward to its resumption every day with feelings of pleasure it can not be called drudgery.

Regularity of work presents no problem, because it is a necessity of civilization and can no more be avoided than regularity of eating or sleeping. Disagreeableness is not a necessity and may, in the distant future, be eliminated from all work. Here, then, is a problem worth studying. First, however, we must find out what makes regular work disagreeable before we can know what to eliminate.

The disagreeableness which sometimes transforms regular work into drudgery is due to so many causes as to make it difficult to select the most important. The mere fact that a given kind of work can be reduced to routine, or to a continuous repetition of the same motions, does not make it drudgery. Knitting and crocheting are of that sort, but women sometimes enjoy such work, and its therapeutic value in certain nervous disorders is attested by physicians. Plowing in a field of mellow ground that is free from stumps and stones is another example, and Tolstoi has testified to its power both to soothe the nerves and to stimulate thought. Either occupation, however, if carried regularly to the point of fatigue, day after day and week after week, would become drudgery.

A disagreeable sensation, constantly repeated, becomes more and more disagreeable, especially in anticipation. In the vernacular of the day, it is said to "get on one's nerves." More technically, the repetition of the disagreeable sensation, combined with the expectation of having to experience it again and again, causes us to look forward with dread to its daily repetition. It is not simply monotony, because a thing may be monotonously pleasant, like good weather, and one does not look forward with dread to another pleasant day. It is the fact of the disagreeableness becoming more and more pronounced with repetition that makes us dread the resumption of disagreeable work.

Too much has been made by various writers of the supposed difference between creative and routine work. These two words do not present a true contrast, because some of the most creative work in the world would be monotonous and uninteresting drudgery to any but a genius with "capacity for taking infinite pains." To the genius it is not drudgery, to most of us it would be; but the difference is in us and not in the work. To say that the creative artist or the scientific investigator finds more joy in his work than the factory worker proves nothing unless it be shown that the factory worker would be transformed into a creative artist or a scientific investigator by moving him from a factory to a studio or to a laboratory. Most of us, if given a choice between the painstaking work of the artist or the investigator and the machine-tending of the factory worker, would, especially after a trial of both, choose the latter.

THE real factors which may make regular work disagreeable are of two main kinds, the physical and the mental. Of the physical factors, the most important is the one already mentioned, namely, fatigue. Danger, noise, ugly sights and bad smells all add to the disagreeableness where they exist. With the exception of noise, these are all easily removable, and even noise may be greatly reduced whenever we care enough about it to pay sufficiently more for goods to justify the added cost.

The mental factors in disagreeableness are more difficult to deal with, and tend to increase rather than to decrease with civilization. Among these the most important is the loss of opportunity which a given kind of work may involve. As civilization advances and the opportunities for pleasure multiply, any kind of regular work is almost certain to interfere more and more with opportunities for pleasure. A boy may dislike to mow the lawn or saw wood because of the fatigue, but if it interferes with a ball game or prevents him from going fishing, his discontent will be appreciably increased. The farm boy who sees Summer visitors enjoying themselves while he works finds the irksomeness of his tasks multiplied many times. Even grown-up

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Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

Speaking of Prunes—

LET me tell you of an interesting table talk that I recently had at a club meeting. One of our members told me how each Monday she planned her menus for the following week. Then from her original ideas, cook books and magazine recipes she studied how to make and serve many old familiar dishes in entirely new and different ways, saying that my cook books had been most helpful in teaching her new ways of serving rice, fresh and canned fruits, left-over meats and vegetables, etc., which naturally was pleasing to me.

She gave me her original recipe for serving the old standby—Prunes—in a whip, by combining them with Knox Sparkling Gelatine. It is so good that I am giving the recipe below.

PRUNE WHIP

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup prune pulp
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ cup sugar
Whites of two eggs beaten stiff
1 doz. chopped nuts

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Put prune pulp, lemon juice and sugar in saucepan, and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Add soaked gelatine, stir until cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in whites of eggs beaten until stiff, turn into wet mold or paper cases, sprinkle with chopped nuts.

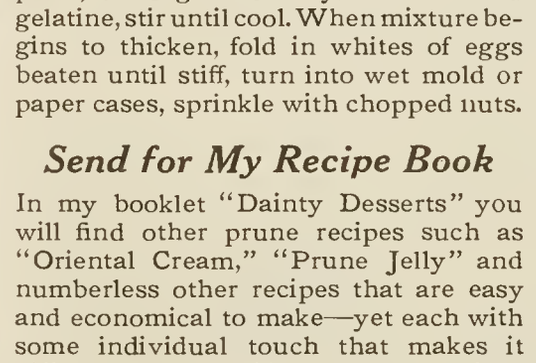
Send for My Recipe Book

In my booklet "Dainty Desserts" you will find other prune recipes such as "Oriental Cream," "Prune Jelly" and numberless other recipes that are easy and economical to make—yet each with some individual touch that makes it different and new. There are also recipes for meat and fish molds, relishes, salads, desserts of all kinds, candies and invalid dishes. Write to me for it. Just enclose 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

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Plain Sparkling Gelatine for general use

Contains Lemon Flavor in Separate Envelope

Continued from page 72

WHAT IS DRUDGERY?

farm people are not altogether immune to this feeling, which helps to explain why Summer visitors hurt agriculture more than they help it.

The loss of opportunity involved in various kinds of work is sometimes of a purely social nature. It is generally more irksome to work alone than in company. One of the advantages of knitting is that it need not interfere with sociability when women can "ply their knitting work with unimpeded tongues."

To work in the presence of other people, even when conversation is impossible, is generally less irksome than to work in isolation, which explains partly why workers will generally abandon farms and small shops for factories, if the pay is equal, and why they prefer machine work in a large establishment to bench work in isolation, in spite of the denunciations of machines and factories by people with bad nerves.

The preference for company, even when at work, accounts for that noble institution, the old New England kitchen. When people of education and refinement habitually employ servants to do the housework, domestic architecture seldom provides agreeable working quarters; consequently such places as the kitchen, the scullery, and the laundry are seldom adorned or embellished, and generally become disagreeable places. But when such people have to do their own work, as they did in those parts of rural America where slavery did not flourish, it would have been irksome for the housewife or her daughters to leave the comfort, cheer, and companionship of the living-room and go into an isolated kitchen.

WHATEVER physical disagreeableness may have attached to the work itself, the mere fact of having to lose the companionship and cheerfulness of the family circle must have made the work doubly disagreeable. This could be remedied only by combining the living-room and the kitchen. When this can be done, and domestic architecture adorns and embellishes this combined living and working place, it is found that housework is not so very disagreeable and may be done cheerfully by people of education and refinement, provided it be not regularly carried to the point of fatigue. Where it is not done, housework becomes drudgery and is avoided by every one who can afford servants and by many who can not.

From our point of view, the question of the model kitchen—in fact, the question of the model working-place of every kind, is much more than a question of sanitation and mechanical efficiency. As civilization advances, there must necessarily be fewer and fewer uneducated and unrefined people, for the simple reason that unless this does happen we could not decently call it an advance of civilization. Consequently there will be fewer and fewer uneducated and unrefined people to do what we now call rough and disagreeable work, including housework. Therefore this work must be done more and more by educated and refined people, who must either hire other educated and refined people to do it or do the work themselves. In either case the working-places must be made as attractive as possible. This means not only sanitation and physical beautification, but the avoidance of isolation, or ample provision for companionship while at work.

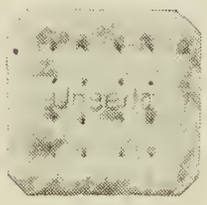
Work is always more pleasant if carried on with handsome tools than with ugly tools. A good farmer likes to work with a handsome team rather than with an ugly one, even though one will pull as many foot-pounds as the other. A good workman would rather work with handsome, well-finished tools than with ugly, unfinished ones, even though they are equally efficient mechanically. A really democratic conception of esthetics will repudiate and scorn the snobbish idea that the place for beauty is not where we work but where we withdraw from work. When art becomes democratic, it will exert itself principally in the beautification of our working-places and our tools, instead of helplessly inveighing against everything of the sort. It will then be an important factor in taking drudgery out of work.

To see the possibilities in this direction and show them to the rest of us will require seers with a large vision and with great powers of showing us what they see.

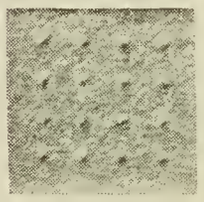


N B C

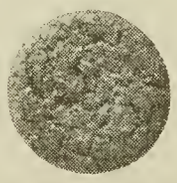
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Keep the N. B. C. pantry shelf idea working in your home. The many advantages will delight you.

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You can obtain this regular $1.45 Mirro Aluminum 3-Quart Convex Sauce Pan, complete with cover, for only 89c,* if you act quickly.

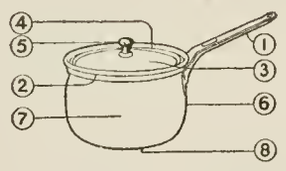
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Compare any Mirro utensil with a similar article of any other make. Compare the thickness and hardness of the metal, the beauty of design and finish, the many features of convenience, and the low price.

The low price of Mirro ware is possible because of volume production and latest improved manufacturing methods.

Go to your dealer today and get your pan at the special 89c price.* If it happens he is out of stock, ask him to order one for you, or send $1 (89c for pan and 11c for postage and packing) direct to factory.



Here are the eight special features of this Mirro 3-Quart Convex Sauce Pan:

1 Cool, smooth, hollow-steel handle with thumb-grip for easier, safer handling. Eye for hanging

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3 Inset cover prevents boiling over—conserves heat

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6 Convex sides prevent contents from pouring off when liquid is drained

7 Beautiful Mirro finish; rich, lustrous, silvery

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THE HOUSEKEEPERS' ROUND TABLE

Here are more problems to be discussed around the table. Problems old are ever new for the inexperienced. They have been met successfully by many, and their solution is passed on by means of this exchange of views of our readers.

The School of Home Economics at Cornell University is also working on these problems.

THE HOME LAUNDRY

THE following letter from a housekeeper shows that it is possible to put the family laundry on an efficiency basis:

I have a family consisting of a husband and four children, the oldest of whom is now twelve years of age. We have always put aside a certain amount for future benefits, and I determined this year to take my part of the savings for the last few years and invest it in laundry equipment.

As we live where there is electricity, I have been able to buy a power washing-machine. In addition to this, I have bought a mangle, which we heat with gas, but which can be equally well heated with gasoline by a slight change in its adjustment. I have put in a stationary ironing-board and an electric iron, and, as I already had two good stationary wash-tubs, that part of the equipment is complete.

Overhead I have had some racks made which I can draw up to the ceiling and upon which I can hang clothes on wet days.

I have arranged my equipment in such a way that the water can be drawn from the washing-machine into the floor drain, and so that I may route the laundry from soaking-tub to washing-machine, to rinsing-tub, to wringer, and to drying-racks in such a way that the labor of doing a large family washing is now exceedingly small.

If I lived in a place where there was no electricity, I would move heaven and earth to have my washing-machine attached to a gasoline engine. If I lived where there was no gas, I would make every effort to purchase a mangle heated by gasoline and I would learn to use it with caution.

TO KEEP BEDDING CLEAN

HERE is a helpful idea from one of THE DELINEATOR readers:

Nothing helps more to make one forgetful of coal-dust and soot, and nothing so satisfies that longing for clean bedding, than slip-covers that can be sent to the laundry with no fear of their fading. These covers are simply made. All one needs is wide muslin and a little time. Plain pillow-slips, fastened with five buttons, should be used to cover all pillows, if the pillow is to be kept fresh and clean. The customary pillow-slip is used over the buttoned one.

Comforters and blankets, when not in use, should be protected by covers shaped like envelopes and snapped together. To make a mattress cover, measure the length of the mattress, and tear the muslin in two strips to cover the top and bottom of the mattress, allowing enough for good seams. Then tear a band a little wider than the thickness of the mattress, and place it between top and bottom. It should be fitted before stitching. If a tailored finish is desired, stitch all seams on the right side after the cover is completed. One end should be left open and finished like a placket and fastened with large snaps.

Of course, the careful housekeeper, in making a bed, turns back the top sheet about eight inches over the bedding to keep it from touching the neck and face of the occupant. An extra sheet placed on top of all the bedding is of great value at night in keeping the blankets clean when the counterpane is removed and the windows are open.

When comforters are used, they should have cheese-cloth covers on the end that comes near the face. These little slips should be from eight to twelve inches deep, a trifle wider than the comforter, so they can be slipped on easily. They should be run with large stitches on the comforter, and removed when necessary to launder.

By judicious use of washable covers for its protection, bedding can be kept inviting to the most fastidious taste.

SEND IN YOUR PROBLEMS

THE Home-Making Editor is always glad to answer questions. Here are two that may help others besides the readers who asked them:

Question: Can you tell me how to steady a table that wabbles on an uneven floor?

Answer: There is on the market a small block made especially for this purpose. It is very cheap. Six of them may be bought for a dime. You can steady uneven furniture, stop the rattling of windows or doors, and find many other uses for this little wedge.

Question: How shall I remove stains from pillow-cases?

Answer: The first method of procedure would be by bleaching. The best bleach to use is javelle water, made as follows:

1 pound washing-soda.
1 pound chloride of lime.
1 quart boiling water.
2 quarts cold water.

Put soda in granite pan, add boiling water, and stir until dissolved; let cool.

Dissolve chloride of lime in cold water; let settle, and pour the clear liquid into the soda; let settle. Pour off clear liquid, bottle, and put away in dark place.

Use, mixed with equal parts or more of water, and do not let the garments stay in more than half an hour. Rinse thoroughly in several waters, and lastly in diluted ammonia-water.

Moisture is necessary if clothes are to be bleached by the action of the sun. After a garment dries, it should be made wet and hung out. It may be necessary to repeat the wetting operation a number of times before the yellow tinge yields. It is said that clothes are whitened if they are allowed to freeze out cf doors on the line. The reason given for this is that the freezing causes the clothes to retain moisture, hence the time of their bleaching is prolonged.

Only cotton and linen garments may be bleached with javelle water.

I have found 10 good ways to save money

"If there *is* a way to save money, Margaret will find it," has long been a saying in my family.

"How do you do it?" they ask.

"Observe me carefully," I reply, "and you will find that I always keep a Tube of LePage's Glue in the house."

And that, really, is my best formula. For years, I have made it a rule, when anything breaks, to ask myself, "Can I mend it with LePage's?" You would be surprised how much money that simple little question has saved me.



LePaging loosened nail file handle

I have refastened loose tiles in the bathroom wall and in the hearth of the fireplace, saving the cost of a mason.

A piece of veneer chipped off the piano and I put it back with LePage's. Two screws loosened in the hinge on the refrigerator door so that it didn't shut properly. It took but a moment to cover them with glue and screw them in again—for good.



Mending torn wall paper with LePage's

I detest squeaking chairs. But instead of sending them to an expensive furniture shop for repairs, I put a few drops of LePage's on the ends of the rungs, push them back into the sockets, and there is an end of the squeaking.

I have used LePage's to fasten loose handles on nail files and umbrellas. I have mended torn wall paper, lined a drawer with velvet for my silver and mended toys for the children.



Lining silver drawer with plush or velvet

There you have my ten good ways to save money. But they are not all the things which LePage's can do. Write 31 Essex Ave. for handsomely illustrated book of LePage's uses called "LePage's—*the Handy Helper for Making and Mending.*"

RUSSIA CEMENT COMPANY

Laboratory and Factory : Gloucester, Mass.

LE PAGE'S GLUE



ASK THE DELINEATOR

Don't Forget when writing THE DELINEATOR Service Departments for information or aid, to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Inquiries unaccompanied by a stamped envelope can not be answered nor will replies be made on a post-card. The service you will receive is worth a two-cent investment.

BEAUTY

The Best Face Foremost in any phase of life, is good feminine philosophy. Any woman can improve her complexion with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer special questions and will send folders prepared in accordance with the practise and advice of experts on the care of the hair, skin and hands, posture, exercises, lotions and cosmetics.

BABIES

The Prize Baby is the healthiest. Don't take any chances in failing to give your child the benefits of scientific and expert care. No matter where you live, THE DELINEATOR Infant Hygiene Department can bring that care into your home. Write for a list of leaflets which cover all the ills and potential danger-marks of infancy and childhood.

HOUSEKEEPING

The Home Economics Department has prepared, under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, a list of leaflets which will lighten the housewife's burden and make scientific home-making an easy art. These leaflets range from milk recipes to the technique of laying the table. Write for any or all of these leaflets.

CHILDREN

The Story Hour is a pretty important time in childhood. Do you know what books to read your children? The Children's Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in the parental job of forming good reading habits. Write in to the Children's Department, too, for a Page of Prayers for little children to learn. The Music Department has available lists of songs for children of all ages. It also recommends musical programs and phonograph records.

ETIQUETTE

Are You Uncertain about the ways of the social world? Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will send you a number of useful leaflets on manners and form, covering every social quandary. "Weddings," "Calls and the Use of Cards," "Letter-Writing," "Etiquette at the Table" are some of the titles. She will answer any puzzled inquirer.

THE THEATER

What Shows Are Good? Most out-of-town people, when they come to New York, ask that question. Save time before the journey by writing to THE DELINEATOR Service Department for a List of Plays, describing the type and nature of the plays running in various New York theaters.

ENTERTAINMENT

Do You Hesitate to give a party because you don't know what to do with the guests? The Entertainment Department offers suggestions for dinners, dances, parties, and entertainments. It will be glad to give more information, if you write the average age of the guests, the type of party, and the amount of money you wish to spend.

MISCELLANEOUS

If You Belong to a Club and you need advice or help in carrying out an interesting and helpful program, write to the Home-Makers' Department. If you are interested in study clubs, we shall be glad to help you with lists of the best new books and something about their authors. If you have a civic club or community club, we shall be glad to help you with your program. Dramatic clubs are also invited to send us their problems.

If you are interested in athletic clubs for women, THE DELINEATOR renders special service to you. We helped to organize a large number of tennis clubs for women last year.

If you have read Doctor Baldwin's articles on training normal children and you are interested in his charts for measuring the normal physical and mental growth of the child, write to the Editor of THE DELINEATOR.



Keep Growing Children in Ruddy Health. Look to their iron supply.

To Give Cereals An Almost Magical Attraction

for children who should eat them every day

WE ask you to *try a new way* to make children like good cereals—a way to make them *ask* for foods which they now may push away.

A way to *add* more healthfulness to these body-building dishes, while giving them a new and almost magical appeal.

The way is through delicious raisins—a rare health-food in themselves, *but regarded by the little folks like sweetmeats.*

The raisins change the entire dish—from a *duty* to a treat.

Try it on your children. See how quickly they observe a new, delightful difference in that food.

Raisins should go with cereals for more than merely flavor.

Rich in *food-iron*, raisins help to form red corpuscles for the blood—to maintain vitality, and guard against disease. A child needs but a tiny bit of iron daily, yet that need is *vital* to real health.

Being mainly pure fruit-sugar, in practically predigested form, raisins place no burden on digestion. Their mildly laxative effect still further improves each dish.

So, in choosing your foods for children, don't forget these benefits.

Above all, the *vital iron* value of the raisin.

Raisins can save you the burden of the daily "forcing" of some foods—and greatly benefit the child.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Sun-Maid Raisins are the finest California table grapes, dried in the sun.

Packed in a great, modern, glass-walled, sanitary plant in California. Clean, sweet, wholesome—the kind you know are good.

Seeded, Blue package (*seeds removed*) best for pies and bread; Seedless, Red package (*grown without seeds*) best for stewing; Clusters (*on the stem*) an ever ready dessert.

Raisins are 30 per cent cheaper than formerly—see that you get plenty in your foods.

100 Recipes Sent Free

Mail coupon for valuable free book containing 100 recipes for luscious raisin foods. Send for your copy now.

Red package (seedless), best for stewing



California Associated Raisin Co.

Membership 13,000 Growers

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CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

California Associated Raisin Co.
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Please send me copy of your free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes."

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Street .....

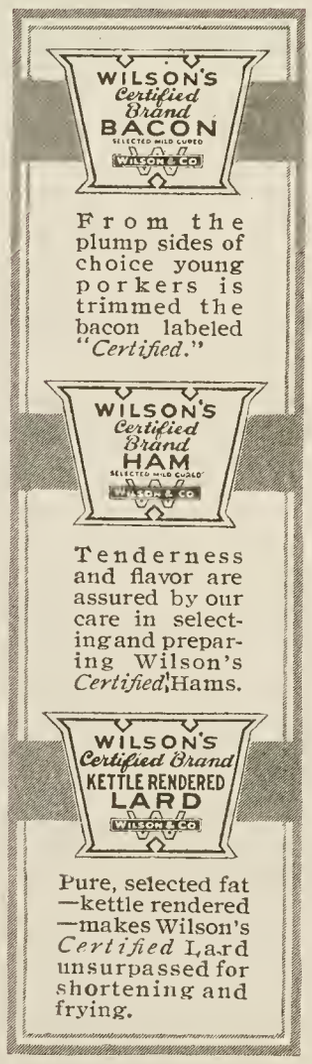
City ..... State .....



WILSON'S *Certified* Bacon helps you live up to that good old rule, "Keep cheerful till ten in the morning, and the rest of the day takes care of itself." Crisp and delicious, with an aroma which whets your morning appetite, this specially prepared bacon will add pleasure and nourishment to everyone's breakfast.

You can be sure of just the right proportion of fat and lean—and of the rich, mild flavor imparted by patient curing and smoking—because the Wilson *Certified* label means these things when it appears on bacon in the whole piece or in convenient one pound cartons. *Certified* also signifies *respect* in the care and handling, such as your mother used in the kitchen where she prepared good things for you.

Ask your dealer for Wilson's *Certified* Bacon, Ham and Lard. If he does not have them, we can supply him, if you will send us his name.



Send for this free book

"Wilson's Meat Cookery," an authoritative on the economical purchase and use of meats, with splendid illustrations of the different cuts of meat, together with tested recipes—a strictly up-to-date book—will be sent you without charge if you write Wilson & Co., Dept. 239, Chicago.



"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

The Wilson label protects your table



Continued from page 7

LAFAYETTE SQUARE

jangled through the silent house. There was no telephone in it, but Lloyd had promised to telegraph her the happy result of his election as soon as he knew himself the exact size of his majority. That must be his message now. She ran from the window to the staircase, and waited till the slatternly servant, puffing and panting, lumbered up to her and handed her the yellow envelope. Camilla tore it open.

Defeated by Jackson 50,000.

LLOYD.

Not another word! Not a word about being sorry, not a word about coming to her! She crept down the stairs, and, picking up the morning paper from where it lay on the hall floor, met the likenesses of the successful candidates smiling at her from the front page. And underneath those presidential pictures were Lloyd's and his opponent's—the man who had broken the "Solid South" and the man he had defeated! Lloyd's downfall was important enough for *that!* The headlines were almost as large as those about Mr. Harding! They told something else, moreover, besides the news of the political upheaval.

DEFEATED CANDIDATE SAID TO HAVE LOST LARGE SUMS OF MONEY IN UNSUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN

The private fortune of Lloyd Carroll, less large than was popularly supposed, is understood to have suffered grave depreciations during the campaign in which he has been engaged, and which he has carried on in the lavish manner customary with this well-known orator. Although it is still too early to form an estimate of his losses, a conservative guess would probably——

CAMILLA read no further. She crumpled the newspaper into a big untidy ball and flung it from her with all her strength. Lloyd was *defeated!* Lloyd was financially ruined! Her beautiful fairy prince was changed by a wicked magician; her fairy palace was crumbling like a house of cards around her! There would be no more packages of shining jewels, no "improvements" in the dingy old house, no corps of servants, no "Thursdays," no more envious letters even from Liza! Her lips trembled. She gathered her wrapper around her again and started for her grandmother's room to wail out her sorrows on that kind old shoulder.

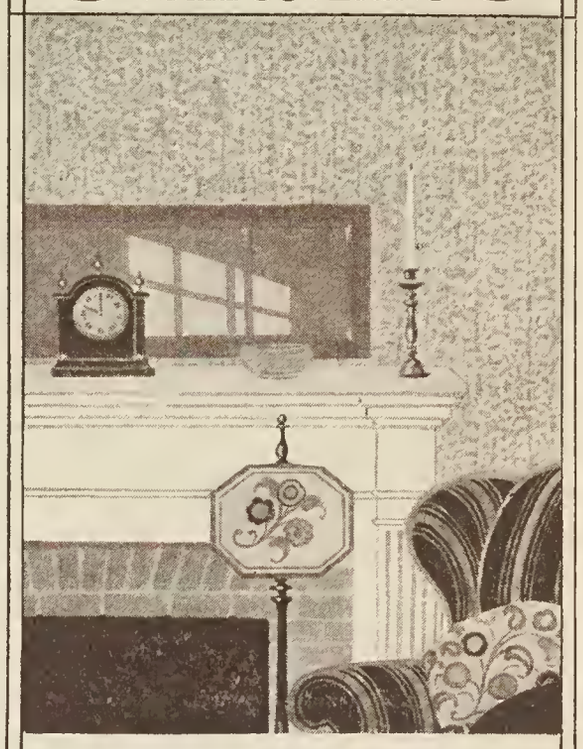
Half-way up the stairs again, she stopped, her face burning with shame, far more than on the morning, four months earlier, when she had discovered that the man who "worked for the government" was a famous senator. What *had* he been to her, this kind, honorable, sensitive gentleman, with the wonderful smile and still more wonderful voice? Only a means of escape from conditions she hated, only a source of supply for luxuries that she craved? Lloyd loved her—loved her dearly—she knew that; her flush deepened at the thought of the tenderness and ardor of his love. He must, at that very instant, be suffering intolerably because he knew that, for all his love, he could no longer pour his riches into her lap, could no longer make her existence all rose-colored for her. That was what the brevity of the telegram meant. He felt so much that he could say nothing. But did she love *him?*

Up to that moment she had never questioned herself. Of course girls were fond of the men to whom they engaged themselves, or else they would not do it. But what did being "fond" mean? Lloyd wanted to do everything for her; but what had she ever wanted—what did she want now—to do for him? She came of a race that had seen everything that it held precious and sacred wrested away, and yet had never faltered. Was she alone to prove false to the traditions of Lafayette Square?

Her grandmother, coming down an hour later, tumbled over her where she still sat,

Concluded on page 77

SANITAS
MODERN WALL COVERING



An Atmosphere of Good Taste

THOSE who take pride in their homes, know the importance of selecting harmonious wall coverings.

Homes are made pleasing and attractive by tasteful selections and treatments of Sanitas Modern Wall Covering in thorough accord with the color scheme and spirit of the furnishings, the architectural design of the rooms and the method of lighting.

Sanitas is distinctive not only for its colorings, patterns and texture, but also for its adaptability to frescoing, stenciling, stippling, blending and paneling. It is made on cloth, machine-painted with durable oil colors, hangs just like wall-paper, does not crack, peel or fade and can be wiped clean with a damp cloth.

Have your decorator show you the new Sanitas styles.

Send for Samples and Booklet

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Cleaning without Blue Devil is like starting a car without gasoline



Feet speak a language all their own — soak yours in Blue Devil — and listen



Make the devil work for you — but be sure it's Blue Devil

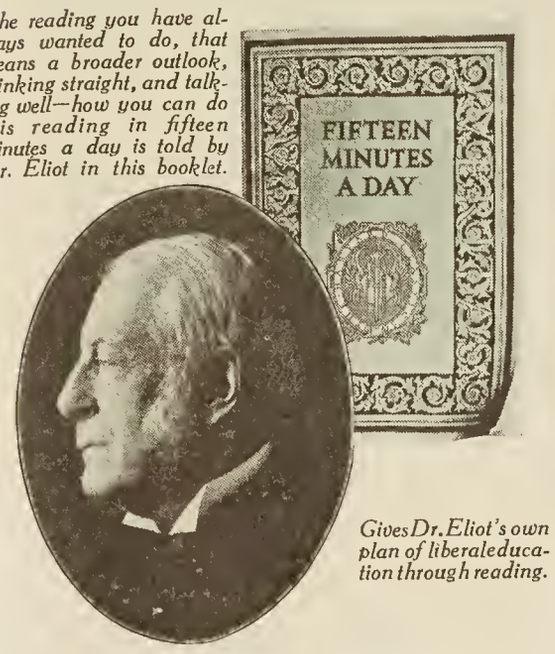
Blue Devil softens the hardest water instantly and completely. His touch leaves a sweet cleanness on Dishes, Sinks, Painted Walls, Woodwork, Linoleum, Clothes, Your Skin, Jewelry, Tired Feet — well, about everything around home and person. He wouldn't hurt the most tender skin for anything, and he feels sad if classed with washing powders and scouring compounds, because he's so very, very different. If your grocer doesn't yet have Blue Devil, send 25c coin or stamps for two full size cartons. The Wells Process Company, Conneaut, Ohio.

BLUE DEVIL

Appeals to people of refined taste

Your Reading Problem Solved by Dr. Eliot of Harvard

The reading you have always wanted to do, that means a broader outlook, thinking straight, and talking well—how you can do this reading in fifteen minutes a day is told by Dr. Eliot in this booklet.



Gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of liberal education through reading.

HOW can you gain, in just a few delightful minutes' reading each day, that knowledge of a few truly great books which will distinguish you always as a well-read man or woman? How can you, by reading, acquire a deep and true conception of human nature and human affairs? How are you to become well versed in those niceties, no less than in those fundamentals of life, which you can know only by carefully selected reading, never by random reading?

It is that question, of so much importance to you, as it is to every thinking person, that you will find answered in the booklet describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

It tells you what few great books—biographies, histories, novels, dramas, poems, books of science and travel, philosophy, and religion—picture the progress of civilization, and, as Dr. Eliot says, "enrich, refine, and fertilize the mind."

Every well-informed man and woman should at least know something about

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

The booklet tells about it—how Dr. Eliot has put into his Five-Foot Shelf "the books essential to the Twentieth Century idea of a cultivated person;" how he has so arranged these books that even fifteen minutes a day are enough; how, in these pleasant moments of spare time, by using the reading courses Dr. Eliot has provided, you can get the knowledge of literature and life, the culture, the broad view-point that progress in every walk of life demands to-day.

"For me," wrote one man, "your little free book meant a big step forward, and it showed me besides the way to a vast new world of pleasure."

Every reader of this page is invited to have a copy of this handsome and entertaining little book which is being distributed to acquaint people with Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books. Merely mail the coupon to-day.

Send for the booklet which gives Dr. Eliot's Own Plan of Reading

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By mail, absolutely free and without obligation, send me the little guide-book to the most famous books in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot of Harvard.

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DD3-22



Concluded from page 76

LAFAYETTE SQUARE

huddled against the railing. She rose, and looked the older woman in the face.

"Grandma," she said, "is there any money *at all*—where I could use it?"

Mrs. Montgomery was not the type of woman who counters with a "Why?" when asked a direct question. She answered it.

"There is very little."

"Would it be enough to take you and me to—Lloyd's house?"

"No, my dear!"

"Enough to take one of us?"

"Yes."

The girl threw her arms around her. "Grandma," she said brokenly, "Lloyd's been defeated. He isn't going to be senator any more. And he's lost money. He's poor—perhaps almost as poor as we are. I don't know yet. He won't come to me. He thinks I only cared for—for the money and position! And I'm afraid that's—that's what I did care for at first. But now I care for *him*. I've thought it all over—and I'm going to him."

The old lady straightened herself. Then she brushed back the soft hair that had fallen over Camilla's cheek and kissed her.

"You are perfectly right, my dear," she said.

THE trees in Lafayette Square had turned to gold and crimson, and then to a dull and rusty brown, quivering on dried branches or scurrying in the wind over the gravel walks, so that they no longer screened and sheltered the settees, where, indeed, few persons lingered to be screened and sheltered. But, on an unseasonably warm evening in mid-November, a man and a girl came down the steps of the flat brownstone dwelling wedged in between the gift-shop and the tea-house, and, crossing the street, went and sat down, unnecessarily close together, on a bench near which there was no street light. And the man bent his head and gathered the girl into his arms.

"Are you sorry?" he asked at last.

She laughed, a little catch in her voice. "Sorry for what?"

"For *anything?*"

"There isn't," she said, "anything to be sorry *for*, that I can think of! Sometimes, though, when I imagine, just supposing I *hadn't* gone to you, and *forced* you to marry me, and bring me back here for our honeymoon, I get so frightened that it nearly stifles me, thinking what I might have lost!"

She was very near to being stifled from other causes than fright. But when at last she managed to look at the man with the wonderful smile, he was smiling more wonderfully than ever.

"Honey," he said slowly, "things aren't half so dreadful as you thought they were. I've got this Winter in the Senate anyhow, and I'm going to try and make such a record before the fourth of March that every man in it will be sorry to see me leave, and glad when I come back there six years from now—as I'm going to—you see if I don't! And meanwhile I can practise law, and make twice as much money as I ever lost! And I'm not absolutely strapped now, not by any means. Of course we'll have to be careful for a while. I guess we'd better put up with the tin tub and the stuffed birds and the glass flowers a little longer."

Camilla laughed. "Yes. And the hideous carpet and the marble-topped tables and the big black-walnut bed with the carved fruit on it—" There suddenly she stopped, Lloyd's fingers tightened around hers. Before he could prevent it, she leaned over and kissed his hand. "It's all become so beautiful since you came there to live," she whispered. "If you hadn't been defeated, I wouldn't have found that out."

"I don't know that it matters much," Lloyd whispered back, "whether I was defeated for the Senate or not—so long as I won on Lafayette Square."



"Good home-made food promotes happiness and contentment"

The Royal Baking Service

from The Royal Educational Department

EDITOR'S NOTE—Who would believe such delicious hot breads could be made so easily and quickly! It will pay you to watch the magazines for this service to users of Royal Baking Powder. Here the Royal Educational Department gives concisely much valuable information, saving you time and money. On these pages you will find tested short cuts, new recipes, and many useful suggestions which are proving so helpful to the busy housekeeper.

ROLLS called "Little Royal Dinner Loaves" abroad and closely resembling yeast rolls, but taking one-tenth the time to make—the popular *Butter Cake*, too, ten minutes from mixing bowl to table, and both made from plain biscuit dough! With a slightly different way of handling the same dough you can easily make them. "Light and little handling" is the rule for biscuits, but do not be afraid to knead the dough for rolls. Shape rolls into even, smooth pieces in any desired form, place on a baking sheet, or in muffin or gem pans, and let them rise in a warm place, just as you do for yeast rolls, only for about half the time, and then bake quickly. We have made hundreds of these rolls—

Piping Hot! Crisp and Buttered!

they are truly delicious—the kind you cannot buy.

Baking too makes such a difference. Biscuit dough baked on a griddle, or iron frying pan, or even on an electric plate on the table, will give you light feathery butter cakes or "ovenless bread." Use muffin rings or biscuit cutter if you like, though shaping with the hands is all that is necessary; bake slowly until puffed way up and then turn and bake on the other side—ten minutes is ample. Split and butter while hot and serve immediately.



It is a satisfaction to butter a piece of corn bread that doesn't crumble. Try this delicious recipe for breakfast. It will be a welcome and wholesome change. Muffins, too, are always popular, but give your family "good" muffins with crispy crusts and feathery insides, without "tunnels." Do not always make them with ordinary white flour—try part graham, gluten, rice or corn for variety. Long beating of the batter becomes unnecessary when Royal is used and quick baking improves the muffin. Do not place the muffin pan too near the bottom of the oven but put on a shelf where the heat is more uniform.

Did you ever taste those delicious sticky and famous *Philadelphia Cinnamon Buns?* Do you want to know how to make them *easily and quickly?* Then send for the New Royal Cook Book and special sheet of Breakfast Breads. They are Free. Address—

Royal Educational Department
ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY
133 William St., New York

This is the fourth of the Royal Baking Service

Cut these Out and Put in Your Cook Book

NOTE—Royal cans are always full weight indicated on cover. To avoid spilling the powder, shake down contents before opening and hold bottom of can firmly. Slowly twist off cover.

Corn Bread

1 cup corn meal 1 cup flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
3 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt 1½ cups milk
2 tablespoons melted shortening 1 egg

Mix and sift dry ingredients; add milk, shortening and beaten egg; beat well and pour into greased shallow pan. Bake in hot oven about 25 minutes.

Biscuits, Rolls, or Butter Cakes

2 cups flour ½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 tablespoon shortening
¾ cup milk

Sift together flour, salt and baking powder; rub in shortening; add milk, and mix lightly to smooth dough; turn out on floured board.

Biscuits—roll or pat out lightly, cut with biscuit cutter and bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes, or without rolling drop with spoon on greased baking sheet and bake as above.

Rolls—knead well to make smooth. Cut dough into small pieces to make rolls about 4½ inches long by two inches wide. Form each into smooth roll with square ends. Place on greased pans far apart and stand in warm place 20 minutes; brush with butter, and bake in very hot oven 10 minutes; brush again with butter. Bake 5 minutes and serve hot—or after kneading cut into small equal pieces, roll in floured hands, let rise, and bake in muffin tins as above; or divide into smaller pieces rolled into balls, place three in each muffin tin, let rise, and bake as above for Clover Leaf Rolls.

Butter Cakes—after mixing to smooth dough divide into pieces of equal size; shape lightly with floured hands and bake on greased griddle, iron frying pan or electric plate; allow to brown on bottom, rise well, and then turn, baking on other side until brown and thoroughly cooked; or bake as above in greased muffin rings; or, instead of shaping in hands, pat out on floured board, cut with biscuit cutter, and bake as above. Split while hot, butter, and serve immediately.

Graham Muffins

1 cup graham flour 1 cup flour
¾ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 cup milk 1 egg
2 tablespoons molasses or sugar
3 tablespoons shortening

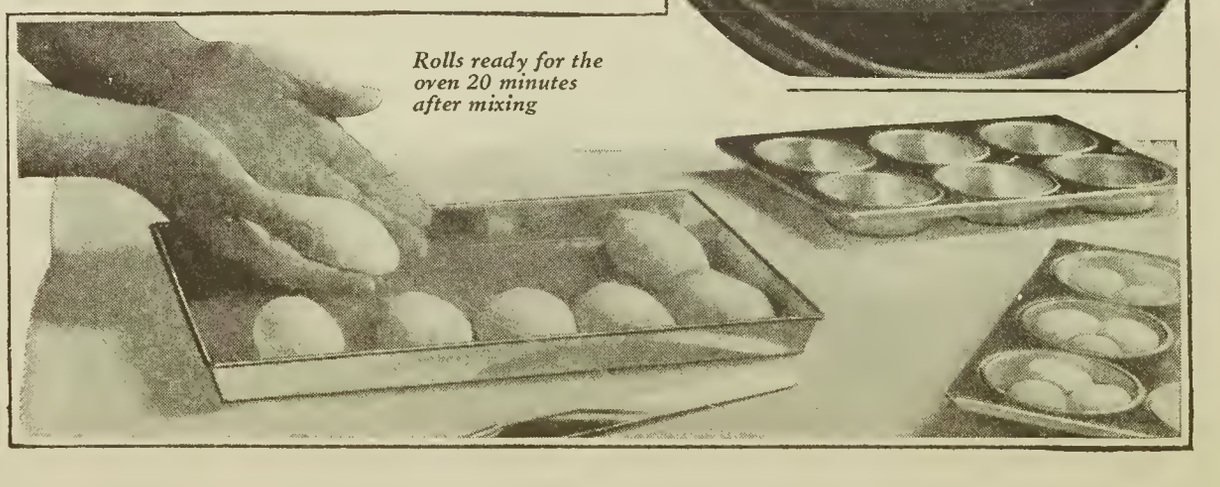
Mix together dry ingredients; add milk, beaten egg, molasses and melted shortening. Bake in greased muffin pans in hot oven about 25 minutes.

An Unfailing Rule

For biscuit doughs—
2 level cups flour
4 level teaspoons baking powder
This proportion is standard.



"Butter Cakes" or "Ovenless bread"



Rolls ready for the oven 20 minutes after mixing





Send for Your Hand Mop

Special Introductory Offer!

TO introduce the newest aid in housekeeping—the wonderful, big, fluffy

LIQUID VENEER HAND MOP

we will send you one of these handy helps and a trial bottle of Liquid Veneer Mop Polish, enough to treat the Hand Mop, for 10 cents in stamps or coin (to cover cost of packing and mailing) and the top of a carton of either Liquid Veneer or Liquid Veneer Mop Polish. This is a special offer and may be withdrawn at any time.

A Boon to Housekeeping

You will find this Hand Mop a wonderful help in reaching those hard-to-get-at places. Banisters, stair-railings, spindles and rungs on chairs, fluting, carving, picture frames, crevices and corners—it gets into all the curves and corners, cleaning and polishing to your entire satisfaction. At the same time it is a labor and time saver on large surfaces, especially on automobiles.

The Hand Mop is a big, fluffy bunch of dust-catching strands, bound together at the top and the binding slipped over a steel spring frame. This frame may be quickly removed, the mop washed and easily put together again. It is very convenient to handle.

If you have not tried

LIQUID VENEER MOP POLISH

(trial bottle of which is sent you with this mop) you will be delighted with the way it will transform dirty, dull, scratched surfaces to their original beauty and finish, leaving a high-dry polish and lustre. Use it on your piano, furniture, woodwork, floors and automobiles.

Send the Coupon

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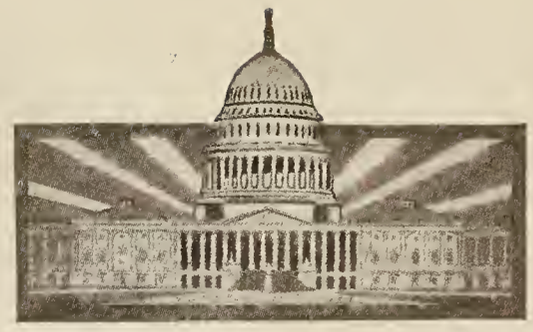
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Continued from page 2

WHITE HOUSE PARTIES

Each season members of the Cabinet entertain in turn, in the order of their departments, in compliment to their chief. These so-called Cabinet dinners are weekly affairs, ranging from ten to thirty covers and including both women and men. The invitations are ordinarily sent a month in advance, but never until the list of guests has been submitted to the President for his indorsement. This precaution has led to the debatable custom of regarding an invitation "to meet the President" as a command, with the result that any one receiving even an eleventh-hour invitation of this kind will throw over another host or hostess without compunction, or even cancel a dinner in his own home.

It is to the common sense and true social instinct of Mrs. Elihu Root, who knew Washington twice as a Cabinet hostess and again as a Senator's wife, that the Cabinet dinner-party has achieved its present importance. Prior to Mrs. Root's reform, when her husband was Secretary of War in the Roosevelt Cabinet, each Cabinet host, at this dinner to the President, included his associates of the Cabinet table and their wives, and rarely any one else.

In her second season Mrs. Root saw the folly of this arrangement, and promptly proposed the present plan of a Cabinet dinner without the members of the Cabinet other than the hosts. The success of the innovation more than justified Mrs. Root.

THE Vice-President's wife, like the First Lady, is exempt from making calls, and, except in acknowledging dinner or luncheon invitations, is exempt from returning calls. If, however, she is a sociably inclined woman in good health, it is wise for the Second Lady to do some polite visiting.

Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall was an indefatigable visitor. She liked it—and, living in a hotel, with no family cares and with all the world as her playground, she visited every day in the week in time of peace. During the war she presided almost every day at a sewing circle composed of the "Ladies of the Senate." These ladies—wives, mothers, daughters, sisters, and sometimes mothers-in-law of Senators—are still holding weekly meetings under Mrs. Coolidge, who succeeded automatically to Mrs. Marshall's place. Considerably younger than her predecessor, but with a wide social experience to guide her, Mrs. Coolidge nevertheless frankly enjoys her position. She is fond of telling of her first visit to Washington some twelve or fourteen years ago.

This was as a Spring tourist, with a party of New England school-teachers. Miss Grace Goodhue, as she was then, "doing" the White House, paused in amazement at the sight of the concert grand gold piano in the north end of the East Room. The highly enameled crests of the States that form the decoration of this unusual instrument attracted her particular attention, causing her to linger some thirty seconds or so behind her companions. In those days no loitering was allowed, even in the White House grounds, and Miss Goodhue was civilly but emphatically requested to "please step on" by a member of the District police force.

As the young matron to whom Mrs. Coolidge told this story remarked: "Well, you certainly have stepped on!"



Continued from page 12

SWORDSMITHS

fitted to appreciate that achievement. He never knew how much of it he had heard from Mrs. Dauncey, or how much his own inner knowledge, his sense of the inevitable, had supplied.

Suddenly Mrs. Fraser spoke, in her apologetic fluttering voice, "Len and Hal are friends, you see."

Riordan waited, wondering what was to come.

"And I always said to Lenny, 'I don't care what you do, you can always come and tell me about it. I don't care what it is.' I said to him, 'You can quit going to church, and you can gamble on horse-races and—and you can dance with girls at cabarets—' " her voice faltered—" 'but you can always come and tell me about it. And I won't be ashamed of you. But don't you ever come to me, Lenny Fraser, and tell me you've gone back on a friend.' "

She lifted her head and looked at Riordan. And from her meek foolish face looked for one moment the Spirit of the Race. For one moment he read there a mysterious wisdom, a passive invulnerable strength beside which he felt his own strength, as a breath of wind, for hers was rooted in eternity. Then the revelation was gone.

But when almost immediately, Riordan rose to say good night, the room in which he stood was changed. Its closed quiet was that of a foundry after the casting is done, its stillness that of a forge when the last blade is tempered and tested.

He bade good night, in a changed voice, to Mrs. Dauncey and Mrs. Lane Fraser. They were so busy with the silks they hardly heard him. He went toward the door, lingering a moment beside the bookcase. R. L. S.—was it R. L. S. who had that poem about the woman, the smith forging the swords at home, and those swords traveling the world far from her, R. L. S. was not on the shelves of Beechcroft, however. Riordan went up-stairs.

He sat on his bed some time, thinking of a young man whose soul was a steel blade, true as steel; before he slept, he opened his new trunk and from it he took the cigar-box that had accompanied all his bitter years.

From the cigar-box Riordan took the faded picture of the woman who had borne him.

He looked at it with humble eyes, while in his mind he measured the success for which he had as yet thanked neither man, woman, nor God.

"And perhaps," said Riordan, "perhaps, after all, I owe all I am and all I have ever done to her."



How I Lost 40 Pounds

through new discovery

And how scores of others are taking off a pound a day or more without painful diet, special baths, exercises and medicines or discomforts

"Before I tried your great discovery my weight was 168 pounds. My blood was bad, my heart weak, I had sour stomach and sick headache always. I went to different doctors but I got worse instead of better until I tried your wonderful method. I am now in perfect health and my blood test is 100% pure. I had begun to get wrinkles but my flesh is now firm and free from a single wrinkle. I have a fine complexion now and I weigh only 128 pounds, which is my normal weight."

Mrs. Hazel Vermilya, Bloomington, Ind.
(See photographs of Mrs. Vermilya above.)

Mrs. Vermilya's remarkable experience is but one of many similar ones. Within the last few months over 300,000 men and women have been shown how to reduce to normal weight and secure the slender, supple figures of youth through this amazing new discovery—all without painful dieting, baths, massage, rolling, exercise, medicine or discomfort. Many letters have been received from them reporting rapid reductions of from 25 to 75 pounds. They also tell of the great improvement in health and the wonderful improvement in their complexions.

By this method you can reduce rapidly or slowly just as you please. If you do not care to reduce as much as a pound a day you can make your reduction more gradual. And when you have obtained your normal weight and an ideal slender figure you can retain them without gaining or losing another pound or another inch.

The Secret Eugene Christian, the famous Food Specialist, discovered that certain foods which ordinarily cause fat can be eaten in combination with certain other every-day foods in such a way that no fat will be formed—only blood, tissue and muscle. Meanwhile, your excess flesh is consumed and lost, often at the rate of a pound a day or more!



Best of all, these *correct* combinations, which reduce, are regarded as even more appetizing than the *wrong* combinations. So reducing this way is designed to INCREASE the pleasures of the table rather than cause painful self-denials. Thousands of men and women who understand this simple secret are enjoying their meals more thoroughly than ever, are much more healthy and are rapidly approaching their normal weight.

Sent Free This whole wonderful new method has been explained by Christian in 12 interesting little booklets called "Weight Control, the Basis of Health." Send no money. Just fill out and mail the coupon, and you will receive the 12 books. As soon as they arrive weigh yourself so that you may be able to see how much weight you lose and how quickly. Under this Free Proof Offer you risk nothing. Pay the postman $1.97, plus postage, when he delivers the books—but if you are dissatisfied after using it you have the privilege of returning them within five days and your money will instantly be refunded. Don't delay. Remember our money back offer absolutely protects you against risking a single penny. Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. W-2253, 43 West 16th St., New York City.

Loses 13 pounds in 8 days

"Hurrah! I have lost 13 pounds since last Monday (8 days) and feel better than I have for months."
Mrs. George Guiterman (see photo)
420 E. 66th St.
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Loses 22 pounds in 14 days

I reduced from 175 pounds to 153 pounds in 2 weeks. Before I started to reduce I was flabby and sick, had stomach trouble all the time. I feel wonderful now.
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Lost 28 pounds in 30 days

In 30 days I lost 28 pounds (8 pounds the first week). I was subject to severe headaches but I have not had one since "eating off" my extra flesh. My general health has been greatly benefited.
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You may send me in a plain container Eugene Christian's Course "Weight Control, the Basis of Health" in 12 books. I will pay the postman $1.97 (plus postage) in full payment upon arrival. If I am not satisfied with it I have the privilege of returning the course, within five days, and my money is to be immediately refunded.

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Continued from page 10

DANCERS IN THE DARK

fonder of Greg than any one else—but I'm fond of other men, too! I like the excitement of each new man more than—more than——"

"More than marrying Greg," Jerry supplied.

She nodded in relief. "Yes, that's it; and the way I look at it is, it's better to get it all out of my system before I marry than after; don't you think so?"

"You never will that way." Jerry spoke curtly.

"It isn't as if I weren't sure that Greg will stick for several years at least. Why, he never looks at another girl. And it isn't as if I were the sort of girl who would expect to go right on adding up men after I marry. No; when I marry I'm going to have a home and children, and I'm not going to marry until I'm ready for them."

"It sounds reasonable," said Joy, fascinated.

"And when I marry I want to live neatly," said Félicie, with a comfortable glance around the glistening room. "*Neatly* to me means *enough money*, and Greg isn't making enough yet. I wish, Jerry, you wouldn't always pick on me about him."

"I hate to see a waste of good material," Jerry answered.

"That's what it would be, if I married." she retorted, her voice again carrying highlights. "A girl stands to lose *everything* by an early marriage—her looks, her youth, and her *fun*. It's not a bit like you to take this stand."

Joy stole a look at Jerry, but her face was wreathed in smoke as she answered in lazy tones: "Well, come off the platform, old dear. I was only heaving a couple of sobs for Greg—that boy had a few brains that weren't put in cold-storage at Yale. Of course, *I'm* glad you're still on my side of the wall. Came around to make you shove aside anything you've started going for to-night and tack yourself on to a dizzy party."

"I should say so! What'll you wear?"

"Evening-dress stuff, they say, which means the girls will and the men won't. Well, we've got to go along. We'll be around for you to-night sometime. Be ready!"

"Good-bye, Miss Durant," said Joy. taking a last comprehensive look at the loveliness before her.

"We must have a movie date sometime," Félicie smiled.

"WELL, what did you think of the human jellyfish?" Jerry asked, as they made for their car.

"Jerry, I think she is the loveliest thing I have ever seen. But I don't in the least get why she's a jellyfish."

"Listen. If you've ever seen the animal, you know it's flabby and yet you can't pull it apart. That's what she is."

"I don't know. Her arguments were pretty good—they've started me thinking."

"Well, all I've got to say is this: I never saw any one fill the flowing bowl and drink it and have it left. And I don't think she can pull it off, any more than any one else."

After Jerry and Sarah set out for their party, Joy went to the piano and started to play "Faust." The piano under her hands transmuted itself into a great orchestra; the walls of the room widened to a stage; and she, *Marguerite*, was standing with clasped hands, savoring the wonder of love at first sight.

The sharp ringing of the door-bell cut in upon her dream, and stage and great orchestra vanished. She went to the door with a feeling of irritation. Who— A tall brown figure, somewhat leaner and older-looking—eyes that were clear.

"*Grant!*" she cried. With no more

Continued on page 80



The White Spirit of Purity lives in FAIRY SOAP

STARTING OFF CLEAN

MORE than mere "cleanliness" has become the rule of an increasing number of people to whom the soap-and-water habit is a natural part of life. People of discernment are learning the value of *white* cleanliness; they are choosing their soap for *whiteness*, the sign of purity — assurance of all that is best in soap and most essential to bath and toilet comfort.

For this reason, Fairy Soap, *the whitest soap in the world*, is making new converts to the *white cleanliness* habit everywhere, every day.

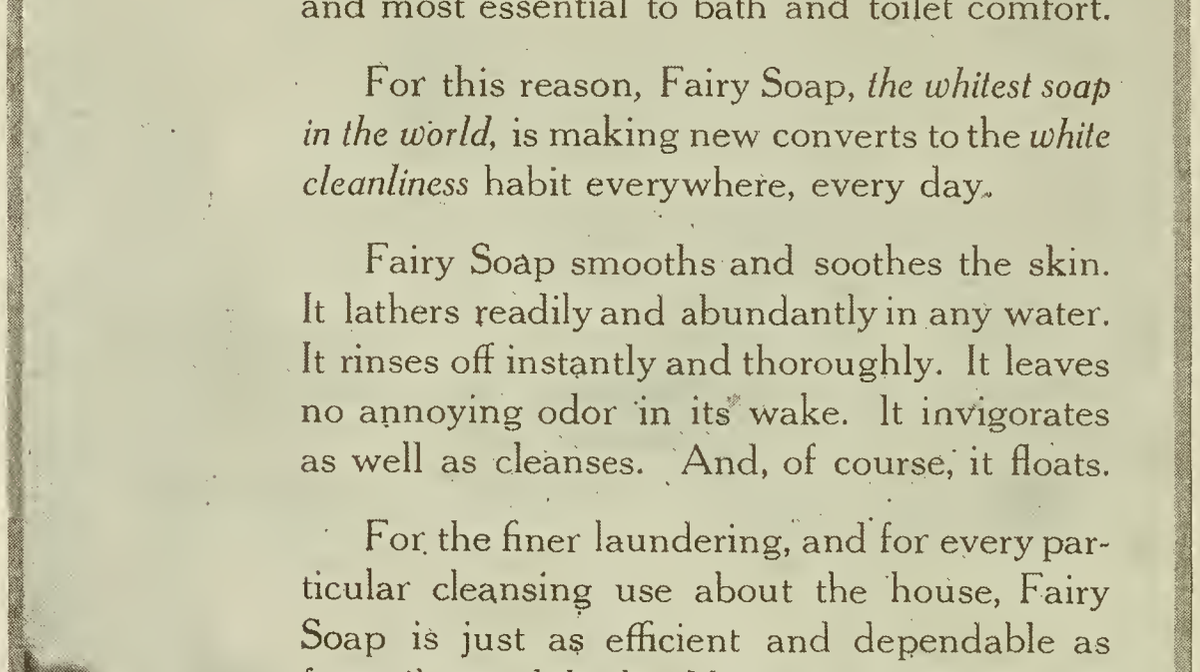
Fairy Soap smooths and soothes the skin. It lathers readily and abundantly in any water. It rinses off instantly and thoroughly. It leaves no annoying odor in its wake. It invigorates as well as cleanses. And, of course, it floats.

For the finer laundering, and for every particular cleansing use about the house, Fairy Soap is just as efficient and dependable as for toilet and bath. You cannot get a soap *whiter* than *whitest*, or purer than pure—Fairy.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

FAIRY SOAP

PURE FLOATING WHITE



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The Best Dish

In this land of good things

Every land has its national breakfast. This is America's—Puffed Rice in cream.

Countless foreign people who have seen it pictured envy you this dish. There is no cereal dainty in any land to compare with it.

Rice grains puffed to bubbles, 8 times normal size. Flaky, thin and flimsy. Made by an hour of fearful heat to taste like toasted nuts.

Food cells steam exploded



Blend with your fruits

But the great fact is this: Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. Every food cell is thus blasted. Digestion is made easy and complete.

So with Puffed Wheat. That premier grain supplies 16 needed elements. This process makes them all available as foods.

That was Prof. Anderson's object in creating Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat.

Why no other foods compare

This process alone breaks up every food cell. Puffed Grains are the best-cooked cereals in existence.

Then this bubble form makes whole grains enticing. The texture is like snowflakes, the flavor is like nuts.

Don't let a day go by without your children getting Puffed Grains in some way.

Puffed Wheat

Whole wheat steam exploded

Puffed Rice

Rice puffed to bubbles



At night—Puffed Wheat in milk

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers



Continued from page 79

DANCERS IN THE DARK

thought than a snow-flake takes to melt, she was in his arms, and their lips met in a kiss that stopped and sighed, and began again. And then she put herself away from him, a little breathless.

"*What made me do that?*" she trembled.

"Joy—" He had come to her again, and was stroking her hair. "I've thought everything out—oh, I've thought of nothing else! And everything's clear. Darling, I want you to marry me just as soon as you can."

She stared up at him, her brain a tumult revolving the question: "*What made me do that?*"

"I've thought it all out—and now I know—I was a fool to judge you by anything but my own love. I want you, Joy!"

She jerked her head, and his caressing fingers tore her hair. "Go away, Grant—go and sit down far away from me—so we can talk this out—impersonally!"

"Impersonally! What's there to talk out—impersonally? Joy, I don't know what I was thinking of that night. Even to question you—after what we had been to each other! It's all come clear to me in those weeks of being without you. I called you up before—and they said you were ill. Of course I knew that just meant you wouldn't see me. So I waited—and took a chance on coming unannounced."

"I *was*—ill. I would have seen you—I waited for you—after I was better—"

"Joy! You were really ill? Why didn't you send for me?"

"Why should I have had to? Others—came without being sent for." With an intake of breath, she drew away from him again, putting the table between them.

"Why, Joy, what's the matter, dear? You're acting as if I were a wild beast."

She moved to the piano and sat on the bench before it. "No, Grant; I'm merely protecting myself against myself. When I saw you so suddenly—after I thought I'd never see you again—I lost my senses, I think. Please—please sit down over there a minute—I've got to get all this straight."

He obeyed with a frown. "I don't understand—"

"Neither—did—I. But now I do! Now I do!" She threw back her head and looked at him impersonally. "Grant, you've come back too late. I've learned to do without you."

HE MADE an impatient motion as if to brush her words away. "Do you expect me to believe that—after what happened a minute ago?"

"That—is what helps me to see! I don't think—I ever was really in love with you. It was infatuation—blind infatuation—or else—how could I have done—what I did just now? I haven't missed you—except when I was idle, and when girls are idle they always have to be in love, or missing some one, or moping because they haven't anybody to miss."

"You only missed me—when you were idle," he repeated.

"Yes; and then I missed only *you*. I didn't miss your spirit, your soul. Passion—dressed up! I wonder how many people know it from love—before it is too late!"

"Joy, you're morbid. You've probably been brooding here all evening over your old music. When you marry me everything will straighten out, and you won't get yourself all wrought up over the piano all the time."

"I see what you mean—and that's another thing. If I married you I would have to give up my music."

"Oh, not entirely, of course. You would always have it as a lovely gift, to take up now and then—but not as a god. I wouldn't respect a man much who let his wife peg on at the thing in a professional way, when he could take care of her himself."

Joy laughed, almost stonily. "Apart from the fact that I don't love you, I'm not ready to marry *any one* yet. Since I've last—seen you—I've made my decision. I'm only standing on the threshold of my work, and I never—never could be happy to give it up now—even if I were in love. A girl waits for the man she loves to establish himself in his line of work—waits until he has got to the place where her partnership is possible. But, judging by you, a man wouldn't wait for me—wouldn't wait until I got my head above water, and then let me carry on my work after marriage, as he carries on his."

"Women who advance such arguments forget that their business after marriage should be quite different from before," he said in a low tone.

SHE looked at him with unembarrassed eyes. "Supposing I recognized that. Supposing I said, I will be domesticity itself after I am married, but I still require you to wait several years for me—as I must attain the perfection for which I am aiming, or my soul will always yearn after it and I will never be content? What then?" He did not speak. "I'm nineteen years old—nearly twenty. Say you wait three years and a half for me—until I'm twenty-three. Would you do that?"

"Joy, you're talking perfect rot. To wait more than three years—to waste the best years of our life we might be having together—"

"Stop a minute. I will be only twenty-three then. You will be only twenty-five. That is an age at which most young people nowadays think themselves lucky to start—and so would you if you didn't have your own little inherited income. Only three years and a half, Grant! Would you do it?"

"You know perfectly well you're asking too much of any man. What has got into you? It seems to me that, after I have fought out my problem, there might be a little something expected of you."

She smiled faintly. "Since *you* had decided, you thought there was no more to it—but you see, Grant, all that time I was going through mental experiences that have made me see that, as far as *I'm* concerned, *there's no more to it.*" She rose, her gesture spelling dismissal. "So you wouldn't wait—three years and a half! I think that shows, Grant, that your love was about the same as mine."

"Am I to believe—that you are always going to take this stand—be this way?"

"Please do believe it. I shall always take this stand with you—because, you see, I don't really love you, and I suppose that—makes all the difference!" He gained the door, and stood looking back. "And please," she articulated in a thin thread of sound, "please forget me—very quickly!"

"Forget you—" The words escaped him in a sort of wonder. They stood motionless, eyes fixed upon each other, and into the faces of each there stole an impatient bewilderment. They had leaped toward the peaks of poetry and youth's dreams for a few lambent hours, and now, veiled in the clouds of awakened skepticism and analysis, the peaks were higher than before, and their aspect had forever changed.

A tremor passed in the air between them. Across it came the ring of the door-bell. As the door swung open they fell back, and Jim Dalton stood on the threshold.

"Good evening, Miss Nelson," he smiled "I—" His glance traveled past her to Grant.

"This seems to be Miss Nelson's evening at home," Grant said evenly. "Good-by, Joy."

Jim did not speak until the elevator had sunk from sight. "I was—passing by—and saw the sixth-story light—so I took the chance of interrupting a party."

"There was no party, as you see," Joy answered. Her resentment against this man had long since died—and died with her

Continued on page 81

A Charming Teapot of Genuine

"COOK AND SERVE IN THE SAME DISH"
Guernseyware
ON THE STOVE — IN THE OVEN — ON THE TABLE

This genuine *Guernseyware* Teapot combines unusual beauty and grace with the utility and permanence of this superior cooking ware.

Because *Guernseyware* does not chip, craze or discolor, it has enjoyed the continuous approval of Good Housekeeping Institute since 1911.

Every piece of the original *Guernseyware* bears the trade mark which introduced *Casseroles, Pudding Dishes, Ramekins, etc.* to American homes.

Look for it in the better stores



Vitrified fire and acid proof Porcelain underglaze colors — deep, rich Blue with flower tracings, spout and handle in Gold. Five-cup capacity.

FINEST PRODUCT OF
The Guernseyware Company
Originators of the Genuine Guernseyware
Porcelain Vitrified Fire-Proof Cooking Ware
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A French Dressing is, basically, an oil, an acid, and salt and pepper. With an additional flavor if you want it.

The chief concern is to be sure to use more oil than vinegar.

Not *too* much vinegar.

A safe proportion is three tablespoonfuls of Wesson Oil to one of vinegar or lemon juice.

Salt and pepper, and added flavor, according to taste.

There are many delightful flavors right at hand to vary the taste—paprika, mustard, any member of the onion family, ketchup, Worcestershire sauce, chili sauce—the herbs, tarragon, cress, chives—a slice of green pepper and a slice of onion chopped up together—

Experiment!



Continued from page 80

DANCERS IN THE DARK

regard for Grant. "It was nice of you to take this chance. You see," she continued as she led the way to the living-room, "you see, I have had no opportunity to thank you for anything."

"I hate to be thanked," he said quickly. "I want to tell you that I know you don't like me, and never have, and that this dropping in to-night is going to be positively my last appearance. To tell the truth—I wasn't passing here at all: I came out on purpose. I had to see you again—to see if you were really all right now— But now that I have —and you're looking better than I've ever seen you—I'm not going to bother you any more. I never had the right, which I now assume really does belong to some one."

"YOU mean—Grant? Oh, no." She brushed the subject aside. "I never disliked you, Jim; I just hadn't made room for you in my mind."

"You mean—that you have 'made room for me in your mind' now?"

"Why—yes. Probably because I think of you as a friend—who once was a friend indeed to me."

"There are very few girls whom I should care to have as friends. Most girls simply can't achieve the give-and-take of friendship. But I have always felt that you would be different."

"Don't put it all on the girl!" Joy laughed. "There are men with whom it is just as impossible to establish an—an uncolored atmosphere. I wonder why it is," she mused, "that sooner or later the blame always comes back to us."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you defend your sex. Girls so often think it's a good line to be witty about girls. Whenever I hear a girl say she doesn't like other girls, I look for something wrong in her."

"You're *always* lecturing!" she cried. "Ever since I first met you, you've lectured about something!"

He laughed. "But I *would* like you as a friend!"

"Then let's stop arguing about friendship between man and woman, and be it!"

After he had gone, she sang as if she had had no interruption. A little more than an hour and a half—had so short a time passed since she had seen Grant, and decided so much, and let so much go out of her life? She could not evoke even a shiver, nothing but a little impatient frown. Things had no right to get so dead, after having been so alive!

Lovely girl, that Félicie Durant, even if Jerry did call her a jellyfish. Her arguments were clear. To marry now, when she had four good years before her that marriage could not replace— Her voice hesitated on a measure. It sounded quite like her argument with Grant—three years and a half from her life at this time, which marriage could not replace.

"SAY, Joy, can't you practise your trilling with the door shut?"

Sarah and Joy had met in the kitchenette, about four-thirty in the afternoon. They both happened to strike the same time to search for "afternoon tea." Sarah was yawning about in a wrinkled kimono, her hair done up in curlers, her face pettishly gray. There was something positively undressed about Sarah's face at times like these.

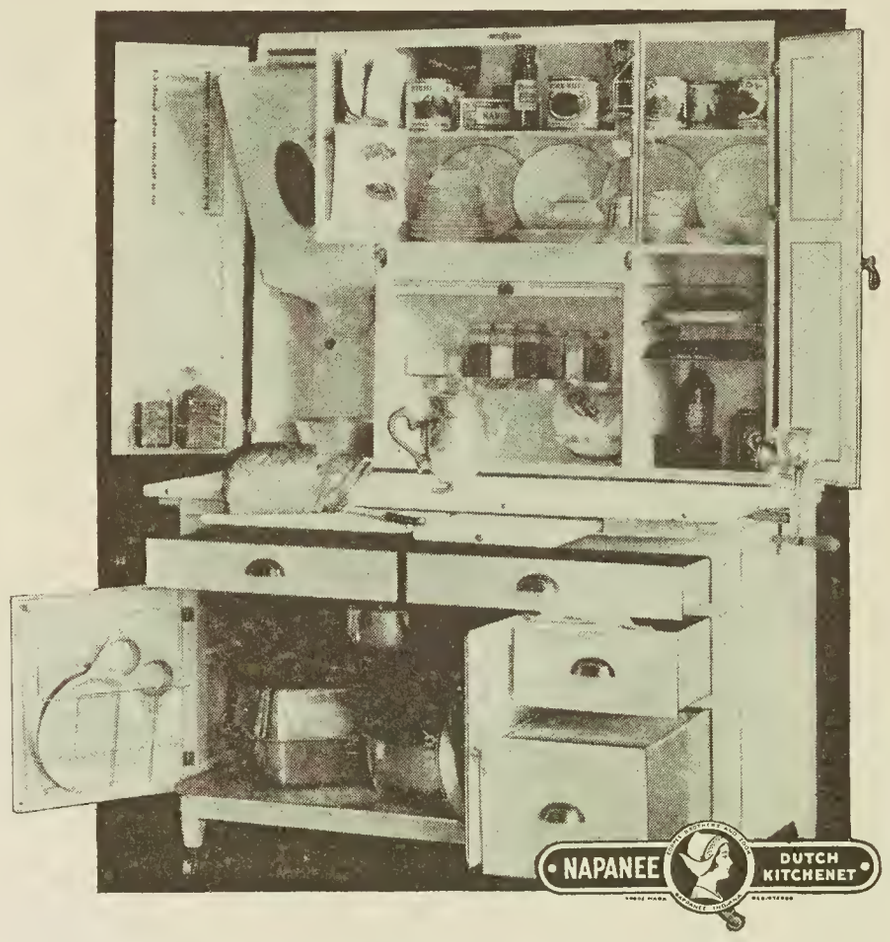
"I'm sorry," Joy said, and chewed a cold English muffin. "I usually close the door when I practise. Anyway, I didn't think any one was home."

"It certainly is nerve-racking to live in the

Continued on page 82

100 steps to make a cup of coffee!

Women do not know how many needless steps they take



Women are amazed to know that it takes 100 steps in the average kitchen to make a pot of coffee. But scientific investigation has proven that is the fact.

And yet the coffee can be prepared with only 15 steps.

This is one of the amazing facts established by the study of kitchen work made by leading Domestic Scientists and Mr. Harrington Emerson, the famous Efficiency Engineer.

They found by exhaustive experiments that 996 steps are taken to get a simple dinner in an average kitchen. That, in the American home, 2,113 steps are taken every day to get three simple meals. Thousands were spent on these studies. Steps were accurately counted with pedometers, and stop watches recorded the time.

They ended kitchen drudgery

Mr. Emerson's experiments are the most important ever made for housewives.

They proved conclusively that 1,592 of the daily steps in the average home are unnecessary.

He showed definitely the way to end the heavy toil that wears away the lives of countless women.

He accomplished these astounding savings with a Napanee Dutch Kitchenet. He proved that the same cooks who took 996 steps to get dinner without a Napanee could get the same meal in the same kitchen with only 262 steps when using a Napanee. They saved 734 steps on this meal alone.

This book tells

Mr. Emerson's experiments will show you simply and clearly how to make these amazing savings with a Napanee on every dish you prepare in your own kitchen. Everyone is reading it because it proves in a new way how easily you can end the strain and slavery of kitchen work and be free to enjoy yourself out of your kitchen. It brings you the help that science gives.

The Napanee is the highest form of scientific efficiency applied to the kitchen. It is not like other kitchen cabinets. Its newer, greater aids are the reasons for the amazing savings it brings you. Your dealer will show you these superiorities. Send, too, for the book and get all the facts about these astonishing kitchen economies.

Napanee Dutch Kitchenet

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Resinol Soap





Continued from page 81

DANCERS IN THE DARK

house with a singer," Sarah complained. "Of course, I know you have to practise and all that, Joy, but now that your voice has got so much bigger, it carries everywhere—simply everywhere!"

"Glad to hear it; that's what I'm after," snapped Joy, and bit into another discouraged muffin. "It's hard enough to work all the time, without being picked on for it. To hear you talk, you'd think I sang all day."

"Now you're getting cross. I suppose singers have to be temperamental, though." Receiving no response to this, Sarah twirled her infinitesimal braid and tried again: "It's funny to see you try to be so earnest. No girl with the looks you know you have can stand the strain of the student's life without weakening and breaking away once in a while. And you can't tell me that you and that Jim Dalton go to concerts every time you leave here."

"We never have got along well together, have we, Sarah? I think the best way for us is not to talk when we're around each other, unless we can't avoid it. I'm sure you feel the same way about me. So let's not—waste any energy."

Sarah, regarding her beneath incendiary brows, was just taking on energy. "It's true we've never got on together. It started the first day you came and put Packy away in your reticule. Packy was one of the best playmates I ever had—his hand and his pocketbook had well-oiled connections. And now through you he's queered himself, and will never blow around here again."

"I always felt Packy was at the bottom of it. But I don't care. I've done my next best to get along with you, but we can't work it, so let's not waste any more energy."

Joy walked out of the kitchenette, trembling. After a day of unmitigated work, her nerves were rigid and had given way at the first little jab. Little incidents like Sarah pricked; and when one was bending every part of one's self to work, one had to be perpectly frank about elbowing little incidents aside. So she justified herself, the remainder of that day. Sarah went out for the evening before Jerry had come back to the apartment, and did not come to tell Joy where she was going before she started, as had been the desultory custom. Joy was relieved. Then Sarah had accepted her suggestion. It would really be better for both of them.

THE next morning she was out before there were any signs of life in the apartment, and it was late afternoon when she finally returned. Jerry darted at her in the hall—a wild-looking Jerry.

"Joy—for God's sake—I thought you'd never come back. *Do you know where Sal is?*"

"Why, no, of course not. She hasn't been with me. What's the mat——"

"When did you see her last?"

"Why—yesterday afternoon."

"She didn't say where she was going?"

"No. I didn't see her when she went out. What——"

"You didn't even see her!" Jerry collapsed on the hall table, leaning against it with every sagging muscle. "When I got in this A. M., I looked in her room to see if she was in yet. She wasn't. It was pretty late, but I didn't think anything of it, and went to bed. When I woke up at nine-thirty, she wasn't there. Bed, room—everything just the same way it was last night. Her American Beauty evening-dress the only one of her clothes gone—I looked last night to see what she'd worn, and that was missing; and now—it still is. *Where is she?*"

The telephone shrieked and Jerry lifted the receiver. "Hello. Oh, hello, Davy. . . . She isn't here just now. . . . Oh, that's right, we *were* going to that dance tonight. Do you by any chance know who Sal went out with last night? . . . You do?" She wound the telephone cord around one finger and then watched it tighten as she pulled until the finger grew livid. "Oh! Will they be around at the dance to-night? . . . Oh! Oh, all right; only I haven't put on my gingham yet, so don't make the poor kid race all the way. See you later."

She slammed down the receiver and turned to Joy. "That was Davy—he and Wigs were taking us to that Tech dance to-night. He called up to say they were sending a freshman who has a car over to get us—they have to bone for some nine-o'clock exam to-morrow till the last minute. Come on in my room till I get into something!"

"But what—who—" stuttered Joy—"what did he tell you about——"

"He said he knew that Sal was going to the Toast and Jam last night—with Crawf Harris and Dum-Dum Barnes, because they had asked him to come along too, but he had theater tickets."

"And now what are you going to do?"

Jerry raked her hair smooth. "Do? Why, go to that dance and get those damn little rounders to tell me what went on—where they left Sal, and so on—and, believe me, there'll have to be some fluent explaining!"

"I don't understand." Joy moved about around the débris of the room, too nervous to sit down. "But I—I can't stay here, Jerry, while you—" She vanished from the room. When she returned some minutes later, she wore hat and coat. Jerry jerked an inquiring eyebrow. "What in——"

"Jerry—I know you can look after yourself, and do everything, and always have; but nevertheless there are times when a man is absolutely necessary—and I've telephoned Jim Dalton to come out here as quickly as possible."

JERRY nodded. "I'm glad you did. Wigs and Davy wouldn't be even up to zero on a proposition like this."

The two girls sat waiting in a silence broken only once or twice. "Of course—it may come to nothing." This from Jerry. "There must be all sorts of reasons——"

"Oh, there must be reasons! But—" Joy could not throw off the horror that was settling upon her. "But—where else would she be, and why? She has no other girl friends—oh, *Jerry!* Why, of course—there's Félicie Durant!"

"I called her up at noontime," Jerry droned. "She hadn't seen her for a week or so."

The bell rang finally.

It was Jim. Just the sight of him made Joy a little more calm. A few swift questions, more or less hysterical answers, and the story was before him. A moment, and Jerry found the generalship taken away from her; but Jim had not completed mapping out their line of action when the freshman arrived. The three of them sat in the back of the car whispering until the freshman hauled into place at the end of a moderately long line in a narrow Boston street. Then, and then only, did Jerry condescend to speak to him.

"Do you happen to be familiar with Dum-Dum Barnes and Crawf Harris?"

"Not too familiar," he replied cautiously. "They're seniors." Then, as they made no move to disembark: "Aren't you coming in?"

"That's as might be," Jerry drawled. "You can go in and see if Crawf and Dum-Dum are there. If they are, you can tell 'm to come out here P. D. Q.—if not, come out and tell *us* P. D. Q. As for Wigs and Davy—if they've got there yet, why, you can tell 'em I'm located here."

He went off, muttering "Gotcha," convinced that she thought he was a chauffeur. He returned five minutes later. "I—well, I can't locate Crawf and Dum-Dum," he said.

Continued on page 83



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Continued from page 82

DANCERS IN THE DARK

"They're seniors, you know; I don't know them very well. And every one's dancing in the dark in there, so I can't make anybody out. Wigs and Dave don't seem to have got here yet——"

"Then we'll come in—I can see in the dark better than any other way;" and one by one the three climbed from the car.

As they entered the hall, Joy caught her breath. Never before had she seen such a spectacle. Three wide rooms were given up to dancing—sole illumination the dim one that filtered from the hall into two of the rooms, and as for the third, it remained in blackness relieved only by ghostly dresses clasped to white shirt-fronts. It was like some hazy, voluptuous dream—feverish music—figures interlocked, moving in time to the throb, in the dripping black velvet of the dark. It was something one might have imagined in the days of Nebuchadnezzar.

"Barbaric," Joy murmured as she caught Jim's eye.

"NO—NOT barbaric," said Jim. "Barbarians are—more direct!"

He strode over to the orchestra and spoke to the boy at the piano. A few more bars, and the music stopped, the pianist tapping on the drum for quiet.

"I am asked to announce," he said shrilly, "that Mr. Barnes and Mr. Harris are wanted in the hall." The music took up its beat, and the dancers in the dark, who had barely stopped, began again.

As Jim came back to them, through another entrance charged two lads with question and not much else on their wide young faces. Jerry stepped forward, and they drew up with a start.

"This is them," said Jerry, with a jerk of her fan. "You two, this is Miss Nelson and Mr. Dalton. And we want to know right now where Sal Saunders is."

"Did—didn't she get back?" Crawf demanded, jaw hanging loosely. "You aren't stringing us, Jerry? Trying to get a rise?"

"Nix!" Jerry snarled. "Where did you leave her?"

Crawf looked at Dum-Dum. "Why—why—we—I— Haven't you heard a word from her? Don't you know where she is?"

"We do not," said Jim. "And you two, since you are the last known to be with her, are responsible."

Dum-Dum collapsed upon the stairway.

"I'll swear—I'll swear—if she's got into anything, it's her own fault." Crawf's sagged jaw did not close with this chivalrous utterance.

"Buzz on with the tale, you little gnat!" Jerry cried, threatening him with her fan.

"I—I—well, we went down to the Toast and Jam. And—and I suppose we did get pretty fuzzy. You know Sal—she never can hold it. We told her to cut down, but you know how much effect that has on her and pretty soon she was so blotto she was making eyes at a couple of old boys in the corner. Isn't that so, Dum-Dum?" Dum-Dum nodded. "The old boys got fresh and we were feeling good, so—well, I guess we got mixed up a little. Well, then we thought we'd come away, all of us, so we eased out. Got out to the car, and the old boys' car was next. Of course Dum-Dum couldn't start ours. Sal got sore right off—said we were doing it on purpose. The old boys stayed in their car and watched the fun. Dum-Dum got under the car, but that didn't do any good. Finally I got under, too. Dunno how long we were fooling around there—my pocket-lamp burnt out—but we heard Sal talking. Thought she was talking to us, so we didn't listen. Then all of a sudden we heard a self-starter buzzing, and Sal yelling

Continued on page 84



Miss Violet Heming, who posed for this study of her lovely hands, says: "Cutex provides a quick, easy and delightful way of keeping the nails in perfect condition."

Just wipe away the ugly dead cuticle—

NEVER use a manicure scissors on the cuticle. This is what causes hangnails, and that ragged, frowsy condition of the nail rims that makes any hand look ugly and unkept.

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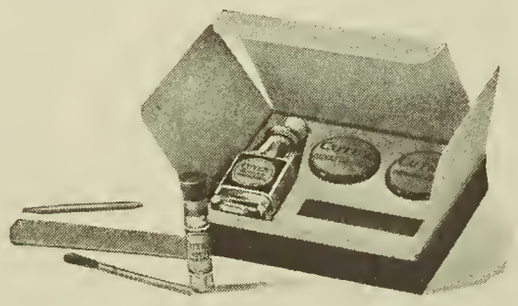
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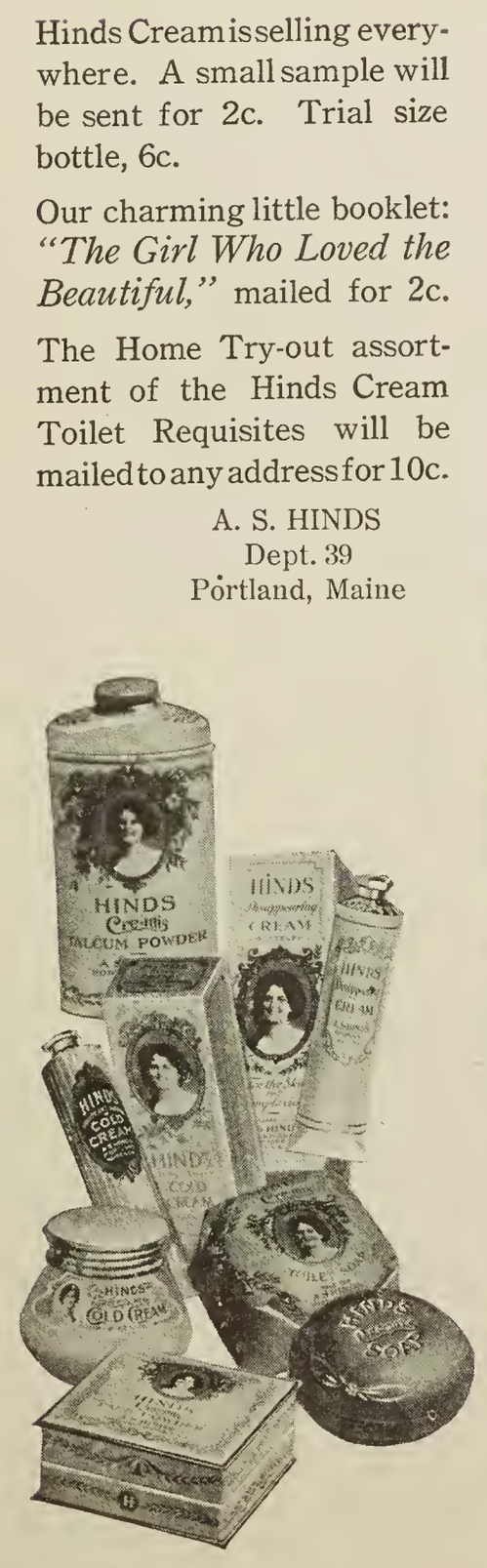
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Portland, Maine







Continued from page 83

DANCERS IN THE DARK

she'd never get back to town with us, so she was going with them. I rolled out from under and saw the tail lights of the old boys' car spinning away." He stopped and looked at them appealingly. "What could we do? We couldn't speed up and follow after. All we could do was sit around and cuss Sal—which we did, complete. Then we worked on the car some more till somehow Dum-Dum slipped a cog and fixed it."

"Let me get this straight," said Jim. "You take a girl down to a road-house, get her drunk, and then let her sail off with two strange men, making no other objection than cussing?"

"What else could we do? We couldn't get a taxi and follow them up—it was no free garage."

"And seeing her go off, you thought no more of the matter—didn't even call up today to see if she had reached home safely."

"I'll admit—it did occur to me to call up, but we've been so busy——"

"Busy dancing," Jerry supplemented.

"And, honestly, it never for a minute entered my head but what Sal would get back—she's a girl who takes darn good care of herself——"

"Fine times, these, if a man thinks a girl can take care of herself under such circumstances," said Jim.

"What did the old boys look like?" Jerry snapped.

"I—I swear I don't remember," said Dum-Dum. "They were about fifty—or maybe forty. Gray hair, or getting gray—that sort of stuff. One of 'em wore glasses, and one of 'em smoked rotten cigars."

Jim looked at them. "Have you two got your car here? Well, get your things and come along with us while we use it. We're going to the Toast and Jam—to see if the people there know anything more, or can remember better than you, about these two men. And on the way down you can try to call back a better description of them."

The two boys vanished.

"They're still dancing in the dark," said Joy monotonously. "Do they keep it that way all evening?"

"Oh, no." Jerry was weaving with her fan an accompaniment to the music, unconsciously swaying back and forth in rhythm as she did so. "They turn 'em on after a while. It gives you a new sensation."

That was it. Dancers in the dark—in search of a new sensation!

THE two boys sat in front, and the trio together in the back of the car as before. They veered away from the city outskirts, and started down the State road toward the South Shore.

The Toast and Jam proved to be a large, rambling white farmhouse, nestled against a hill, with a dense thicket of automobiles flanking the barn. Riotous music surged from the windows, and a man's loud voice singing.

A low-ceiled white hallway through which they looked to a long, cozily got-up dining-room, with tables thrust along the sides. There was a colored orchestra at one end, whose leader bawled out the words of the selection.

"Do you remember your waiter?" said Jim to Crawf, who slid into the dining-room. Jerry streaked after him, her fan waving in determination, and Jim followed, with a request that Dum-Dum stay with Joy.

They waited in a silence that grew so appalling that Joy finally said, in a tone as nearly ferocious as she could make it: "Do they call you Dum-Dum after the bullet, or because you're just plain *dumb?*" At his

Continued on page 85



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Continued from page 84

DANCERS IN THE DARK

amazement, she hurled on: "It must be because you're dumb—otherwise I don't understand—how you could have been so careless—of a nice girl!"

He opened his mouth, and closed it. His silence had suddenly changed color; and she read it as easily as if he had spoken. They were not so—careful—with Sarah as they might have been with "nice" girls. Jerry had diagnosed it—the key to their relationship with men was that the men acted as if they were among themselves. There had been just that careless oblivion, that utter lack of the protective instinct toward Sarah; and it was all so horribly perverted that she gave a little shiver.

JERRY came back, her face sagging white against the painted masks of the girls on the floor. Crawf followed with a defiant expression, and Jim came last.

"They don't remember a thing," said Jerry; "they're perfect nitwits, the whole nest of 'em. Every waiter spilled a different description—the head waiter doesn't even remember whether they were old or young!"

"It seems to be the custom here," said Jim, "to forget things like that."

"What can we do now?" Joy asked limply.

The five stood in an indecisive little group, looking at each other. It had not occurred to them that they would not be able to read the dark pages of this affair. The sensation of utter futility is new to youth, and momentarily stuns. Until they had followed up every avenue of investigation left them, they had evaded the horror that had been hovering ahead. Now there was room for all that awfulness. As they motored home they spoke in low tones, the situation becoming hopeless as they discussed it. Jim said the publicity of the police was not to be desired. Crawf and Dum-Dum, abject, said that of course they would finance investigation through a private detective agency. And Joy sat in the tentacles of a memory that added horror. *What were the last words she had ever said to Sarah?* A virtual request to keep out of her life, and she, Joy would do the same. If one only knew, when words were flying around, that those were the last that person would ever hear from one's mouth!

Joy and Jerry went to Sarah's room of one accord, then wandered aimlessly through the empty-seeming apartment before going to bed.

"She'll turn up," said Jerry; but her voice hung fire.

She did not turn up. Days thickened into weeks, with the detective bringing steady reports of investigation along a blank wall. He said: "A missing-girl proposition is almost hopeless, you know, when twelve thousand disappear every year."

"Twelve thousand a year—in this country?" she cried; and he nodded.

Sarah was gone, and her absence made no ripple in Joy's life. How could she feel her absence, having never really felt her presence—having even suggested that they ignore each other! But her going left Joy with a queer feeling of self-hatred. Sarah had been a lonely figure, a drifter with nothing upon which to cling, knowing no more than to keep her head above the rising tide. And Joy had faithfully imitated the performance of certain persons who, some nineteen hundred years ago, had "passed by on the other side."

Passing by on the other side was glossed over nowadays as: "It isn't any of my business." Was she passing Jerry by on the "other side" also? she wondered. The answer rose automatically to her throat: "It isn't any of my business."

Continued in the April DELINEATOR



A Loveliness that is American

YOUR PERFUME enfolds you as does your cloak and always about you is its fugitive loveliness. The fragrance you wear is an expression of yourself which you have made a part of you. This is true only if you have really *chosen* a favorite perfume—a single flower, or the mingling odors of a bouquet.

A way to find your choice in perfume was recently offered by the International Perfume Test.

Many women used to be prejudiced against American perfumes because of the foreign perfume tradition. They didn't know that a great American perfume house searches the world for the finest flower essences, rare spices, precious oils—to be blended into perfumes. They didn't know that the house of Colgate uses the same lovely floral essences—from southern France, from Far Eastern hillsides, from blossoming valleys all over the world—which the great foreign perfumers use. But the imported perfumes cost more—therefore, many women put them on a higher plane than American perfumes.

It took the International Perfume Test to overthrow this tradition. This is how it was done:

Two men, prominent in New York City, conducted the Test, with the assistance of 103 women acting as jurors. The two judges purchased three of the most popular imported perfumes and three Colgate perfumes—all in original unopened bottles. They poured the contents into six plain bottles, numbered from one to six, and kept a record by which they alone knew which number represented each perfume.

Each of the jury of 103 women chose her favorite from six slips of Perfumers Blotting Paper, scented from the numbered bottles under the supervision of the judges. Each indicated her first choice, her second, her third, etc. A careful record was kept of *all* selections.

The result, when perfumes were thus judged by preference alone, was most interesting. Many of the women had stated—*before* the Test—a decided preference for some foreign brand. Yet *in* the Test—Colgate's Florient (Flowers of the Orient) won first choice.

Many thousands of women have since made the Test and found how true was the perfume judgment of the impartial jury. You, also, can make it, and find in Florient a true expression of American loveliness.

COLGATE'S

Florient Perfume

Flowers of the Orient

The 103 women who made the International Perfume Test were chosen from among professional and business women, college women at Smith, Vassar, Wellesley and Bryn Mawr, distinguished women of the stage then playing in New York, women of prominence—all fastidious about their perfume.

For details of the Test and a miniature Test Set by which you yourself may compare the delightful Colgate perfumes with whatever you are using, send 2c in stamps to Colgate & Co., Dept. 53, 199 Fulton Street, New York City. If in Canada, address 137 McGill Street, Montreal. Offer good only in United States and Canada.



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How Long Will You Live?

Why Constipation May Shorten Your Life

OVER 750,000 people will die in the United States this year from preventable disease. Yet, experts in the extension of life hold that physical breakdown, disease, even old age and death, are all either preventable or postponable.

But to prevent or postpone them you must avoid constipation and resulting toxemia. "To no other single cause," writes a distinguished physician, "is it possible to attribute one-tenth as many various and widely diverse disorders."

Take diabetes for example. An eminent specialist whose observation has covered thousands of cases, states: "Constipation is nearly always found present in persons suffering from this malady. It will always be found that constipation existed before the appearance of sugar. The writer has no doubt that chronic constipation is one of the most prolific causes of the rapid increase of diabetes in all civilized communities. The statistics gathered by the United States Census Bureau show a death rate nearly ten times as great as twenty years ago." A serious condition in itself. But truly alarming when you realize that over three-fourths of all disease can be traced directly or indirectly to constipation.

How May Constipation Be Overcome?

How may its recurrence be prevented? Not by the use of laxatives or cathartics, for, writes an eminent authority, "An inestimable amount of injury is done by the use of these intestinal irritants, most of which provide temporary relief only at the expense of permanent injury."

Science has found a newer, better way; a means as simple as Nature itself.

Lubrication

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft. Thus it is easily eliminated. But when you are constipated this natural lubricant is not sufficient to keep it soft.

To find something to take the place of this natural lubricant, leading medical authorities have conducted exhaustive research. They have discovered that the gentle lubricating action of Nujol most closely resembles that of Nature's own lubricant. As Nujol is not a laxative, it cannot gripe. It is not a medicine in any sense of the word—and, like pure water, it is harmless.

These facts have led to its adoption in leading hospitals throughout the world for the treatment of constipation.

The lubricating action of Nujol has helped thousands of people to lengthen their days and wonderfully increase their capacity for usefulness, activity and enjoyment of life.

Test Nujol yourself. Buy a bottle from your druggist today.

MISTOL, *a new product, for Colds in head, Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and acute paroxysms of Asthma. Made by the makers of Nujol.*

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
For Constipation

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Mail coupon for booklet, "DANGERS OF CONSTIPATION"—How auto-intoxication undermines health and shortens life, to Nujol, Room 802C, Beaver Street, New York. (In Canada, Address Nujol, 22 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal.)

Name.....

Address.....

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THE FEUD

Steer, who after all prized his reputation in the parish, jerked the reins and pulled in to the hedge. And the schoolmistress, without more ado, led Bowden's mare past, foot by foot. The wheels scraped, both carts jolted slightly; the two farmers' faces, so close together, moved no muscle, but when the carts had drawn clear, each, as if by agreement, expectorated to his right. The schoolmistress loosed the head of Bowden's mare and said: "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, Mr. Bowden; you and Mr. Steer."

"How's that?" said Bowden.

"How's that indeed? Everybody knows the state of things between you. No good can come of it. In war-time, too, when we ought all to be united. Why can't you shake hands and be friends?"

Bowden laughed. "Shake 'ands with that chap? I'd suner shake 'ands with a dead pig. Let 'im get my son back out o' the army."

The schoolmistress looked up at him. "Ah! I hope you're going to look after that poor girl when her time comes," she said.

Bowden nodded. "Never fear! I'd suner my grandchild was hers than that niece of Steer's."

The schoolmistress was silent. "Well," she said at last, "it's an unchristian state of mind."

"Yu go to Steer, ma'am, an' see whether he'll be more Christianlike. He 'olds the plate out, Sundays."

This was precisely what the good lady did, more perhaps from curiosity than in proselytizing mood.

"WHAT!" said Steer, who was installing a beehive. "When that God-darned fellow put his son up to jilting my niece?"

"And you a Christian, Mr. Steer!"

"There's a limit to that, ma'am," said Steer dryly. "In my opinion, not even our Lord could have put up with that chap. Don't you waste your breath trying to persuade me."

"Dear me!" murmured the schoolmistress. "I don't know which of you is worse."

The only people, in fact, who did know were Steer and Bowden, whose convictions about each other increased as the Spring came in with song and leaf and sunshine, and there was no son to attend to the sowing and the calving, and no niece to make the best butter in the parish. Toward the end of May, on a "brave" day, when the wind was lively in the ash-trees and the buttercups bright gold, the girl Pansy had her hour; and on the following morning Bowden received this letter from his son:

DEAR FATHER:

They don't let us tell where we are, so all I can say is there's some crumps come over that stop at nothing, and you could bury a waggon where they hit. The grub is nothing to complain of. Hope you have done well with calves. The green there is within sight of here wouldn't keep a rabbit going half a day. The thing I wish to say is: If I have a son by—you know who—call it Edward, after you and me. It makes you think out here. She would like to hear, perhaps, that I will marry her if I come back, so as not to have it on my mind. There is some German prisoners in our section—big fellows, and proper swine with their machine guns, I can tell you. Hope you are well, as this leaves me. Has that swine Steer given over asking for his money? I would like to see the old farm again. Tell Gran'ma to keep warm. No more now from your loving son,

NED.

After standing for some minutes by the weighing-machine trying to make head or tail of his own sensations, Bowden took the letter up to the girl Pansy, lying beside her offspring in her narrow cabin of a room. In countrymen who never observe themselves, a letter or event which plows up fallow land of feeling, or blasts the rock of some prejudice, causes a prolonged mental stammer or hiatus. So Ned wanted to marry the girl if he came home! The Bowdens were an old family, the girl cross-bred. It wasn't fitting! And the news that Ned had it on his mind brought home to Bowden, as never before, the danger his son was in. With profound instinct he knew that compunction did not seriously visit those who felt life sure and strong within them; so that there was a kind of superstition in the way he took the letter up to the girl. After all, the child was as much bone of Ned's bone and of his own as if the girl had been married in church—a boy, too. He gave it to her with the words: "Here's a present for yu and Edward the seventh."

The village widow, accustomed to attend these simple cases, stepped outside; and while the girl was reading, Bowden sat down on the low seat beneath the little window. The ceiling just touched his head, so that he did not care to remain standing. Her coarse nightgown fell back from her strong arms and neck, her hair showed black and lusterless on the coarse pillow; he could not see her face for the letter, but he heard her sigh. Somehow he felt sorry.

"Shid ought to du yu good," he said.

Dropping the letter, so that her eyes met his, the girl spoke: "Tisn' nothin' to me; Ned don't care for me no more."

Something inexpressibly cheerless in the tone of her voice and uncannily searching in her dark gaze disturbed Bowden.

"Cheer up!" he murmured; "yu've got a monstrous baby there, all to yureself." Going up to the bed, he clucked his tongue and held his finger out to the baby. He did it softly and with a sort of native aptitude. "He'm a proper little man." Then he took up the letter, for there "wasn't," he felt, "no yuse in leavin' it there against Ned if an' in case he should change his mind when he came safe 'ome." But, as he went out, he saw the girl Pansy put the baby to her breast, and again he felt that disturbance, as of pity. With a nod to the village widow, who was sitting on an empty grocery box reading an old paper by the light coming through half a skylight, Bowden descended the twisting stairs to the kitchen. His mother was seated where the sunlight fell, her bright little dark eyes moving among their mass of wrinkles. Bowden stood a moment watching her.

"Well, Granny," he said, "yu'm a great-granny now."

THE old lady nodded, mumbled her lips a little in a smile, and rubbed one hand on the other. Bowden experienced a shock. "There ain't no sense in et," he muttered to himself, without knowing too well what he meant.

Bowden did not attend when, three weeks later, the baby was christened Edward Bowden. He spent the June morning in his cart, with a bull-calf, taking it to market. The cart did not run well, because the weight of the calf made it jerk and dip. Besides, though used to it all his life, he had never become quite case-hardened to separating calves from their mothers. Bowden had a queer feeling for cattle, more feeling, indeed, than he had for human beings. He always sat sulky when there was a little red beast tied up and swaying there behind him. Somehow he felt for it, as if in some previous existence he might himself have been a red bull-calf.

Passing through a village some one called: "'Eard the nus? They beat the Germans up proper yest'day mornin'."

Bowden nodded. News from the war was now nothing but a reminder of how that fellow Steer had deprived him of Ned's help and company. The war would be over some day, he supposed, but they didn't seem to get on with it, gaining ground one day and losing it the next, and all the time passing this law and that law interfering with the land. Didn't they know the land couldn't be interfered with—the cuckoos? Steer, of course, was all part of this interference with the land—the fellow grew wheat where anybody could have told him it couldn't be

Continued on page 87

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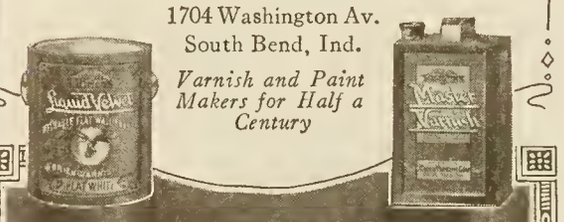
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MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
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Continued from page 86



THE FEUD

grown! The day was hot, the road dusty, and that chap Steer hanging about the market like the colley he was—so that Bowden imbibed freely at The Drake before making a start for home.

When he entered his kitchen, the newly christened baby was lying in a grocery box, padded with a pillow and shawl, just out of the sunlight in which old Mrs. Bowden sat moving her hands as if weaving a spell. Bowden's sheep-dog had lodged its nose on the edge of the box and was sniffing as if to ascertain the difference in the baby. In the background the girl Pansy moved on her varying business; she looked strong again, but pale still, and "daverdy," Bowden thought. He stood beside the box contemplating the "monstrous" baby. It wasn't like Ned, nor anything, so far as he could see. It opened its large gray eyes while he stood there. That colley Steer would never have a grandchild, not even one born like this! The thought pleased him. He clucked to the baby with his tongue, and his sheep-dog jealously thrust its head with mass of brushed-back snowy hair under his hand.

"Hullo!" said Bowden, "what's matter wi' yu?"

HE WENT out presently, in the slanting sunlight, to look at some beasts he had on the rough ground below his fields, and the dog followed. Among the young bracken and the furze, not yet in bloom again, he sat down on a stone. The afternoon was glorious beyond all words, now that the sun was low, and its glamour had motion, as it were, and flight across the ash-trees, the hawthorn and the fern. One may-tree close beside him was still freakishly in delicate flower, with a sweet and heavy scent; in the hedge the round cream-colored heads of the elder-flower flashed, flat against the glistening air, while the rowans up the gully had passed already from blossom to brown unrounded berries.

There was all the magic of transition from season to season, even in the song of the cuckoo, which flitted arrow-like to a thorn-tree up the rocky dingle and started a shrill calling. Bowden counted his beasts and marked the fine sheen on their red coats. He was drowsy from his hot day, from the cider he had drunk, and from the hum of the flies in the fern. Unconsciously he enjoyed a deep and sensuous peace of warmth and beauty. Ned had said there was no green out there! It was unimaginable! No green—not the keep of a rabbit; not a curling young caterpillar-frond of fern; no green tree for a bird to light on! And Steer had sent him out there! Through his drowsiness that thought came flapping its black wings. Steer! Who had no son to fight, who was making money hand over fist. It seemed to Bowden that a malevolent fortune protected that stingy chap, who couldn't even take his glass.

There were little blue flowers, speedwell and milkwort, growing plentifully in the rough grass around; Bowden noted, perhaps for the first time, that small natural luxury of which Steer had deprived his son by sending him to where no grass grew.

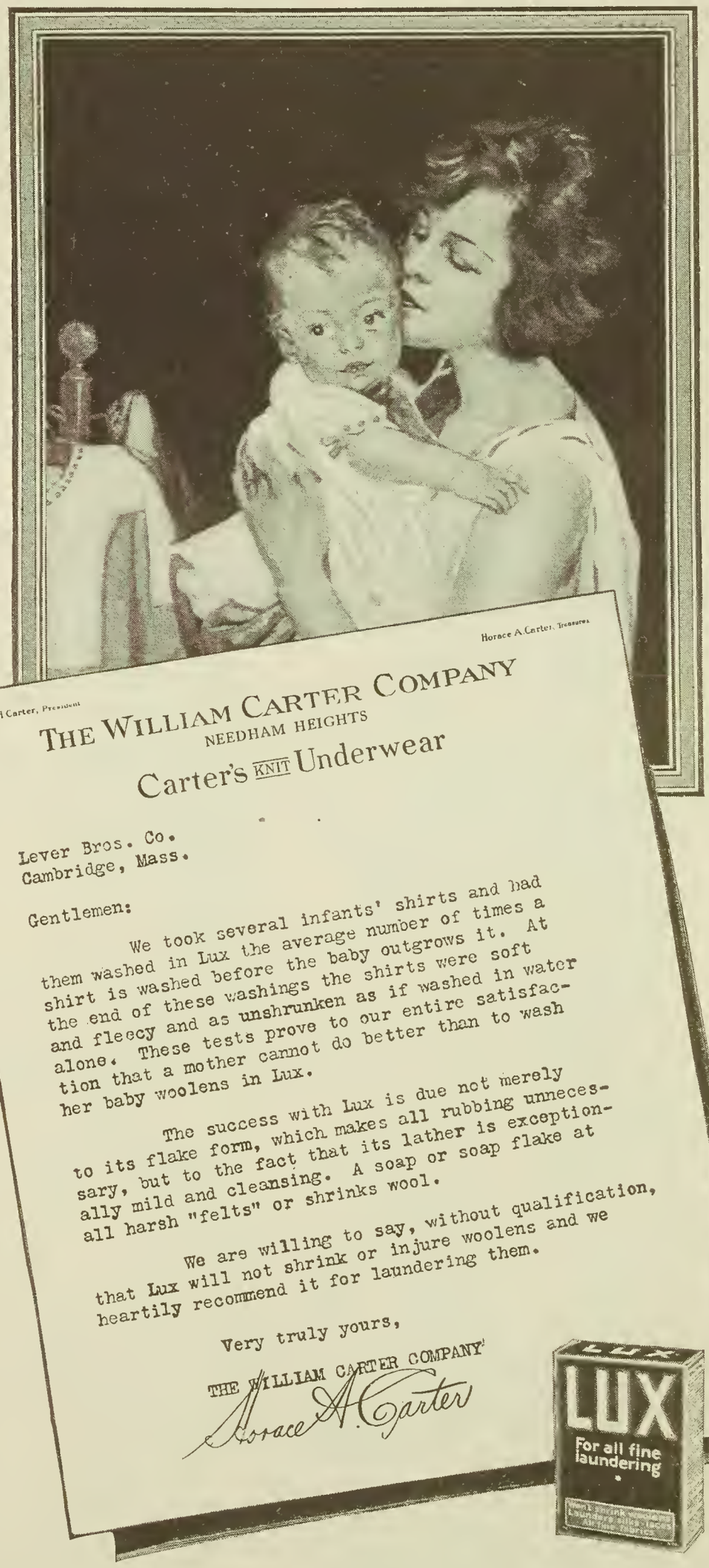
He rose at length, retracing his slow-lifted tread up the lane, deep-soiled with the dried dung of his cows, where innumerable gnats danced level with the elder-blossom and the ash leaves. As he entered the yard, the village postman was leaving it. The man stopped in the doorway and turned his red face, white head, and dark eyes blinking in the level sunlight. "There's a talegram for yu, Mist' Bowden," he said, and vanished.

"What's that?" said Bowden dully, and passed in under the porch.

The "talegram" lay unopened on the kitchen table, and Bowden stared at it. Very few such missives had come his way, perhaps not half a dozen in his fifty-odd

Continued on page 88

Washing tests made by leading woolen manufacturer show safest way to wash woolens



THE manufacturer is as much interested as the wearer in finding the safe way to wash woolens. Wool is more sensitive than any other fabric and requires more careful laundering. For this reason the makers of Carter's underwear had laundering tests made. Their letter tells why, as a result of these tests, they enthusiastically recommend Lux.

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in the

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In this new story, "This Freedom," he far surpasses his previous successes. The theme has been a life-long interest with him. Vigorously, boldly he attacks problems with which all parents must deal. "And then God gave them dear little children of their own to live with them" said *Rosalie's* mother. And the point of interest rests here, that *Rosalie's* mother also believed that this explanation completely satisfied *Anna* at sixteen and *Harold* in the bank at eighteen—and that God, at the right time, in some mysterious way communicated the matter to them in greater detail.

On March 10th the April DELINEATOR with the first instalment will be on sale. It will be advisable to make sure of your copy as early as possible, as the April edition will, undoubtedly, be quickly exhausted.

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Continued from page 87

THE FEUD

years. He took it up, handling it rather as he might have handled a fowl that would peck, and broke it open with his thumb.

Greatly regret inform you your son killed in action on seventh instant. War Office.

He read it through again and again before he sat down heavily, dropping it on the table. His round solid face looked still and blind, its mouth just a little open. The girl Pansy came up and stood beside him.

"Here," he said, "read that." The girl read it, and put her hands up to her ears. "That idn' no yuse," he said, with surprising quickness. The girl's pale face crimsoned; she uttered a little wail and ran from the room.

In the whitewashed kitchen the only moving things were the clock's swinging pendulum and old Mrs. Bowden's restless eyes, close to the geranium on the window-sill, where the last of the sunlight fell before passing behind the house. Minute after minute ticked away before Bowden made a movement—his head bowed, his shoulders rounded, his knees apart. Then he got up.

"God forever darn the blasted colley," he said slowly, gathering up the telegram. "Where's my stick?"

Lurching blindly, he walked round the room, watched by the old woman's little dark bright eyes, and went out. He went at his unvaried gait on the path toward Steer's, slowly climbing the two stiles, and emerging from the field into Steer's farmyard.

"Master in?" he said to the boy who stood by a cow-byre.

"No."

"Where is 'e, then?"

"Not 'ome from market yet."

"Oh! he idden, idden he?"

AND Bowden turned up into the lane. There was a dull buzzing in his ears, but his nostrils moved, savoring the evening scents, of grass, of cow-dung, dried earth and hedge-row weeds. His nose was alive, the rest within him all knotted into a sort of bitter tangle round his heart. The blood beat in his temples, and he dwelled heavily on foot and foot. Along this road Steer must come in his cart—God forever darn him!

Beyond his own top pasture he reached the inn abutting on the road. From the bench in there under the window he could see any one who passed. The innkeeper and two laborers were all the company as yet. Bowden took his usual mug and sat down on the window-seat. He did not speak of his loss, and they did not seem to know of it. He just sat with his eyes on the road. Now and then he responded to some question, now and then got up and had his mug refilled. Some one came in; he noted the lowering of voices. They were looking at him. They knew. But he sat on silent till the inn closed. It was still daylight when he lurched back up the road toward home, intent on not missing Steer.

The sun had gone down; it was very still. He leaned against the wicket gate of his top field. Nobody passed. Twilight crept up. The moon rose. An owl began hooting. Behind him in the field from a group of beech-trees the shadows stole out ever so faint in the flowery grass and darkened slowly as the moonlight brightened.

Bowden leaned his weight against the wood—one knee crooked and then the other—in dogged stupefaction. He had begun imagining things, but not very much. No grass, no trees, where his son had been killed; no birds, no animals; what could it be like—all mucky gray in the moonlight—and Ned's face all gray! So he would never see Ned's face any more! That colley Steer—that colley Steer! His dead son would never see and hear and smell his home again. Vicarious homesickness for this native soil

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Concluded from page 88

THE FEUD

and scent and sound—this nest of his fathers from time beyond measuring—swept over Bowden. He thought of the old time when his wife was alive and Ned was born. His wife—why, she had brought him six, and of the lot he had only "saved" Ned, and he was a twin. He remembered how he had told the doctor that he wasn't to worry about the "maiden" so long as he saved the boy. He had wanted the boy to come after him here; and now he was dead!

That colley Steer! He heard the sound of wheels—a long way off, but coming steadily. Gripping his stick, he stood up straight, staring down the road all barred with moonlight and the dusk. Closer came the rumble, the clop-clop of hoofs, till the shape of horse and cart came out of darkness into a bright patch. Steer's right enough! Bowden opened his wicket gate and waited. The cart came slowly; Bowden saw that the mare was lame, and Steer was leading her. He lurched a yard out from the gate.

" 'Ere," he said, "I want to speak to yu. Come in 'ere!"

The moonlight fell on Steer's thin bearded face. "What's that?" he answered.

Bowden turned toward the gate. "Hitch the mare up; I want to settle my account."

He saw Steer stand quite still as if debating, then pass the reins over the gate. His voice came sharp and firm: "Have you got that money, then?"

"Ah!" said Bowden, and drew back under the trees. He saw Steer coming cautiously—the colley—with a stick in his hand. He raised his own.

"That's for Ned," he said, and struck with all his might.

THE blow fell short a little; Steer staggered back, raising his stick. He struck again, the sticks clashed, and, dropping his own, Bowden lurched at his enemy's throat. He had twice Steer's strength and bulk; half his lean quickness and sobriety. They swayed between the beech trunks, now in shadow, now in moonlight which made their faces livid and showed the expression in their eyes, of men out to kill. They struggled chest against chest, striving to throw each other, with short hard gruntings. They reeled against a trunk, staggered and unclinched, and stood, breathing hard, glaring at each other. All those months of hatred looked out of their eyes, and their hands twitched convulsively.

Suddenly Steer went on his knees and gripping Bowden's legs, strained at them till the heavy unsteady bulk pitched forward and fell over Steer's back with stunning weight. They rolled on the grass then, all mixed up, till they came apart, and sat facing each other, dazed—Bowden from the drink shaken up within him, Steer from the weight which had pitched upon his spine. They sat as if each knew there was no hurry and they were there to finish this; watching each other, bent a little forward, their legs stuck out in the moonlight, their mouths open, breathing in gasps, ridiculous to each other!

And suddenly the church bell began to toll. Its measured sound at first reached only the surface of Bowden's muddled brain, dully devising the next attack; then slid into the chambers of his consciousness. Tolling? Tolling! For whom? His hands fell by his sides. Impulse and inhibition, action and superstition, revenge and mourning gripped each other and rolled about within him. A long minute passed. The bell tolled on. A whinny came from Steer's lame mare.

Bowden staggered up, turned his back on his enemy, and, lurching in the moonlight, walked down the field for home. The clover among the wild grasses smelled sweet; he heard the sound of wheels—Steer had started again! Let him go! 'Twasn't no use—'twouldn' bring Ned back! He reached the yard door and stood leaning against it. Cold streaming moonlight filled the air, covered the fields; the pollarded aspens shivered above him; on the low rock wall the striped roses were all strangely colored; and a moth went by, brushing his cheek

Bowden lowered his head, as if butting at the beauty of the night. The bell had ceased to toll—no sound now but the shiver of the aspens and the murmur of a stream! 'Twas monstrous peaceful—surely! And in Bowden something went out. He had not the heart to hate.

THE END



They Have Found

A better way to clean teeth

Dental science has found a better way to clean teeth. Modern authorities approve it. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. Millions of people already employ it.

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You feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The tooth brush, used in old ways, does not end it. So nearly everyone has suffered from some film attack.

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Continued from page 15

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

tions of the wounded in the hospitals I could gain information of the special needs of the region. Back in Paris, I would get the necessary equipment to meet these needs, and return to install it myself; for very often the people on the ground could not do it. I had then to find competent persons to handle the apparatus and show them how to do it.

On several of my trips I was accompanied by my older daughter Irene, who was then seventeen years old, and, having finished her preparatory studies, was just beginning her work at the Sorbonne. Because she greatly desired to be useful, she now studied nursing and learned radiology, and did her best to help me afterward under the most varied circumstances. She did ambulance work at the front between Furnes and Ypres, and also at Amiens, receiving a number of testimonials of work satisfactorily performed, and, at the end of the war, a medal.

Of the hospital life of those years we keep many a remembrance, my daughter and I. Traveling conditions were extraordinarily difficult; often we were not sure of being able to press forward, to say nothing of the uncertainty of finding lodgings and food.

Many a time I loaded my apparatus on the train myself, with the help of the employees, to make sure that it would go forward instead of remaining behind several days at the station. And on their arrival I also went to extract them from the encumbered station.

Since chauffeurs were scarce, I learned to drive a car. This personal supervision insured my installations being made without delay, whereas appeals to the Health Service were answered slowly.

ONE could not but admire the doctors and nurses who were giving their services without stint, and whose task was often overwhelming. My daughter and I tried to work in their spirit and we felt that we were standing side by side with friends.

While we were attached to the Belgian Ambulance Service, we were present several times during visits of King Albert and Queen Elizabeth. We appreciated deeply their devotion, their solicitude for the wounded, their extreme simplicity, and the cordiality of their reception.

The practise of radiology in war-time does not require much medical knowledge and can be sufficiently grasped by intelligent persons who know how to study and who have a little knowledge of electrical installation. Professors, engineers, and university students often made good manipulators. I had to look for those who were temporarily free from military service, or who happened to be stationed in the locality where I needed them. But after I had secured them, these operators were often transferred by military orders, and I would have to search for others to fill their places. For this reason I determined to train women to do this work.

Accordingly, I proposed to the Health Service that they add a department of radiology to the Nurses' School, which had just been founded at the Edith Cavell Hospital. This they agreed to do.

In 1916 I organized at the Radium Institute a course that provided for the training of one hundred and fifty operators. Most of the pupils who applied had had only an elementary education.

My continued and varied experience in war radiology gave me a wide knowledge of that subject, which I felt should be made more familiar to the public; so I wrote a small book called "Radiology and the War," in which I aimed to demonstrate the vital importance of radiology and to compare its development during war-time with its use in peace-time.

I come now to the founding of the service of radium-therapy at the Radium Institute.

In 1915 the radium that had been safely deposited in Bordeaux was brought back to Paris, and, not being able to use it for scientific research, I decided to use it to cure the wounded. Without, however, risking the loss of this precious material, I proceeded to place at the disposal of the Health Service not the radium itself, but the emanations that are obtained from it at regular intervals.

My offer to furnish regularly to the Health Service bulbs of radium emanation was eagerly accepted, and the Emanation Service, started in 1916, was continued until after the end of the war.

Having no assistants, I had, for a long time, to prepare these emanation-bulbs alone. Numbers of wounded and sick, military and civil, were treated by means of these bulbs.

During the bombardment of Paris the Health Service took special measures to protect from shells the laboratory in which they were prepared.

AFTER the failure of the German offensive in the Summer of 1918, at the request of the Italian Government, I went to Italy to study the question of her natural resources in radioactive materials. While this remained my major interest, I had many other preoccupations during the war. It was in 1915, for example, that I moved my laboratory to the new building in the Rue Pierre Curie.

I had nobody to move my things, no money, and it was only between journeys that I was able, little by little, to move my laboratory equipment with the aid of my radiological cars.

Besides having the help of my mechanic, who was unfortunately often ill, I was aided especially by my daughter Irene.

In spite of the great difficulties, the new laboratory was organized little by little, and I had the satisfaction of realizing a complete installation, ready for the beginning of the school year 1919-20, the period of the demobilization.

In the spring of 1919 I organized special courses for American soldier students, who also studied with much zeal the practical work directed by my daughter Irene, who acted as my preparator.

THE entire period of the war was for me, as for many others, a period of great fatigue. I took no vacation, except for a few days now and then, when I went to see my daughters, the younger of whom was still in the preparatory college. Neither of them wished to leave Paris during the bombardment.

It was a great relief to France to see the end of that dark period of cruel losses. But the griefs are too recent and life still too hard for calm and happiness yet to be restored.

Nevertheless, a great joy came to me as a consequence of the victory obtained by the sacrifice of so many human lives. I had lived to see the reparation of more than a century of injustice that had been done to Poland, my native country, and that had kept her in slavery, her territories and people divided among her enemies.

It has been a deserved resurrection for the Polish nation, which has shown herself faithful to her national memories during a long period of oppression, almost without hope. The dream that appeared so difficult to realize, although so dear, became a reality following the storm that swept over Europe. But how difficult are the conditions of life of the new Polish republic, and how complicated is the problem of reorganization after so many years of abnormal life!

In France, partly devastated and suffering from the loss of so many of her citizens, the difficulties created by the war are not yet effaced, and the return to normal work is being attained only gradually. The scientific

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Winter winds robbed of their sting!

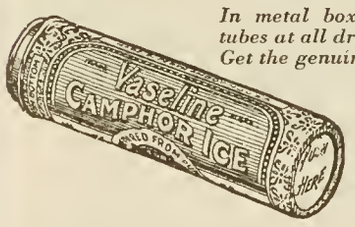
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Concluded from page 90

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

laboratories feel this state of affairs, and the same condition prevails for the Radium Institute.

The various radiologic organizations created during the war still partially subsist.

The Emanation Service, which could not be abandoned, is also continued. It has passed under the direction of Dr. Régaud, an eminent specialist and director of the Pasteur Laboratory of the Radium Institute.

The work of the laboratory has been reorganized with the return of the mobilized personnel and the students. But, in the difficult circumstances under which the country still exists, the laboratory lacks ways and means for its full development. I myself am no longer young, and I constantly ask myself whether I shall succeed in building up for those who will come after me, an Institute of Radium such as I wish it to be for the sake of the memory of Pierre Curie and the highest interests of science.

My husband always refused to draw from our discovery any material profit, and I have followed his plan. We published from the beginning, without reticence, the process that we used to prepare the radium. We took out no patents and we did not reserve any advantage in any industrial exploitation.

No detail was kept secret, and it is due to the information that we gave in our publications that the industry of radium has been rapidly developed. Up to the present time this industry uses hardly any methods except those we established.

SEVERAL manufactories of radium exist in the world. The first were founded in France, but the greatest are now in America, where there are available important quantities of an ore of radium named *carnotite*.

The price of radium is very high, since this substance is found in the minerals in a very small quantity. Before the war it was worth about 750,000 francs ($37,500) a gram. But the price was greatly increased, and the profits on the manufacture of radium have become very important, since this substance is the object of a very active demand on the part of doctors, who now use it in the cure of a number of diseases. Important results have been obtained, in particular, in the treatment of cancer. Institutes have been formed for the application of the new method of treatment called radium-therapy or curi-therapy.

So it is a fortune that we have sacrificed in renouncing the exploitation of our discovery—a fortune that could, after us, have gone to our children. Many times I have had to defend our conception to friends who have argued, not without reason, that if we had guaranteed our rights we could have had the financial means of founding the cherished Institute of Radium.

Yet I still believe to-day that we have done right.

Humanity, surely, needs practical men who make the best of their work for the sake of their own interests without necessarily forgetting the general interest.

But it also needs dreamers for whom the following of a purpose disinterestedly is so imperative that it becomes impossible for them to devote an important part of their attention to their material interest.

It may be said that these idealists do not deserve riches because they do not desire them.

But a society well organized could assure what is for them an essential need: the means of sufficient work in a life from which could be excluded the material cares, so that this life could be freely devoted to the service of scientific research.

THE END

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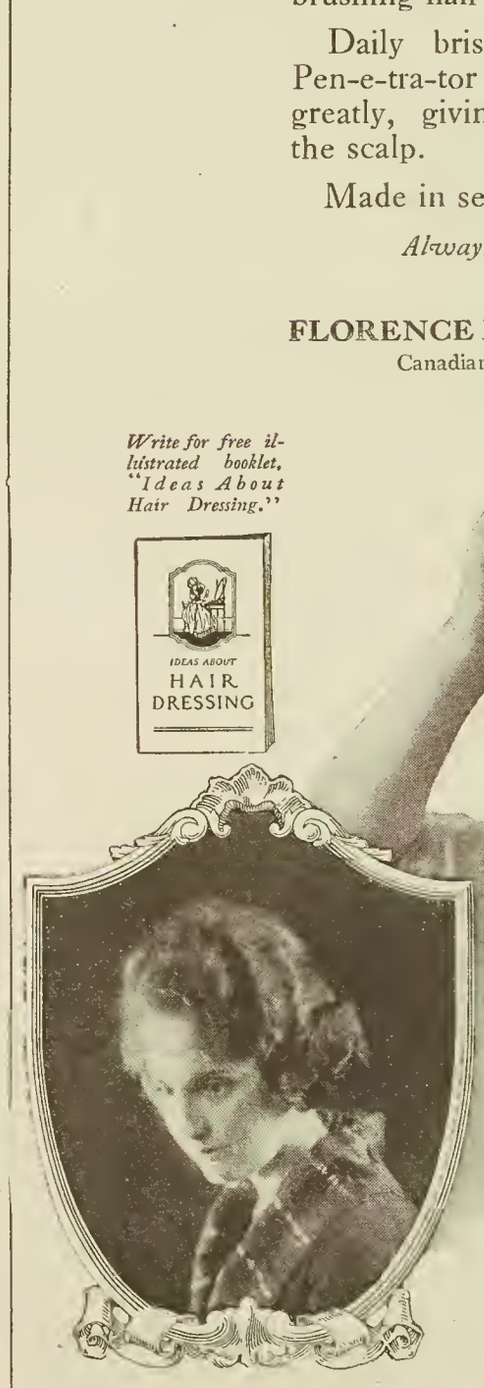
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Concluded from page 16

THE SHELL *of* JULES DUVET

On the fourth day after Monsieur Romort's visit, the little shop received a collection of Egyptian ornaments. Jules unpacked it with loving hands and gloated for an hour. Here were just such pieces as the girl liked.

Jules went back to the office, where the proprietor was muttering over his invoices. "Monsieur Briard," he said, "there must be a floor and background of rich brown velvet to do justice to this display."

Monsieur Briard flung aloft his hands at this. "*Sacré tonnére*," he shouted, "what new extravagance will you not think of? Is not the window good enough as it is?"

Jules, however, was insistent. And when he had spent two hours draping the velvet and arranging and rearranging the collection with peculiar care, even the disgruntled proprietor was softened into compliment. "It is not bad, Duvet," he said cautiously. "Keep this up, and I think—I *think* I can promise you——"

Jules carried an unusual zest with him to dinner that night. Mademoiselle Beugnot could scarcely eat for laughing at his remarks. To-night, for the first time, the studious Jules understood the unusual blond quality of the girl's hair. "It is Egyptian gold," he said in a low tone. "Fine, dull Egyptian gold with high lights that break one's heart."

"Ah, but you do not mean that," returned Mademoiselle Beugnot quickly, without smiling. She turned her glance full upon him. Her eyes were blue, "sapphire blue," thought Jules. Then he looked down at his plate and said no more. He remembered the pleasure he had prepared for the brown vision on the morrow, and sighed ecstatically. Could there ever be any color to compare with brown!

He had scarcely taken up his stand within the shop door next morning when the vision, more ravishingly brown than ever, appeared. As she looked expectantly into the window, Jule's heart almost stopped. But what! She was frowning. She moved her lips as if in angry exclamation. Disappointment and unbelief impelled Jules to the sidewalk before he realized what he was about. "What, you do not like it?" he cried incredulously.

The vision turned upon him. "So it is you," she cried shrilly, "who clutters up the window with second-hand furniture! That is bad enough, *gros bête*, but now you must cover the mirrors! *Mon Dieu*, is one never to arrange one's hat?"

Jules stood staring after her for the space of two minutes. Then he shrugged his shoulders. "Such a voice," he said, and turned back to the shop. As he did so, he caught the full effect of the Egyptian window in the bright morning sunshine. For an instant he gazed at the display as if transfixed. "*Mon Dieu*," he said softly, "it is wonderful. Can it be— But yes; to-night I will write to Monsieur Romort. He is a remarkable man, and always right. I am an artist."

On his way to the *pension* that evening Jules Duvet stepped into the *mercier's* at the corner. "I want a cravat," he said, "a blue cravat of the shade of sapphires."

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WHEN HOUSEWORK BECAME HOUSEPLAY

In the rooms occupied by the family are many original devices for the promotion of orderliness. In her own dressing-room Mrs. McKelvie has a hat-box that she made herself. It is about the size of a trunk and is covered with chintz. The lining is the same blue-and-white chintz, and on the walls of the box are several bulging cushions, the right size to fit into the crown of a hat, which is held by a thrust of the hatpin through the cushion.

In Governor McKelvie's dressing-room is a high chest of drawers, each one bearing a label to denote its contents. The top one is marked "Neckties," the next "Handkerchiefs," the next "Collars," another "Shirts," another "Pajamas." Even a Governor ought to be able to find his own wearing apparel under such conditions.

As for the laundry, Mrs. McKelvie sends out the flat and starched things, but she washes her own daintier belongings.

She goes over the house once each week with the vacuum cleaner, unless there has been company and the floors need attention oftener. Her idea of home-making is not the high polish that daily cleaning produces, nor does she believe those model housekeepers who go in for "more dusting and less living" are always the best home-makers.

Folded on the foot of the bed in the "wild-rose" guest-room is a quilt made by a great-aunt more than sixty years ago, when calico was fifty cents a yard. Although it never has been washed, its white lining is clean, bearing out Mrs. McKelvie's ideal of tidiness.

Mrs. McKelvie's own skill with the needle is illustrated by the fine stitches in the wild-rose pattern of the bedspread and the morning-glory design on another spread.

As soon as her usual morning tasks are finished, the governor's lady mounts the stairs to her own sanctum, where a dozen or more letters daily must be answered on the typewriter, which is kept at rather high speed the rest of the morning. There is a telephone extension beside it, and she has more than a score of phone calls a day. Perhaps she works a little on the manuscript for a book or a magazine article. She worked a year as motion-picture editor of a daily paper three years ago to prepare herself for practical writing on a subject she believes is of growing importance.

She says she never plays politics, but that she does go out now and then to talk to groups of women on some subject she thinks needs their attention. One of these was a child-labor law which some one was trying to have enacted in Nebraska. The law would have made it illegal for any child to be employed under the age of seventeen.

"Any child forced to remain idle until the age of seventeen," says Mrs. McKelvie, "is certain to get into mischief. I also talked against a cat-killing ordinance in Lincoln. I love all animals, and I do not see why we should take it upon ourselves to exterminate them."

One labor of love, performed almost daily, is the task of clipping newspaper material for the scrap-books the Governor's wife has dedicated to her husband's future fame. He has come rather a long way for a man barely forty, and his wife is proud of the fact that he helped himself through college by washing dishes and waiting on table, and that he attended night school to become proficient in parliamentary law after he was elected Lieutenant-Governor.

How much Martha Groves McKelvie, direct descendant of Alexander Hamilton, has had to do with her husband's success in life, few would dare to say.



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Continued from page 5

NO CHILD IS REALLY BAD

children out of account—largely; and as human affairs can not carry forward without taking the children into account—largely—there are frequent collisions, to the irritation of the elders and the confusion of the youngsters.

Helen was very popular with her schoolmates, and when one day a group of them walked home with her she invited them in.

"Come right in, girls. Lay your things on the hall table. Mother is not in; she had to go to a meeting this afternoon. Please be comfortable until I get you a bite." And she ran into the pantry and brought out cake and pickles and spread them before her guests.

"I'D love to have a drink of water," said Maybelle.

"To be sure. How thoughtless of me! Perhaps you would drink a glass of wine? We make it ourselves and think it delicious," —in her mother's very best manner.

The guests ate their cake, drank the tiny glasses of wine, and went home delighted with their visit and told about it. One good lady was shocked.

"Don't have anything to do with that bold, brazen child. The idea! Serving wine. You might all have been made drunk. Imagine that! Never speak to her again."

And, some way or other the story floated about, as stories do, and a generous, charming, mistaken child was made to suffer keenly. She was "bad" because she had collided with a code she knew nothing about. She thought what mother could do she could do.

Sometimes when children try hardest, and are really righter than you would be under the same conditions, they stumble into trouble, and you blame them and call them "bad."

"Jackson is giving us a lot of trouble. He does the most annoying things imaginable," said one of the teachers. "I can't think what has got into the boy! He used to be one of the finest boys in the school. Now he's unbearable. Yesterday he threw the girls' hats out of the window. You'll have to do something with him."

JACKSON came into the office looking troubled. There was no smile in his eyes as there used to be, no spring in his step; but he didn't look "bad."

We had a long talk, and the pitiful little story all came out. "You see, my brother is not strong; he must have a college education so he can have easy work. I'm strong and I can do any kind of work. If I could get out of school and get a job, I could help him through college. Some of the fellows told me if I was bad the teachers would give me my working-papers to get rid of me. So I tried to be bad."

Poor young thing!—groping his way through a maze of man-sized difficulties with only a child's experience and insight. It was so easy to help him, so easy to set him right.

There are folk who tag a child as "bad" and unconsciously make the life of that child miserable. Even mothers have been known to do that. They don't understand that their attitude toward the child colors the attitude of all about him and makes it hard for him to get anywhere.

It may be just a passing storm, a slight difficulty, but mother loses all patience and says "bad," and humanity is so constituted that it is easier for them to believe her than it is for them to think, "Not so; he is good."

During the opening days of school the office was very busy. There was a stream of people coming and going, a jumble of voices, telephone bells, typewriters, and the

Continued on page 94



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NO CHILD IS REALLY BAD

street noises, then a series of shrieks that drowned them all.

A woman struggled into the room with a screaming child clutching at her skirts. "Take him, somebody—I'm all done up. He's the worst child. Awful! Won't stay in school for me. Let go—you bad child! Let go! Wait till I get you home. I'll fix you. Be quiet. The teacher will give it to you."

Ben, one of the messengers, went over and loosened the little boy's hold on his mother's skirt. The mother ran out of the office, and the child lifted his voice anew. Almost everybody in the place looked at the child and shook his head at this depravity. They were ready to accept the mother's tag, "Bad child."

"No, shut up," said Ben sternly. "Shut up! Nobody's going to hurt you. Shut up, I tell you. This school is full of kids and they don't ever holler like you."

"Ow-wow-oo-oo-oo-oo—I want my mother, I doo-ooo."

"Well, then, shut up and you can go to your mother when it's time. There's a million ways of getting out of school. When the bell rings I'll show you how to get home to your mother. Now stop howling and come."

THE howls gradually subsided, and the two, the wee mite sobbing and choking and the big boy leading him by one finger, went out of the office. The next time I saw them, the screamer was in line marching out to lunch, and Ben stood protectingly in the background, watching to see that he did everything exactly as it should be done.

"Wasn't bad *a-tall*," Ben confided to me. "Scared to death. Scared of everybody. His mother told him the teacher would be bad to him, and he was afraid to go near her. Some mother, I'll say, to scare her own kid and tell everybody he was a bad one! My mother wouldn't do that. I'm going to keep an eye out for him this afternoon, and if he's scared again I'll take him in again. But he ain't bad," Ben anxiously assured me.

That sort of thing is common enough and bad enough while the effect of it lasts, which, as a general thing, is not for very long. The greater difficulty comes when the neighborhood labels a boy "bad" and turns its back upon him, as they did to Russo.

The attendance officer brought Russo and his mother into school one day. "Peculiar case," he whispered to me. "The father and the oldest son have been put in jail. The woman can not speak much English, and she hardly knows what happened.

"She went to work in the lace mill, and took Russo with her. She won't send the boy to school. She says it doesn't make any difference whether she goes to jail or not. Says if the boy is taken to truant school for not attending here, she'll be put in, too, for not sending him, and then they'll all be in jail together—whole family in jail. Says she's used to our sending her family to jail, that all the neighbors want her and her boy sent away. You try to talk to her."

That is what the mother said to me, only she said more. She ended with: "He says he will send the boy and me to jail if I don't send him to school. Let him. Everybody says he must go to jail. I go too." And she set her face in lines of stony resignation.

I talked to her for a long time, and persuaded her that I didn't believe jail was the place for her boy or for her, and at last she went home and left Russo with us.

While his mother was talking to me, Russo had found a pile of paper and a set of pencils that the drawing-master had left on the table. He busied himself with them, scarcely knowing when his mother left.

At last he lifted his head and looked at his work as if pleased with it. I looked at the

Continued on page 95



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Continued from page 94

NO CHILD IS REALLY BAD

sketch he had made of his mother bending over her lace-frame. It was beautifully done.

Then we had a long talk. I had to talk him out of the idea that he must follow his family tradition and go to jail; talk him into the idea of learning how to work so as to keep a home for himself and his mother.

"You have nothing to do with such a place," I urged. "Never think of it again. You are going to be a schoolboy and grow up a fine man—an artist."

"You say this," he said gravely; "but all the people say I go to jail like my family."

It took many years to take the tag off Russo.

"Bad," said the neighbors. "Bad, all bad. Father in jail. One son in jail. This one steals everything he wants—tears down our fences; takes the stuff from our gardens; takes the milk from our goats. He is an outlaw."

THEY did not mean to drive a woman and a child to desperation, but they very nearly accomplished it.

Why so little love and sympathy for the children? Why the heavy-handed blundering adult code of punishment when what you need is intelligence and understanding of child nature? Judge less and smile more.

One must have a sense of humor and hold on to it when dealing with growing boys and girls. Fun and mischief and blunders are healthy expressions of childhood. Laugh with the children, even when the laugh is on you, and you knit them that much closer to you. Take them too seriously, punish their nonsense or their errors too severely, and you estrange them. You are a stranger in their land to which the passport is a smile.

One Spring day, when Winter was making up its mind to go and longing all the while to stay, sprinkling snow that the Spring sun promptly melted into dirty slush, a group of schoolboys were sitting on the top of a retaining wall, scraping up handfuls of the slush and tossing snowballs.

"Limpy Lefty" came up the street. He received his name because he was lame in the left foot and took small boys seriously. His left foot came down with distinct emphasis as he walked, and the boys discovered that if they marked time for him he became furiously and picturesquely angry.

"Hep—hep—hep!" they would chant; and the angry little man, who had to march to their tune whether he would or no, would turn on them and chase them, hurling language after them.

"JOSIE," said Mickie to the new boy who sat beside him, round-eyed and innocent, "see that man coming up the street? I dare you to go behind him and sing, 'Hep—hep—hep!' "

"Glad of the opportunity to win his spurs, Josie hopped off the wall and fell in behind Lefty. "Hep—hep—hep!" he chanted.

Limpy Lefty, astonished at the boldness of the attack, suspicious of a trap, waited until Josie was close to him. Then he turned on him suddenly and captured him. He spanked him soundly—plump little Josie was a tempting child to spank. Then he carried him out to a specially splashy puddle and dropped him in.

The crowd on the wall cheered him, "Give it to him, Lefty. Hep—hep—hep!" while they rocked with laughter.

Limpy stood still and looked up at them. Something about them must have touched his funny-bone, for he grinned, then he laughed, then he laughed louder, and leaned against the wall and wiped his eyes joyfully at the picture of the indignant Josie scram-

Concluded on page 96

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Concluded from page 95

NO CHILD IS REALLY BAD

bling out of the puddle and charging at the group on the wall.

The boys jumped down, scraped Josie off, and told him how sorry they were for him. and laughed again. So did Limpy Lefty, Then they gave Limpy the school cheer, and forever after he "hepped" by unnoticed, save by a cheery hail, a friendly greeting. He had found the passport.

No, no. No child is bad. He errs in matters of taste. He mistakes noise for music. He thinks horseplay is fun. He confuses clothes with people, for he has little sense of values. He mistakes crudeness for candor, license for liberty.

He makes mistakes because he has lived with you for so short a time. He has not learned your ways, your code. Time will adjust all that. He will learn.

He must be taught and helped and inspired; but how? Child-training is difficult, subtle, a life-work. There is no open road, no plainly marked chart. There is little to guide you but the vaguely expressed wants of the child and your own shrouded, muffled efforts to meet them.

But one thing you can do. Think back to the days of your own childhood. You were a groping child, impelled by the same blind longings and aspirations as this child of to-day.

Life has clarified many of the vague notions for you. Experience has crystallized into principles of living for you. Viewed from your present position and interpreted by the wisdom you have gained by daily contacts with your neighbors, your vague thoughts have become clear, your ideas about life more definite. You know now what it is you want for this child. You know the sort of child you want to produce.

He is to be healthy, clean, and free-minded.

HE must be told the truth, speak the truth, be fearless in the truth.

He must feel his relation to the rest of humanity and learn to carry his responsibility and help his neighbor carry his.

He must live without waste, either of time or strength or money or principles.

He must learn by right living the art of being happy and of giving happiness to others.

These notions are vague and broad still, but they are something to go on.

The idea is to get the child to acknowledge the standard as genuine and measure himself against it. Once he accepts the standard, his purpose is definite and his road is clear. He takes charge of his education himself.

Even then, his way is not smooth. To be sure, it never will be; for he must live with people, and people are never static. They grow, they deteriorate, they shift from group to group, from idea to idea. The paths cross often, and the growing child must learn to pick his way and press on.

He must be taught and helped and inspired, and that speedily, for childhood is but a brief moment of morning, after all—a moment of swift tears and ready laughter; a moment of sharp desires and keen disappointments; a moment of eager aspirations and bitter discouragements.

Then it passes, and there is left the long day stretching toward evening, shadowed or golden in its sunset according as that brief moment of morning foretold. For the richness of that morning the child is dependent upon you, dependent upon your love, on your wisdom, on your faith.

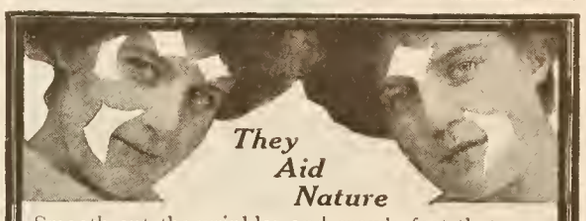
From generation to generation that love and that faith and that wisdom have grown stronger, are growing stronger, until soon nobody, any time, any place, will call a child "bad."

Who's bad? Nobody in childhood. Nobody at all!

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Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.



Smooth out the wrinkles and crow's feet that mar your beauty while you sleep. Absolutely harmless—simple and easy to use—a toilet necessity.

B & P Wrinkle Eradicators *and* **Frowners**

Made in two styles—***Eradicators*** for lines in the face; ***Frowners*** for between the eyes. Sold in 65c and $1.00 boxes at most drug and department stores. Trial package, 35c, including booklet—"Dressing Table Hints." If your dealer's stock is exhausted, sent direct, postpaid, on receipt of price.

B & P CO. (Two Women), 12,220 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

BROWN'S Bronchial TROCHES
COUGH AND VOICE LOZENGES

SAFE—RELIABLE

Banish coughing, sore throat, hoarseness—relieve catarrhal and asthmatic conditions. Not candy but a cough remedy. At druggists.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.
General Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.
New York London Toronto

CLIP OUT—MAIL TO-DAY

To thousands of busy women, an answer to an ad like this has meant a permanent, independent income. It can mean the same to you. Simply take care of the new and renewal subscriptions to *The Delineator* and our other three leading magazines which can easily be secured in your vicinity. All particulars sent immediately on request. No experience necessary. No obligation. ACT AT ONCE.

Manager, Staff Agencies Division,
Box 795, Butterick Building, New York City



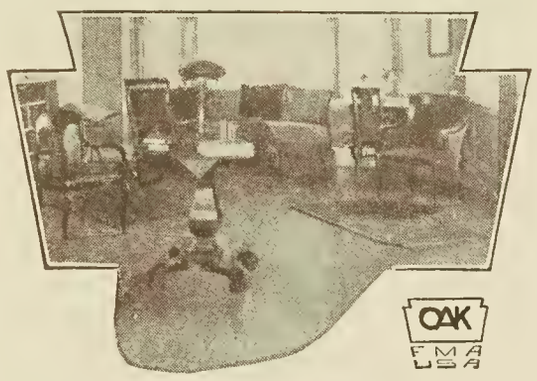
"That's Mine" What a satisfaction it is to get **your own** things back from the laundry. Avoid confusion and loss by marking each piece with

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK

It will not run, fade or wash out. Put on with a common pen. At stores everywhere, or sent postpaid for **30c.**

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK CO., 726 Henshaw Ave., Northampton, Mass.

OAK FLOORS
(For Everlasting Economy)



At the New Prices *Anyone* Can Have This Floor

If you can afford the new home at all, you can afford Oak Floors—beautiful, dustless, lasting, sanitary and easy to clean. Floors that add 25% to selling and renting values. Floors that improve with age and use. Of which you will always be proud.

Cost Lowered ½ to ¾

A room, say, 14 x 14 feet can now be floored for from $20 to $30 in the *highest* plain grade, depending on your location. Any lumber dealer will give actual figures. Compare them with any other floors you had in mind. Shop around all you like. You cannot get away from the facts and figures.

New Floors Over Old

A ⅜ of an inch thickness is made especially for laying over old floors. Costs even less, as the old floor makes the sub-floor.

See any dealer, or write for our 3 free booklets, in colors, which give all the facts in detail.

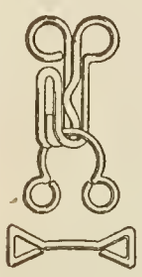
OAK FLOORING MFRS. ASSN.
1052 Ashland Block, Chicago, Ill.

THE "GEM" of NIAGARA

The Brand-Name for Quality Notions



MOST satisfactory to use because superfine in finish, smooth-working—all rust-proof.



ECONOMICAL—because "The Gem of Niagara" brand of Hooks and Eyes, Snap Fasteners, Safety Pins, last and *last* and LAST.



IF your dealer is not yet supplied, send us his name and 10c per card for as many cards of "The Gem of Niagara" Hooks and Eyes, Safety Pins and Snap Fasteners as you may want sent you by mail prepaid.

FRANCIS MFG. CO.
Famous for Fine Notions for over Quarter Century
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

FRANCIS MFG. CO. PRODUCTS — MADE AT NIAGARA FALLS U.S.A. — SOLD EVERY WHERE — TRADE MARK

LIEBIG COMPANY'S Extract of Beef

makes cooking easier and better



Continued from page 20

THE LOG-CABIN LADY

himself on it, which was a compromise, and went on enjoying himself. The king sat down.

If any one had told that girl the sacredness of the convention she had ignored, she would have suffered as keenly as I had suffered in my youth. It was such a simple thing to learn; yet who in the middle of a war would think of stopping to run a class in etiquette? The point is that any girl capable of crossing half the world to do a big job and a hard one in a foreign land should have been given the opportunity to learn the rules of social intercourse.

I SAW some American girls and men on official occasions at private houses and at official functions. They were clever, attractive, fascinating; but when they came to the end of their visit, they rose to go, and then stood talking, talking, talking. They did not know exactly how to get away. They did not want to be abrupt nor appear to be glad to leave.

It would have been so simple for some one to say to them:

"One of the first rules in social life is to get up and go when you are at the end of your visit."

I was in Paris when Marshal Joffre gave the American Ambassador, Mr. Sharp, the gold oak-leaves as a token of France's veneration for America. There were young girls around us who did not hesitate to comment on everybody there. One little New Jersey girl insisted rather audibly that Clemenceau looked like the old watchman on their block; and a boy, a young officer, complained that General Foch "had not won as many decorations as General Bliss and General Pershing." Some youngsters asked high officers for souvenirs. Many French people perhaps did worse, but it hurt me to see even a few of our own splendid young people guilty of such crudities, because our American youth is so fine at heart.

When the great artist Rodin died, I went to the public ceremony held in his memory. Suddenly I realized that America and France each had something left that war had not destroyed. A young American art student, who had given up his career for his uniform, and was invalided back in Paris minus an arm, stood very near me. As he turned to Colonel House I heard him say:

"Rodin's going is another battle lost."

It was typical of the American quality of which we have cause to boast—the fineness of heart that is in our young people.

THE day of the armistice in France, those of us who are older stood looking on and realizing that all class distinctions, all race, age, and pursuits, had been wiped off the map. People were just people. There was a complete abandon. I am not a young woman, but I was caught up by the fury of the crowd, and swept along singing, laughing, weeping. Young soldiers passing would reach out to touch my hand, sometimes to kiss me.

That night I believed that the war had broken down many of our barriers; that all foolish customs had died; that the terrific price paid in human blood and human suffering had at least left a world honest with itself, simple and ready for good comradeship; that men were measured by manliness and women by ideals. It was a part of the armistice-day fervor, but I believed it.

And then I came home and went to Newport.

Continued in the April DELINEATOR



Window drapings set off to charming advantage

by Kirsch Curtain Rods. They hang smoothly and evenly with headings erect.

The ends are pleasingly curved and permit draping to the casings; no side light spoils the effect.

Kirsch Curtain Rods

Flat in Shape—No Sag, Rust, Tarnish

Because of the special Kirsch flat construction, Kirsch Curtain Rods combine grace with strength and sturdiness—easiest to put up—never come down accidentally. Beautiful white or velvet brass finish stays like new for years. With ordinary care, a permanent fixture.

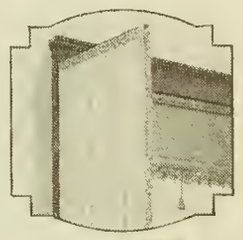
KIRSCH fresh-air swinging rods allow curtains to be swung back out of way without effort. Ideal for bedrooms.



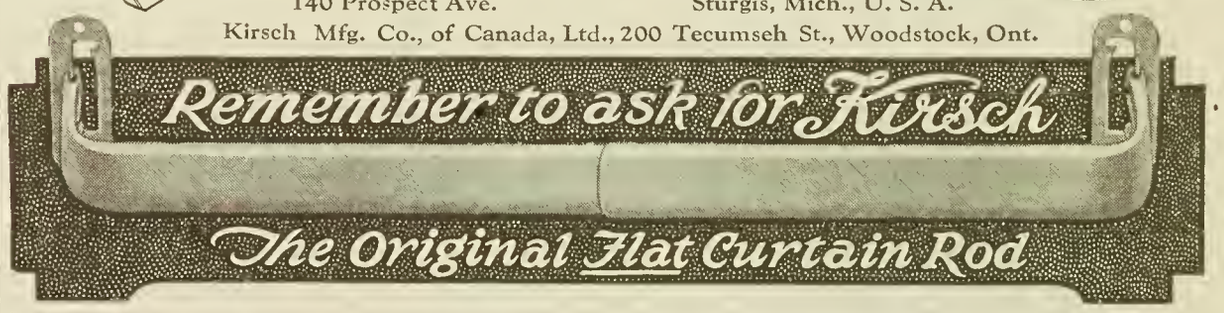
With a Kirsch single, double or triple curtain rod, you can fit any window—produce any window draping effect. Extension style or cut-to-fit. Sold by better dealers everywhere.

This Booklet Yours—For the Asking

Bigger and better than ever—devotes a few pages to Kirsch Flat Rods and other Kirsch Products, but mostly pictures attractive windows for every room, and suggests materials, color schemes, etc. Gladly mailed free on receipt of request.



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140 Prospect Ave. Sturgis, Mich., U. S. A.
Kirsch Mfg. Co., of Canada, Ltd., 200 Tecumseh St., Woodstock, Ont.





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DAVEN-O

The Invisible Bed Room

An extra bedroom is ready when the Kroehler Daven-O, a luxurious davenport by day, is opened with one simple motion into a full-sized bed. Bedding entirely concealed by day. Many handsome styles, at all prices.

Sold by leading furniture dealers everywhere. Ask to see the Kroehler trade mark. Send for free booklet.

KROEHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY - CHICAGO
Factories at Kankakee, Ill., Naperville, Ill., Binghamton, N. Y. Canadian Factory: Stratford, Ontario

An added Room - Subtracted Rent



Fashionette
Invisible HAIR NETS



The
PALM BEACH

We can't be sure that Psyche wore her hair this way, but many a very modern maiden relies on the low Psyche knot to display her hair to perfection. A Fashionette will keep it smooth.



The
PINEHURST

Only the maid with the long tresses should venture this adaptation of the Turkish turban—it requires much hair to do it successfully, but the result is both comfortable and becoming. A Fashionette is indispensable.



The
NEWPORT

Named for Society's Summer stronghold—Newport—is this smart coiffure for the older woman. Grey hair is beautiful and distingué when dressed with care and kept trim with a Fashionette.

The New Coiffures

THIS is a season of interesting coiffures—even the bobbed heads of yesterday are tucked up and pinned to simulate luxuriant tresses.

"Society Coiffures" pictures and explains the various ways smart women are wearing their hair—all of them easy to arrange with the aid of a Fashionette. Send for a copy—mailed promptly and without charge.

Fashionette Invisible Hair Nets are exceptionally strong, perfectly shaded to blend with your own hair, and shaped to conform with any coiffure. The usual shades, in either single or double mesh, are 15c each, 2 for 25c at department stores, specialty shops and drug stores. White and grey are slightly higher in price.

Colonial Quality
Samstag's New York
1200 Broadway



OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES

ON PAGE 24



3608 3604 3530 3489



3597 3543 3595

3608—Decidedly *chinois* are the wide, wide sleeves of this new slip-over dress, but the bateau neckline is most New World, falling with the proper "droop" and lending a becoming blouse to the waist. The soft satin girdle she wears has a flowered buckle of tiny silken buds. Satin braid does an effective outlining of graceful lines, and the plaits at the side are responsible for the swing of the skirt. The dress is closed at the left underarm and the skirt, which is attached at a low waistline, has a straight lower edge. Suitable materials for the dress are charmeuse, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine or silk crêpes. Lower edge measures 1¾ yard.

36 bust will require 3⅞ yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 40 bust.

3604—10913—A wise cuff and collar, too, know where to begin and end in an interesting one-piece frock. An ornamental girdle and the appliqué play their important part in such a slip-over dress. It has a straight lower edge and may be made without a blouse body lining. The circles of colored appliqué are new. Work them on in one-stitch embroidery. Make the dress of serge, tricotine, soft twills, wool jersey, crêpe jersey, sports silks, and for the South of gingham, cotton ratine, cotton prints, chintz, etamine, linen, linen-finished cottons, plain cottons, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards of soft twill 54 inches wide, with ½ yard of contrasting material 54 inches wide for collar, cuffs and appliqué. Lower edge measures 55½ inches.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust. It is suitable for misses.

3597—10819—Front and back tunics contribute greatly to the uneven hemline by means of points at their sides. The modern surplice waist as in this Spring dress comes low these days and has a long collar reaching almost to the back. The skirt and tunics have straight lower edges and are attached to the body lining at a low waistline. A sunburst effect is achieved by the border of the sleeves and tunics. Work this design in beading or French-knot embroidery. Use silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, foulard, stripes, wool crêpe, and for Southern wear fine cotton crêpe etc. Lower edge 51 inches.

36 bust will require 4½ yards of crêpe satin 40 inches wide and ⅝ yard of contrasting 40 inches wide for collar.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3530—3489—3596—Combine a slip-over tunic blouse in peasant style with a costume slip for your new frock! Make the blouse with elastic in a casing at a low waistline or with blouse body lining. Use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, Georgette, crêpe satin, etc., for the blouse. For the slip use crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, etc., and for four-gored hat velours, satin, taffeta, etc.

36 bust requires 5¼ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide for blouse and slip, with ¼ yard 3-inch insertion for vestee. 22 head measure requires for hat ⅝ yard of taffeta silk 36 inches wide. Lower edge of slip 54 inches.

The tunic blouse is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust. It is nice for misses. The slip is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust. The hat is suitable for ladies, misses, girls and children.

3543—10909—Enough points of new style interest combined to make this new one-piece slip-over dress. It may be made with elastic in casing at a low waistline or with a blouse body lining. Large flowers bloom all over the sleeves and lower part of the skirt. Work them in a combination of outline, couching, chain-stitch or braiding and French knots and bead embroidery. Make the dress of crêpe faille, heavy silk crêpe, crêpe satin, charmeuse, satin, serge, tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, wool crêpe, with straps of the dress material, ribbon or wide braid; for Southern wear use gingham, linen, Indian Head, plain cottons, cotton ratine, etc.

36 bust will require 3⅝ yards of crêpe faille 40 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust. It is becoming to misses.

3595—Such a Summery dress to tempt us to rush the season! The softly tying sash, the fine, frilly edged collar and the always popular surplice closing are reasons enough for our delight, even if we took no note of three wide tucks on the skirt and the wide sleeves. The frock may be bloused or drawn down, with a waist and two-piece skirt attached at a normal waistline. You may make it without the blouse body lining if you like. Make the dress of cotton voile, lawn, mull or batiste, for Southern wear, or of crêpe de Chine, silk voile, Georgette or silk crêpes.

36 bust will require 4⅝ yards of foulard 36 inches wide and ⅜ yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide for collar and frills, and ribbon for sash. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 52 bust.



THESE TWO NEW
HOUSEKEEPING APRONS

are from our 1922 booklet on home sewing which contains many other smart designs for wash dresses, children's clothes, lingerie, neckwear, etc., made with

WRIGHT'S BIAS FOLD TAPE

Wright's Tape is known to home sewers the country over as the great sewing-room labor-saver. Use it for pipings, bindings, facing and finishing on all cotton materials.

3-YARD SAMPLE FREE

of WRIGHT'S Bias Fold Tape in any of the following *fast colored percale:* Grey, Pink, Light Blue, Brown, Reseda, Navy, Lavender, Linen Color, Old Rose, Alice Blue, Yellow, Red, Black.

Sent with the 1922 booklet on request.

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Manufacturers
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IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
ZIP
Not only removes hair—but checks its future growth destroying roots
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



IT IS NOW

possible to destroy superfluous hair and roots instead of removing merely surface hair. Why leave the roots to thrive? Try ZIP once and you will be astonished in seeing that it is possible to remove the roots with the hairs and thus destroy the growth without electricity.

Rapid, simple to use, safe, painless, harmless and fragrant! Guaranteed not to harm the most delicate skin.

At all good stores or direct by mail. Which of the three types of superfluous hair have you? Write for FREE BOOK, "Beauty's Greatest Secret," which tells you—or call at my salon to have Free Demonstration.

Charming Desiree Lubovska says: "A skin free of hair is of paramount importance to an actress. ZIP actually destroys superfluous hair. I have found it most successful."

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Massage and Cleansing Cream—guaranteed not to promote hair growths—jar	60c
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Madame Berthé *Specialist with* JEAN JORDEAU INC.
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Dye any Garment or Drapery with "Diamond Dyes"

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint faded, shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, hangings, draperies, everything like new. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed, even if you have never dyed before. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, fade, or run.

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W. HILLYER RAGSDALE, Drawer 121, EAST ORANGE, N. J.



You'll wear it all spring and summer!

There's real economy in a spring suit which you may wear in coolness and comfort all summer long.

And such a suit is this one, fashioned of Skinner's All-Silk Satin.

One needs no high-priced tailor to make this little suit. A dressmaker, or the clever needlewoman herself, may fashion it at home from a simple suit pattern. If you choose a three-piece suit pattern, you have both frock and suit at a surprisingly low cost.

Skinner's
All-Silk Satin

The trimming is of soutache braid—designs may be easily obtained in any art needlework department. Your collar may be the youthful Peter Pan or if worn with fur neck piece the collarless suit is good.

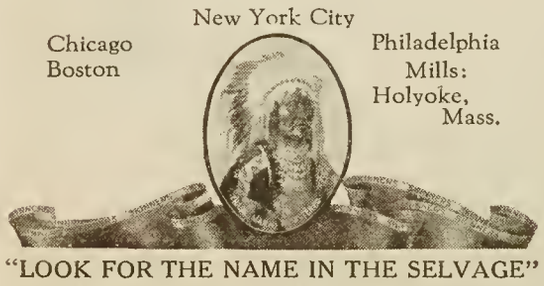
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"Look for the Name in the Selvage"
None genuine without it

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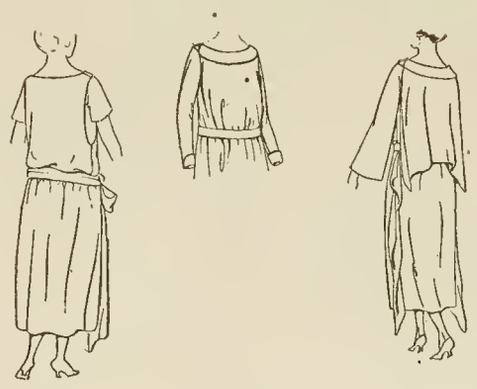
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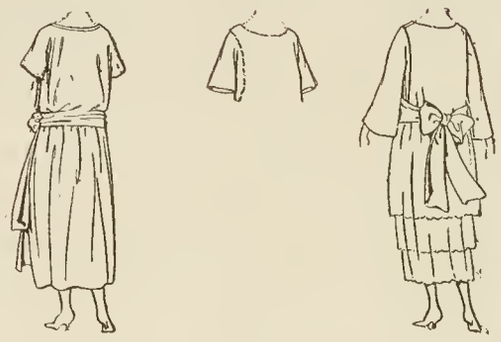


"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

Other views are on page 26



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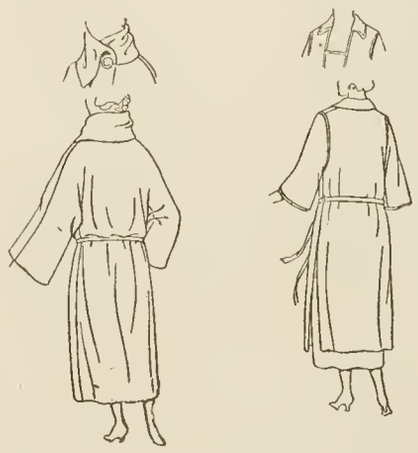


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Other views are on page 27



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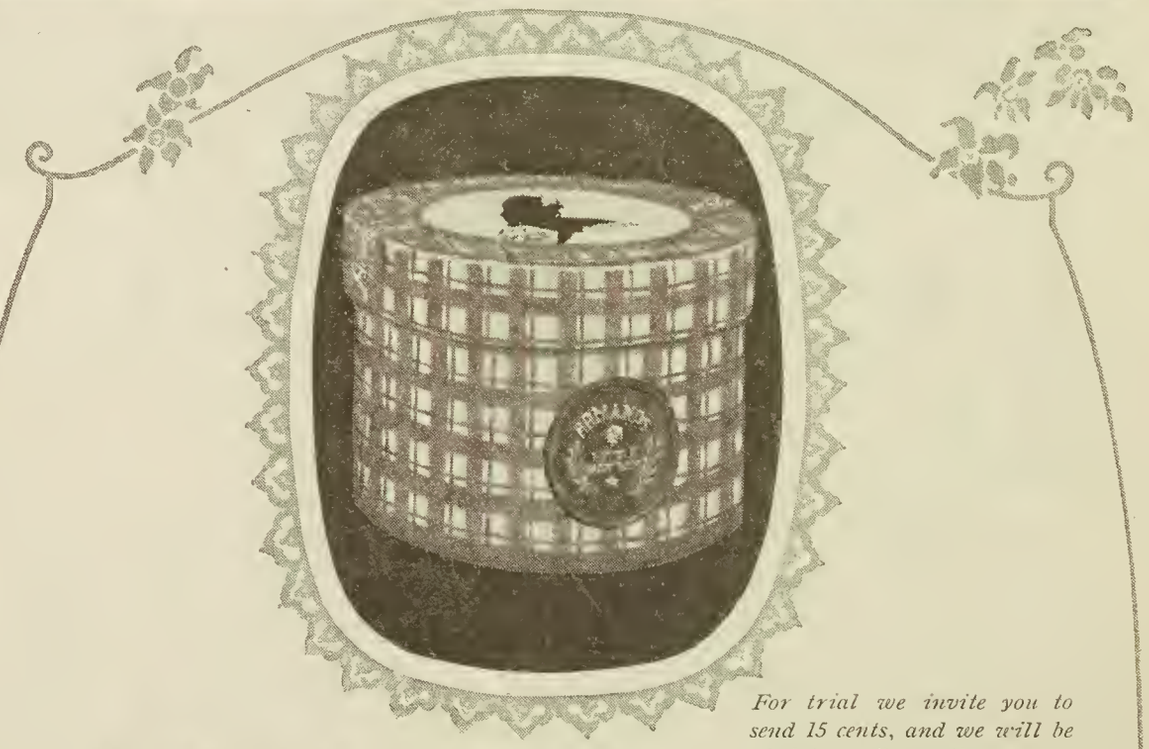
3594 3593



3571 3576

3589 3460





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COLD CREAM POWDER
In The LITTLE·PINK·&·WHITE·BOXES

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ARMAND—Des Moines
Canadian customers should address
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Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario

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Other views are on page 28



3586



3584



3526



3557



3599



3601



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in 15 minutes with this simple little device *without heat.*

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THE AMERICAN FABRICS CO.
Bridgeport, Conn.

Other views are on page 29



3533



3524





3414

3549

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3465

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MR. C. E. BROOKS

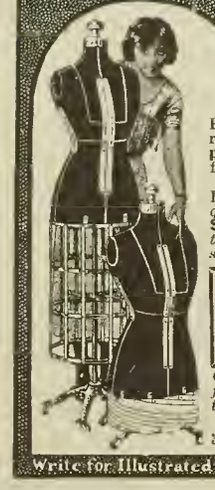
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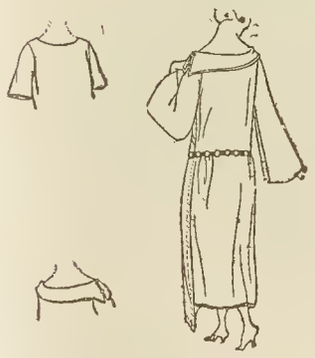
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Other views are shown on figures on page 25



3622



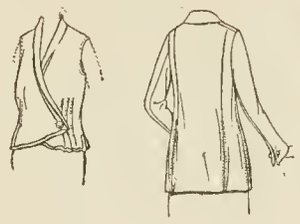
3620



3621



3623



3619



3520



3563



3510



3262

3622—10899—One notices an off-side tendency in many of the new styles, particularly in the collar, the waistline and the tunic, such as you find in a slip-over dress which adapts itself to afternoon or evening use. It has a two-piece skirt which is attached at a low waistline. You may make it without the blouse body lining. The lower border of the dress has a new embroidered edge. Work this design in one-stitch. Make the dress of moire, all one material or with Georgette sleeves, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, all one color or in two colors, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, all one side of material or combining dull and shiny sides, etc.

36 bust will require 3⅞ yards of crêpe satin 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3621—3596—Spring calls in many ways, and out-of-doors demands that a wrap be roomy and free but narrow in silhouette. It is an excellent coat for the car with a tam to match. The coat is in 49-inch length at the back. Instead of the tam one can use fabric for a four-gored hat. Make the coat of duvetyn, camel's-hair cloaking, serge, tricotine, soft twills, silk crêpes, satin, etc. Make the tam of duvetyn, broadcloth, flannel, corduroy or satin. A young girl will like many of these tams for college wear.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards of camel's-hair cloaking. 22 inches head measure in the tam requires ⅝ yard of camel's-hair cloaking 54 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

The coat is good for ladies 32 to 48 bust. The tam is suitable for ladies, misses, girls and children.

3620—Aren't you susceptible to the lure of a dress with a hint of Cossack history and a new sleeve? Quite in the French style is the fit of the shoulder and armhole of this dress. Perhaps it is part of the secret of the easy lines of this one-piece dress. There is a Russian closing and the dress may be made with a blouse body lining or with an elastic in a casing at the low waistline. Make the dress of camel's-hair suiting, serge, tricotine, soft twills, or for the South, cotton homespun, linen, linen-finished cottons, plain cottons, gingham or chintz. The novelty braiding only emphasizes the new closing, which is so popular this Spring.

36 bust will require 3 yards of serge 44 inches wide and novelty braid binding. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust. It is also good for misses.

3619—3262—Blue serge for the suit and white taffeta for the separate waistcoat, both bound with silver braid makes a suit that is exceedingly French. The one-piece straight skirt has a waistline raised 1¼ inch. The loose panels may have their lower ends tacked or falling free. Make the semi-fitting coat of serge, tricotine, soft twills, wool poplin, camel's-hair suiting, broadcloth, satin, silk poplin, and the waistcoat of taffeta, satin, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine or pongee. Make the skirt of serge, twills, worsted checks, duvetyn or tricotine. Lower edge 47½ inches.

36 bust and 38 hip requires 3¼ yards of soft twill 54 inches wide and silk braid binding for coat and skirt, and 1½ yard of 40-inch Marocain crêpe for waistcoat.

The coat is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust. The skirt is good for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

3623—3520—10916—The unexpected event can never daunt her who wears this suit. The coat is a new French type of the belted coat and may be made without elastic in a casing at the low waistline. The straight skirt has a raised waistline of 1¼ inch. It may be made without a trimming band. Make the coat of camel's-hair suiting, serge, tricotine, soft twills, wool crêpe, broadcloth, checks, stripes, satin, silk crêpes, silk poplin, or pongee. For the skirt use soft serge, soft tricotine, twills, wool jersey, wool crêpes, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, sport silks, knitted crêpes.

36 bust and 38 hip will require 3 yards of tricotine 54 inches wide for the coat and skirt. Lower edge 52½ inches.

The coat is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust. It is also nice for misses. The skirt is becoming to ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

3563—3510—Fabric flowers collar a new cape that has straight outer edges and comes in either of two lengths. The slip-over dress is one-piece and has a wide shoulder and deep armhole. Its sleeve is sewed into a long body lining. Use silk crêpes, satin, wool crêpes, cheviot, broadcloth, serge, soft twills or tricotine for the cape. For the dress use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, in one or two colors, crêpe meteor, combining dull and shiny sides of the material or with sleeves of Georgette or lace, etc. Lower edge 53 inches.

36 bust requires 6⅜ yards of 40-inch Canton crêpe for cape and dress and 1⅞ yard of contrasting crêpe 40 inches wide to line cape.

The cape is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust. It is good for misses. The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses.







TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF MRS. GRACE HORCHLER OF 4625 INDIANA AVENUE, CHICAGO. WALLACE RECORDS REDUCED HER 70 LBS. IN FOUR MONTHS

Getting Thin To Music

ABOVE is seen what Wallace, a physical director now nationally known for his reducing records, was able to accomplish for one woman. He has reduced thousands by his discovery of an unfailing, scientific means of regulating weight. It is done to music, and his phonographic reduction records are sent all over the country. Regardless of how heavy the person, the weight comes down to normal in a remarkably short time.

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THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

Just Among Ourselves

Once in a while we believe that "family" happenings on THE DELINEATOR staff are of sufficient interest to warrant inclusion in this page of miscellany. If we overdo it, some good reader is sure to point out the error of our way, and if we bar out all such items you will miss some very readable anecdotes and some occasional items of genuine news interest.

When President Harding called the Disarmament Conference in Washington, our sister republic considered it sufficiently important to send as her representative there M. Aristide Briand, Premier of France. Monsieur Briand's pressing duties at home required his early return, but among the important engagements that filled the brief space of time at his disposal he presided at one function that we of THE DELINEATOR recall with justifiable pride. At a dinner held in New York on Thanksgiving Day, the Premier, on behalf of the French Government, bestowed on Mrs. William Brown Meloney, Editor of THE DELINEATOR, the cross conferring knighthood in the Legion of Honor. It was conferred for "exceptional services to France during the war and for services to French science in procuring a gram of radium for Madame Curie." Mrs. Meloney was chairman of the Marie Curie Radium Fund, through which the women of America contributed two hundred and twenty thousand dollars to enable the French chemist to continue the research work that has proved so great a boon to humanity.

Our Own Home Brew Expert

Miss Martha Van Rensselaer, Editor of the Department of Home-Making in THE DELINEATOR, is also the head of the School of Domestic Economy at Cornell University and head of the Home Bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture in New York State. She is a very dignified and law-abiding citizen. Recently she had to speak at a public convention at Albany, New York. The chairman who did the introducing had no written notes. Just before he announced Miss Van Rensselaer, he turned to his neighbor and asked "What is it Miss Van Rensselaer does?" His companion reeled off her titles, ending with "head of the Home Bureau for the State of New York." One thing stayed in the mind of the chairman. Taking the middle of the stage, he announced in loud, clear tones, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the pleasure to present to you Miss Martha Van Rensselaer, head of home brew in the State of New York."

There was a noticeable awakening throughout the audience. The male contingent especially applauded. Miss Van Rensselaer made her constructive talk on home economics and then offered to answer any question that might be asked. One gentleman voiced the question of most of the male audience. "Miss Van Rensselaer," he asked, "will you explain to us about home brew?"

Why Editors Die Young

The following letter came to THE DELINEATOR a few days later: "Dear Miss Van Rensselaer: My husband has sworn three times during the past month before the children. We live in an old house and the floors are uneven. Every time I get the table plumbed to the floor, one of the children sits down roughly and one of the legs of the table touches an uneven plank. Then the table wabbles. Last night it wabbled just as my husband had gotten ready to take a drink. It spilled and he swore before the family. Can you tell me how to fix that table so that it won't wabble?"

Miss Van Rensselaer solved her problem.

The Capital in Fiction

When Henry Keyes was elected to the United States Senate from New Hampshire, he took a real author to Washington. The Senator's wife, Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes, is well known for her public activities and her novels and short stories. Mrs. Keyes is writing a series of short stories laid in Washington. She is using fiction names, but she is writing about real characters and real events in that most interesting city. The first of these stories, "Sheridan Circle," appeared in the November DELINEATOR; the second, "Lafayette Square," is in this issue. They are an unusual type of love-story. You will better understand the human side of the nation's lawmakers and their official life in Washington after reading them. How Mrs. Keyes came to select fiction as her means of expression is best told in her own words, taken from a recent letter:

She Made an Early Start

"Ever since I was a very little girl, I have never been able to go into a house without thinking what I would do with it if I lived there—what color I would paper the parlor, what pictures I would hang in the library, which bedroom would be mine. It has been a game I could play with myself, and one of which I have never tired. In the same way, I have always seemed to see every place in which I have stayed for any length of time—the Connecticut Valley, Boston, the Far West, certain parts of Europe, and now finally Washington—not only as my own home, but as the home for countless fictitious persons, the background for a story—a story which though not 'taken whole' from real life almost invariably has some impression or experience of my own as a foundation upon which to build and enlarge the structure of an imagined plot.

"No one coming to Washington can fail to be impressed with the fact that certain sections of the city are extremely typical of the kind of people who live there and the sort of life they lead. Sheridan Circle is distinctly 'smart'; the fine old houses of Lafayette Square are being cut up into offices and shops, but a few aristocratic families still linger there; the Speedway beside the Potomac River, where the famous cherry-blossoms grow, is the favorite meeting-place of thousands of young men and women who work for the Government, and who have no less public place in which to see each other; Georgetown, the old 'Court End of Town,' deserted for years by the larger part of the 'fashionable element' of the population, is being invaded and renovated. And so it came to me that a series of stories might be written about such localities, so that men and women everywhere who can not come to the capital might still understand some of its wonderful charm."

More About Mr. Patri

Last month we told you something of Angelo Patri's personal history, of his love for children and the ardent desire to help them that turned him into a school-teacher and eventually into principal of New York's model public school. The subject of his article this month is of special interest to the parents of the "difficult" child—a variety of youngster with whom Mr. Patri is most successful. He has looked deeper into the young heart than most parents or teachers have been privileged to do—is in perfect sympathy with the unexpressed ideas and ideals of childhood. Day after day Mr. Patri receives parents who come to him with their troubles. His long experience with such problems, coupled with his sympathetic understanding, makes him peculiarly fitted for the task. It is precisely because of these qualities that he has been engaged to write for THE DELINEATOR a series of articles on the home training of children. You will find them a stimulating source of help.

Announcing a New Serial

On the editorial page of this issue there is an announcement about the new novel by A. S. M. Hutchinson that is to appear serially in THE DELINEATOR beginning with the April number. Mr. Hutchinson has been before the reading public as a novelist since 1908, when his first book, "Once Aboard the Lugger," a delightful comedy of English domestic life, made him favorably known to discriminating fiction readers.

Although this was followed at intervals by other novels, it was not until last year, when "If Winter Comes" was published, that his popularity became great enough to place him among the authors of "best sellers," both here and in England. We are fortunate in getting Mr. Hutchinson's newest novel at a time when the popularity of his best previous book is at its height, still more fortunate because the new serial is peculiarly a woman's story.

By all means read the opening instalment in April.

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

THIS month's prize award of a handsome flexible mixing-spoon for the most helpful item contributed to this column goes to a young lady who received an engagement ring for Christmas ✿ ✿ ✿ She tells us that if your diamond sparkles under water it is probably genuine ✿ ✿ ✿ If it is almost invisible when submerged, you are out of luck ✿ ✿ ✿ *George Fraiure*, of North Berne, Ohio, depleted the population of that town by one-half when he moved away with his wife and fifteen children ✿ ✿ ✿ Consequently the town loses its post-office, so petitions have been filed for Fraiure's return ✿ ✿ ✿ An English bootmaker provides balm for the wounded feelings of girls with sightly feet who have had to lengthen their skirts ✿ ✿ ✿ He has introduced a line of footwear with wooden heels covered with celluloid in variegated colors ✿ ✿ ✿ A competitor promptly went him one better by bringing cut heels studded with brilliants ✿ ✿ ✿ *Joseph L. Moss*, Chief Probation Officer of the Chicago Juvenile Court, finds that there are more delinquent girls than boys ✿ ✿ ✿ "It used to be axiomatic that the average girl was better than the average boy, but that idea has become a tradition," adds Mr. Moss ✿ ✿ ✿ *Sir Ernest Shackleton*, on his present cruise to the unexplored Antarctic region, will endeavor to locate the famous Lost Island of South Sea legend which disappeared about 1843 ✿ ✿ ✿ The folk-tale has it that the island was inhabited by women of extraordinary beauty who maintained and directed their own government ✿ ✿ ✿ Only one man was allowed to every ten inhabitants ✿ ✿ ✿ To prevent a loaf of bread from drying up after it has been cut, save the end piece and fasten to the loaf with a hatpin ✿ ✿ ✿ A luminous radium tip may be attached to the head of the pin for the benefit of night prowlers in the pantry ✿ ✿ ✿ The State of *Nevada*, smallest in population, is the one where the largest proportion of men to women is to be found ✿ ✿ ✿ Consult any railroad ticket office for routes and rates ✿ ✿ ✿ The present vogue of bobbed hair had its historic parallel in the days of the French Revolution, when long, flowing hair was found to interfere with the operation of the guillotine ✿ ✿ ✿ In gruesome jest, some irrepressible spirits organized the *Bal des Victimes*, invitations to which were limited to those who had lost a relative on the block ✿ ✿ ✿ Close-cut locks and blood-red costumes were the rule at these jolly little affairs ✿ ✿ ✿ *Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Heeg*, of Lagrange, New York, have a monopoly on the administration in that town ✿ ✿ ✿ Mr. Heeg is justice of the peace and Mrs. Heeg is constable ✿ ✿ ✿ Mr. swears out the warrants ✿ ✿ ✿ Mrs. serves them and brings the offenders to her husband's court or turns them over to him for delivery to the county jail ✿ ✿ ✿ Sewing-machines were first patented in England in 1775 ✿ ✿ ✿ Bath thermometers for baby are unnecessary if the following procedure is closely observed ✿ ✿ ✿ Immerse the infant quickly ✿ ✿ ✿ If he turns red, the water is too hot, if blue the water is too cold—and there you are ✿ ✿ ✿ *Walcott*, the richest town per capita in Iowa, for more than fifty years has been without a church ✿ ✿ ✿ It once had a jail, but that, too, was discontinued for lack of patronage ✿ ✿ ✿ With a population of three hundred and eighty-four, the town supports two banks with combined deposits of more than one hundred and fifty million dollars ✿ ✿ ✿ *Algerian* women, when married, are permitted to leave their homes but once a week, and then only to visit the cemetery ✿ ✿ ✿ A woman in *Grand Rapids* told her local newspaper that she had a vocabulary of thirty-one thousand words ✿ ✿ ✿ Shakespeare's has been estimated at fifteen thousand ✿ ✿ ✿ To the lady's husband, if any, our condolences ✿ ✿ ✿ The Japanese *Department of Education* issues to every student in the higher girls' schools a "Text Book of Ethics" in which are codified rules and regulations designed to make her "a good wife and wise mother" ✿ ✿ ✿ Glass eyes may be cleaned with soap and water, then polished with a chamois ✿ ✿ ✿ *Catteleya gigas alba* is the imposing name of an American-grown orchid, one plant of which was recently sold for ten thousand dollars ✿ ✿ ✿ *Mrs. Winifred F. Gray*, of Gardiner, Maine, the only woman cab-driver in that State, was elected alderman at the last municipal election ✿ ✿ ✿ The learn-one-thing-each-day club will meet here again next month, as usual.



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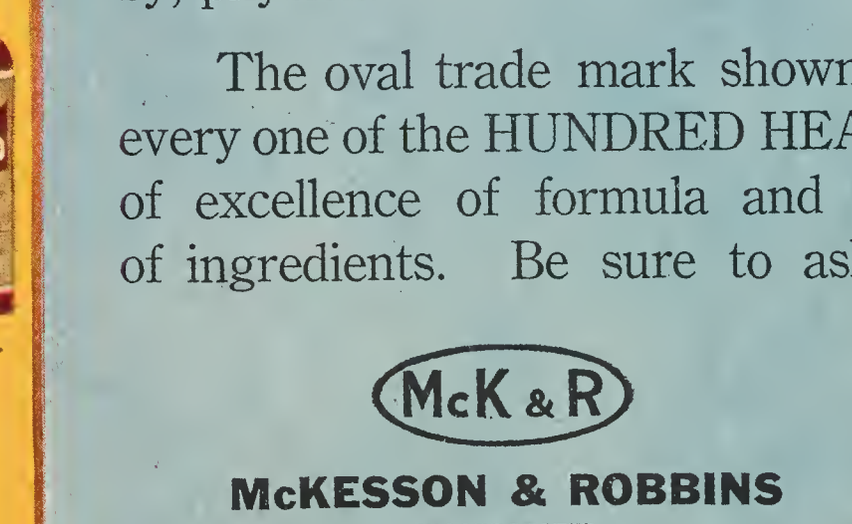
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APRIL 1922



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Author of "IF WINTER COMES"

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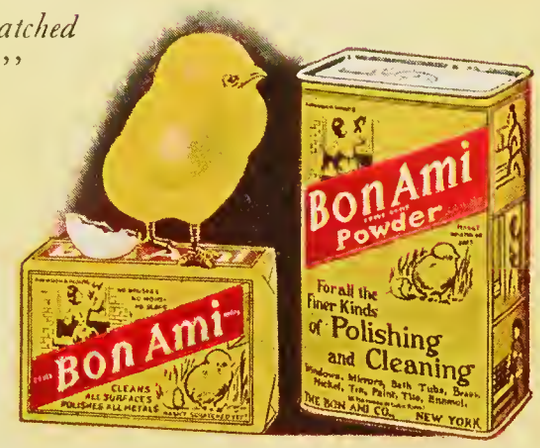
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THE DELINEATOR

MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

VOLUME C APRIL 1922 NUMBER THREE



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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

"THERE IS NO DEATH"

AN EASTER MESSAGE

"THERE is no death" is not an empty phrase. Yet jubilant youth, having no time to think of death, no inclination to consider anything but the moment's joy, is heedless of the meaning of those heartening words.

The need of some definite belief is forever within us. The very fact that we crave another life after death is the most certain reason for that coming existence.

When April is no longer just April to us, but a living symbol, a golden proof of that wonderful processional which the seasons eternally bring; when an apple-blossom is more than a white star in an orchard—a token of some mystery that the angels have created in the night—then we know that we have found the way to an abiding faith; then at last we come to see, whatever our doubts have been, that there is a purpose behind all the pageantry of life. And it is in such revealing moments that the stone rolled away no longer seems merely a Bible story, but becomes one of the greatest and most glorious facts in a universe crowded with beauty.

"There is no death" is not an empty phrase!

THE FOUNDATION OF A FORTUNE

BELIEVING that one of the great needs of America to-day is homes, THE DELINEATOR offers a part of its pages to this cause. If you want a home, we wish to help you. Beginning next month, we shall publish in each issue important articles on home building and home improvement.

Power is built on ambition. Sometimes ambition is ruthless, sometimes it is fine and clean.

Justice Morgan J. O'Brien, one of New York's wealthiest men and for many years one of its best-known justices of the Supreme Court, was asked what had been the foundation of his fortune.

"The desire for a home," was his reply.

Judge O'Brien was a poor boy. He began life as a poor lawyer. He had a job in a lawyer's firm, but he wanted a home—a good home. He wanted it so much that he determined at any costs to have it. He took his savings, borrowed on his personal note another thousand dollars, and put this money down on the purchase of a home. The house was mortgaged for all it could carry.

The old judge, driving up to that same house recently with the editor of THE DELINEATOR, said:

"That was fifty years ago. And while this was a good house then, it was not much of a neighborhood. I used to come home at night, afraid to meet a strange man on the block for fear he would be a sheriff with a foreclosure. I began to walk home—and it was a good four miles—just to save a nickel a day. I stopped smoking cigars, using a clay pipe and allowing myself ten cents' worth of tobacco a day, carrying my luncheon or eating none, I learned to save pennies and nickels and dimes.

"Only a part of the credit belongs to me. I had a wife who was willing to stop leaks in our expenses, to save whenever she could. We learned to enjoy life without spending. It takes two people to do this.

"My family grew more rapidly than my dollars. I have eight children living. But I found that acquiring the habit of saving accumulated money. And one day, when three of my children were running about, the last mortgage on that home was paid off. That was the foundation of my fortune."

It was more. It was the mold for the character of a man who has become a constructive force in his community, a wise judge of failing humanity, and an example for many men.

There are few readers of THE DELINEATOR who do not desire to own a home. How many of us want it enough to build as Judge O'Brien built, denying ourselves and determined at any hazard to have it?

THE WOMAN WHO HAS LIVED

By MADAME ROCHÉ

Some people have a talent for giving every one else fever without ever catching it themselves.

The first duty of a doctor is to be well.

Hereafter I shall never judge a man's worth until I have seen him under the stress of prolonged physical suffering.

Devotion is often a form of domination.

If we do everything as well as possible, we are near perfection.

Things easy to do are boring.

Passion is as reasonable as reason is passionate.

If I am lonely for no one, I am never lonely.

My little son says: "It's the morning and the evening that we love most: the evening because we're going to leave each other to sleep, and the morning because we've found each other again."

There is more room in life for regrets than for hope, and is not the realization of a hope always accompanied by regrets?

However commonplace we may try to make our conversation, it is rare that we do not let escape some allusion to the fears or desires of our heart.

Spiritually, to have a heart is an advantage; practically, it is a distinct disadvantage.

We spend the first half of our life not following advice that others give us, and the second half giving advice that others do not follow.

Alas! I have known those for whom the suffering of others was consolation for their own suffering.

It always annoys me to hear some one I love praised by some one I dislike.

"Then" and "Now" can no more live together than the old and the young.

THE REAL WORKERS

IF YOU will search the lives of men and women who have succeeded, you will find that they did not merely do their work, but *did it over*.

Thomas Carlyle wrote "The French Revolution." It was work, hard work. It represented the best that was in him, and the joy of creation.

Then Carlyle asked his friend, John Stuart Mill, to read the manuscript. Mill read until late in the night and went to bed, leaving that masterpiece of literature on the floor by his chair. Next morning the housemaid saw the pile of papers on the floor and made the living-room fire with them. The work of long months that ran into years was destroyed in a few moments. But Carlyle rewrote the history. Only a worker with joy and pride in his work could have gone back to his task.

Twenty years ago the French Government decided to place a statue of Jeanne d'Arc in the plaza before the Cathedral of Rheims. Paul Dubois, one of the great sculptors of France, submitted a model and was given the commission. When the date approached for the completion of the work, the sculptor begged for time. He had not idled, but he was not satisfied. Finally the day came when the French officials demanded the delivery of the statue. Dubois let them take the plaster model to the foundry. The great statue was cast in bronze and unveiled before the gates of the cathedral.

The world judged that replica of the Maid of Orleans as a great work of art. The spirited horse, the youthful Jeanne calling to invisible forces of men, the spiritual quality and the strength of modeling won praise from critics in all parts of the world.

But the great sculptor returned to his studio and went to work.

He alone was not satisfied. His statue had passed as a great work of art, but he knew its faults.

In all of his leisure hours Dubois worked for twenty years on the model of Jeanne d'Arc. He was not a rich man, but when he died he left behind him enough money to recast his finished work, and he asked the French Government to melt down the first statue.

Dubois was right. His first Jeanne d'Arc was a splendid piece of work. His second was a masterpiece. A friend chided him one day for the hardship of his self-imposed task. Who ever heard of a man doing his work over again? "Not men, very often," replied Dubois, "but good mothers every day."

The first statue was taken to Paris, but the finished work is at the gates of Rheims.

While San Francisco was still burning, there were courageous souls who began planning the erection of a greater and stronger city.

That is the faith and the courage that make for success whether it be in running a home, mothering children or filling a job.

The man or woman who makes good in life is the one who can do his work over again, and do it with pride and joy.

"THIS FREEDOM"

WISE old scholars say the greatest fault of publishers is the careless use of the superlative.

But we honestly believe that "This Freedom," the new novel beginning in THE DELINEATOR this month, by A. S. M. Hutchinson, author of "If Winter Comes," is the greatest novel it has ever been our privilege to print.

Mr. Hutchinson had poured into this book a philosophy accumulated through a life-long observation of women, of their hardships, and heartbreaks, their blunders and triumphs.

If "This Freedom" helps you to understand yourself or helps the men of your family to understand you, tell us. We should like Mr. Hutchinson to have the satisfaction of knowing that THE DELINEATOR readers appreciate his great contribution.



WHAT IS RESPECTABILITY?

By IRVING BACHELLER

ONE night, after a tiresome day at the battle-front, I sat by a cheerful fireside with an English gentleman of title who could wear his monocle with a better grace than any man I had ever seen. He told me that for years he had been equerry of a certain amiable old duchess.

"What are the duties of an equerry?" I asked.

"Nothing but to look respectable," said he. "Often I stand for hours, perfectly erect and silent at her receptions and turn myself into a living statue of respectability. It would be easier to shovel coal."

"I suppose you have some talking to do," I said.

"A dignified little—not a word too much or a word too soon."

"Is that all there is to it?"

"Well, you have to have a costume and know how to wear it."

"In America we just get clothes that fit us fairly well and put 'em on," I said.

"Well, you see, the clothes must fit the man and the man must fit the clothes as well as he fits his skin," he answered. "That isn't so easy."

It had not occurred to me that there was an art of respectability which called for arduous training and a considerable amount of nervous and muscular strain. It pained me to think of the general lack of respectability in men like Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses S. Grant.

When I was a boy I used to write love-letters for one of our hired men. One day when I suggested that we should throw in a little poetry, he shook his head and gravely informed me that she was respectable. An old writer tells me that among the Indians the basest of the ten sins was considered respectable if not committed in the open air.

There have been many opinions on the subject of correct behavior and America was founded on a new notion of respectability. It concerned itself chiefly with the inside of a man—with the invisible part of him—with facts and not appearances, with the spirit and not with the body.

WAS it a step in the right direction? No, it was a leap. Like most reform movements it went too far. In these days of wealth and leisure, it is good to remember that the human body contains something more than a spirit. It has vital organs which are entitled to respect. No one can have a good spirit with a bad liver; no one can be quite respectable who through indolence or love of gain permits his body to degenerate. A fine spirit should be clothed in sound flesh and comely garments.

So I am not without respect for the standard of my English friend, although it was essentially outworn and medieval. I learned that there was no kind of real work that he could do and no kind of play I knew which he enjoyed. Golf was a bore to him and he could not endure shooting or fishing. One's in tough luck who can find no fun in play and nothing but hard work in respectability.

We in America love fun only because we know how to do real work. It's the contrast which gives us pleasure. If one has nothing to do but play it begins to rub him. He soon tires of it. If he has nothing to do but work, the harness will, by and by, gall his back and he is likely to be only half a man.

OFTEN I get the feeling that work is altogether too respectable in this land of ours. The country towns are filled with men who are so busy trying to get rich that they have time for nothing else. It is a wasteful extravagance, an imposition on the internal organs and an invitation to premature decay. Death has two sturdy helpers in America. They are the pivot chair and the automobile—excellent things, too, unless they are permitted to rob one. These days the scythe of Father Time is a pivot chair. The man who overvalues whisky is bad enough, but I think that the man who overvalues wealth is a worse species of town drunkard because he is apt to be a man of influence.

Benjamin Franklin had much to say in favor of industry and frugality. He was a prodigious worker and yet no man ever lived who was more devoted to play. He was probably the best swimmer of whom there was any record up to his time, a skilful horseman and oarsman and a great walker. He loved fun even when he was bent with age and illness.

Learning how to work and how to play are really the big things which we should get in school. After these a correct notion of respectability is most important. In this matter should we not take careful thought of the mental and moral exposure of our boys and girls? It is to be hoped that we shall learn that a strictly American education is good enough for them. We used to think it a fine thing for young men to get a degree in philosophy at a German University. It will be strange if, since the war, we do not decide that we have had quite enough of the philosophy of Germany. It lacks courage. In four years not a voice was raised in its universities against the degenerate and infamous men who were wrecking the ship of state and seeking to destroy the best possession of humanity!

Have we not the testimony of William James, our most distinguished philosopher, who had tasted many springs of learning in the old country and who wrote to his father in 1882?

> "My tour of Germany was pleasant and, from a pedagogic point of view, instructive, although its chief result was to make me more satisfied than ever with our Harvard College methods of teaching and to make me feel that, in America, we have perhaps a more cosmopolitan post of observation than is elsewhere to be found."

Again he writes to his brother from Paris:

> "Nowhere did I see a university which seems to do for all its students anything like what our college does. Our methods throughout are better."

And again from Liége:

> "We are a sound country and my opinion of our essential worth has risen and not fallen."

I am convinced that we shall have sounder men and women, mentally and morally, if our young are kept out of foreign schools. Franklin, who knew Europe as no American has ever known it, is constantly warning us in his letters of the mischievous opinions, naturally hostile to America, which pervade its life and teaching. All its main highways of thought are streaked with the tar of a philosophy fundamentally opposed to our own and he would have us keep our feet clean of it.

A man who lives in an important town of the middle West was lately telling me what he called "The Story of Emma."

Now Emma was the daughter of one of its successful citizens. Her parents desired to bestow upon Emma an unusual effulgence of manners and accomplishments so they sent her abroad to finish her education. She returned with a new outfit of habits and principles. She had been overhauled and scraped and painted and varnished and lined and decorated with Europeanism. Moreover she had acquired a haughty contempt for the town in which she had been reared and even regarded America with a degree of condescension. Others imitated her example and manners and spirit and the cut of her gowns. Whereupon a wise man remarked:

"The danger of this country is not so much from immigration as from *Emmagration.*"

THE rolling stone has a bad reputation. We should learn the art, which would seem to be very difficult these days, of staying at home. Travel can show us only the surface of things. It fills us with a large amount of misunderstanding. All history condemns the rolling stone. A change of climate and food is good for one, but on this continent we have all varieties of them which the most exacting taste may demand.

Last Autumn I trailed a moose to the top of a lonely mountain, deep in the Canadian wilderness. There, on a little pond, at daybreak, I found to my surprise a great, singing, happy band of red-breasted robins. Late in the Summer these birds disappear from the lawns and groves of northern New York and New England and return in the Autumn. Undoubtedly they go to the wild country for a change of air and food as we hunters do. Bird and beast set us a good example but they do not cross the great pond.

We must have a center and stick to it mostly, or our

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SANTA LUCIA

A song thaws the frost of half a century

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

RETURNING from the English Church at Monte Carlo toward his hotel, old Trevillian paused at a bend in the white road to rest his thin calves. Through a mimosa-tree the sea was visible, very blue, and his brown eyes rested on it with the filmy stare of old age. Though Monte Carlo was changed, that blue, tideless sea was the same as on his first visit five and forty years ago, and this was pleasant to one conservative by nature. Since then he had married; inherited and made money; "raised," as Americans called it, a family—all, except his daughter Agatha, out in the world; been widowed; and developed old men's cough. He and Agatha now left The Cedars, their country house in Hertfordshire, for the Riviera with the annual regularity of swallows. Usually they stayed at Nice or Cannes; but this year, to be near a friend of Agatha's, wife of the English chaplain, they had chosen Monte Carlo. It was near the end of their stay, and the April sun was hot.

Trevillian passed his thin hand down his thin brown hairy face. His bushy eyebrows were still dark, but his pointed beard was white; and the effect, under a rather wide-brimmed brown hat, was almost too Spanish for an English bank director. He was fond of saying that some of the best Cornish families had Spanish blood in their veins, whether pre-Celtic or merely Armadesque he did not specify, but the theory suited a certain formalism in him, growing more formal with each year.

Agatha had stayed in with a cold, and he had been to service by himself. A poor gathering! The English out here were a rackety lot! Among the congregation to whom he had that morning read the lessons he had noted, for instance, that old blackguard Telford, who had run off with two men's wives in his time, and was now living with a Frenchwoman, they said. What on earth was *he* doing in church? And that couple—ostracized from England—the Gaddenhams, who had the villa near Roquebrune. She used his name, but they had never been married—for his wife was still alive. And more seriously had he observed Mrs. Rolfe, who before the war used to come with her husband to The Cedars, to shoot the coverts in November. Colonel Rolfe was in India, and young Lord Chesherford was hanging about her, they said. That would end in scandal, to a certainty! It was always with uneasiness that he saw that woman, with whom his daughter was on terms of some intimacy. Grass-widows were dangerous, especially in a place like this. He must give Agatha a hint. It was difficult to disapprove of people coming to church, if you were a strong churchman. And, of course, a man of the world could rub shoulders with them. But it was different when they came near one's women-folk. Such encroachments showed no sense of the fitness of things. He must certainly speak to Agatha!

The road had lain up-hill, and he drew in some breaths of the mimosa-scented air, carefully regulating them so as not to provoke his cough. He was about to turn and

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proceed on his way when a piano-organ across the road burst into tune. The man who played it was the stereotyped mustachioed Italian, with restless eyes and a game leg; the animal that drew it, the usual little gray donkey; the singer, the proverbial dark girl with orange headkerchief; the song she sang, the immemorial "Santa Lucia." Her brassy voice rolled out the full metallic a's till they seemed to hit the air as hammers hit the wires of a cymbal. Trevillian had some music in his soul; he often started for the Casino concert and arrived in the playing-rooms, not indeed to adventure more than a five-franc piece or two, for he disapproved of gambling, but because their motley irregularity titillated his formalism, made him feel like a boy just out of school. He could distinguish between several tunes, and knew this to be neither "God Save the King," "Rule Britannia," "Tipperary," nor "Funiculi, Funicula!" It was almost as common, but it had to him a kind of separate ring, a resonance oddly intimate, as if in some other life it had been the beating—the hammering rhythm—of his heart. Queer sensation—quite a queer sensation! He stood, blinking. Yes, of course, he knew the tune—"Santa Lucia"; but in what previous existence had its *miauling* awakened something deep, hot, almost savage within him, sweet and luring like a strange fruit or the scent of a tropical flower? "San-ta Luci-i-a! San-ta Luci-i-a!" Lost! And yet so close to the fingers of his recollection that they itched—they itched! The girl stopped singing and came across to him; he felt in his pocket and produced a franc. A gaudy baggage, with her orange scarf, her beads, the whites of her eyes, and all those teeth! These Latins, emotional, vibrant, light-hearted, and probably light-fingered—an inferior race! He moved on slowly.

AT THE next bend in the road he halted again. The girl had recommenced, in gratitude for his franc; and he was strangely worried by that sense of something buried deep in him, under the fallen leaves of years and years. "San-ta Luci-i-a! San-ta Luci-a!"

A pepper-tree, full of pink clustered berries, drooped from behind a low garden wall right over him while he stood there. The air tingled with its faint savorous perfume, spiritual essence of the south. And again that conviction of a previous existence, of something sweet, burning, and poignant, caught him in the Adam's apple veiled by his beard. Memory sometimes stammered on the verge of experiences, dreamed perhaps, but never passed through. Was that the matter with him now, while the organ wailed and the girl's song vibrated? Trevillian's stare lighted on the prickly-pears and aloes, showing above the low pink wall. The savagery of those plants jerked his mind forward almost to the pitch of—what? A youth passed, smoking a maize-colored cigaret, leaving a perfume of Latakia, that tobacco of his own youth, when he too smoked cigarets made of its black, strong, fragrant threads. He gazed blankly at the half-obliterated name on the dilapidated garden gate—V-lla Be-u S-te. Trevillian spelled it out. "Villa Beau Site! Beau—! By God! I've got it!"

The unbecoming vigor of his ejaculation startled him; and a smile of release, wrinkling round his eyes, furrowed his thin brown cheeks. He went up to the gate. Extraordinary coincidence! The very—! He stood there, staring into a tangled garden through the fog of forty-five years, resting his large prayer-book with its big print on the top rail of the old green gate; then, looking up and down the road like a boy about to steal cherries, he lifted the latch and passed in.

Nobody lived here now, he should say. The old pink villa, glimpsed some sixty yards away at the end of that little wilderness, was shuttered, and its paint seemed peeling off. Beau Site! That *was* the name—Beau Site! And this the gate he had been wont to use into this lower garden, invisible from the house. And here—yes—here was the little old fountain, broken and discolored now, but with the same gargoyle face, and water still dripping from its mouth! And here—here the old stone seat his cloak had so often covered. Grown over now—all of it; so unpruned the lilacs, the mimosas, the palms making that dry rustling as the breeze crept into them! He opened his prayer-book, laid it on the stone seat, and carefully sat down—he never sat on unprotected stone; and he felt almost as if he had passed into another world, so screened was he from the eye by the overgrown shrubs and tangled foliage. Slowly while he sat there the frost of nearly half a century thawed till he was almost back in feeling where he had been so very long ago.

SITTING on his prayer-book, out of the sun, under the flowering tangled trees, little by little he remembered.

Yes, he had been twenty-six, for it was just after he went into the family bank. A neglected cold had given him the first of those bronchial attacks of which he was now reaping the aftermath. Those were days when, in the chill of a London Winter, he would, dandy-like, wear the thinnest of underclothes and no overcoat. Still coughing when Easter came, he had taken three weeks off and a ticket to Mentone. A cousin of his was engaged to a Russian girl whose family had a villa there, and he had pitched his tent in a little hotel almost next door. The Russians of that day were the Russians of those Turgenev novels which Agatha had made him read; he preferred them to these modern things, anyway, which had neither sense, romance, nor morals! That simple, tri-lingual family of gentlefolk, the Rostakovs, father, mother, and two daughters—what was it they had called *him*—Philip Philipovitch? Monsieur Rostakov, with his beard, his witty French stories imperfectly understood by young Trevillian, his zest for food and drink, his thick lips, and, as they said, his easy morals—quite a dog in his way! And Madame, *née* Princess Nogarin (a Tartar strain in her, his cousin said), *spirituelle*, somewhat worn out by Monsieur Rostakov and her belief in the transmigration of souls. And Varvara, the elder daughter—the one engaged, only seventeen, with deep-gray truthful eyes, a broad grave face, dark hair, and a direct candor that almost frightened him. And the little one, Katrina, blue-eyed, snub-nosed, fair-haired, with laughing lips, yet very serious too—charming little creature, whose death from typhoid three years later had given him quite a shock!

Delightful family, seen through the mists of time. And now in all the world you couldn't find a Russian family like that—gone, vanished from the face of the earth! Their estates had been— Ah! Somewhere in south Russia, and a house near Yalta. Cosmopolitan, yet Russian of the Russians, with their samovar and their zakouskas—a word he had never learned to spell—and Rostakov's little glasses of white vodka, and those caviar sandwiches that the girls and he used to take on picnics to Gorbio and Castellar and Belle Enda, riding donkeys, and chaperoned by that amiable young German lady, their governess. The Germans of those days—how different! How different the whole of life! The girls riding in their wide skirts, under parasols, the air unspoiled by the fumes of petrol, the carriages with their jangling-belled little horses and bright harness; priests in black, soldiers in bright trousers and yellow shakos; and beggars—plenty. The girls would gather wild flowers on those picnics, and press them afterward. And Varvara in the evening would look at him with her grave eyes and ask him whether he believed in God and a future life.

IN THOSE days he had no beliefs to speak of, if he remembered rightly; they had come with increasing income, family, and the heavy responsibilities of business and social life. It had always seemed to hurt her that he thought of sport and dress and all that, and not of his soul. Russians, then, seemed tremendously concerned about their souls—an excellent thing, of course, but not what one talked about. That first fortnight had been quite—idyllic. He remembered one Sunday afternoon—queer how such a little thing could stay in the mind!—on the beach near Cap Martin, flicking sand off his boots with his handkerchief, and Varvara saying: "And then to your face again, Philip Philipovitch?" She was always saying things that made him feel uncomfortable. And in the little letter that Katrina wrote him a year later, with blue forget-me-nots all about the paper, she had reminded him of how he had blushed!

Charming young girls—simple—no such nowadays. The dew was off. He remembered they had thought Monte Carlo a vulgar place, even then; what would they think of it now? Even Rostakov went there only on the quiet—a *viveur*, that fellow, who would always be living a double life. Trevillian remembered how, under the spell of that idyllic atmosphere, and afraid of Varvara's eyes, he himself had put off from day to day his visit to the celebrated haunt. But, one evening, when Madame Rostakov had *migraine* and the girls were at a party, he had sauntered to the station and embarked on a Monte Carlo train. Even now he could remember mounting by the winding path up through the gardens, of a beautiful, still evening, scented and warm. The Casino orchestra was playing the love-music from "Faust"—the one opera he then knew well. The darkness, strange with exotic foliage and glimmering with golden lamps—none of this glaring electric light—had made a deep impression on one who, for all his youthful dandyism, had Puritanism in his blood and training. It was like going up to—ah—no—not precisely heaven! And in his white beard old Trevillian uttered a slight cackle. Anyway, he had entered the rooms with a beating heart. He had no money to throw away in those days; by Jove, no! His father had kept him strictly to an allowance of four hundred a year, and his partnership was still in the apprentice stage. He had only some ten or twenty pounds to spare. But to go back to England and have his fellows say: "What? Went to Monte Carlo, and never played?" was not to be thought of.

His first sensation was disappointing. Take them by and large, the decorations were florid, the people foreign, queer, ugly! For some time he stood still in the biggest room, listening to the chink of rake against coin and the nasal twang of the croupiers' voices. But gradually, sorting out from the throng the elegant and well bred, he found there were more than he had thought at first—oh, many more than he found nowadays among the motley crowds in there! He had gone up to a table and stood watching the game, which as yet he had never seen played. That, at all events, was the same as now; that, and the expression on the gamblers' faces—the sharp, blind, crablike absorption like no other human expression. And what a lot of old women! A sort of nervous excitement had crept into his brain while he stood there, an itch into his fingers. But he was shy. All these people played with such deadly calm, seemed so utterly familiar with it all.

AT LAST he had reached over the shoulder of a dark-haired woman sitting in front of him, put down a five-franc piece, and called out the word: "*Vingt.*" A rake shoveled it forward on to the right number with its indifferent click. The ball rolled. "*Quatorze, rouge gagne, pair et manque.*" His five-franc piece was raked away; but he—Philip Trevillian—had gambled at Monte Carlo; and, at once, he had seemed to see Varvara's eyes with something of amusement in their candor, and to hear her voice: "But to gamble! How silly, Philip Philipovitch!" Then the man sitting to his left got up, and almost automatically he had slipped down into the empty chair. Being seated, he knew he must play. So he pushed another five-franc piece on to black, and received its counterpart. Now he was quits; and continuing that simple stake with varying success he began taking in the faces of his neighbors.

On his left he had an old Englishman in evening dress, ruddy, with chubby lips, who played in gold pieces and seemed winning rather heavily; opposite, in a fabulous shawl, a birdlike old woman with a hook nose, and a man who looked like a Greek bandit in a frock coat. To his right was the dark-haired woman over whose shoulder he had leaned. An agreeable perfume as of jasmine blossoms floated around her. She had tablets, and six or seven gold pieces before her, but seemed to have stopped playing.

Out of the tail of his eye Trevillian had scrutinized her profile. She was by far the most attractive woman he had seen in here. And he felt, suddenly, uninterested in the fate of his five-franc pieces. When she glanced round at him from under thin dark brows a little drawn down, he could see that her eyes were dark and velvety, and her face rather pointed, very delicate, slightly powdered, in the foreign fashion. She wore a low dress, but with a black lace scarf thrown over her gleaming shoulders and bosom, and something that glimmered in her hair. She was not English; what she might be he could not tell. He won twice running on black, and left his stake untouched—not liking to take it up under her scrutiny. He won again, again left it untouched, and was conscious that she pushed one of her own gold pieces on to black. Again black won; again he left his stake, and she too left her winnings untouched. The sense of being linked to her by that following of his luck was agreeable to young Trevillian, and a feeling of devil-may-caredom fastened on him. Again, again, and yet again he won, and left his stake on black, his neighbor following suit. He had now won eight times running, and a pile of gold was mounting before each of them.

THE eyes of the hawk-like old woman opposite reminded him of some crustacean he had seen in a book of natural history, pushed out as it were from her face; and a little hard smile on her thin lips seemed saying: "Wait, it will all go back!" The jasmine perfume from his neighbor grew sweeter and stronger, as though deeply disengaged by an increasing emotion; he could see her breast heaving under its black lace. She reached her hand out as though to gather her winnings. In bravado, Trevillian sat quite motionless. Her eyes slid round to his, and she withdrew her hand. The little ball rolled. Black!

He heard her sigh with relief; and suddenly she touched his arm. "*Retirez!*" she said; "*retirez, monsieur!*" and, sweeping in her winnings, she got up. Trevillian hesitated just a moment; then, with the thought, "If I stay, I lose sight of her!" he too reached out and gathered in his pile, and left the table. Starting with a five-franc piece, in nine successful coups he had won more than a hundred pounds. His neighbor, who had started with a louis, in seven coups—he calculated rapidly—must have won about the same. And "*Seize, rouge gagne, pair et manque!*" met his ears as he turned away.

Now, young Trevillian knew that it was not good form

Continued on page 94



ROSALIE'S FATHER THUMPED A MARMALADE JAR DOWN UPON THE TABLE SO THAT IT CRACKED. "WHAT THE DICKENS RIGHT HAVE YOU TO TALK AT ALL, SIR?"

THIS FREEDOM

"With a great sum obtained I this freedom"

By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON—*Author of "If Winter Comes."*

PART I

This is the most important novel of the year. It is a story of the woman of to-day. Here are great truths, and great truths are always challenged. Some men who have read "This Freedom" resent its honest revelations. "An indictment of men" they call it. Women have said: "It is life"

ROSALIE'S earliest apprehension of the world was of a mysterious and extraordinary world that revolved entirely about her father and that entirely and completely belonged to her father. Under her father all males had proprietary rights in the world and dominion over it; no females owned any part of the world or could do anything with it. All the males in this world—her father and Robert and Harold, her brothers, and all the other boys and men one sometimes saw—did mysterious and extraordinary things; and all the females in this world—her mother and Anna and Flora and Hilda, her sisters, and Ellen the cook and Gertrude the maid—did ordinary and unexciting and generally tiresome things. All the males were like story-books to Rosalie—you never knew what they were going to do next; and all the females like lesson-books—they just went on and on and on.

Rosalie always stared at men when she saw them—extraordinary and wonderful creatures who could do what they liked and were always doing mysterious and wonderful things, especially and above all her father.

BEING with her father was like being with a magician or like watching a conjurer on the stage. You never knew what he was going to do next. Whatever he suddenly did was never surprising in the sense of being startling, for (this can not be emphasized too much) nothing her father did was ever surprising to Rosalie; but it was surprising in the sense of being absorbingly wonderful and enthralling. Even better than reading when she first began to read, and far better than anything in the world before the mysteries in books were discoverable, Rosalie liked to sit and stare at her father and think how wonderful he was and wonder what extraordinary thing he would do next. Everything belonged to him. The whole of life was ordered with a view to what he would think about it. The whole of life was continually thrown off its balance and whirled into the most entrancing convulsions by sudden activities of this most wonderful man.

Entrancing convulsions! Wonderful, wonderful father with a bull after him! Why, that was her very earliest recollection of him! That showed you how wonderful he was! Father, seen for the first time, as it were, flying before a bull! Bounding wildly across a field toward her with a bull after him! Wonderful father! Did her mother ever rush along in front of a bull? Never. Was it possible to imagine any of the women she knew rushing before a bull? It was not possible. To see a woman rushing before a bull would have alarmed Rosalie, for she would have felt it was unnatural; but for her father to be bounding wildly along in front of a bull (he did it not once but often) was perfectly natural and ordinary and she was not in the least alarmed; only, as always, enthralled.

Her father, while Rosalie watched him, was not in great danger. He and the bull went through this performance about twice a month and Rosalie's father—the Rev. Harold Aubyn was his name—knew to a pretty narrow margin when he could cross the field with no worse hurt than outrage to his soul and torture to his wind. The wild dash across the field—easy but cautious jog at first while the bull was remote, browsing and unsuspicious, then wild, agitated and ungainly gallop while the bull was in headlong intent upon preserving the sanctity of its pastures—the wild dash saved Rosalie's father more than a mile and a half of laborious road, and by the time he had tramped the round of his parish that brought him within choice of the half a league onward or the wild but short scramble for the rectory it was always (given a fair start) the wild scramble that he chose.

He used to come ballooning along toward Rosalie, not running as ordinarily fit and efficient men run, but progressing by a series of enormous leaps and bounds, arms and legs spread-eagling, and at each leap and bound always seeming to Rosalie to spring as high in the air as he sprung forward over the ground. It would never have surprised Rosalie, who was then about four, to see one of these stupendous leaps continue in a whirling flight through mid-air and her father come hurtling over the gate and with an enormous plunk at her feet like a huge dead bird, as a partridge once had come plunk over the hedge and out of the sky when she was in a lane adjacent to a shooting party. It would not have surprised her in the least. Nothing her father did ever surprised Rosalie. The world was his and the fulness thereof, and he did what he liked with it.

ARRIVED, however, from the bull, not as a ballooning bird out of the sky, but as a headlong avalanche over the gate, Rosalie's father used to totter to a felled tree-trunk, and sit there heaving, and shout out loud "Infernal parish; hateful parish; forsaken parish!"

Rosalie, wonderingly regarding him, would probably say: "Mother is waiting, father, to cook the dinner."

Rosalie's father would then spring to his feet and wrestle furiously with a soggy mass of steak and blood and newspaper in his pocket (it never would come out, and he would shout, "Blow the dinner, dash the dinner, blow the dinner!") and presently would wrench it free and swing it round his head and hurl it about half a mile in any direction he happened to be facing.

Rosalie would solemnly trot after it, and while she was raising it a string of sausages would perhaps come whirling through the air, or a loaf descend out of the sky and burst at her feet, and Rosalie (not in the least surprised)

would trot around after these also and solemnly trot the whole in to her mother, who was waiting for it.

Her mother—her mother and her sisters and the servants and the entire female establishment of the universe—were always waiting for something from her father, or for her father himself, or waiting for or upon some male other than her father. That was another of the leading principles that Rosalie first came to know in her world. Not only were the males, paramountly her father, able to do what they liked and always doing wonderful and mysterious things, but everything that the females did either had some relation to a male or was directly for, about or on behalf of a male.

Getting Robert off to school in the morning, for instance—that was another early picture.

There would be Robert, eating; and there was the entire female population of the rectory feverishly attending upon Robert while he ate; six females, intensely and as if their lives depended upon it, occupied with one male; three girls—Anna, about sixteen, Flora, fourteen, Hilda, twelve—and three grown women, all exhaustingly occupied in pushing out of the house one heavy and obstinate male aged about ten! Rosalie used to stand and watch entranced. How wonderful he was! Where did he go to when at last he was pushed off? What happened to him? What did he do?

THERE he is, eating; there they are, ministering. Entrancing and mysterious spectacle!

Robert, very solid and heavy and very heated and agitated, would be seated at the table shoving porridge into himself against the clock. One of his legs, unnaturally flexed backward and outward, is in the possession of Rosalie's mother, who is on her knees mending a hole in his stocking. The other leg, similarly contorted, is on the lap of Ellen the cook, who with very violent tugs, as if she were lashing a box, is lacing a boot on to it. Behind Robert is Anna, who is pressing his head down with one hand and washing the back of his neck with the other. In front of him across the table is Hilda, staring before her with bemused eyes and moving lips and rapidly counting on drumming fingers. Hilda is doing his sums for him. Beside him on his right side, apparently engaged in throttling him, is Gertrude the maid. Gertrude the maid is trying to tear off him a grimed collar and put on him a clean collar. Facing Gertrude on his other side is Flora. Flora is bawling his history in his ear.

Everybody is working for Robert, everybody is working at top speed for him and everybody is loudly soliciting his attention.

"Oh, do give over wriggling, Master Robert!" (The boot-fastener.)

" 'Simon de Montford, Hubert de Burgh, and Peter de Roche.' Well, *say* it then, you dreadful little idiot!" (The history-crammer.)

"Oh, Master Robert, do please keep *up!*" (The collar-fastener.)

"Keep *down*, will you!" (The neck-washer.)

"Four sixes are twenty-four and six you carried, thirty!" (The arithmetician.)

"Robert, you must turn your foot farther round!" (The stocking-darner.)

" 'The barons were now incensed. The barons were now incensed. The barons were now incensed.' *Say* it, you ghastly little stupid!"

"DO THEY make you do these by fractions or by decimals? . . . Well, what *do* you know, then?"

Entrancing spectacle.

Now the discovery is by everybody simultaneously made and simultaneously announced that Robert is already later in starting than he has ever been (he always was) and immediately Rosalie would become witness of the last and most violent skirmish in this devoted attendance. Everybody rushes around hunting for things and pushing them on to Robert and pushing Robert, festooned with them, toward the door. Where was his cap? Where was his satchel? Where was his lunch? Where were his books? Who had seen his atlas? Who had seen his pencil-box? Who had seen his gymnasium belt? Was his bicycle ready? Was his coat on his bicycle? Was that button on his coat?

With these alarums at their height and the excursions attendant on them at their busiest, another splendid male would enter the room and immediately there was, as Rosalie always saw, a transference of attendance to him and a violent altercation between him and the first splendid male. This new splendid male is Rosalie's other brother, Harold. Harold was eighteen and him also the entire female population of the rectory combined to push out of the rectory every morning. Harold was due to be pushed off half an hour later than Robert, and as he was a greater and more splendid male than Robert (though infinitely lesser than her father), so the place to which he was pushed off was far more mysterious and enthralling than the place to which Robert was pushed off. A school Rosalie could dimly understand. But a bank! Why Harold should go to sit on a bank all day, and why he should ride on a bicycle to Ashborough to find a bank when there were banks all around the rectory, and even in the garden itself, Rosalie never could imagine.

Mysterious Harold! Anna had told her that men kept money in banks; but Rosalie had never found money in a bank, though she had looked; yet banks—of all extraordinary places—were where men chose to put their money! Mysterious men! And Harold could find these banks and find this money though he never took a trowel or a spade and was always shiningly clean with a very high collar and very long cuffs. Wonderful, wonderful Harold!

Robert was due to be pushed off half an hour before Harold was due to be pushed off, but he never was; the two splendid creatures always clashed and there was always between them, because they clashed, a violent scene which Rosalie would not have missed for worlds. A meeting of two males, so utterly unlike a meeting of two females, was invariably of the most entrancingly noisy or violent description. When ladies came to the rectory to see her mother, they sat in the drawing-room and sipped tea and spoke in thin voices; but when men came to see her father and went into the study there was very loud talking and often a row. Yes, and once in the village street, Rosalie had seen two men stand up and thump one another with their fists and fall down and get up and thump again. When two women, her sisters or others, quarreled, they only shrilled and went on and on shrilling. It was impossible to imagine the collision of two women producing anything so exciting and splendid as invariably was produced by the collision of two males.

As now:

In comes Harold in great heat and hurry (as men always were), with his splendid button boots in one hand, an immense pair of shining cuffs in the other hand.

"Haven't you gone yet, you lazy young brute?"

"No I haven't, you lazy old brute!"

AGITATED feminine cries of "Robert! Robert! You are not to speak to Harold like that."

"Well, he spoke to me like that."

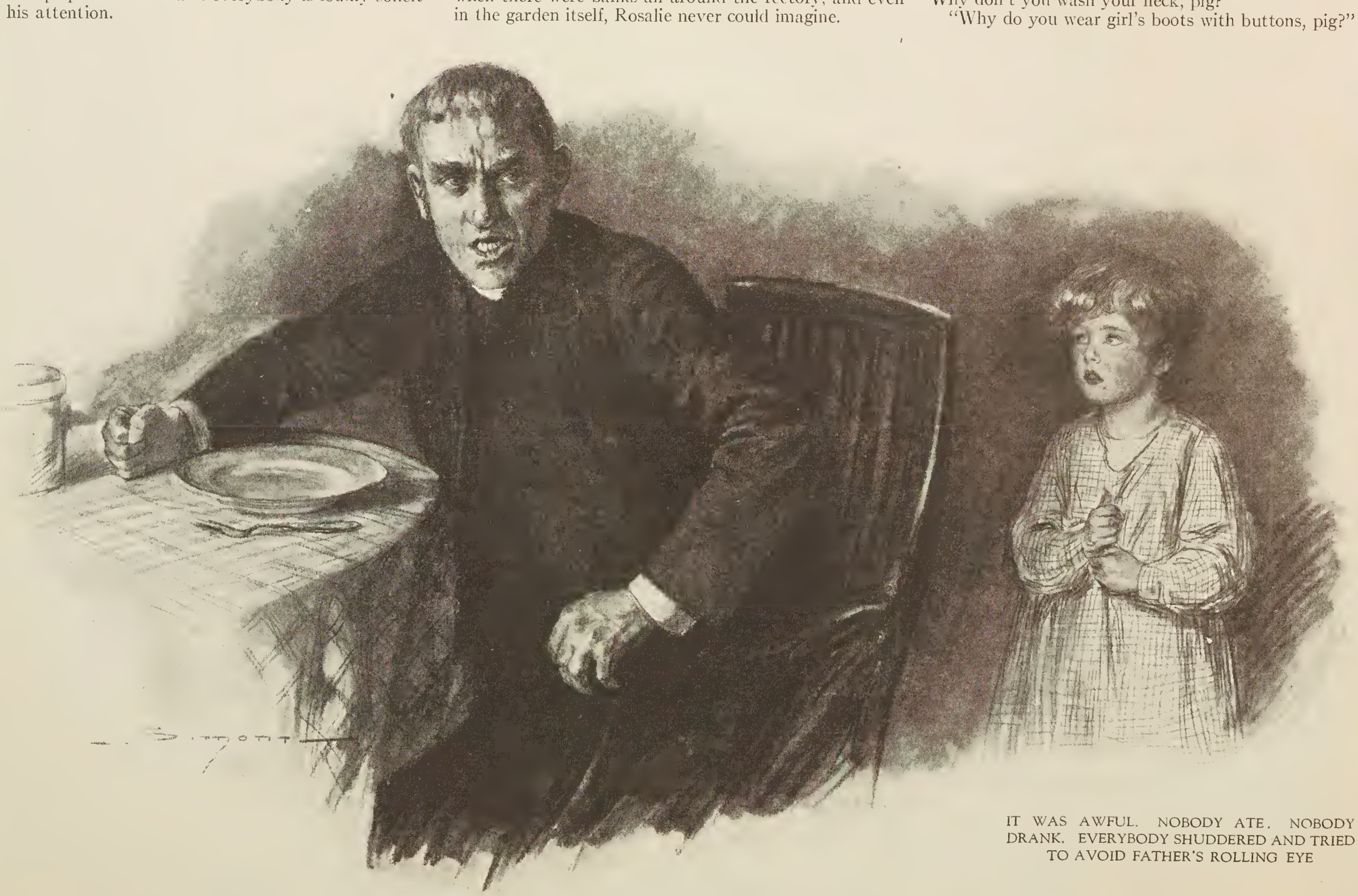
"Yes, and I'll do a jolly sight more than speak to you in a minute if you don't get out of it. Get out of it, do you hear?"

"Shan't!"

"Robert! Robert! Harold! Harold!"

"Well, get him out of it or he'll be sorry for it. Why is he always here when I'm supposed to be having my breakfast? Not a thing ready, as usual. Look here where I'm supposed to sit—flannel and soap! That's washing his filthy neck, I suppose. Filthy young brute! Why don't you wash your neck, pig?"

"Why do you wear girl's boots with buttons, pig?"



IT WAS AWFUL. NOBODY ATE. NOBODY DRANK. EVERYBODY SHUDDERED AND TRIED TO AVOID FATHER'S ROLLING EYE

Commotion. Enthralling commotion. Half the female assemblage hustles the splendid creature Robert out of the door and down the hall and on to his bicycle; half the female assemblage covers his retreat and blocks the dash after him of the still more splendid Harold; all the female assemblage, battle having been prevented and one splendid male dispatched, combines to minister to the requirements of the second male now demanding attention.

BUSY scene! Enthralling spectacle! There he is, eating; shoving sausages into himself against the clock just as Robert had shoveled porridge into himself against the clock. One ministrant is sewing a button on to his boot; another with blotting-paper and hot iron is removing a stain from his coat, divested for the purpose; one is pouring out his coffee; another is cutting his bread; a third is watching for his newspaper by the postman. And suddenly he whirls everything into a whirlpool just as men, if Rosalie watches them long enough, always whirl everything into a whirlpool.

"Oh, my goodness, the pump!"

Chorus—"The pump?"

"The bicycle-pump! Has that young brute taken the bicycle-pump?"

"Yes, he took it. I saw it."

Commotion.

"Catch him across the field! Catch him across the field! Where are my boots? Where the devil are my boots? Well, never mind the infernal button. How am I going to get to the bank with a flat tire? Can't some one catch him across the field instead of all standing there staring?"

Away they go! Rosalie, seeking a good place for the glorious spectacle, is knocked over in the stampede for the door. Nobody minds Rosalie. Rosalie doesn't mind—anything to see this entrancing sight! Away they go, flying over the meadow, shouting, scrambling, falling. Out after them plunges Harold, shirt-sleeved, one boot half on, hobbling, leaping, bawling. Glorious to watch him! He outruns them all; he outbellows them all. Of course he does. He is a man. He is one of those splendid, wonderful, mysterious creatures to whom, subject only to Rosalie's father, the entire world belongs. Look at him, bounding, bawling! Wonderful, wonderful Harold!

But Robert is wonderful, too. If it had been Anna or Flora or Hilda gone off with the pump, she would have been easily caught. Not Robert. Wonderful and mysterious Robert, wonderfully and mysteriously pedaling at incredible speed, is not caught. The hunt dejectedly trails back. The business of pushing Harold out of the house is devotedly resumed.

And again—enthralling spectacle!—just as the reign of Robert was terminated by the accession of Harold, so the dominion of Harold is overthrown by the accession of father. Harold is crowded about with ministrants. Nobody can leave him for a minute. Rosalie's father appears. Everybody leaves Harold simultaneously, abruptly, and as if by magic. Rosalie's father appears. Everybody disappears. Wonderful father! Everybody melts away; but Harold does not melt away. Courageous Harold! Everybody melts; only Harold is left, and Rosalie watching; and immediately, as always, the magnificent males clash with sound and fury.

ROSALIE'S father scowls upon Harold and delivers his morning greeting. No "Good morning, dear," as her mother would have said. "Aren't you gone yet?" like a bark from a kennel.

"Just going."

Wonderful father! A moment before there had been not the remotest sign of Harold ever going. Now Harold is very anxious to go. He is very anxious to go, but, like Robert, he will not abandon the field without defiance of the authority next above his own. While he collects his things he whistles. Rosalie shudders (but deliciously, as one in old Rome watching the gladiators).

"Do you see the clock, sir?"

"Yes."

"Well, quicken yourself, sir. Quicken yourself."

"The clock's fast."

"It is not fast, sir. And let me add that the clock with which you could keep time of a morning, or of any hour in the day, would have to be an uncommonly slow clock."

Harold with elaborate unconcern adjusts his trousers-clips. "I should have thought that was more a matter for the bank to complain of, if necessary. I may be wrong, of course——"

"You may be wrong, sir, because in my experience you almost invariably are wrong and never more so than when you lah-di-dah that you are right. You may be wrong, but let me tell you what you may not be. You may not be impertinent to me, sir. You may not lah-di-dah me, sir."

"Father, I really do not see why, at my age, I should be hounded out of the house like this every morning."

"You are hounded out, as you elegantly express it, because morning after morning owing to your disgustingly slothful habits you clash with me, sir. My breakfast is delayed because you clash with me, and the house is delayed because you clash with me, and the whole parish is delayed because you clash with me."

"Perhaps you're not aware that Robert clashes with me."

"Dash Robert! Are you going or are you not going?"

He goes.

"Bring back the paper."

He brings it back.

Wonderful father!

Rosalie's father gives a tug at the bell-cord that would have dislocated the neck of a horse. The cord comes away in his hand. He hurls it across the room.

Glorious father!

There was a delightful storm one night, and Rosalie, in Anna's bed with Flora crowded in also and Hilda shivering in her nightgown beside them, too young to be frightened but with her sisters' fright beginning to communicate itself to her, said, "Ask father to go and stop it."

"Fool!" cried Flora. "How could father stop the storm?"

"Why not?"

Flora's sharp and astounding reply to that question of Rosalie's was recalled by Rosalie, with hurt surprise at Flora's sharpness and ignorance, when, shortly afterward, she found in a book a man who could, and did, actually stop a storm. This was a man called *Prospero* in a book called "The Tempest."

She was never—that Rosalie—the conventional wonder-child of fiction who reads before ten all that its author probably never read before thirty, but she could read when she was six and she read widely and curiously, choosing her entertainment, from her father's bookshelves, solely by the method of reading every book that had pictures.

THERE was but one picture to "The Tempest," a frontispiece, but it sufficed, and at the period when Rosalie believed the ownership of the world to be vested in her father and under him in all males "The Tempest," because it reflected that condition, was the greatest joy of all the joys the bookshelves discovered to her. She read it over and over again. It presented life exactly as life presented itself to the round eyes of Rosalie: all males doing always noisy and violent and important and enthralling things, with *Prospero*, her father, by far the most important of all; and women scarcely appearing and doing only what the men told them to do. *Miranda's* appearances in the story were indifferently skipped by Rosalie; the noisy action and language in the wreck and the noisy action and language of the drunkards in the wood were what she liked, and all the magic arts of *Prospero* were what she thoroughly appreciated and understood.

That was life as she knew it.

Rosalie's father, when Rosalie thought the world belonged to him and revolved about him, was clean-shaven and of complexion a dark and burning red. When he was excited or angry, his face used to burn as the embers in the study-fire burned when Rosalie pressed the bellows against them. He had thick, black eyebrows and a most powerful nose. His nose jutted from his face like a projection from a cliff beneath a clump of bushes. He had been at Cambridge and he was most ferociously fond of Cambridge. One of the most fearful scenes Rosalie ever witnessed was on one boat-race day when Harold appeared with a piece of Oxford ribbon in his buttonhole. It was at breakfast, the family, for some reason or other, most unusually all taking breakfast together. Rosalie's father first jocularly bantered Harold on his choice of color, and everybody—anxious as always to please and placate the owner of the world—laughed with father against Harold. But Harold did not laugh. Harold smoldered resentment and defiance, and out of his smoldering began to maintain "from what chaps had said" that Oxford was altogether and in every way a much better place than Cambridge. In every branch of athletics there were better athletes, growled Harold, at Oxford.

ROSALIE has been watching the embers in her father's face glowing to dark-red heat. Everybody had been watching them except Harold, who, though addressing his father, had been mumbling "what chaps had said" to his plate.

"Athletes!" cried Rosalie's father suddenly in a very terrible voice. "Athletes! And what about scholars, sir?"

Harold informed his plate that he wasn't talking about scholars.

Rosalie's father raised a marmalade jar and thumped it down upon the table so that it cracked. "Then what the dickens right have you to talk at all, sir? How dare you try to compare Oxford with Cambridge when you know no more about either than you know of Jupiter or Mars? Athletes!" He went off into record of university contests, cricket scores, running times, football scores, as if his whole life had been devoted to collecting them. They all showed Cambridge first and Oxford beaten, and he hurled each one at Harold's head with a thundering "What about that, sir?" after it. He leaped to scholarship and reeled off scholarships and scholars and schools and professors and endowments and prize-men, as if he had been an educational year-book gifted with speech and with particularly loud and violent speech. He spoke of the colleges of Cambridge, and with every college and every particular glory of every college demanded of the unfortunate Harold, "What have you got in Oxford against that, sir?"

It was awful. It was far more frightening than the night of the storm. Nobody ate. Nobody drank. Everybody shuddered and tried by every means to avoid catching father's rolling eye and thereby attracting the direct blast of the tempest. Rosalie, who, of course, being a completely negligible quantity in the rectory, is not included in the everybody, simply stared, more awed and enthralled than ever before. And with much reason. As he declaimed of the glories of the colleges of Cambridge, there was perceptible in her father's voice a most curious crack or break. It became more noticeable and more frequent. He suddenly and most astoundingly cried out, "Cambridge! Cambridge!" and threw his arms out before him on the table and buried his head on them and sobbed out, "Cambridge! My youth! My youth! My God, my God, my youth!"

SOMEHOW or other they all slipped out of the room and left him there—all except Rosalie, who remained in her high chair staring upon her father and upon his shoulders that heaved up and down and upon the coffee from an overturned cup that oozed slowly along the tablecloth.

Extraordinary father!

Rosalie's father had been a wrangler and one of the brilliant men of his year at Cambridge. All manner of brilliance was expected for him and of him. He unexpectedly went into the church and as unexpectedly married.

His bride was the daughter of a clergyman, a widower, who kept a small private school in Devonshire. She helped her father to run the school (an impoverished business which, begun exclusively for the "sons of gentlemen," had slid down into paying court to tradesmen in order to get the sons of tradesmen) and she maintained him in the very indifferent health he suffered. Harold Aubyn, the brilliant wrangler with the brilliant future, who had begun his brilliance by unexpectedly entering the church, and continued it by unexpectedly

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AN EASTER PRAYER

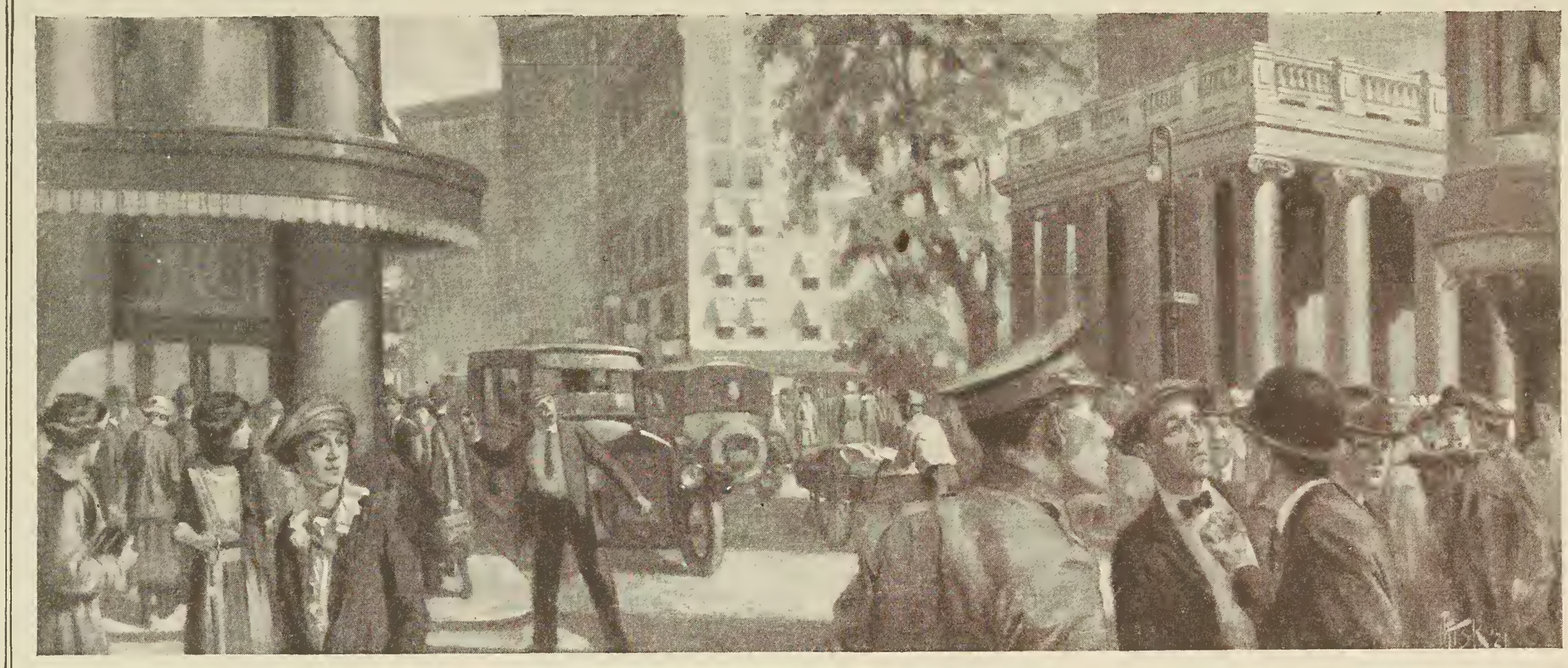
Lord, now that Spring is in the world,
And every tulip is a cup
Filled with the wine of Thy great love,
Lift Thou me up.

Raise Thou my heart as flowers arise
To greet the glory of Thy day,
With soul as clean as lilies are,
And white as they.

Let me not fear the darkness now,
Since Life and Light break through Thy tomb;
Teach me that doubts no more oppress,
No more consume.

Show me that Thou art April, Lord,
And Thou the flowers and the grass;
Then, when awake the soft Spring winds,
I'll hear Thee pass!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE



IN HIS HARVARD RESERVE UNIFORM, BAINBRIDGE SERVED AS A TRAFFIC OFFICER

WITHOUT END

The outcome of a lady's call for help

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

AS FAR as Randy Bainbridge could see at twenty, after the series of misfortunes befalling him within a period of a few months, the wreck of his life was complete. The failure of the banking-house of Bainbridge & Hornby was followed—it seemed almost inevitable—by the death of Bainbridge senior. A month later Mrs. Bainbridge, never strong, smiled a pathetic farewell to her only son and joined her husband. And then came the elopement of Rita Taylor, to whom Randy was engaged, with young Cavanaugh.

All this happened between a Harvard Class Day and the following September, undoing the work of five generations and leaving Randy utterly alone and practically penniless. For when the lawyers were through with the estate, they had sold even the old Beacon Street house and its furnishings, crediting a balance to Randy's account of less than five hundred dollars. He had, to be sure, certain relatives and many friends but these, moving as they did around their unbroken circle, only emphasized his own isolation. The one development every one seemed to think would disturb him most—the romantic escapade of Rita Taylor—concerned him least. He had been sincere enough in his devotion to the girl, but it was curious how easily, in a crisis of this sort, she slipped from his troubled thoughts. In a way he was glad to have her vanish with the rest. It seemed logical.

RANDY did not lack courage, but the fact which overwhelmed him was the finality of it all. The dead can not return to life; money used for the payment of debts does not, like money put out at interest, come back; a home once sold is buried as deep in the past as Pompeii; a shattered romance is like a shattered vase. These things were gone forever—like a ship sunk at sea. And they were the very stuff of his being. They were his life. There was nothing left. And yet just because he was alive Randy had to do something, so he moved his few belongings into a furnished room on Newbury Street until he could get his bearings. Then he began that pacing of his room through most of the day and half the night, on the other side of the wall from Miss Garrison. She heard him and wondered what the trouble was.

She was alone, too, but she was not allowing the fact to keep her awake. This was not because she was indifferent, either. It was because she was a woman. With keener sensibilities, with more acute longings, with a more genuine need of companionship than a man, a woman learns to curb her impulses and busy herself about little things. When Beth Garrison felt like screaming because she was shut up by herself after her day's work, she darned stockings or retrimmed a last year's hat or read a book or played Canfield or wrote back home to her mother in the country what a wonderfully busy time she was having at the office and how she soon expected a raise. And mother, she knew, read this out loud to dad and little sister. So however lonely she might be feeling it was necessary to choose her words. Women are always doing that sort of thing.

FOR a while Beth Garrison rather enjoyed the movement in the next room: it had a sturdy, friendly sound. But as time went on and the heavy tread continued further and further into the night, the monotony of it began to get on her nerves. She heard it after she tumbled into bed and it kept her awake. Once or twice she found it necessary to get up, slip into her dressing-gown and slippers, turn on the light and resume some of the little tasks that ordinarily she laid aside at eleven. But she soon discovered that now she was only occupying her fingers. No matter what she undertook she could not keep her thoughts where they belonged. There was something uncanny and unnatural about this aimless, nocturnal hike of the tall, young stranger, notwithstanding the readily admitted fact that it was none of her business. It is not as easy for women, as for men, to rid themselves of responsibility. Most everything seems to be their business sooner or later.

It was at just about this point that Bainbridge, on the other side of the wall, reached the conclusion that what he was doing was not worth while. He was right about this but all wrong in the deduction he then drew; that, under those circumstances, life itself was not worth while. There was nothing yellow about Bainbridge. In allowing his thoughts to take this turn he was not aware of shirking. He reasoned seriously—too seriously—that his own particular niche having been destroyed, he was now nothing but an interloper. In the catastrophe overwhelming the rest of the family, he had been somehow overlooked and so, if he now took matters into his own hands, he would only be rounding out the tragedy. It wasn't as though he was of any particular use to any one or to the world. No one would miss him or suffer any loss. He was quite cheerful about it but grimly in earnest. His life had come to an end in all but fact and nothing remained now but for him to establish that fact.

At this point an agile thief, name unknown, blundered upon the scene by way of the second story. Beth Garrison was lying in bed, eyes staring into the dark, when she heard a movement near her open window which faced an alley in the rear. She sat up and was terrified—very reasonably—at the sight of the dim figure of a man, half-way into her room. With a suppressed cry she sprang to her door, turned the key and in another second was trembling in front of Bainbridge's room.

"Please," she called. "Quick!"

The latter was sitting in front of a table, an automatic at his right hand. He jumped up at the call and swung open the door. Before him stood a shrinking figure in white, a long pigtail down her back.

"There's a man—in my room," she gasped.

Bainbridge nodded and strode down the hall. He entered Miss Garrison's room and turned up the light. He found no one there naturally enough, but near the window he did pick up an old cap which proved that the girl's fear was based on fact. When he came back to report he found Miss Garrison huddled up in the bathrobe which he had left lying across his chair, looking quite as disturbed as though he himself were a second-story worker.

"Here's all I could find," said Bainbridge. "You frightened him so I didn't have a chance. If you hadn't made so much noise we might have got him."

"But I don't want him," shuddered the girl. "I'm glad he's gone."

"Oh, all right then," replied Bainbridge uneasily, not knowing what to do next.

The color in Beth Garrison's face extended from her forehead to where her young neck disappeared into the folds of the gray bathrobe. She rose, envying the burglar the ease with which he had been able to vanish, and slid out of the room, trying to keep her bare feet from showing. But she needn't have troubled: Bainbridge stood staring at the floor.

THE thing Bainbridge kept thinking was what a cad he would have proved himself had he not been able to respond to the lady's call for help. He had not been given an opportunity, as it turned out, to play a particularly heroic rôle and yet it had been necessary for someone to do just the little thing he had done. If she had knocked five minutes later it was possible that he could have furnished her with no assistance whatever. He would then have been in the position of being called on as a gentlemen without being able to answer like one.

Randy lighted a cigaret. He needed it, for his nerves were unsteady. This incident was in one way trivial and in another very significant. He might wait here in this room the rest of his life and nothing like that would ever happen again. But how was he going to tell? And if a man missed only once an appeal from a woman—especially if that appeal came to him only once—then he had done less than as a gentleman was expected of him.

It was not easy for a man to foresee when he might be needed—if only for a minute. Missing that minute was as unpardonable, in a sense, as flunking a year.

She had turned to him for protection with the trusting confidence of a child—the prerogative of every woman with every gentleman. He had stood not for himself alone but for a class. The honor of a thousand men—ten thousand—had been in his keeping at that moment. Had he not been ready to spring to her summons, he would have left a stain upon them all. Wiping his forehead he thanked God he had escaped that disgrace. Randy went to bed that night and slept soundly. He awoke the next morning in a new world—a living world. It had not changed a great deal to his eye. Nor had his circumstances changed—but there was a big difference, somewhere.

Randy was not a romanticist. He did not attempt to work up the situation for undue values but it was a fact that in anticipating meeting Beth Garrison at the breakfast table he had something to which to look forward. The girl was no longer as shadowy as the day before. Nor could he be, to her, quite as diaphanous as heretofore she had made him feel he was. And yet when she entered the dining-room, he suffered a pang of disappointment. She included him with the others in her pleasant smile but that was all. It was not enough. When she left the house on her way to business he was waiting for her.

"DO YOU mind if I walk a little way with you?" he asked.

"Not if you haven't anything better to do."

"I haven't anything at all to do," he assured her.

"You're out of work?" There was a note of sympathy in her voice now.

"I'm out of everything."

"What's your business?"

"I haven't any."

"Then—how in the world do you live?" She did not mean to be inquisitive. The question was more in the nature of an exclamation.

"That's it," he answered. "I'm not living—very much. You see everything came to an end."

"No, I don't see," she said frankly. "There seems to be a good deal of you left." She was referring to his six-foot frame and his vigorous young body. That was about all she knew of him—except what she had learned last night. But even that, from her point of view, was a good deal to start with. Lord, if she had his strength and the opportunity that was his just because he was a man. She had seen enough of the business world to value what that meant.

"In a way that only makes it worse," he returned. "I ought to have gone with the rest."

"What rest?"

He frowned. "It's stupid of me to bore you like this."

"It's none of my business," she admitted. "But you did me a good turn last night and if you want to tell more I'd—I'd like to hear."

So on the way across the Common he outlined briefly what had happened—all except the incident with Rita Taylor. Somehow that did not seem to matter. But as he spoke he did not like the flavor of his narrative.

"It sounds as though I were whining," he confessed. "And I'm not doing that. I'm not complaining. This was nothing I could help; nothing any one could help. Things just happened that way."

"They surely did happen," she admitted. "I don't wonder you feel dazed."

"You don't?"

"Of course not. Only—well, as I said, there seems to be a good deal of you left."

"I'm alive if that's what you mean."

"Yes," she nodded. "That's the important thing. It helps a lot to be alive."

THEY had reached Park Street. Before crossing she met his eyes. "I'm going to leave you here," she decided. "Why don't you get a job?"

"I don't know how to do anything."

She smiled a little cynically. "I suspect there's something in what you say," she admitted. "However you ought to make a good policeman if nothing else. I'll give you a recommendation if you need one."

With that she turned and joined the stream flowing steadily down-town. He watched her until she vanished and then, instead of retracing his path as he had intended, stepped into the current and allowed himself to be swept along.

At the corner of School Street which leads to Pemberton Square where police headquarters is located, Randy paused. The place recalled a rather adventurous week or two which he had never considered anything more than an undergraduate experience. With others at college he had volunteered his services in that extraordinary emergency when Boston had been left unguarded by a misguided police force who withdrew from their posts on strike. He had reported down here in the uniform of the Harvard Reserve Officers Training Camp, received a temporary commission and an arm badge, and had served a week or two as a traffic officer. He had done a good job—an amazingly good job, considering the fact that the post called for a coolness and judgment that ordinarily comes only of long experience. He experienced a distinct feeling of satisfaction as he stood a moment on the curb and recalled that strenuous period, watching a member of the new regular force at work.

Captain Gordon coming down the hill saw Bainbridge and automatically poked around in the pigeon-holes of his mind to identify the man. He made it a practise never to pass any one he had been in touch with before without fixing the time and place. It is a useful habit for a police captain to form and very often leads to surprising results. It did, after a fashion, in the present instance. His mind ran something like this: "Young. College. Scrape? No. Speeding? No. Volunteer. Traffic. Corner Park and Tremont. Bainbridge is the name. Looks idle. Husky boy, too."

CAPTAIN Gordon might have gone on after this, had not Randy glanced up at this moment with a respectful salute. He crossed to the young man's side.

"Recalling how you used to do it, Mr. Bainbridge?" grinned Gordon.

"Yes, sir," admitted Randy in surprise. "But you did well to remember my name."

"My business," answered Gordon with some pride. "Out of college yet?"

"Last June," nodded Randy.

"Working down here?"

"Not yet. Looking for a job."

"What kind of a job?"

"Any kind."

Gordon's gray brows came together. He took another careful look at the man. He was still enlisting likely material but the new force had reached a condition now where he could select with some care. Even so Bainbridge looked good to him. Not only did he have the right physique but he had something more—something about the forehead and eyes and mouth that is not always easy to find even with a sound body.

"How'd you like to go back to your old job as a regular?" he asked impulsively.

Randy thought the captain was endeavoring, in a conventional way, to express his good humor but he answered, seriously enough, "I'd like it."

"All right," snapped Gordon. "Come up the hill with me.

And Randy Bainbridge went.



FORTY CARS, THEN FIFTY, THEN SIXTY AWAITED HIS WILL. "SEE 'EM," SAID RANDY. "THEY ARE ALL STOPPING FOR YOU"

THERE were those who, when, in the course of time, they heard that Randy had actually joined the force, declared that this would make Bainbridge senior turn in his grave. Perhaps it did. It is not easy to secure evidence on such a matter. And on the whole, what people do in their graves is not very important.

The question that most interested Randy from the first was how Beth Garrison would view his undertaking. After he had passed his mental and physical examinations and had signed up, he persuaded her one evening after dinner to walk with him along the esplanade bordering the Charles in the rear of the old red-brick Beacon Street houses. The night was clear and the stars shone like polished steel in the crisp sky. The air brought the blood to the cheeks, where there was any blood to reach, and called for fast walking and deep breathing. Randy with his shoulders squared and his head up felt dizzy with the excitement of his venture and the magic of this new world in which somehow this woman by his side, having a hard time to keep pace with him, seemed to play an important part. They had walked perhaps a block when he blurted out, "Well, I've got a job."

"Good for you," she answered. "What is it?"

"The one you suggested."

"I suggested?"

"I've joined the police force."

"I suppose that's a joke but I don't get it," she returned.

"You meant it as a joke?" he exclaimed.

She saw then that he was in earnest. Frankly, she was surprised—surprised and amused and worried and a little bit proud all at once. She had not intended to be taken seriously but it is flattering to any woman to be so taken. In a sense, however, this also makes a woman responsible. And Beth Garrison had troubles enough of her own without taking on the future of a six-foot man.

"You mean you're thinking about joining," she said.

"I signed up to-day. I'm going on the traffic squad as soon as I get my training."

"WELL," she said in relief. "If it's all decided, you don't need my recommndation."

"But I'd like it—for myself."

"Then I'll give it to you now: I'm sure Mr. Bainbridge will make a very good officer and that every woman will feel safe in crossing any street he guards."

Randy tried to see her face but it was not easy.

"Anyhow," he concluded. "That's something."

"And I—I hope they'll put you where I cross," she added.

And that, he felt, was a good deal more.

Randy plunged into his new work with enthusiasm. The job was not all pleasant; there was plenty of routine and drudgery and hard, uninteresting work for, as he soon discovered, the standards of the regulars were considerably higher than those of the amateur put in merely to plug a gap. But this had the effect of increasing his respect for his position. He began to see an opportunity here for the display of a good deal of intelligence. A member of this new force was expected to be something more than the stick-swinging bluecoat of vaudeville. He was, in fact, a very important unit in the affairs of the city. In controlling traffic, he was controlling the arteries—the very life-blood—of this sprawling giant which, as he came to learn more about it, took on a new and impressive identity.

There was no nonsense about Beth Garrison but she liked now to listen to Randy and to his experiences of the day because this was a good deal more interesting than darning stockings or playing Canfield. With him she was able to explore this city which lay around her all day and all night like some great mystery. It was like throwing open the windows of a stuffy room. It gave her a sense of freedom, the wider freedom from which she was barred just because she wore petticoats. And there was no nonsense about Randy either. He had thrown himself into this work body and soul, and his enthusiasm was contagious.

"I took over a crossing for half an hour to-day," he informed her one evening. "I tell you it's great. It makes you feel as though you were running some great big machine. It makes you feel important."

"Any one who is doing a good job anywhere is important, I guess," she answered.

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CHERRY BLOSSOMS *along the* POTOMAC

Another story about Washington life

By

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES
Wife of the Senior Senator from New Hampshire

JOHN MERRILL grew up in Hamstead, Vermont. His mother was the sort of woman who sang in the choir of the Congregational Church on Sunday mornings and led the Christian Endeavor meetings in the vestry Thursday evenings; who always had geraniums and begonias growing in her spotless kitchen windows, even when the Merrill finances ran so low that the flowers had to be planted in tin cans instead of earthen pots; who beat every rug and cushion in the house each Friday and aired and sunned the bedding the first of every month; who scrubbed the cellar stairs once a week and scalded her dish-cloths after every meal, and who made great batches of doughnuts and apple pies and fragrant bread before the rest of the family were up in the morning—and as all Hamstead rises by six, that was very early, indeed.

John, therefore, was raised not only in the odor of sanctity, but also in that of growing plants and spotless cleanliness and excellent cooking.

The only trouble with such a background for the career of a rising young American is that he becomes not only sensitive but actually unhappy under less immaculate surroundings.

John, after working his way through Middlebury College, took a business course—also self-earned—in Boston, boarding with his mother's twin sister, whose standards were also twins to hers.

Later, through the Congressman of his district, he secured a position as a stenographer to a choleric Senator from the Middle West, who had recently arrived in Washington and who had been strangely unsuccessful in his attempt to retain the services of any young man in his office. For the position, and the added opportunity of continually hearing what the Senator thought of his lack of ability, John would receive $1200 a year. All Hamstead said he was wonderfully lucky.

JOHN MERRILL, when the news of his appointment first reached him, was inclined to agree with the rest of Hamstead. Twelve hundred dollars seemed—in the Connecticut Valley—quite a princely sum; Washington, the wonder-city of all his dreams, which he had longed, and supposed he longed vainly, to reach. But at the end of his first week there he laid his head on the dirty art-square that covered the table in his room at the second-rate lodging-house into which he had stumbled after finding that even two or three nights at a first-class hotel would devour all his savings, feeling numb all over and—choked; partly, perhaps, with the dust, which covered not only the art-square, but the dingy bureau with its cracked glass and the rattling window-pane and the lumpy bed and lay in rolls on the grimy floor and even in a dusky rim around the inadequate wash-basin. It was partly, too, because the food he had tried to eat at one sloppy restaurant after another had so choked him at the time, that now he choked at the mere memory of it, and at the thought which mingled with that memory of the fish-balls and brown bread and baked beans which, at that very moment, his mother must be putting, smoking hot, on the spotless kitchen-table for the family's Sunday breakfast; partly because it *was* Sunday, and there was no familiar church to which he could go, no girl whom he had known from primary school up to walk home with afterward, no "library book" to read after this agreeable though hardly thrilling promenade was over. Most of all he doubted, even if he could suit the choleric Senator, which seemed unlikely—his stupidity and awkwardness and slowness had been cursed out a hundred times already—whether he could possibly stand the Senator, although the Senator represented twelve hundred dollars a year—a sum he had already discovered to be not princely in Washington, as it had seemed in Hamstead, but almost beggarly—and because the wonder city did not seem wonderful to him at all, from what little he had seen of it, but unfriendly and extortionate and tawdry.

THERE was a tap at the door. It was, he supposed, the slatternly, overworked little darky who came every few days to "spread up the bed." How the vigorous way in which his mother flung over the mattress and drew the sheets taut came to him when he watched her! He choked harder than ever, lifted his head, and began to read a fingered year-old magazine with elaborate unconcern.

"Come in," he said, with a carelessness that was slightly overdone.

The door opened slowly, but nobody entered. After a minute he turned and looked toward it.

On the threshold stood a girl, whose high color, which seemed to be growing higher every moment, was of a very different quality, John saw instantly, from that which he had noticed, with disgust, on the cheeks of most of the young persons whom he had passed in the streets. There were no knobs of hair, either, protruding from under the simple sailor hat which she wore, only a suggestion of soft, fair hair, and she had on a plain suit of navy-blue jersey, with a white blouse whose immaculate collar and cuffs were folded over her coat and fastened with trim little gold pins. She looked a little frightened; but aside from that, her appearance was not only friendly, but distinctly attractive.

"How—how do you do?" she said in a rather scared voice. "You're—you're John Merrill, aren't you?"

"Yes," replied that mystified but somewhat pleased young man with equal shyness, rising and advancing toward the door. "What's—your name?"

The girl smiled, a glimmer of bright teeth. "Sally Hunt," she said. "Our landlady told me about you. She said you came from Hamstead, Vermont, in the Connecticut Valley. I'm from New Hampshire myself, just across the river, five miles south—Wallacetown."

"YOU *are!*" exclaimed the boy, a rising note of joy in his voice. "Why, you must be Ephraim Hunt's niece! I heard he had one who left home six months ago to come and work in the War Risk Bureau. How awfully good of you to come and look me up! It's wonderful to see some one from home! Won't—won't you come in?"

The bright color grew deeper still. "I guess I won't do that," the girl said, though with no diminution of friendliness, "but I thought, it was such a lovely morning, if you hadn't anything else to do, we—we might walk down to the Speedway, and see the Japanese cherry-blossoms along the Potomac. They're just at the height of their bloom—a wonderful pink color—and I've heard that they're beautiful."

John Merrill caught up his hat. "Don't get your gloves soiled on this dirty banister," he said; "better let me go first, it's so dark."

They chatted like old friends as they walked down Seventeenth Street and across the Ellipse, of the people and the places that they both knew so well, though they had never met before, since it was only after John had gone away to college that Sally, suddenly left an orphan, had come from the western part of the State to live with her uncle in Wallacetown. And this uncle had been having such hard sledding himself that she had not "gone much," even after her own heavy little heart had become lighter, and finally she had decided that she must go away and try to support herself.

"I was so happy when I got the letter saying I had passed the civil-service examinations that I didn't know what to do," she said; "it seemed too wonderful to be true to think that I was coming to Washington. But since I got here——"

John's heart contracted, but he decided that it was still too early in their acquaintance to reveal his understanding and sympathy. "What is your work?" he asked casually.

"I write all day long. It's pretty mechanical and monotonous. I put down on little slips of paper information that we get from the discharge-papers of the men who've been in service—their age, and where they enlisted, when they were discharged and why, their rank. their company. This is used to compile statistics, When I do a good day's work, I can write about six hundred slips. But oh, how my head aches by five o'clock! All this work has to be gone over by two people to be sure no mistakes are made."

"I say, that's more tiresome than what I have to do down at the Senate Office Building——"

"Oh, it's awfully tiresome! One thing that has to be designated is the cause of a man's disability, if he's disabled, and there are about sixty different diseases and as many different kinds of accidents, and about fifty different locations where the trouble can be! I'm beginning to feel as if there wasn't a sound spot on a single member of the A. E. F.!"

John Merrill put back his head and laughed. It was the first time, he realized afterward, that he had laughed since he had reached Washington.

"And the salary," said Sally, faltering a little, "sounded so big before I left home——"

"I know—*didn't* it! And here! Why, I don't see how a girl can manage!"

"They manage different ways," said Sally slowly. "Some of them are cold—and hungry—and dirty. Some of them have families that can help them. Some of them—" the flush that had colored her face as she stood in his doorway flooded it again. "And the worst of it is, there's so little ahead of a Government worker in the way of promotion! Why, I've met women, middle-aged, gray-haired women, who've been doing such work for years, and they're only getting two or three hundred dollars a year more than I am. And they're not stupid, either, or uneducated—they're nice women, bright women—it makes me feel dreadfully hopeless. I felt especially hopeless this morning someway. I—I guess that's why I went to find you."

"I'm so glad you did. I—was feeling sort of helpless too— Oh, look! Gosh, isn't that pretty!"

IT WAS beautiful. No one, not even a homesick Government worker, could have felt hopeless looking at it. Along the wide, smooth, curved drive of the Speedway, thick with motors—rackety cars crowding shining limousines, elderly dowagers taking the air in state jostled by merry parties of boys and girls out joy-riding—stood the blooming cherry-trees, fragrant as roses, fleecy and fluffy as pink clouds. In the distance, on their right, rose the noble pillars of the Lincoln Memorial; on their left, the spearlike shaft of the Washington Monument pierced the sky; across the sparkling river rose the wooded slopes and lofty mansion of Arlington.

"Oh, John!" the girl cried suddenly, and it seemed to them both entirely natural that she should call him that, "it *is* a wonder city, after all! I'm so glad we came, aren't you?"

Of course that was only the beginning. The following Sunday the cherry-blossoms, thanks to favorable weather, were still fresh and rosy; and though by the next they had fallen to the ground, Sally and John found fresh beauties on the Speedway to make up for the loss of that first one they had discovered together, ate their lunch at the Girl Scout Tea-House at the bend of the drive, sat, as did dozens of other young couples, on a welcoming bench to watch the sun go down. There was good news to tell each other that day.

"The Senator's secretary is thinking of leaving," John informed Sally; "he *says* it's a sick wife, but I *think* it's the Senator's temper. Anyway, that may mean a promotion for me. I don't mind the man's nerves, if it means a bigger salary and more responsibility."

"Of course you don't," agreed Sally. "I don't wonder Senators get cross—the hours they keep! Why, no 'laboring man' would work the way they have to! And it's thrilling, isn't it, to feel that you're a part—even if it's only a secretarial part—of the splendid work they're doing! And I've had a promotion myself! I've been made a 'group head.' That means that I have to keep track of what the other women in my group—from three to ten of them—do each day, help check up the work, show the new girls who come in from time to time from other departments how to do our work. And I'm having a change from those everlasting slips! I'm going through correspondence—doctors' certificates, discharge-papers, things like that—and filling out *cards*. The coding for the slips is done from the cards. I can do fifty cards a day."

"Have you had a raise?"

"Yes—I've beat you to it!"

"Good for you!"

BUT when John got his raise—for whether it was because of a sick wife or a senatorial temper the secretary resigned and John secured his position—it was a larger one than Sally's. So they agreed that evened things up and celebrated the event—since they felt they couldn't wait till Sunday to go to the Speedway—by having dinner at the Café Madrillon together and going to the movies afterward. They couldn't, of course, afford it, even though Sally insisted that it must be a "Dutch-treat party," but for all that, they both agreed that "it



was worth it." And, as they parted in the gloomy hall of the lodging-house, where one feeble gas-jet sputtered in a red-glass globe held aloft by an imitation-bronze virgin, Sally revealed a further piece of good news.

"I've got one real friend in Washington——"

"You bet you have!" said John with almost unnecessary emphasis.

"I mean *besides* you, of course, silly! This friend and I went to school together, in Portsmouth, when we were girls. Now she's married to a member of the Supreme Court—just think of that! She's ever so much younger than he is—a second wife—and she has a lovely house, on the loveliest street in the city, and whenever she can—of course her time is awfully full, official parties which she can't avoid and to which she couldn't ask me——"

"Why not?" asked John bluntly.

"WHY, she just couldn't! I wouldn't fit in. Not that Elsa herself is any different—she seems just the same as ever to me—but her guests wouldn't feel especially complimented to be asked to meet a girl that works in the War Risk—ambassadors and Cabinet officers and people of that sort. You must see that."

"Well, I don't."

"You ought to. Anyway, as I was saying when you interrupted me, she has invited me to dinner next Tuesday, and she asked me to bring you along."

"How did she happen to know about me?"

"I—I guess I must have mentioned you."

John burst out laughing. "I guess you must," he said, "bless your heart! But what about clothes?"

"Can't you *hire* something?"

"Go to a justice's house in a hired dress-suit! Now, Sally! I've got one, thanks, that I had in college—I'll be all right. I was thinking about you——"

"I've just got my bonus money. I'm going to have a pretty dress if I starve! I haven't had a new one since—

NO ONE, NOT EVEN A HOMESICK GOVERNMENT WORKER, COULD HAVE FELT HOPELESS LOOKING AT SUCH BEAUTY

oh, John, you don't how I want it! If you did, you wouldn't think I was silly to spend so much that way."

"I don't think you're silly," said John hastily. "I think you're—" but just then there was the sound of the latch-key of another lodger turning in the front door and Sally fled.

The new dress was certainly pretty. It was pink and fluffy, with touches of pale green. The sight of it, with Sally's erect little head raised above it and Sally's firm, slim, white neck and arms emerging from it, had an extraordinary effect upon John. He stared at her shamelessly all through dinner, and when they started home he suggested that they walk down to the Speedway before they went back to the lodging-house. Sally demurred.

"I don't like to go down there in the evening."

"Why not?"

He could see her blushing under the street-lamp they were passing. "Well—lots of fellows and girls go down there and—and spoon. They park their cars and——"

John laughed. "We haven't any car to park," he said gaily, "and I suppose lots of them haven't any other place to go—I've got some sympathy for them! We haven't, either!"

"But we are not——"

"You look like one of those cherry-blossoms we saw down there yourself," he whispered. "Were—were you thinking of them when you bought that dress?"

"How did you guess?"

"I sort of knew—you were thinking about them, and that first Sunday when we found each other—did it mean as much to you as that?"

Sally tried to laugh. "Before you ask me that," she said, "I think you ought to tell me how much it meant to *you*."

It was very dark and warm and silent everywhere. John drew her down beside him on the curved stone bench of the circle through which they were passing.

"All right," he said softly, "I will."

BUT after cherry-blossom time in Washington comes Summer—torrid, brassy, unrelenting. The "extra session" of Congress that year displayed none of the brevity that extras are supposed to have as a distinguishing characteristic. The nerves of the sharp-tempered Senator, who had always been used to a cool and breezy climate, jangled more and more. The boy from Hamstead, Vermont, grew white and thin under the strain of the heat and the jangling; and the girl from Wallacetown, New Hampshire, fingering her "cards" and "slips" with tired, sticky hands, from nine until half-past four every day, lost the buoyant freshness that had blown her straight into John Merrill's heart. They made the most, of course, of their infrequent leisure; but their two-weeks' vacation did not fall at the same time; and Fall found them not only unrefreshed but unexalted. They had, indeed, had their *jour d'ecstace* and it had been very sweet; but it seemed to their discouraged minds to have lasted no more than that, in very truth. The present was bitterly hard, the future looked harder still. The hours which, could youth have had its birthright, should

Concluded on page 93



THEY LANDED IN NEW YORK IN TIME FOR BREAKFAST

DANCERS IN THE DARK

By DOROTHY SPEARE

PART IV

The Novel of the New Youth

The principal of a Massachusetts high school—the father of two daughters—recently wrote us concerning the publication of this story:

"The fact that you have had the vision and the courage to publish 'Dancers in the Dark' indicates the beginning of better things and encourages us to hope that at last the soul of young womanhood is about to be emancipated from the ignorance of self that has so tragically hoodwinked her through the most critical years of her life. All sincere friends of true womanhood and, therefore, all friends of true manhood should encourage and support this constructive enterprise for social betterment. It is for that purpose that I have written this letter."

The young people in this serial, this mirror of life as it really is, may shock fathers and mothers and other grown-ups. Yet it is for them we have printed this story. It is their problem to solve, for the world, as it is, is of their making.

THE STORY SO FAR

Joy Nelson, the heroine of this novel, had beauty and a voice. From a small New England town she goes to Boston to study, living with Jerry and Sarah, two excitement-eaters she had met at a college house-party. Late parties, men, cigarets, drinking are commonplaces of their hectic life. She meets and falls in love with Grant Grey, the scion of an old Boston family. Packy, one of Jerry's men friends, slurs to Grey the life led by Joy's group, and Grant goes away, shocked and hurt. Joy is injured while motoring with Packy in an effort to learn what he has told Grey. Shocked by one of Jerry's parties, she decides to go away from the flat, when Jerry tells her the story of her life. Impressed by Jerry's courage and honesty, she stays on. One morning the two girls are shocked into reality. Sarah, who had gone out the night before to a gay roadhouse party, has not come in. She never returns.

IT WAS after the Christmas holidays that Pa announced a change in schedule.

"You are working too steadily," he said. "You never do anything else; you will turn into a machine and that will take a fine shade of quality from your voice. I think too much of how hard you have worked, and how dull your skin and eyes are getting, when I hear you."

"Do you really think I'm losing my quality?" Joy demanded.

He laughed. "There—do you see what you just said? That shows you are turning into a little tuning-fork, my dear. A *girl* would have cried: 'Are my skin and eyes *really* dull?' or at least looked in the mirror in front of her." Before her attitude of unrelaxed question, he grew serious. "But a good teacher can see a fault pending before it takes possession; you need a change."

"Are you going to send me home for a rest?" she asked in swift antagonism.

"No. You are going to New York. Take some friends along with you—go to the opera; go shopping."

"New York!" she breathed. "Oh, Pa—do you really mean it?"

He nodded. "And I want you to sing for my baby." He mentioned a name that was a household word for glory of song.

"Sing—for her!" Joy gasped. "Oh, Pa, I couldn't—not yet!"

"LITTLE Joy, you will find as you go on that the greatest ones will always be the easiest and kindest to sing for. I shall write her a letter, and she will send you word when to come."

Joy could not remember when she had been so excited. Jerry announced that she was going to New York also; it was a good opportunity to select models for her next sale.

"We can get Felicie, too," she said, "it's about time she went over to see Greg again." Neither voiced the mutual thought, that two of them going to New York alone seemed incomplete. Felicie made a third—possibly a more harmonious third than that other who had silently dropped from their lives.

Joy wrote her father for money for the trip. His answering check and letter came at a moment when the three girls were all in Jerry's room, Jerry "toning up" several of Felicie's costumes. Joy read the letter with half her attention on Felicie's bewitchingness in a pale green velvet. Suddenly a name on the page caught her attention. She looked again, then read the paragraph over slowly: "I hope while you are in New York you will see your cousin, Mrs. Eustace Drew, who was Mabel Lancaster. The Lancasters were your mother's cousins once removed, and we have not kept up the relationship as she would have wished. I have written Mabel that you are coming, and she will undoubtedly call on you."

SHE sat for a moment watching Jerry swirl the velvet on Felicie into marvelous lines. Mabel Lancaster—who had come into Charlette's for her trousseau, with her brother, Phil Lancaster—of whom Jerry still thought with unquenchable flame. Her first impulse was to show Jerry the letter. Then she held herself back. What if Cousin Mabel should forget to call her—what if she wasn't the same one, after all—Joy had forgotten the married name Jerry had given. So she tore the letter into tiny bits, and prepared for the trip with excitement that grew to boiling-point as she savored the amazing possibilities of the coincidence, if coincidence it were.

They took the midnight, landing in New York in time for breakfast. They spent the morning going through the Fifth Avenue shops, seeing all "the latest models" with an economical thoroughness that left enraged salespersons behind them. In the afternoon Felicie curled up for a rest.

"I never sleep on sleepers, and if I don't look my best Greg will notice it and say it's because I've been running myself ragged in Boston," she explained, burrowing her head down under the covers.

Jerry had made arrangements for lunch with two Princeton men, and Joy had willingly consented to go with her. She was just in the mood for squeezing the orange of her good time in New York.

When they came back at two, they found Felicie still sleeping.

"Wake up," said Jerry, pulling the covers from her face. "You've only got an hour to get dressed!"

Felicie, after a struggle with herself, arose with an injured expression. "I was awake all the time. I haven't slept hardly a wink. Just as I was falling asleep, someone called Joy on the phone—Madame Somebody's maid,

or something, who said Joy was to come at four to-day; she would send her car for her."

It was characteristic of Felicie that she had not even recognized the great name that brought Joy to a standstill and drew a whistle from Jerry.

By four that afternoon, Joy had nearly scared herself into a chill. But Jerry bundled her off at last, going down with her to the door of the waiting car. In the Park Avenue apartment house, a little maid admitted her to a room beautifully appointed in gray, relieved by sharp touches of black and the inevitable grand piano. Music was piled on the piano in indeterminate heaps; some of it was even trickling off to the floor. Another sheet fell as Joy came into the room, and she went over to pick it up, restoring the others to place as she did so.

"Ah, so we have a neat little housewife's soul in a singer!"

A full, perfectly poised voice, each word as flawless as if it had been engraved on a cameo—Joy turned, crimson with embarrassment and excitement, and straightforward forgot both. The queen of music had a most understanding smile.

"Well," she said, and came to take Joy's limp hands; "have you nothing at all to say to me—or must all be sung, as in op-era? Never mind—" and she drew Joy to a sofa—

"Come let us see what you have brought. I hope a variety, for I like to choose!" She ran her fingers lightly through the music roll, then she rose, and went to the piano with the sheets she had selected.

"But-terfly!" she cried, and tore a wail of beauty from the keys.

So Joy sang Madame Butterfly—sang with a pulse beating in her voice that made the great one turn on the last note and kiss her exultantly.

"When I have a new sensation with that song, I am won!" she cried. "And you gave it—you shy, little girl—with years before your maiden-voice grows into your woman-voice—you had not only the longing of Butterfly, but the longing of all! Do you see what I mean? It is so that the American shop-girl could hear you sing it in Italian and weep!"

SHE became quiet, judicial. "Pa Graham is right. You have everything, everything and to spare in equipment. Now it is the question of the years of preparation. Are you of a steadfast mind?"

"I will let nothing come in my way," Joy said breathlessly, "not even love——"

"That is the thing that may end all— And perhaps you may be glad that all is over, if you love greatly."

She looked down at the gorgeous rings on her fingers and there was a little silence before she continued: "But most loves are not the great loves of which we sing and act; they are not the blazing altar fires of which we dream; love comes down to a hearth fire, after marriage. And we who sing are not content with hearth fires. Remember that always, little one; *we who sing are not content with hearth fires.*"

Joy rode back to the hotel holding her music-roll gingerly. It was awsome, when you considered who had closed it. Would she ever want to open it again. The queen of music had spoken as though success were a matter of time.

Jerry was sitting by the window, looking out into darkness; a desolate Jerry, with hair pulled back into a brush, leaving her white face without shading. "New York's getting under my skin," she said rapidly before Joy could speak; "there's no use, Joy; it spells Phil Lancaster to me, and a lot of other things that do me no good to think about; I've got to get out of here."

Joy put down her music-roll before coming nearer, and as Jerry's eyes fell on it, she jumped up. "I'm a selfish fool! Tell me all about it—quick!"

Joy had nearly finished her thrilling, triumphant story when Jerry interrupted her. "Here's a note they pushed under the door. I forgot to give it to you before."

It contained the information that Mrs. Eustace Drew had called and would call again at six-thirty. Joy looked at her watch wildly. It was that now. And then the telephone rang and a voice informed her that "Mrs. Drew was in the lobby." Cousin Mabel certainly might have talked to her, if only to tell her what to expect, she thought as she went down to attack the lobby vaguely. But Cousin Mabel was standing by a pillar and came over to her immediately.

"Joy?" she asked with a smile. "Well, I think we should have known each other anywhere—or is it mere fond vanity that tells me we look alike?"

COUSIN MABEL was a pretty woman in her late twenties, very dainty and luxurious-looking wrapped in sables. She was of the same blond type as Joy, but her hair was already losing its brightness and her eyes were gray rather than the radiant blue that marked Joy's greatest appeal.

"I have been trying to get you all day, my dear," she was saying. "Is it too late for you to run up to dine informally with us to-night? My big brother will be there, and my husband and one or two others?"

Joy stood with gracelessly opened mouth. Mabel's big brother—"I didn't know I had more cousins that I hadn't heard about," she said heavily, thinking of no better way to bring back the subject.

"Oh, yes, there's Phil! Older than I, and getting to be a more hard-and-fast bachelor every year! It's even hard to get him to dine with us, so you really must come to-night!" As Joy still hesitated, Mabel went on: "I know it's awfully last-minute-y, but it isn't a dinner party, or anything but just an informal gathering—and as long as we are cousins—"

"Oh, I should love to," said Joy; "but it would mean leaving the girl, with whom I came over all alone——"

"Bring her, too, then! That settles it!" Mabel laughed. "I'll send the car back for you at seven-fifteen. You're a nice child, Joy!" She paused in her exit, and lifted a black-gloved finger. "So you and she are staying alone at a hotel in the wicked city! Dear me—these New England cousins!"

JOY went slowly back to the room where Jerry stared out of the window at a New York that had grown barren to her. She had made an opportunity—given Jerry her fighting chance. And now she was overwhelmed by misgivings. How could Jerry hold her own in the house of Mabel Lancaster Drew? She—Mabel—had all but raised her eyebrows at their being alone in New York together. What would she think when she saw Jerry? But Joy put away that thought. What should she tell Jerry? It was so hard not to tell her the incredible truth. But might it be better for Jerry to be unprepared? She debated; and since she could not decide, did not tell her. Jerry showed no enthusiasm at the thought of dining with Joy's cousins, and Joy watched her preparations with ill-concealed suspense. Jerry, always sensitive to waves of feeling, dropped the bright green dinner gown she had taken up and laughed. "Why did you make 'em throw me in with the invitation, Joy, if you're going to feel cross-eyed about my get-up?"

"Haven't you brought anything—darker?" Joy asked feebly.

"Not in the dinner line. Never mind. Here's a black velvet of Felicie's." Jerry had wriggled in and out of the velvet, pinned a few bunches in the luscious material, then sat down with her sewing-kit in her favorite cross-legged position. Inside of six minutes, she had put on the velvet, which fell about her in full majestic lines, and looked as if it had been built for her. Joy thought that she had never seen Jerry look so well.

The car Mrs. Drew had sent for them drew up in front of a large red sandstone house just off Fifth Avenue in the



"YOU WILL FIND AS YOU GO ON THAT THE GREATEST ONES WILL ALWAYS BE THE EASIEST AND KINDEST TO SING FOR"

fifties, which brought a whistle from Jerry. "Say, Joy—what are you getting us into? The nearest I've been to this sort of stuff is the movies!"

They were ushered into the drawing-room, which seemed to Joy's eyes full of people, whose faces were obscured in the candlelight. Mabel came forward to greet them, very attractive in warm rose, her only jewelry a single pink pearl hanging at the end of a platinum and diamond chain. Joy noticed these details automatically, her attention focused on Jerry, who, since she had entered the room, had taken on a manner entirely foreign to her make-up as Joy knew it. She was the easy, gracious *grande dame* from the lilt of her walk and assured poise to the cultured cadences of the voice that Joy had often likened to rough plush. She had slipped into it as readily as one slips into another garment.

Joy could not know, as the East-Side gamin answered Mabel's friendly greeting, that poor little Jerry had assumed the atmosphere of the successful designer at Charlette's when she was conferring with a desirable patron. She only marveled, then looked beyond. A man nearing forty, and plumpness; a girl with a complexion of peachdown, pleasantly irregular features, brown hair folded back straight without crinkle or wave from a high white forehead, and behind these two—a taller man, whose face was above the range of the candle-light.

"Miss Dalrymple, Miss Nelson—and my husband, Mr. Drew."

THE two who barred the way fell apart, and Joy was facing the man who had given Jerry the power to dream. "Phil, this is your new cousin."

Weary blue eyes that settled on her without interest; a dark, beautiful face with hard lines carving manliness into it and softer marks etching bitternesses around the eyes and mouth; a man who, Joy could sense, had been too inquisitive of life and had found nothing worthy of his young curiosity.

And then Jerry came through to them, stately, gracious, with always that moonshine of charm flickering in her face. "My brother, Mr. Lancaster," said Mabel at her elbow. Jerry looked up—and vivid color, moonbeams, *grande dame* and all, were struck from her face as if an artist had wiped everything from his painting but the formless features. A long moment she hung thus, one thin hand which she had put out before lifting her head, fluttering without volition. Then with a gasp almost heard in the suspended quiet, she took shape again. Starshine lurked itself into her face, and she threw back her head. Valiant! Joy thought, valiant! And stole a look at him. He was taking Jerry's hand, a bit lingeringly; smiling at her with interest—but without recognition!

"You look very much like some one I met a long time ago," he said.

"A very long time ago?" murmured Jerry in the richest of her plush tones.

"Oh, very. At least two years—which means it was war times, and those times seem hundreds of years behind us now."

"There you go, Old Crow's-feet." Mabel was hanging on his arm and smiling up at him. She brought the others into it with an explanatory: "These returned war heroes think every one forgets pretty quickly, but we don't, do we?"

"Returned war hero!" Joy cried, her mind a suspended blank to be written over with wonder. Jerry said nothing with fierce intensity of question.

"Why, yes," said Mabel. "Stop nudging me, Phil, I will if I want to!— He was over for a long time. and brought back millions of those little citation ribbons which he gave me with instructions to bury—stop, Phil!"

A man-servant announced dinner at this moment, and Mabel gave Joy to her brother, leading the way with Jerry and leaving her husband to the girl with the white forehead.

AS THEY settled themselves, Joy watched Phil Lancaster, who kept his eyes fixed upon Jerry across the table.

"Is—is the resemblance so very striking?" she probed gently.

"Not so very, after the first look. "Your friend is quite a different type," and Jerry's short, thick lashes quivered as she raised her chin higher and looked determinedly at Mabel.

"That girl with the brown hair and white forehead—is she another cousin?" asked Joy, still quietly insistent that he should talk to her.

He drew his eyes back to Joy. "No; she's a Bryn Mawr girl, one of Mabel's protégées. Mabel's awfully keen on younger girls."

"You don't like younger girls, do you?" His tone had been descriptive.

"Why—has Mabel been getting biographic?"

"No; she didn't say anything about you to me; I just guessed."

"When did you go across?" she asked abruptly. Her words carried across the table.

"In the Fall of '17."

So she had been right in her random suggestion! Mabel, hearing a fragment of their conversation, proudly contributed the fact that Phil had just been promoted to the rank of major when the armistice was signed.

SO HE did not remember Jerry—And yet he must, or why did he look at her so? It was when they were having coffee that he seemed to give his attention to Joy for the first time. "I'm sorry I've rattled on so. I—I don't know what's in the air to-night—I'm not generally talkative. Are you one of those awful ones who 'draw people out', young cousin?" He was almost boyish now.

"I don't think I've drawn you out at all," she said, and her glance traveled to Jerry. He did not look this time.

"I am glad you brought her with you," he said simply.

The remark was so direct, after his circuitous discourse throughout the meal, that she was left without a response. Mabel rose and wafted them out into the drawing-room.



MABEL MURMURED ECSTATIC NOTHINGS

"Eustace, can you play the victrola or do something entertaining while I show Joy the babies?" she demanded. "She doesn't know she has some more cousins to meet."

The nursery was a long wide room, into which they tiptoed. Three little white beds, with tiny, slumbering faces pressed hard against the pillows—faces beautiful with the unearthly beauty of babyhood. Mabel, going from one to another, murmured ecstatic nothings.

On the other side of the door Joy stammered her enchantment of eternity's marvel. Mabel smiled, her hand on the knob, lingering as if she could not bear to leave that hold upon the nursery. "You will never know—until you have them," she said. "The greatest happiness in all the world. Joy, I thought I had come to the crown of my life, when I married. To have the love of the one you love—that is surely the greatest honor and happiness that life can bring. But this—this brings so infinitely much more—that you think you could only have barely existed, before! All the happiness in the world, Joy, transmutes itself into this great one. After all everything speaks in terms of love." She laughed, half apologetically. "It's true—we married people pity every one who doesn't go and do likewise!"

JOY was thinking of the phrases she had heard bandied with such assurance—yes, that she had bandied in her own mind; "the risks and sacrifices of marriage," "marriage clipping the wings." Now with Mabel's suddenly iridescent love spreading beauty in her face—a career with all its gilt glory seemed very far away and unreal. But they came back into a room which was echoing to great music filtered through a sounding box; and nursery and Mabel's face sank away. Different hearts, different loves—and what could one love one-half so satisfying as music?

Jerry and Phil Lancaster were on the other side of the room, beyond the candles, talking. Jerry was sitting on a window-seat; he was standing looking down upon her, his back to the room. Joy sat down beside the college girl, who turned a smiling face to her with some comment on the music. Joy answered and in the ensuing conversation was surprised to find that Miss Dalrymple was actually interesting. She wasn't the type that a man would ask to a prom to cut a wide swath and impress the other fellows with looks and jazz, but she was attractive just the same.

AFTER a long conversation Joy again looked impatiently at the two at the end of the room. It was so maddening to sit through an evening in ignorance of all that was passing. Mabel followed her look.

"Your friend seems to have bewitched my brother, Joy," she said lightly. "She must be a sorceress, and cast a spell. He hasn't even been polite to a girl for so long!"

Joy stole a glance at her watch. Quarter of ten—it was surely already too late to stay after dinner——

Jerry saw her rise, and strolled over to them. Phil followed with objecting footsteps.

Eustace Drew joined Phil, and the two men rode to the hotel with Joy and Jerry. Jerry, back in the gloom of the car, was inscrutable, Phil more so. They left them at the elevator where the two girls turned to each other as the door closed and they shot upward.

"Anchor me down, Joy," Jerry whispered; "anchor me down, or I'll float away!"

"Jerry! What was he saying——"

An interim while they got off at their floor, passed a maid in the corridor, and gained their room. Jerry threw off her coat and went to the mirror. "Can you believe it, Joy?" she asked, in luxurious wonder, falling into all angles of pose, "he doesn't know me! I've changed so much he doesn't know me!"

"What did he *say?*" Joy demanded. "I saw he didn't know you!"

"Well, I have changed since then. Funny I hadn't thought of it that way. My hair's bobbed now, of course—and I used to dress a lot more so, and this black velvet changes me more yet—and my make-up was different——"

"Will you tell me what he said—or won't you?"

She whirled around from the mirror, and with a jump, seated herself on the bureau top. "After you went out, I slumped down on the window-seat. My legs had caved in—I couldn't stand any longer And he came over to me and looked down at me—which he kept on doing, by the way. Joy, he *likes* to look at me. Did you notice it? Didn't you? And then he said—he said—'Do you believe in love at first sight?' I was knocked loggy for a minute. Did I? Hadn't I! Then I passed back to him; 'Not necessarily.' 'It is the only love which is formed without analysis,' he said, 'and analysis is death to love.' 'Maybe, with some people,' I said. 'You can't generalize about those things—though I suppose love is one of the things that is most generalized about.'

"'DO YOU want to come down to particulars?' he said. 'Or is it safer to go on generalizing?'" Jerry clenched her hands, smiling softly the while. "I laughed at that. I had to laugh or yell—it was all so like what I'd been dreaming for so long. I can't believe yet it's all really happened—and I said: 'Please don't put it up to me.' 'Let us both waive the responsibility then,' he said. 'If what I say sounds like sheer madness, forget it. You look as if you could forget and had forgotten much. But—I have fallen in love twice in my life. The second time was this evening, when I saw you come walking down the room to me—a spirit embodied from a dream!' Joy, he said that Was there ever anything like it under heaven?"

"No!" cried Joy, "go on!"

Jerry jumped down from the bureau to look in the mirror again. "Jerry, your luck," she cried to her triumphant reflection; "your luck!" She turned to Joy. "I was so scared I got to shaking. 'A dream!' I said. 'Yes, that's what it is, a dream all right.' I thought it was too. 'You do not understand,' he said. 'How could I expect it—there will never be another Brushwood Boy! That was one of the things he'd given me to read, Joy! I guess I registered recognition on that, for he went on: 'Oh, you've read it? You remember the Brushwood Boy saw a little girl in a theater, and afterward he built an image of her in his dreams. His image grew in his dreams to womanhood, and by-and-by he met her in the flesh—a spirit embodied from the dream. Two years ago, in those fleeting, hectic days of war, at a time when no dreams were being left to me, I met a little girl who somehow brought me back to interest in life and—dreams.

Continued on page 88



4

ANIMALS THAT USED TO LIVE IN THE WORLD



Courtesy of the Museum of Natural History.

The real skeleton of the Thunder Lizard that lived millions of years ago, and a picture of the way he looked alive

MILLIONS of years ago, before there were any men on earth, big, strange animals, different from any animals you have ever seen, used to run and eat and sleep right where we are living now.

No man has ever seen one alive. Then how did anybody know they lived?

Because scientists who study about animals found big bones and parts of big skeletons buried in the earth—some of them right here in America.

One skeleton they called a dinosaur. *Dino* in Greek means "terrible," and *saurus* means "lizard." So *dinosaurus* (we say dinosaur for short) means "Terrible Lizard." Living dinosaurs were three times as big as the biggest elephant!

The scientists called one kind of dinosaur a *Brontosaurus* (that means Thunder Lizard), because the bones they found were so big and heavy they knew he shook the earth like thunder when he walked.

The skeleton on this page is a real brontosaurus whose bones were dug up in Wyoming and sent to the Museum of Natural History in New York. Scientists think he weighed about forty thousand pounds and lived mostly in the water and ate hundreds of pounds of water plants every day.

How do scientists know all this when they never saw a Thunder Lizard? Next month you will read why they know, and how they dug up the skeletons.

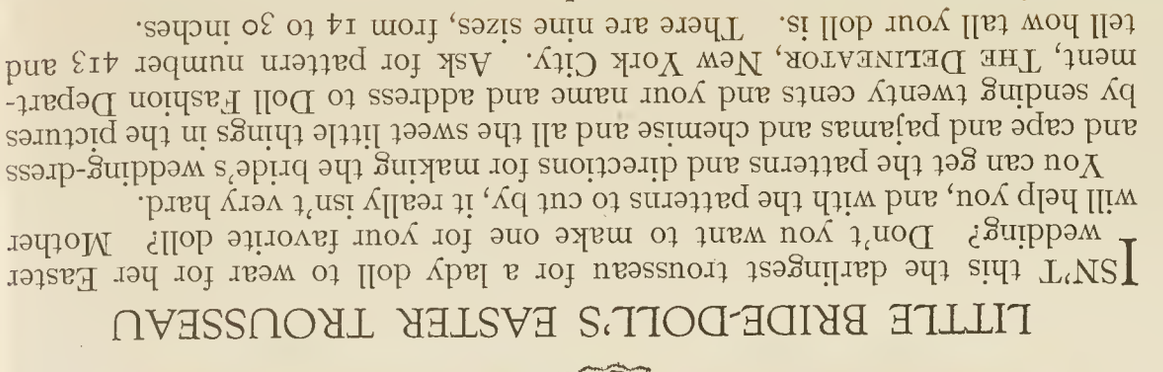
THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

APRIL 1922

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER



LOOK ON PAGE EIGHT IF YOU WANT TO WIN A BIG FRAMED PICTURE LIKE THIS—PAINTED BY A REAL ARTIST



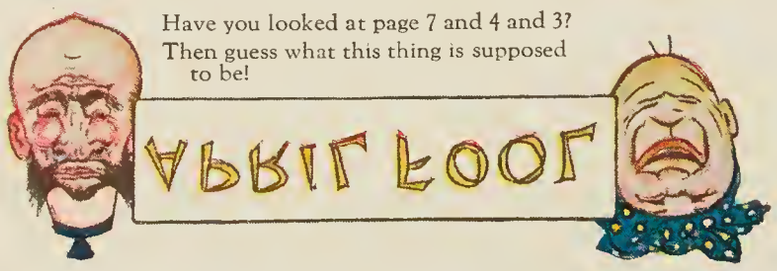
MY LITTLE PAGE



WIN THIS RABBIT PICTURE!

ISN'T the rabbit cover on our LITTLE DELINEATOR cute? The artist, Mr. Graef, painted a big one first and then the little ones were printed from that.

Wouldn't you like to have the big picture, all framed, to hang on your wall? Write me a nice letter, telling what page you like best of all in our LITTLE DELINEATOR this month, and why. The nicest, most interesting letter will win the big drawing of the rabbit family painted by Mr. Graef. Your letters must be here by April the twenty-fifth. Write to your editor, Harriet Eager, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, care of the Big DELINEATOR, New York City.



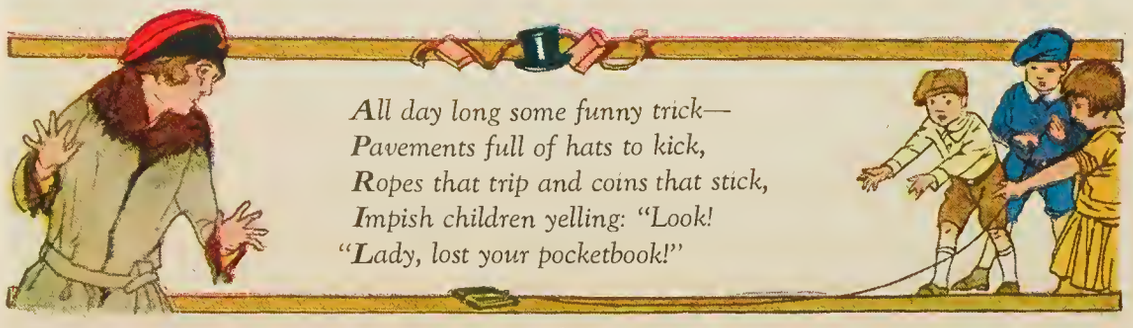
AREN'T YOU 'SHAMED?

DO YOU see the April-Fool Trick you children are playing on me? Aren't you 'shamed to scare your poor Editor when she thought she was opening a NICE BIG box of candy?

The last Big DELINEATOR page tells how to cut out the LITTLE DELINEATOR.

Next month is the CIRCUS NUMBER! Good-by. Happy Easter and lots of April-Fool fun!

HARRIET EAGER.



8

LITTLE BRIDE-DOLL'S EASTER TROUSSEAU

ISN'T this the darlingest trousseau for a lady doll to wear for her Easter wedding? Don't you want to make one for your favorite doll? Mother will help you, and with the patterns to cut by, it really isn't very hard.

You can get the patterns and directions for making the bride's wedding-dress and cape and pajamas and chemise and all the sweet little things in the pictures by sending twenty cents and your name and address to Doll Fashion Department, THE DELINEATOR, New York City. Ask for pattern number 413 and tell how tall your doll is. There are nine sizes, from 14 to 30 inches.



5



THE CHRIST-CHILD ASLEEP IN THE CRADLE

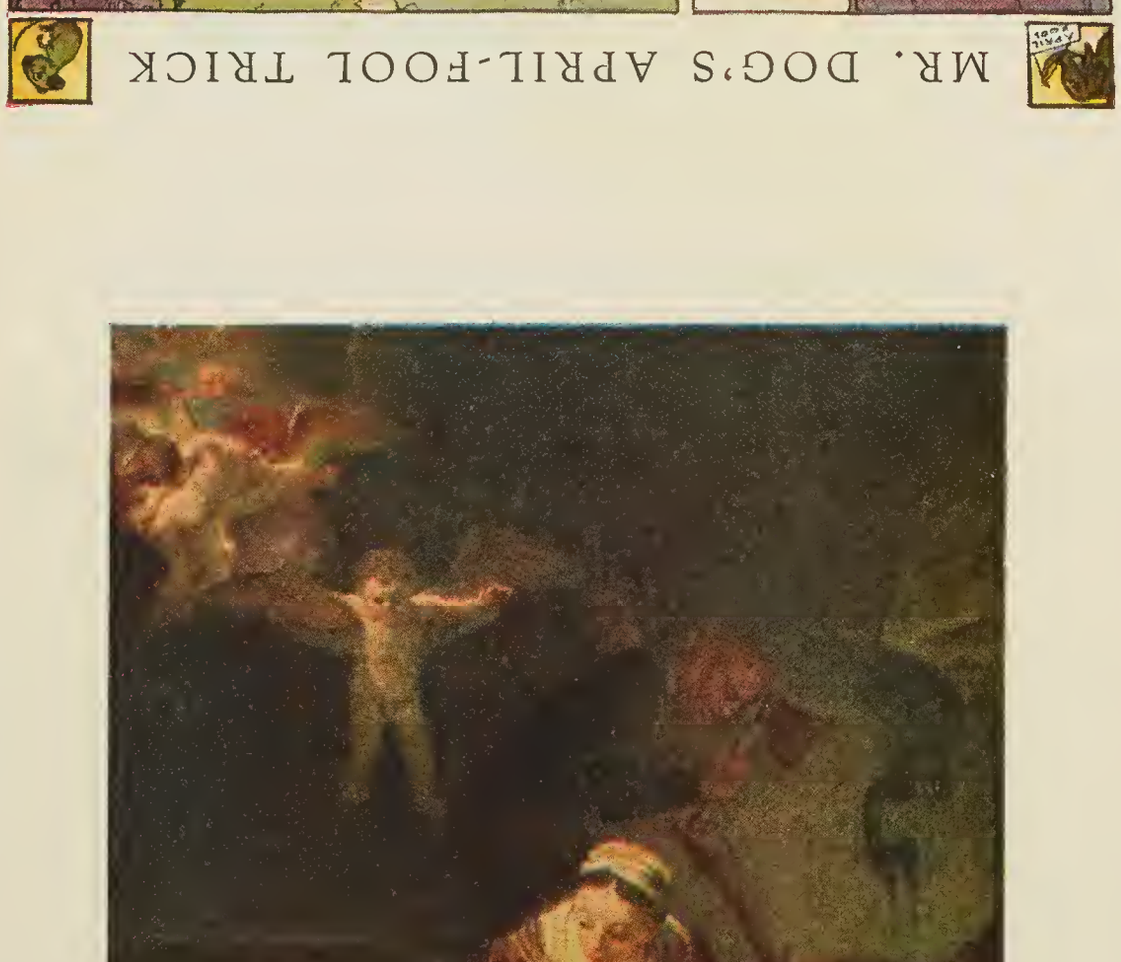
A PICTURE PAINTED BY REMBRANDT

THE little Christ-child is fast asleep in his little straw cradle. Mother is reading a big book, but she has stopped to rock her baby to sleep again.

Do you see the dear little baby angels with baby wings flying above the Holy Baby's head? They have come to keep him safe from harm. Mother doesn't see them, but if little Jesus were awake, I think he would see them and smile.

This picture was painted many years ago by a Dutch artist named Rembrandt.

MR. DOG'S APRIL-FOOL TRICK



THE TEACHER WHO CRIED AFTER SCHOOL



IT WAS twenty minutes past nine, but 3B class was still talking and laughing and running around the aisles. The teacher wasn't there.

Suddenly every boy and girl sat up stiff in their seats. The principal had come in.

"Your teacher is sick," said the principal. "A substitute is on her way."

The minute the door shut everybody let loose. A substitute! What fun! thought Bill Bailey and he pulled Sissy-Prissy Nannie Jenkin's pig-tail.

The substitute came in. Her face was red and scared-looking. She started to say something but nobody could hear for the racket.

Gee! What fun! thought Bill Bailey.



BILL PEEPED IN. A TEACHER CRYING!

Outside the rain slapped and sloshed against the window-panes, trying to water the red geranium inside.

Nobody did anything the substitute said—except teacher's pet, Nannie Jenkins. Bill cut up worst of all. He made all the boys laugh and all the girls giggle. The substitute's face got redder and more scared-looking.

After lunch the rain stopped and the sun shone through the window-panes on the red geranium inside.

"Hey, miss, the sun hit me in the eye!" yelled Bill and everybody laughed very loud—everybody except the substitute.

When closing-bell rang, 3B class piled out any old way. Bill was three blocks away before he remembered he had left his rubbers in the cloak-room.

So he went back. But what was that queer noise in the 3B room? It sounded like—like, why——

Bill peeped in. Somebody had her head on the teacher's desk. Somebody was crying so hard her shoulders went up and down.

It was the substitute!

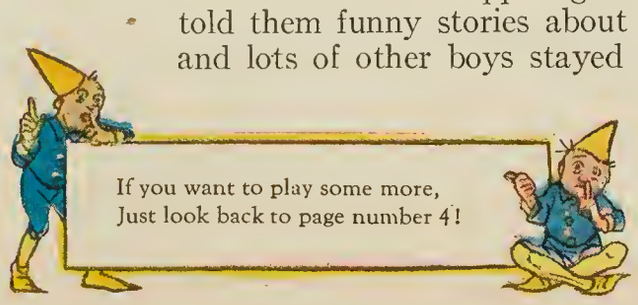
A TEACHER crying!

Suddenly Bill felt about as big as a teeny-weeny peanut. If he hadn't been a boy he might have gone in and said something to the substitute. But Bill *was* a boy so he just ran home as fast as he could—and forgot his rubbers after all!

Next day—"Gee!" thought the boys, and "Gracious!" thought the girls. For Bill was acting so good that nobody else could be bad. He didn't cut up any monkey shines. He stopped acting smarty. He answered the substitute's questions as if he were a boy with sense instead of a monkey-kid.

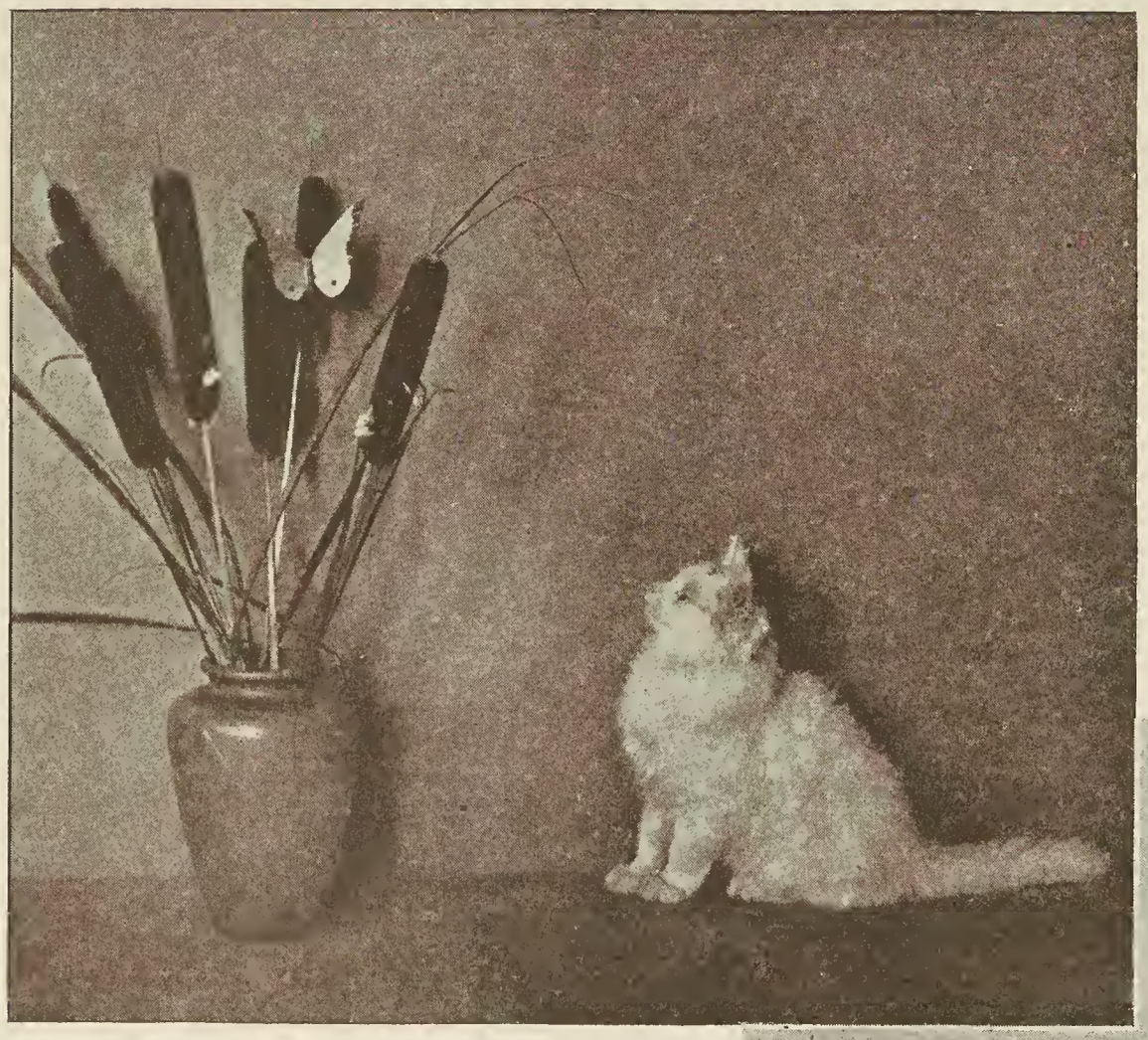
The substitute stopped getting red. She began to smile. She told them funny stories about the monkeys in Africa. So Bill and lots of other boys stayed after school to clean blackboards and ask questions about Africa.

Nobody was sorry when the regular teacher didn't come back and the substitute stayed. But Bill thought a lot of thoughts he never said out loud.



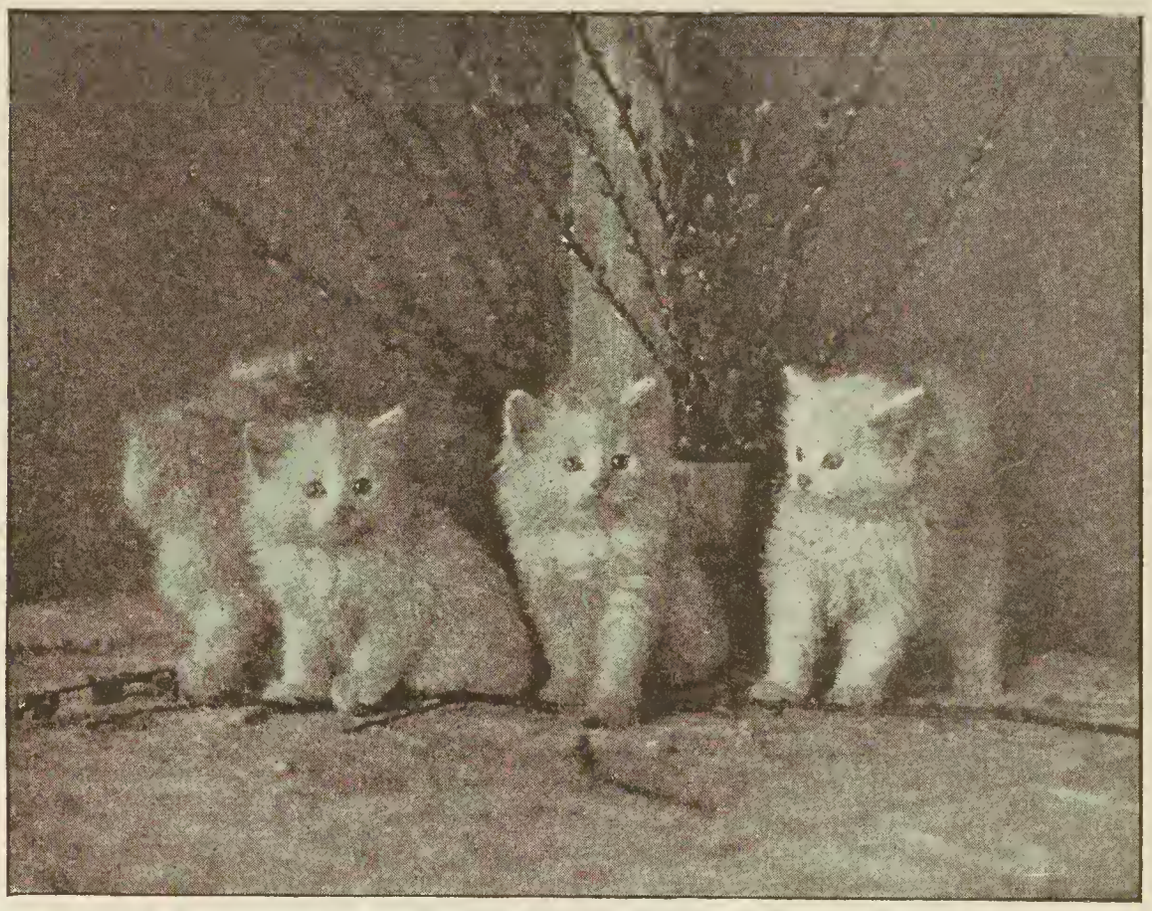
CAT—ALOGS

By Oliver Herford



WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY

To see a Pussy Cat without
A tail is puzzling, no doubt,
But puzzlinger to me than that
Is why a Cattail has no Cat!
Once when I saw a Butterfly
Upon a Cattail light, says I,
"It's wise of you my dear to play
With Cattails, when the Cat's away!"



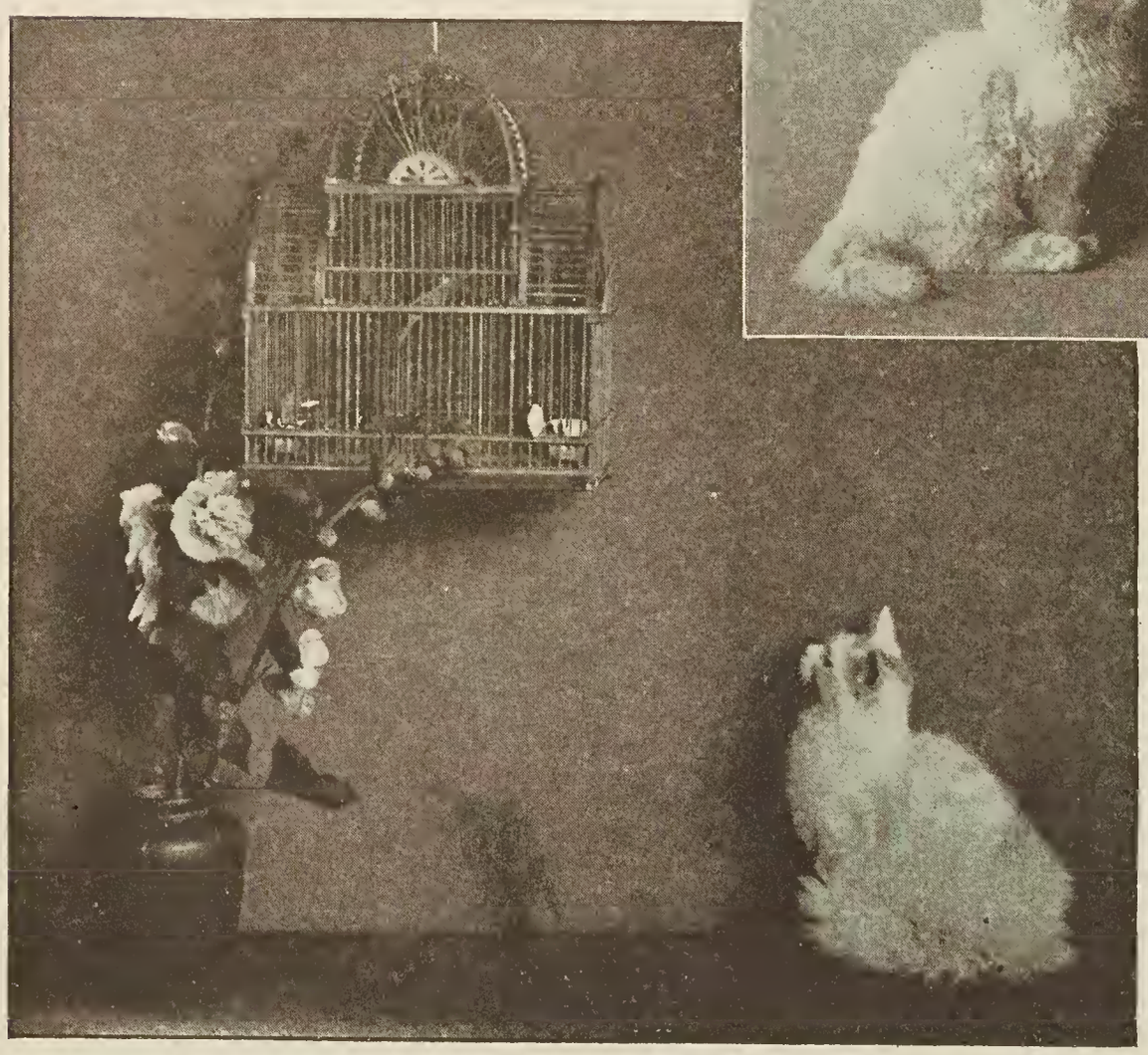


COPY-CATS

In My Lady's room one day
Three Strange Kittens joined our play.
Strange to say, these Kittens were
Just like us in face and fur!
Behind a big round glass they hid
And copied everything we did,
And when at last we mewed "For shame!"
And turned our backs—they did the same!

POOR FISH!

Round and round and to and fro
In their bowl the Goldfish go.
What a life! To have to stay
In the water night and day!
When I say with pleading purr
"You will spoil your nice gold fur!"
They look at me as if to say
"O!—O!—O!—" and swim away.

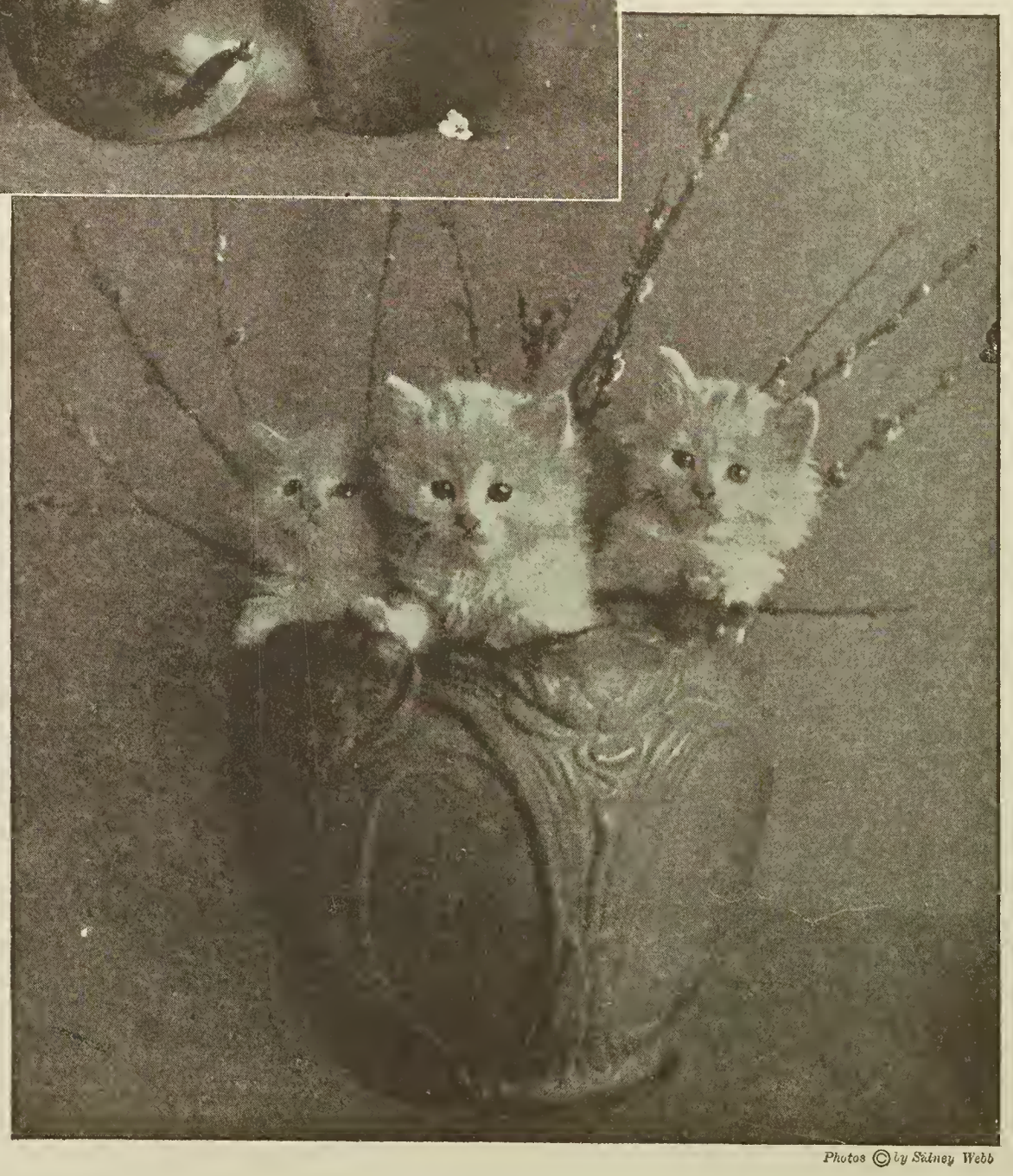


THE PRISONER

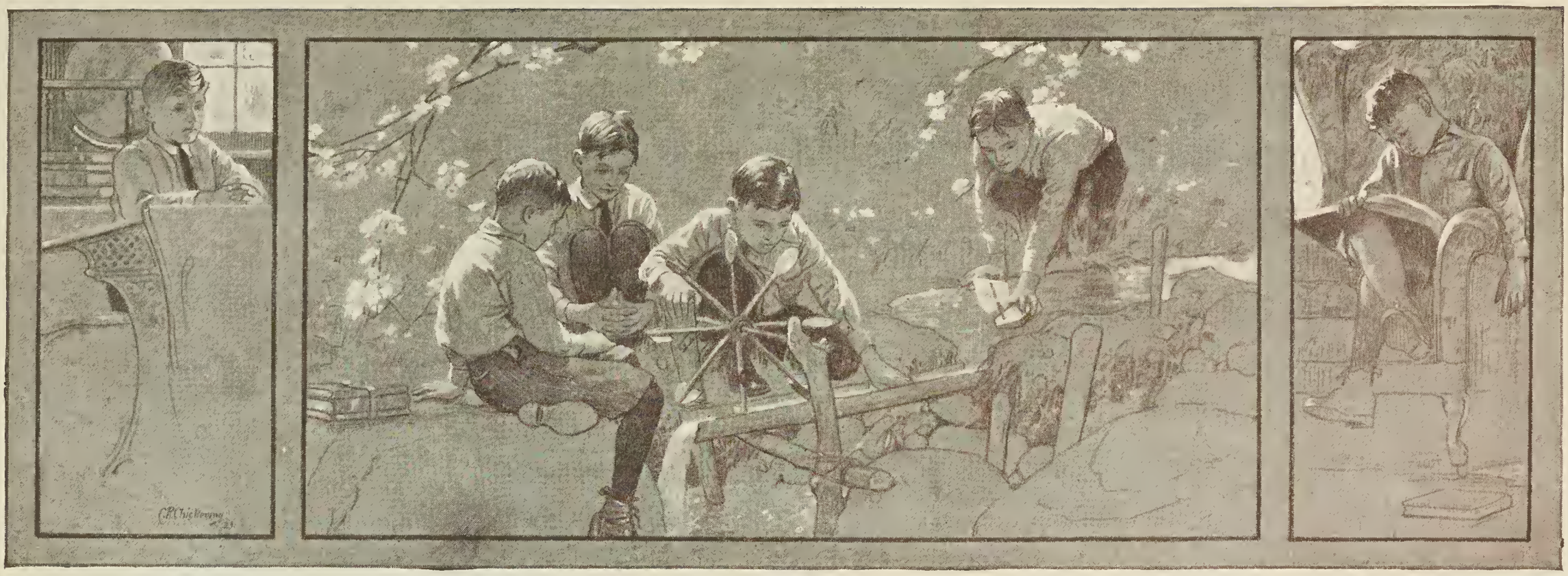
Poor Bird! I sympathize with you!
I have a near relation too
Behind the bars. In his own land
He was a king. He has a grand
And kinglike air. They say his figure
Would be like mine if I were bigger.
His cage has great big iron doors,
He does not sing like you—he roars!

SAY IT WITH KITTENS

I often wonder, can it be
That the Pussy-Willow tree
Where the Pussy-Willows hang,
Is the Tree from which we sprang;
Human People once, they say,
Lived in tree-tops. If some day
I hear a Pussy-Willow mew,
I shall know that it is true!



Photos © by Sidney Webb



TOPSYTURVY EDUCATION

What comes of saying one thing and doing another

By ANGELO PATRI

MOST of the people I meet have a topsyturvy notion of education. They say they believe in the real thing, but when they are brought face to face with it they either shrink back afraid or shake their heads in doubt, or refuse to pay the cost of it, either in money or experience.

Parents and teachers and school administrators will assure you that they believe in the very right idea of education and then set about doing exactly the contrary.

They say: "Little children grow best when they are unconscious of themselves. The less they think of themselves, the less we direct their attention to themselves and their achievements, the better." So?

The children were gathered in the living-room waiting for the curtains to part and reveal the glories of the birthday table.

"I'll bet it's a cake as big as me, Rosebud," said the little host. "Don't you wish it was a cake as big as me?"

The young miss twirled about on her toes, and smiled upon him in language more potent than speech. "I'm here. Can't you see me? Why bother about anything else?"

THE curtains parted and the children swept forward like a flower-laden breeze.

"Let's stand where we can see their faces," whispered one of the mothers. "I love to see their faces when they see anything so lovely for the first time."

The rapt faces were exquisite as the children stood drinking in the beauty of the picture before them—the dim room throwing into relief the fairy-like table with its gleaming candles, its gay decorations and its towering cake blazing with lights.

They gazed transported, silent, with shining eyes and round open mouths. All save Rosebud. She stood apart, her arms outstretched and pointing. Conscious to her finger-tips, she had the air of doing the scene justice.

"Look at Rosebud," murmured her mother. "Isn't she perfect? That dancing-teacher has certainly done wonders with her. Come here, Rosebud, show us again how surprised you were." And Rosebud took her pose of wonder and delight.

As she turned to go to her place at the table she said, "I'm the prettiest little girl here, am I not, mother?"

"Yes, dear."

That's one sort of topsyturvy education in the home. This mother, blinded by maternal love and pride, had seized upon a passing phase of her child's experience, dragged it into her consciousness, held it there, and so checked her child's spiritual growth.

Left to herself the child would have enjoyed the freedom and rhythm of her dancing-lessons. She would have expressed her happy little self in loving and helping and understanding her playmates. But her mother, and

Put the children first—don't think that second-best things, second-best schools, crowded classrooms are good enough for children because they are little and what does it matter. Angelo Patri has straightened out a great many educational tangles in the big New York public school where he is principal. In this article, the third of a series which he is writing for THE DELINEATOR, he describes the typical educational mistakes that do such harm to the growing child. If you would avoid them, parents and teachers, don't fail to read this article

through her the dancing-teacher, had altered all this. They had supplanted the lovely freedom of childhood by the ugly self-consciousness of the adult self-seeker. Altruism would mean but a word to the woman who blossomed from such a childhood.

The same sort of thing is carried on in school. How could it be otherwise? Home sets the standard for the school. Parents want above all things to have their children excel beyond the excellence of all others and to that end the teacher strives. Small wonder, then, that the emphasis is placed on the externals.

I saw a little boy working at a number-tray. He was alone at his table, for this was a school that allowed but a few children to a teacher. He was picking out bits of colored pasteboard and identifying their number with figures.

Suddenly his face lighted with joyous wonder. He ran across the room to his teacher and said, "Look! See what I can do! I don't have to pick them out one by one any more. When I want four, I pick out two at a time for two times and I have the four."

"Splendid," said the teacher. "You are a clever boy. You shall have a hundred per cent. to-day and take it home on a card to show to your mother. You can tell her that you are the smartest boy in the whole class.

"SEE, children, Ralph has beaten all of you. He found out something about his numbers all by himself. Won't his mother feel proud to think he has got ahead of all of you?"

The group of children did not seem at all happy in the success of their classmate. They puckered their brows and looked doubtful. They were plainly envious. Ralph swelled and swelled with pride. The light of discovery died out of his eyes. He strutted back to his seat, a vain peacock of a boy where but a moment before he had raced a joyous, triumphant Christopher Columbus.

Had the teacher said "Fine, son. You have found a number secret all by yourself. You are a discoverer. There are lots more secrets to discover. I wonder how soon you will get the next one?"—had she said some such things she would have been very helpful. She would have encouraged his mental growth and stimulated his activity. She would have kept his mind clear of any notion of self. But the school, being but the extension of the home, followed the home notion: "My child is the best. If you would have me consider you a successful teacher, show me that result." Together, the home and the school pitch the child's education toward externals and away from inward growth.

"First impressions are always the most important in the child's life. They are the strongest. What one learns as a child, he remembers as a man." Every parent and every teacher will say "amen" to that. But what do they do? Follow that principle of education with scrupulous care? As a general thing they do not.

"Never mind the little ones. Just give them any sort of a plate and mug. Never mind if their table-linen isn't fresh, they'll never notice it."

"Oh, any picture-book will do. He's only a little fellow. He won't care whether it is artistic or not."

"I see those tables and chairs are very shabby. Send them up to the children's rooms."

"Don't be so fussy. You know the children can not understand a word I am saying. What difference can it make to them? Their ignorance is bliss."

HAVEN'T you heard such speeches from people who are considered very careful about the upbringing of children? Isn't it true that many people find it convenient to pass off second-best things, second-best ideas, the second-best side of life to the children?

The same unlovely slovenliness toward children carries over into school. The school is crowded. Immediately the problem is solved by overcrowding the little ones. They can be taught in classes of fifty and sixty and seventy and up. They are so little they pack easily.

To be sure this is the time when they are going to learn faster and fuller and deeper than at any other time in their lives. But crowd them in and give them the teacher who is just beginning. The experienced teacher must be promoted and one goes "up" to the grammar and "down" to the primary. Isn't that the most topsyturvy notion of education you can think of?

But it is so in my school and it is so in your school. Everybody knows it and nobody does anything about it. The reason lies back in the home, where the more dependent the children are, the less important their training is. It is public opinion, and what is that except home piled upon home, that supports this idea of the crowded, starved primary school, manned by the most inefficient and underpaid teachers in the staff. This is a shame. No education that says, "Lay a strong foundation and build upon it," and then lays no foundation, is going to stand the test of the coming generation.

Continued on page 99



HER PARTY FAILED. SHE DID NOT KNOW HOW TO SEAT THE GUESTS

THE LOG-CABIN LADY

She comments on American snobbery

This is the closing chapter of the autobiography of The Log-Cabin Lady. Born on the frontier, she knew only the desperate struggle for existence. She never saw a table napkin until she was fourteen years old. She never owned "store clothes." She worked her way through school, came East, and married into a prominent family. Her husband entered the diplomatic service, and before she was twenty-six she had been presented at court. She has been a famous hostess on two continents.

For personal reasons she desires to remain unknown. She accepted no remuneration for her story, feeling that it was too intimate and sacred a thing to offer for sale. She gave it in a spirit of service.

The Log-Cabin Lady had to learn even the most elementary social lessons by very bitter experience. She has written: "I so earnestly hope that I have offended no one, but that in confessing the difficulties of my own way and the humbleness of my beginning I may make life a little easier or happier for some other woman."

PART V

JUST before I came home to America in the Spring of 1919, I went to Essex for a week-end in one of those splendid old estates which are the pride of England.

It was not my first visit, but I was awed anew by the immensity of the place, its culture and wealth which seemed to have existed always, its aged power and pride. Whole lives had been woven into its window curtains and priceless rugs; centuries of art lived in the great tapestries; successive generations of great artists had painted the ancestors of the present owner.

All three sons of that house went into the war. One never returned from Egypt, another is buried in Flanders. Only the youngest returned.

At first glance the smooth life seemed unchanged in the proud old house. But before sundown of my first day there, I knew that life had put its acid test to the shield and proved it pure gold.

War taxes had fallen heavily on the estate and it was to be leased to an American. Until then, the castle was a home to less fortunate buddies of the owner's sons.

But these were not the tests I mean, neither these nor the courage and the poise of that family in the face of their terrible loss, nor their effort to make every one happy and comfortable.

It was an incident at tea-time that opened my eyes. The youngest son, now the only son, came in from a cross-country tramp and brought with him a pleasant-faced young woman whom he introduced as "one of my pals in the war."

THAT was enough. Lady R. greeted her as one of the royal blood. The girl was the daughter of a Manchester plumber. She had done her bit, and it had been a hard bit, in the war, and now she was stenographer in a near-by village.

Later in the afternoon the story came out. She had been clerk in the Q. M. corps and after her brother's death she asked for service near the front, something hard. She got it.

The mules in the supply and ammunition trains must be fed and it was her job to get hay to a certain division. The girl had ten motor-trucks to handle and twenty men, three of them non-commissioned officers.

After four days, during which trucks had disappeared and mules gone unfed, she asked the colonel for the rank of first sergeant, with only enlisted men under her.

Her first official orders were: All trucks must *stay together*. If one breaks down, the others will stop and help.

The second day of her new command, she met our young host, who needed a truck to move supplies and tried to commandeer one of hers. When she refused, he ordered her. He was a captain.

"I am under orders to get those ten loads of hay to the mules," was her reply.

"What will you do if I just take one of them?" asked the captain.

"You won't," said the girl confidently.

"I must get a truck," he insisted. "What can you do about it if I take one of yours?"

"England needs men," she answered. "But if you made it necessary I'd have to shoot you. If the mules aren't fed, you and other men can't fight. If you were fit to be a captain, you'd know that."

THE young captain told the story himself and his family enjoyed it, evidently admiring the Manchester lassie, who sat there as red as a poppy.

They did not bend to the plumber's daughter, nor seem to try to lift her to the altars of their ancient hall.

Every one met on new ground, a ground where human beings had faced death together. It was sign of a new fellowship, too deep and fine for even a fish-knife to sever. There was no consciousness of ancient class. There was only to-day and to-morrow.

It was the America I love—that spirit. The best America—valuing a human being for personal worth.

Then I sailed for home. I went to Newport, to the Atlantic coast resorts. They were all the same.

The world had changed but not my own country.

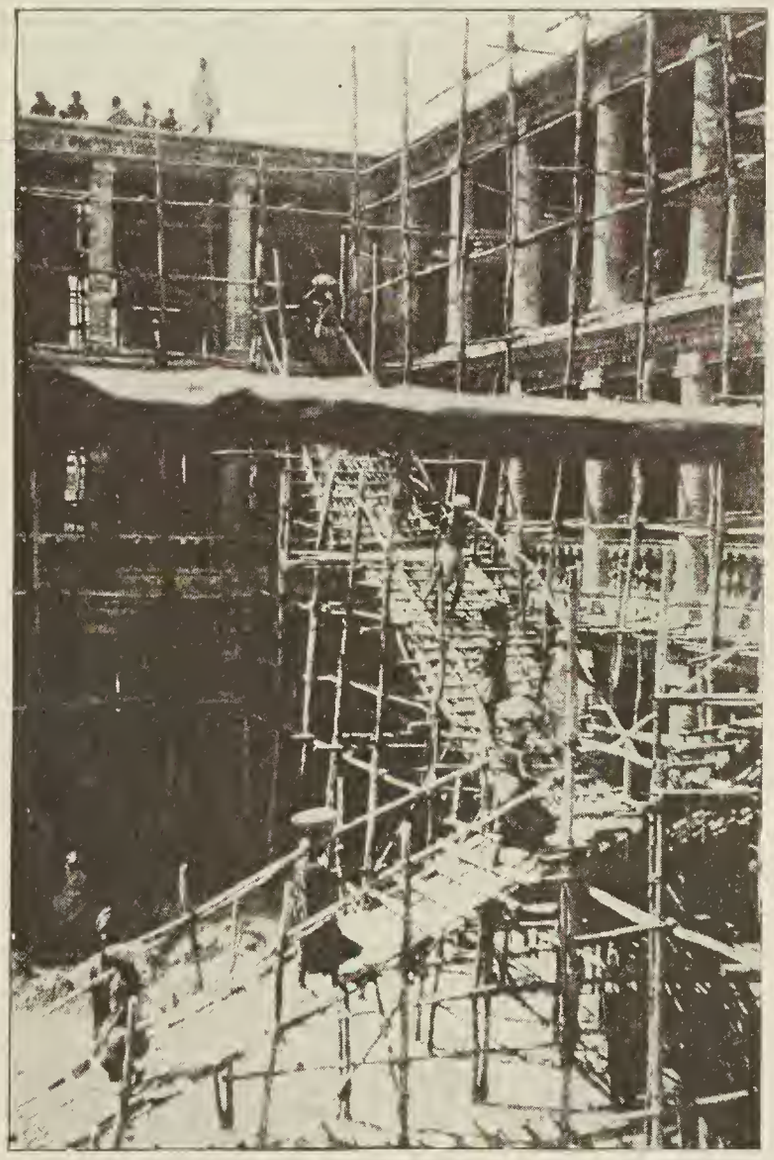
I saw more show of wealth, more extravagance, more carelessness, more reckless morals than ever before, and—horrible to contemplate—springing up in the new world, the narrow social standards which war had torn from the old.

Social lines tightened. Men who had been overwhelmingly welcome while they wore shoulder-straps were now rated according to bank accounts or "family." The "doughboy shavetail," a hero before the armistice, or the aviator who held the stage until November eleventh, once he put on his serge suit and went back to selling insurance or keeping books, became a nodding

Continued on page 91







MISS ORIENT ENTERS COLLEGE

By

HARRIET SISSON GILLESPIE



Upper Left—Miss Lilavti Singh, a native of India, former acting President of Lucknow College

Upper Right—The buildings at Yuenching College are centuries old

Left—Women coolies built wing of the Woman's College in Madras

Right—Women students at North China Union Medical College

EVERY Summer, in China and Japan and Korea and India, the girls come home from college even as in your town they come back from Smith and Wellesley and Vassar. But there is something much more serious about this Oriental home-coming. Education for women in the East is still a thing so precious that its privileged recipients go home, not with the feeling that their education is over, but that their work in the world is merely begun. The great thing that has been given them must be shared with the millions of other women who have not been so fortunate.

The impulse behind all this Eastern education was Western, the money which supports it still comes from Scotch, English and American missions and societies. If these young women did not apply their education in terms of service among their own people, the Far East would avail less from the gifts and the hours of efforts of countless missionary boards the world over.

The East can not and should not be made over on a Western pattern—as well rebuild Peking to look like Chicago. But there are some triumphs achieved in Chicago that will make life easier and more interesting in the Orient. These things the Oriental woman, as teacher, doctor or nurse, has carried home with her into the homes of her people. She makes good use of what she learned in schools and colleges founded by the women of the West.

The pioneer women's college in China is Yuenching, in Peking. Founded in 1905, it was the first of the seven colleges for women in the Far East. Housed in a series of buildings whose stones were old before the days of Columbus, it is to the young Chinese schoolgirl what Vassar or Bryn Mawr is to her American contemporary. It draws its students from seventeen provinces and Korea. So many students are crowding into its walls, its classrooms are so cramped, that it is planning to erect new buildings upon a great tract of land outside the walls of Peking.

THE forerunner of progress is that favorite daughter of science, medicine. The women of the West opened the main door to education in the East when they founded the North China Union Medical College. Ninety-five women physicians have been graduated from that college—a small percentage in a nation of 400,000,000 people. One of its most brilliant graduates is Dr. Lydia Ch'en, who, after her graduation, forsook the glamorous life of Peking for a remote post at Chung king on the far boundary of Tibet, a month's journey through the Yangtze gorges. There she opened the Danforth Memorial, the only hospital for women in that vast territory.

The first five women to receive the B. A. degree in China were graduated from Ginling, in the city of Nanking. Ginling, through the cooperation of sister colleges in America and the United Mission Boards has been promised new buildings which are to be erected on a tract of thirty acres outside the city. Eighty-four Japanese girls last year were studying for their B. A. at the Women's Christian College.

The Indian girls go to college at Lucknow, North India, affiliated with the University of Allahabab, the Oxford of India. This, the first women's college in a country of 165,000,000 women, is set on the great Gangetic plain, on the high road of the Mohammedan conquests. It is sending forth women doctors, nurses, teachers, journalists, and women well equipped to be the wives of the men of the coming India. The Woman's Christian College in Madras, supported by twelve mission boards in Great Britain, the United States and Canada, is affiliated with the University of Madras.

Lastly, there is the Medical School of South India at Vellore, started in 1918 by Dr. Ida Scudder with the help of women physicians and the Government of India. The work for which these women are fitting themselves is not easy—a stiff fight against frightful physical conditions among their own sex; immorality, vice, the curse of child-marriage and child motherhood.

The cooperative boards for these seven colleges met at the close of the war and decided that the needs of these women must be met. The colleges already established must be enlarged and new ones opened. The Laura Spellman Rockefeller Memorial Fund agreed to give one million if the boards could secure two million more. Last year the contributions amounted to $500,000. This secured $250,000 from the Memorial Fund which has been distributed among the various colleges. The needs of these colleges are fundamental and urgent. If international friendship is to increase, the women of the Orient deserve the firm hand of fellowship from their sisters across the sea.





Photograph by Mr. ed Cheney Johnston

WILDA BENNET, WHO PLAYS A DELIGHTFUL PART IN THE MUSIC BOX REVUE



THE NEW IN NEW YORK

By EVELYN DODGE

Sketches by Darley

NEW YORK in April is altogether charming. For the world of fashion it is the month between the Southern season and the trans-Atlantic flight to Paris for May. Every one is in town; the theaters and the night clubs take on a new lease of life, the shops are full of smart things and the restaurants of smartly dressed women.

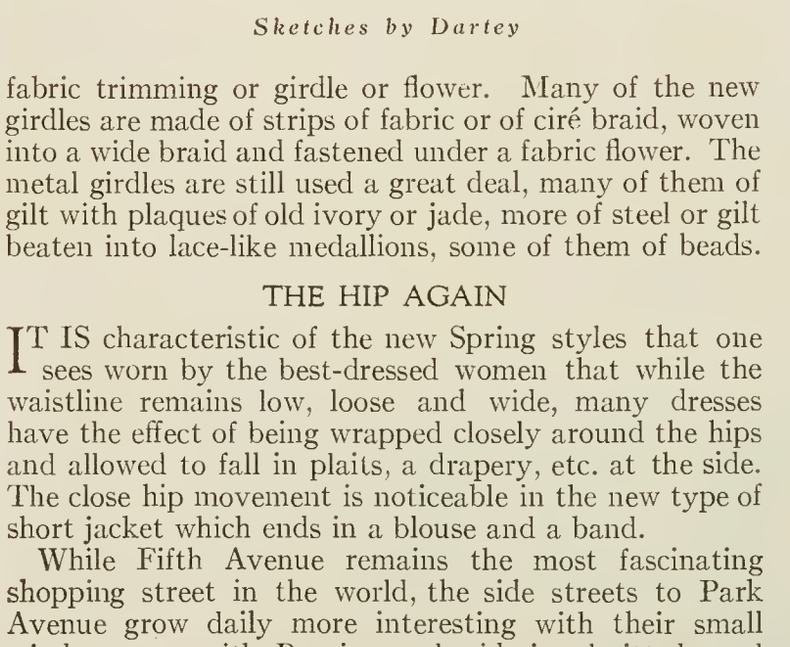
One goes to Pierre's to lunch or dine in its lovely, late Italian setting of pale-green walls, crystal girandoles and painted panels and remains to praise the delightful frocks that women are wearing. Black is still used a great deal in restaurant dresses, but it is no longer monotonous.

ONE sees a black kasha dress with a swinging jacket that one might mistake for a cape in bright sulphur yellow, a blouse, low-waisted, wide of sleeve, of vivid Callot red, transparent and flame-like, with a skirt and cape of heavy black silk crêpe, the vivid blue called "wash ball," a very bright crude green, or the more restrained and elegant cinder gray or the pale fawn known as "mushroom" in the body of a black dress under a black cape or jacket.

One sees, of course, many all-black costumes, especially the black satin or crêpe suit or the silk-crêpe dress trimmed "en grille" with lattice motifs of interlaced fabric bands. Count the day lost that does not see a new frocks from Paris, bright capes of silk or wool for the country club, coats and waistcoats of hand-blocked linen—all the costly, highly individual things that belong in the specialty shop. It is here that one finds many of the new peasant blouses and dresses, beautifully worked with cross-stitch in brilliant Russian or Roumanian colors. These blouses and dresses can not be ignored, for they are exerting a marked influence on the Spring styles. One notices in the new models displayed by the best New York shops and dressmakers the low shoulder, the raglan sleeve, collars of smock type or the narrow peasant band at the round neck, full sleeves drawn into a narrow cuff at the wrist, fulness at the neck.

IT IS in these side streets also that one finds the so-called clubs, where New York goes to supper dances after the theater. They are small and very exquisite and one always sees there pretty women and delightful dresses. Full evening dress is worn for the most part, not the semi-formal restaurant gown with a hat. Many of the evening dresses are straight sheath-like things almost covered with embroideries of crystal beads. Dresses of silver cloth with panels of silver lace and great gilt and silver flowers stand out from all others in sheer beauty. The bright-colored crêpe dresses are less formal and extremely useful.





THE MUSIC BOX IS A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF GEORGIAN ARCHITECTURE AND WAS BUILT BY MR. HARRIS AND IRVING BERLIN



THE HIP AGAIN

IT IS characteristic of the new Spring styles that one sees worn by the best-dressed women that while the waistline remains low, loose and wide, many dresses have the effect of being wrapped closely around the hips and allowed to fall in plaits, a drapery, etc. at the side. The close hip movement is noticeable in the new type of short jacket which ends in a blouse and a band.

While Fifth Avenue remains the most fascinating shopping street in the world, the side streets to Park Avenue grow daily more interesting with their small windows gay with Russian embroideries, knitted wool fabric trimming or girdle or flower. Many of the new girdles are made of strips of fabric or of ciré braid, woven into a wide braid and fastened under a fabric flower. The metal girdles are still used a great deal, many of them of gilt with plaques of old ivory or jade, more of steel or gilt beaten into lace-like medallions, some of them of beads.

THE HEM STILL LEADS AN IRREGULAR LIFE, SAY THE SOULIÉ SKETCHES SENT FROM *THE DELINEATOR'S* PARIS ESTABLISHMENT



Last Spring the Parisienne wore but one suit, a gray tailor-made, classical in cut, of which Soulié's costume is a lineal descendant, though straighter in line as to the jacket. It is made of green gros crêpe bound and braided with ciré ribbon

Modes and modistes have taken sides this season. The milliners trim their hats at the right, the dressmakers drape their dresses on the left hip. Soulié has designed a draped gown of supple cloth and satin in fuchsia color embroidered in old gold



A dress that proves that all sleeves are not wide, nor all skirts long in all places, is made of blue jersey with a redingote longer than the dress itself and which drapes to the figure at the hips. Designed by Soulié



Two dresses designed by Soulié accept the Spring tenets of the low waistline, the long sleeves and a discriminating use of plaits. The one on the left has the now famous bateau neckline and a sleeve that wrinkles on the arm and is made of chamois-colored silk jersey. The dress on the right is of rust-colored wool and brown crêpe with a body that takes a bolero turn and has an original arrangement of the sleeve

SOULIÉ PROPHESIES FOR SPRING IN ORIGINAL DESIGNS SKETCHED FOR *THE DELINEATOR*



The boat-shaped neck finds an affinity in a Victorian bertha of steel lace on a dress of black satin. The side tunics believe in extending themselves, for they fall below the skirt and rise above the waistline

Soulié might have called his redingote dress "le petit abbé" for it follows the lines of a surtout even to the great hip pockets. It is made of white silk jersey embroidered in black and green, and is worn over a skirt of black satin

The short fur jacket of last Winter is responsible for the vogue of the suit coat at variance with its skirt in material and color. Soulié has employed a plain wool material for the jacket and Scotch plaid for the skirt in a costume newly designed for Spring



Bands or belts that hug the hip, are seen on many of the short Spring jackets. Soulié has added a quaint touch in the coachman's cape on a suit of cinder gray cloth and black satin



We have seen the cape with the crêpe silk afternoon gown, the sports dress and as part of a suit. Soulié is the first to suggest it as the complement of an evening gown of silver brocaded upon rose.

CONTINENTAL FROCKS FOR SPRING LOVE THEIR LINES LONG



Dress 3673

3673—A material of quaint Paisley pattern emphasizes the new lines of the Spring fashions. Here it adds its color and design to a one-piece slip-over dress in the form of wide sleeves and loose panels. The even scalloped outline contrives to give the uneven line at the lower edge. Use silk crêpes or crêpe de Chine in one or two colors, or with figured or Paisley material or lace, or crêpe meteor, crêpe satin or charmeuse all of one side of the material or combining dull and shiny sides, or with Georgette or lace. Satin, foulard and Georgette are also suitable, and silver cloth and lace should be used for evening.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch Canton crêpe for the dress and 2 yards of 40-inch Paisley chiffon for the panels and sleeves, ⅝ yard 36-inch velvet for rosette. Lower edge measures 54 inches.

The dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.



Dress 3601



Dress 3663
Embroidery design 10889

3663—10889—The neckline, collarless and untrimmed is true to the real simplicity of this slip-over dress. It closes under the left arm and has a body lining with camisole top. The skirt is straight. The new sleeves and loose panels are embroidered in an all-over design. This, however, is easily worked in bugle beads or one-stitch or a combination of the two. The braided girdle and ornament of fabric of the dress emphasize the low waistline. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile in one or two colors or combining figured and plain; or use foulard or taffeta alone or with Georgette, or crêpe satin or crêpe meteor all of one side of the material or combining the dull and shiny sides.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe for the dress and ⅜ yard of 40-inch contrasting for vest and bindings. Lower edge measures 54 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.



Dress 3669

3669—The line of the collar was so very becoming that it decided to continue itself as trimming bands, and even hesitated to stop at the hem of the skirt. The side tunics stand out from the straight silhouette attractively, and both the skirt and tunics are straight at the lower edge. The blouse body lining may have the camisole outline. This dress is adapted to young, slender lines, or to the more mature lines of the stout woman. Use silk crêpes or crêpe de Chine; or Georgette, silk voile, in one or two colors, or figured and plain, or foulard alone or with Georgette, and for Summer fine cotton crêpes or tissues; or crêpe voile in one or two colors, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards of 40-inch Georgette for front, back, collar, sleeves, straps and tunic, and 2⅛ yards of 40-inch figured silk for camisole and entire skirt. Lower edge measures 1½ yard.

This dress is good for ladies 34 to 50 bust.

3635—The smartest dresses have that careless, graceful fit in the easy French style through the shoulders. This slip-over dress has a straight skirt meeting the long body in fancy outline, and may be made without the blouse body lining. Use serge, tricotine, soft twills, camel's-hair suiting, homespun, all one material or with body of satin; or crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse all one side of material or combining dull and shiny surfaces, or for Summer, linen, linen-finished cottons, plain cotton, all one material or with body of contrasting or check gingham with plain gingham, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards of serge 54 inches wide with braid and buttons. Lower edge measures 54 inches.

This dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3627—We have learned a thing or two from our grandmothers, especially the worth of old Paisley designs. This slip-over frock may have sleeves of Paisley silk. The lower edge is straight and one may have a blouse body lining. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, crêpe voile, etc.; or use crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, all one material or combining dull and shiny sides or with Georgette sleeves; or taffeta or satin, etc., all one material, or with sleeves of Georgette; or soft serge, crêpe jersey, etc. Lower edge measures 54 inches.

36 bust requires 2½ yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide with piecing at center back, and 1⅝ yard of 36-inch Paisley silk for sleeves, sleeve band, piping and belt.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3633—What gay, unexpected things crop out in clothes now and then: First a new cuff, then a chic collar! Of course it is the cuff and oddly shaped vestee which contribute their share toward the youthful air of this slip-over dress. It is loose and comfortable and easy-fitting through the shoulders and armholes. Make the dress of camel's-hair suiting, wool crêpe, wool jersey, homespun, serge, tricotine, soft twills, crêpe jersey, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse, silk crêpes, and for Summer of cotton homespun, linen, linen-finished cottons, gingham, etc. Lower edge measures 54 inches.

36 bust requires 2½ yards of tricotine 54 inches wide and ¼ yard of silk 36 inches wide for vestee (cut crosswise).

The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust: also for misses.

3620—10957—The newest Spring clothes have a drift toward Russian lines as evidenced by this new one-piece dress. The dress is easy fitting through the shoulders and armholes after the French fashion, and for the blouse effect use an elastic in a casing at the low waistline. Or the dress may have a blouse body lining. An effective embroidery design in gay colors finishes the Russian closing which breaks unevenly with the hem of the skirt. Work it in satin-stitch, outline-stitch, or a combination of satin-stitch and outline-stitch. Make the dress of camel's-hair suiting, serge, tricotine, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards of soft twill 54 inches wide. Lower edge measures 54 inches.

The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust and pretty for misses.

3639—Fabric trimming is of French origin. In this slip-over dress it effectively outlines the long V neck, loose sleeves and panels. The dress has a left underarm closing and may be bloused or drawn down. If you like, make it with a long body lining. The straight skirt and loose panels have the low waistline. Use serge, tricotine, soft twills, camel's-hair suiting, all one material or over satin, silk crêpes in one or two colors, etc., or for Summer, linen in one or two colors.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide including fabric trimming and binding, and 1⅝ yard of contrasting crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide for the vestee and skirt (cut crosswise). Lower edge measures 49½ inches.

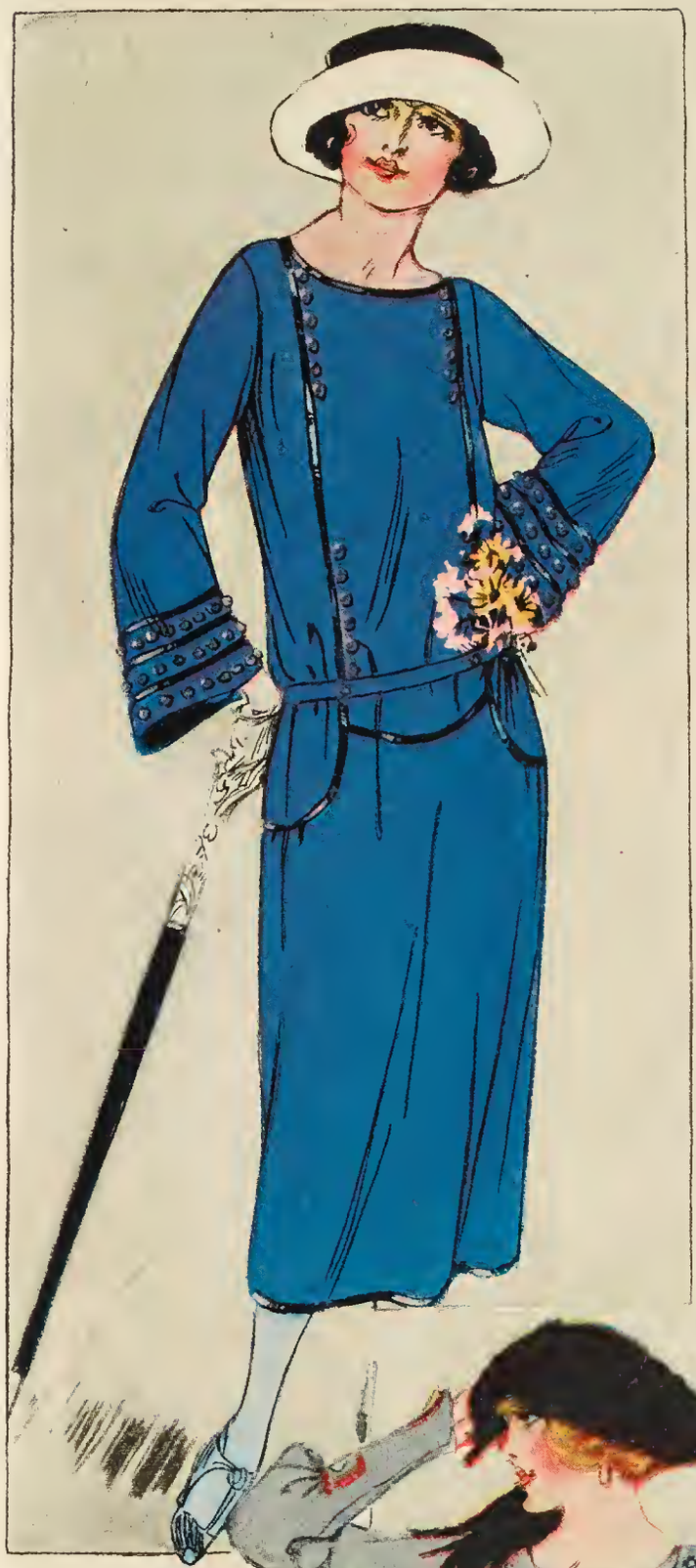
The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3604—A one-piece dress of foulard with crêpe collar and cuffs and a fox scarf will make a costume which the French use so widely for luncheon, matinée wear, or semi-formal teas. This slip-over dress may be made without the blouse body lining, and the skirt has the straight lower edge. Use serge, tricotine, soft twills, wool jersey, crêpe jersey, sports silks, and for Summer gingham, cotton ratine, cotton prints, chintz, etamine, linen, linen-finished cottons, or cotton poplin are suitable materials for this dress. Lower edge measures 55½ inches.

36 bust will require 3⅞ yards of 36-inch foulard silk and ¼ yard of 40-inch Canton crêpe for collar and cuffs.

The dress is becoming for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also good for misses.

Other views of these garments on page 105



Dress 3635





Dress 3633

Dress 3639



Dress 3604

Dress 3620
Embroidery design 10957

Other views of these garments are shown on page 105

Dress 3631
Embroidery design 10955



Dress 3597
Embroidery
design 10806

Dress 3622



Dress 3641
Embroidery design 10865



Dress 3608



Dress 3637

Other views of these garments are shown on page 106

WIDE SLEEVES, UNEVEN HEM LINES AND NEW FABRIC TRIMMINGS ARE FASHION'S DECREE FOR THE SPRING SEASON



Dress 3649

3649—This frock proves the season's popular belief that two materials are often better than one and frequently do away with the need of other trimming. This dress has a raglan sleeve gathered in at the wrist. The long waist follows a fancy outline, and the skirt is straight. The blouse body lining may be omitted. Combinations of silk crêpe, crêpe meteor and taffeta for the body with camel's-hair suitings, serge, tricotine and soft twills for the skirt would be effective, or crêpe meteor and crêpe satin may be used, combining the dull and shiny sides.

36 bust requires 2 yards of 40-inch Georgette for the body of dress and 2 yards of 40-inch silk crêpe for the skirt of the dress and belt. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 40 inches bust measure.



Dress 3571 Dress 3599

3571—If the hat is as becoming as the dress, her costume will be decidedly smart. This is a slip-over fashion with a very new sleeve and a most becoming collar. The body lining is a matter of choice, for the straight skirt is attached directly to the long-waisted body of the dress. The wide sleeves are attractively trimmed with a band of white to match the collar and the sash is a wide ribbon. The suitable materials for this season include satin, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, wool crêpe, or use serge, tricotine or soft twills alone or with the body of satin, taffeta or foulard. Lower edge 63 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards of 40-inch silk foulard for the dress, ⅞ yard of 36-inch plain silk for the collar, vestee and sleeve bands, and 3½ yards of ribbon for the sash.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3599—Perhaps you had already decided on a frock when you turned the page and found this pretty one waiting for you with its fabric-flower-trimmed sash to make it even more Springlike. This is a slip-over dress with closing at the left underarm and may be worn bloused or straight. The fulness at the shoulders and the medium deep armhole are becoming. The straight skirt is attached to the waist at low waistline, and the blouse body lining may be omitted. Select silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, satin, taffeta or foulard.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe for the dress and ⅞ yard of 40-inch contrasting silk crêpe for collar, vestee and sash facing. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This is a graceful dress for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.



Dress 3661

3661—In Fashion one is always seeking something different. Here we have found the much-sought-after in the form of trimming. This is a fabric trimming that any woman can make for herself with little expense. The slip-over frock closes under the left arm and may have a long body lining. Soft fulness at the neck is new and the wide sleeve emphasizes the drop shoulder. The sash is arranged to emphasize the low waistline and drops below the straight skirt. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, Georgette, plain silk voile and soft taffeta. For a dress without the trimming, crêpe satin or crêpe meteor may be combined with Georgette, or use silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine and fine cotton voiles in two colors.

36 bust requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch Canton crêpe. Lower edge of skirt 1¾ yard.

This dress is designed for ladies, 32 to 44 inches bust.

3597—10806—A dress, like the wearer, should be graceful. This one is particularly so with the surplice line of the blouse draped in long-waisted effect and gathered at the shoulders to allow a becoming fulness. The sleeves have flaring cuff sections. The dress has a body lining and the straight skirt joins it at the low waistline. The front and back tunics are straight at the lower edge and fall into deep points at the sides. An embroidery design in colors is used. This is a combination of satin-stitch and outline embroidery.

36 bust requires 4½ yards of 40-inch crêpe meteor for the dress and ¾ yard of 40-inch crêpe meteor in contrasting color for collar and sleeve facings. Lower edge 51 inches.

This dress is very attractive for ladies 32 to 48 inches bust measure.

3641—10865—Yes, it's a cape, though you are favored with only a glimpse of it! A cape effect is one of Spring's caprices, and this one is detachable. The one-piece frock with straight lower edge slips over the head and has the new fulness at the neck, a drop shoulder and unusual sleeves. These are trimmed with a band of colored embroidery of the peasant type. It is easily worked in single stitch. The fulness at each side of the low waistline may be arranged with an elastic, or a bloused body lining may be used.

36-bust requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch Canton crêpe for the dress and 1⅛ yard of 40-inch Georgette for the sleeves and collar. Lower edge measures 54½ inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 40 bust measure. It is also suitable for misses.

3631—10955—Yet another variation of the fashionable one-piece slip-over dress! The very wide kimono sleeves gathered into a narrow band at the wrist are new. An elastic is run through a casing at the low waistline, or a body lining may be used. One of the newest ideas in trimming makes use of motifs adapted from an embroidery design. These motifs are worked effectively in the fabric of the dress. Use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, Georgette, silk voile for the dress with fabric trimming, and crêpe jersey, foulard and sports silks for dress without fabric trimming.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine including fabric trimming. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure, and also attractive for misses.

3608—She is holding back her scarf so you may see the charming simplicity of her dress. It is one of the popular slip-over models which closes at the left underarm, has very wide kimono sleeves and a becomingly low waistline. The straight skirt gives the effect of wrapping round the figure with plaits at the left side front. The soft, graceful style of this dress makes it especially suitable for charmeuse, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine and silk crêpes. The corsage of flowers like a tiny old-fashioned bouquet is made in the new way of the fabric of the dress.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is adapted to ladies 32 to 40 inches bust measure.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 106

3622—Dignified yet simple is the fashionable verdict that makes this frock suitable for day or evening wear. Without the sleeves the dress is decidedly formal. It is a slip-over style and may have a bloused body lining. The long-waisted body is draped a bit at each side above the two-piece skirt. The one-sided collar and uneven hem line go together attractively, and a sash effect is becoming. Use moire, satin and brocades alone or in combination with Georgette for the sleeves, or silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards of 40-inch brocaded silk for the dress and sash, and 1½ yard of 40-inch Georgette for the collar, sleeves and trimming band. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

This dress is most attractive for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3637—There are many reasons why this dress is successful. The kimono body has added to itself flaring sleeves, and the uneven hem line is accomplished by extending the loose panels below the straight skirt. The low waistline is adorned with a fabric flower. The body lining may be finished in camisole outline or omitted entirely. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile in one or two colors, navy blue with gray, brown with tan, etc. Crêpe satin and crêpe meteor are effective, combining the dull and shiny sides, or foulard with Georgette.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 36-inch foulard silk for the dress, and 1⅜ yard of 40-inch Georgette for sleeves and panels. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust.

THE RIPPLE COAT, OF CAPE-LIKE CUT, IS THE ONLY FASHIONABLE REBEL THAT DEFIES THE RULE OF LOW WAISTLINE



Dress 3593
Embroidery design 10955

3665

3593



Coat 3594
Embroidery design 10886



Blouse 3658



Coat 3646
Skirt 3520



Dress 3576

3665

3576

3593—The redingote this Spring is a sleeveless one-piece garment with an underdress that slips over the head and has a wide sleeve set in a deep armhole. A straight skirt meets the blouse at a low waistline. The fabric trimming is new and smart. The design should be worked in outline, machine hemstitching, braiding or cut-outs. Make the dress of serge, tricotine, soft twills, with crêpe meteor, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or foulard; or of crêpe satin, crêpe meteor or charmeuse, all one side of material or combining dull and shiny surfaces, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards of satin crêpe 40 inches wide and 1¼ yard of Georgette 40 inches wide for vestee, sleeves, collar and to face armholes. Lower edge of dress 49 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 42 bust.

3594—10886—Many of the new coats trace their origin to the one-piece dress. This bloused coat all in one has a wide sleeve and a long wide collar to achieve the effect of a cape. One may use one of the new metal girdles or an elastic in a casing to give the bloused effect at the low waistline. Large motifs are embroidered in bright colors. Work this design in a combination of satin-stitch, outline stitch or chain-stitch, and bugle-beads or one-stitch embroidery. Use heavy silk crêpes, satin, serge or camel's-hair cloaking for the coat.

36 bust requires 3½ yards of serge 54 inches wide. Lower edge measures 1⅝ yards.

The coat is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust, and it is also suitable for misses.

3658—This is a blouse of the type that gives a costume look with a separate skirt. The low waistline is marked at either side by graceful ribbon ties and the sleeve may be finished with a cuff if you like. One may use elastic in a casing. This blouse slips over the head and comes in two lengths. Make it of crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, satin, Georgette, chiffon cloth, plain silk voile, or of fine cotton crêpe, plain cotton voile or batiste. If you do not use fabric trimming, wool jersey, crêpe jersey, pongee, fancy silk voile and fancy cotton voile are suitable.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards of silk crêpe 40 inches wide including the fabric trimming and binding.

The blouse is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



View A



Hats 3665 View B
Embroidery design 10940

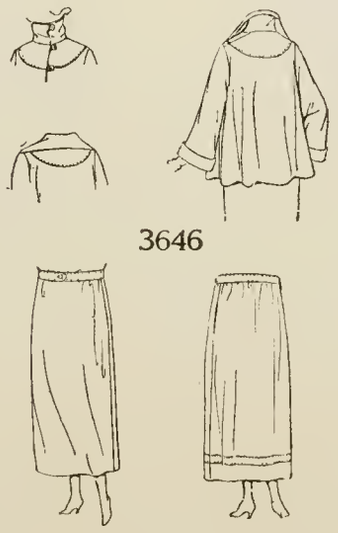




3594



3658



3646

3520

3646—3520—This Spring suit has adopted the new ripple coat which gives the effect of a short cape. It has a round yoke and a deep armhole. The two-piece skirt is straight with the waistline raised 1¼ inch and a narrow trimming band. For the coat, use serge, tricotine, soft twills, wool repp, wool poplin, camel's-hair suiting, satin or silk poplin and for the skirt use soft serge, soft twills, soft tricotine.

36 bust and 38 hip requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch satin for the suit and ⅜ yard of 36-inch Paisley silk for the collar and cuffs. Lower edge of skirt 52½ inches.

The coat, 3646, is becoming for ladies 32 to 40 inches bust, and also smart for misses. The skirt, 3520, is suitable for ladies 35 to 47½ inches hip measure.

3576—The suit has a fashionable rival for street wear at this season. It is the one-piece dress, and here is a smart version of it. This slip-over style conforms to the new lines by adding straight plaited sections at the sides at slightly low waistline. The blouse body lining may be omitted. Use serge, tricotine, wool crêpe, wool jersey, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, and for Summer linen, linen-finished cottons, plain cottons and fancy sateen.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards of 54-inch serge for the dress, ¼ yard of 36-inch silk cut crosswise for the vestee and ½ yard of 36-inch foulard for the collar. Lower edge 2¾ yards.

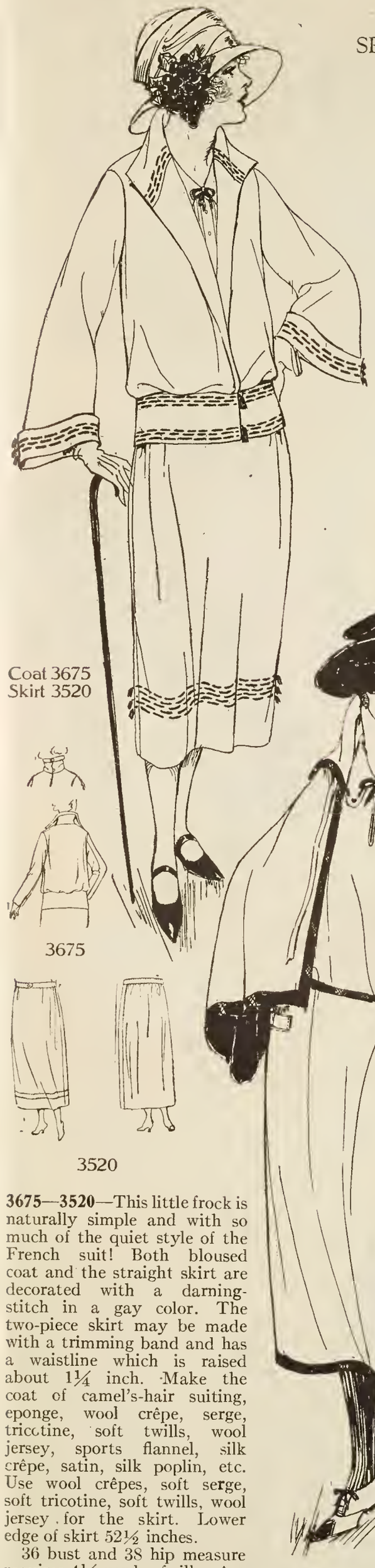
This dress is attractive for ladies 34 to 52 inches bust measure.

3665—10940—Fashion puts a solution of the Easter-bonnet problem within reach of every woman. These soft hats with rolling brim are very becoming and easy to make. View A is adapted to ribbon or fabric trimmed with flowers of the same material. A touch of colored embroidery is suggested. It may be worked in a combination of one-stitch or bugle-bead embroidery and outlining. The B view is a smart hat for fabrics. Use ribbon for view A or fabrics. Satin, taffeta, faille silk and moire silk are suitable for both views.

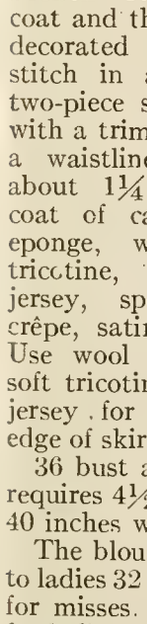
21⅞ head measure requires ½ yard of 36-inch taffeta for view A, with ⅛ yard additional for the fabric flowers and ¾ yard of 40-inch faille silk for view B.

These hats are suitable for ladies and misses.

SPRING DRESSES ADOPT SHORT CAPES OR THE BOX-COAT, AND THE SUIT PREFERS THE SHORT BLOUSED COAT



Coat 3675
Skirt 3520



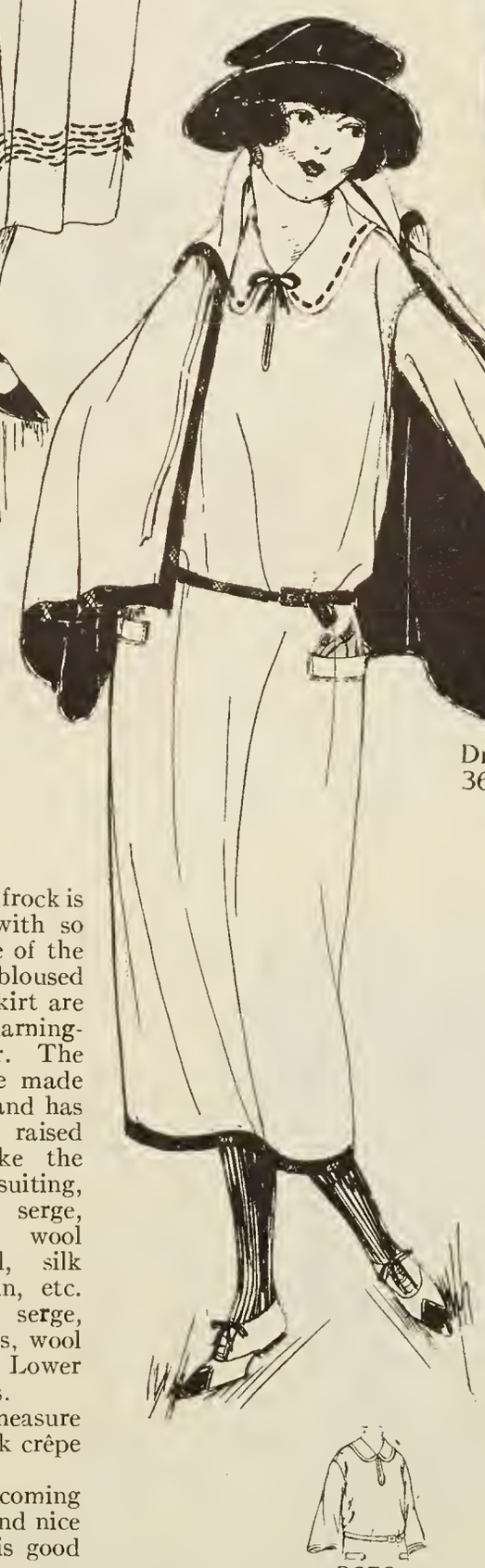
3675

3520

3675—3520—This little frock is naturally simple and with so much of the quiet style of the French suit! Both bloused coat and the straight skirt are decorated with a darning-stitch in a gay color. The two-piece skirt may be made with a trimming band and has a waistline which is raised about 1¼ inch. Make the coat of camel's-hair suiting, eponge, wool crêpe, serge, tricotine, soft twills, wool jersey, sports flannel, silk crêpe, satin, silk poplin, etc. Use wool crêpes, soft serge, soft tricotine, soft twills, wool jersey for the skirt. Lower edge of skirt 52½ inches.

36 bust and 38 hip measure requires 4½ yards of silk crêpe 40 inches wide.

The blouse coat is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust and nice for misses. The skirt is good for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.



Dress
3676



3676

3676—When Fashion "goes a-hunting" for something new, clothes are bound to take a fresh turn. There's a refreshing note in a costume like this one which has a separate shoulder cape and a one-piece dress which slips over the head. It has a drop shoulder and may be made with a blouse body lining. Use camel's-hair suiting, eponge, homespun, tweed, wool jersey, flannel, wool rep, heavy wool crêpe, serge, tricotine, soft twills, checks, etc. Lower edge of dress 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards of wool jersey 54 inches wide, ¼ yard of 36-inch linen for collar, 1⅝ yard of 36-inch silk for cape lining and 9 yards of ½-inch braid for belt and bindings.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust and nice for misses.

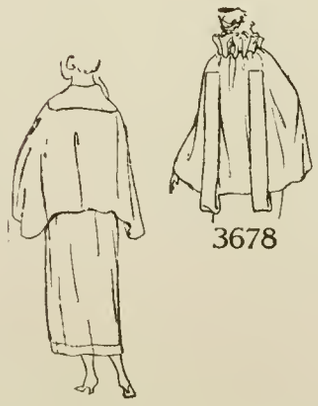


Cape 3678
Dress 3465

3678—3465—The costume she wears this Spring is a tri-part effect composed of cape, dress and a tricorn hat. The straight cape has loose straps and a fabric collar made of folds. The dress which slips on over the head has a straight skirt meeting the long body. It may be made with a blouse body, lining. Use silk crêpe, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, crêpe jersey, camel's-hair suitings, tricotine, etc. for the cape. Make the dress of crêpe meteor, crêpe satin all one side of material or combining dull and shiny sides, of satin or serge of one material or with body of silk-crêpe fabric, etc.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe for cape and skirt, 3½ yards of 36-inch Paisley silk for dress body and lining of cape, and ⅝ yard of plain silk 36 inches wide to line the cape collar and straps, and for inside section of the collar. Lower edge of dress 1¾ yard.

The cape is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust. It is also good for misses. The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



3676

3678



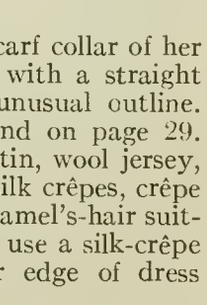
3465



3674



Box-coat 3677
Dress 3635
Hat 3665
Embroidery
design 10709

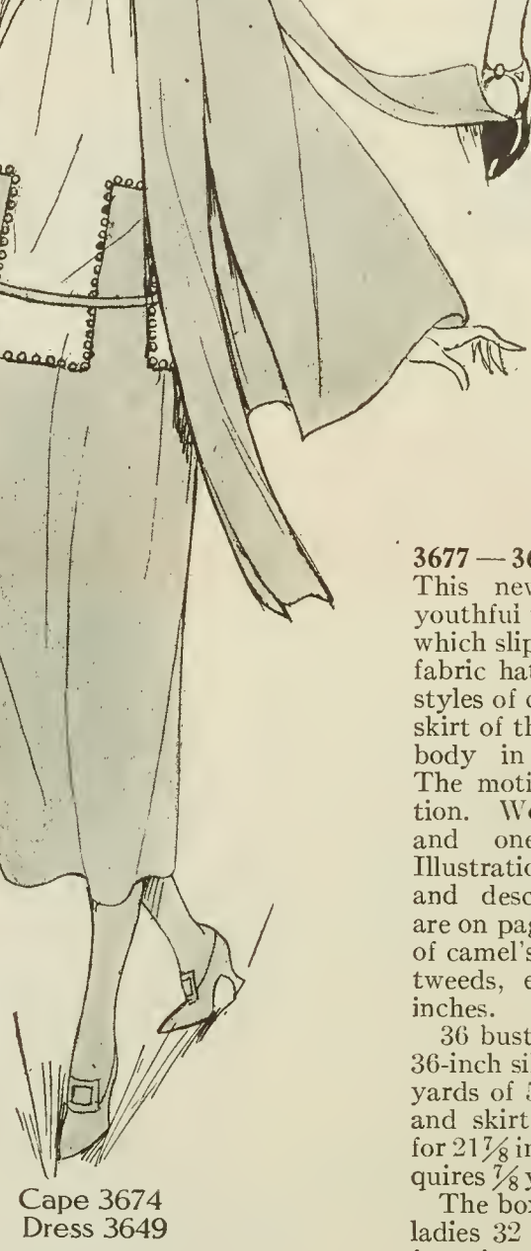


3677

3677—3635—3665—10709—This new costume is most youthful with box-coat, a dress which slips over the head and a fabric hat. The coat has two styles of collar and the straight skirt of the dress joins the long body in decorative fashion. The motifs are a bright addition. Work them in outline and one-stitch embroidery. Illustrations of other views and description of the dress are on page 27. Make the coat of camel's-hair suiting, eponge, tweeds, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 1⅜ yard of 36-inch silk for dress body, 2⅝ yards of 54-inch serge for coat and skirt of dress. The hat for 21⅞ inches head measure requires ⅞ yard of 36-inch taffeta.

The box-coat is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust, and nice for misses. The hat is good for ladies and misses.



Cape 3674
Dress 3649

3674—3649—There's a jaunty swing to the scarf collar of her straight cape. The dress is in raglan style with a straight skirt running up on the long body in an unusual outline. Other illustrations of the dress may be found on page 29. Make the cape of silk crêpes, crêpe jersey, satin, wool jersey, wool crêpes, soft serge, soft twills, etc. Use silk crêpes, crêpe meteor, taffeta for the body of the dress and camel's-hair suiting, serge, tricotine or soft twills for skirt, or use a silk-crêpe body with a crêpe-jersey skirt, etc. Lower edge of dress measures 54 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards of 54-inch soft twill for cape and skirt and 2⅜ yards of 36-inch silk for the body of the dress.

The cape is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust and good for misses. The dress is good for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

FASHION HAS A WORD TO SAY ON SUITS AND DRESSES

3671—3596—There isn't a girl alive but yearns for a smart sports dress and hat. A two-piece frock is practical and becoming and this one has the new belt shirred on elastics at the hips and set-in pockets in the blouse. The belt may be plain if you prefer and one may own sets of detachable collars and cuffs or use a permanent set of kid or oilcloth. The straight skirt is mounted on a belt and you can make it with gathers instead of plaits. Use wool jersey, with collar and cuffs of white leather, kid or light-weight oilcloth, etc. For the four-gored hat use satin, taffeta, etc.

17 years requires 3¼ yards of 54-inch wool jersey and ⅛ yard of 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs. A hat for misses for 21¾ head measure requires ½ yard of 36-inch silk. Lower edge of plaited skirt 2¾ yards.

The dress is good for misses 15 to 20 years. It is nice for small women. The hat is nice for misses, ladies, girls, children.

3602—3618—3665—Good taste lies in the discriminating choice of one's "ensemble," and this fastidious young girl chooses for wear with her straight cape the frock with a skirt of matching material, described above, and one of the new fabric hats. The cape lining matches the body of the dress. The hat is very easily made of faille silk, moiré silk, ribbon, satin, etc. Lower edge of cape in either length 1⅞ yard.

17 years requires 6 yards of 40-inch silk crêpe for cape, skirt and trimming and 3½ yards of 40-inch contrasting for waist and to line cape. The hat for misses or 21¼ head measure requires ½ yard of 36-inch taffeta and ⅛ yard of 36-inch contrasting for flowers. Lower edge 54 inches.

The cape is good for misses 32 bust. It is nice for ladies. The dress is nice for misses 16 to 20 years and good for small women. The hat is suitable for misses and ladies.



Dress 3671
Hat 3596

Cape 3602
Dress 3618—Hat 3665

Coat 3623—Skirt 2989—Hat 3665
Embroidery design 10922



Dress 3618
Embroidery design 10954

Dress 3666

3623—2989—3665—10922—With straight, bloused coats and two-piece skirts, suits this Spring seem designed with the young girl in view. The coat may have an elastic in a casing at a low waistline and the waistline of the skirt is raised about 1¼ inch. Bright banding borders sleeves and hem of coat. Work it in soutache or Hercules braid in ½ or ¾ inch widths. For coat use camel's-hair suiting, serge, tricotine, soft twills, satin, silk crêpes, silk poplin, etc. Make the skirt of tricotine, soft twills, serge, checks, plaids, etc., and hat of taffeta, etc. Lower edge of skirt 53 inches.

17 years requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch twill for coat and skirt. The hat for misses or 21¼ head measure requires ¾ yard of 40-inch faille silk.

The coat is suitable for misses 32 to 34 bust. It is good for ladies. The skirt is appropriate for misses 16 to 20 years. It is good for small women. The hat is nice for misses and ladies.

3666—Side by side with the straight silhouette one sees a suggestion of Victorian days and ways in the basque-like effect or a draped waist and the spread of a full tunic. Some modern concession is made, you see, in the fabric trimming which comes at the sleeves and on the overskirt and the fabric wheel rosettes. The young girl will appreciate this very frock for semi-formal wear and for afternoons in early Spring. The straight tunic and drop skirt of this frock are sewed on a lining and the sleeve is sewed into a body lining. Taffeta, gros de Londres, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or crêpe satin all one material or with sleeves and the tunic of Georgette are suitable materials to use for such a dress.

A 16-year size will require 3⅛ yards of silk crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge of skirt 49 inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

3618—10954—For the early days of Spring the boarding-school girl wants, for afternoon wear, several of those simple little frocks which slip over the head and have distinctive trimming. This frock has a closing under the left arm and may be made with a long body lining. It has a straight skirt which joins the blouse at a low waistline. An effective embroidery design finishes the strap panels and sleeves. Work it in a combination of cross-stitch embroidery and beading. Make the dress of silk crêpes, satin, wool crêpe, crêpe jersey, etc., in one or two colors, or of charmeuse, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor all one side of material or combining dull and shiny surfaces, or serge, tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, etc.

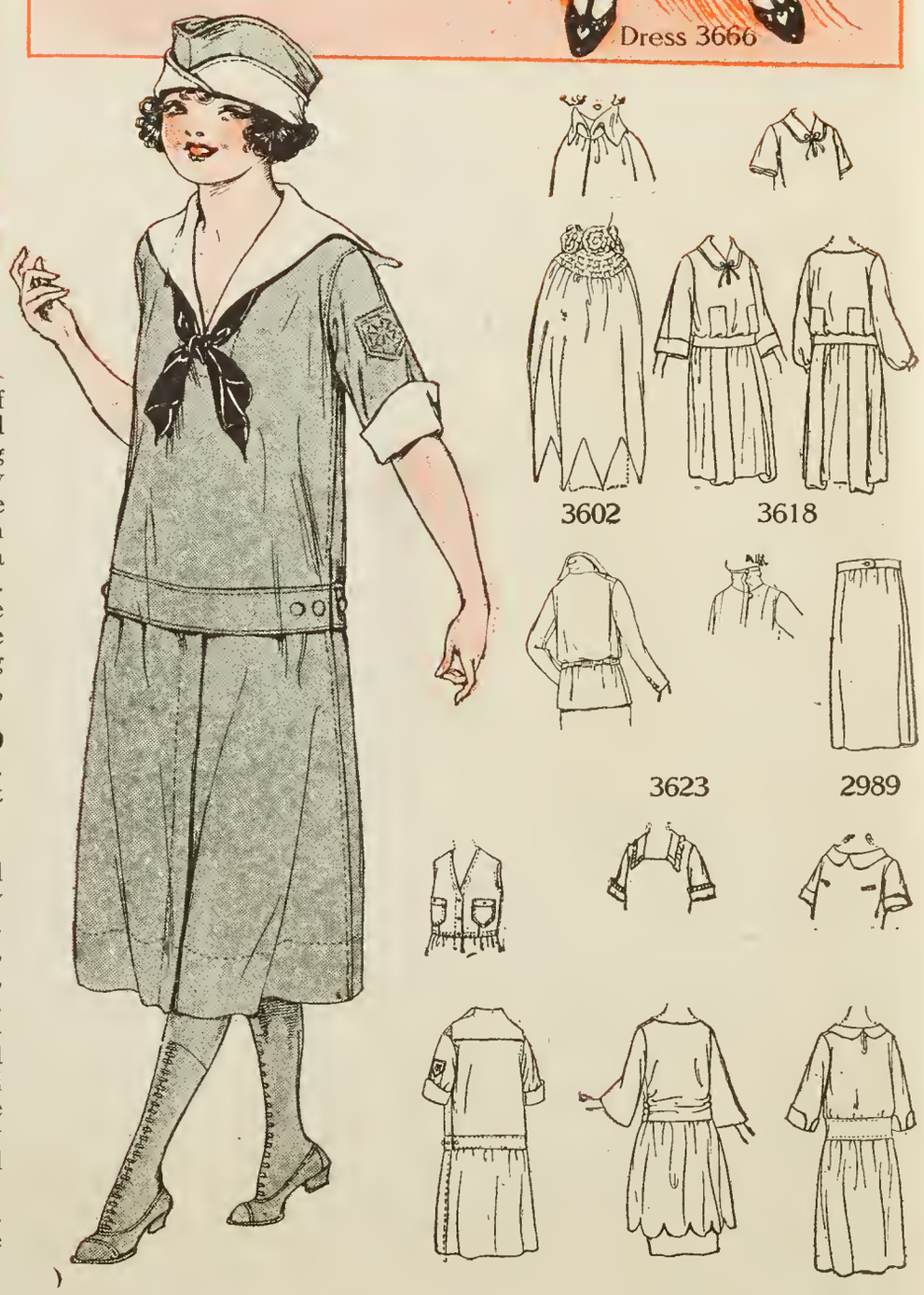
16 years requires 3⅛ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. Lower edge of dress measures 54 inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years. It is suitable for small women.

3679—At the call of "reveille" every enthusiastic girl camper is up and into her comfortable uniform ready for the pleasurable duties which are part of her day. Off she goes in her 4-H-Club uniform to the round-ups, Achievement Day meeting, or on a tramping expedition, mountain climb, or other event of the day's program. Collar and cuffs may be renewed, for they are detachable. Use a good cotton material of the recommended shade of blue, with collar and cuffs of white material and club cap of blue material for the crown and white for the bands. This costume is practical for any young girl who summers with her family at the small inland lake.

A 16-year size requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material, with ½ yard of contrasting material 32 or 36 inches wide for collar and cuffs and 1 yard of 36-inch handkerchief linen for tie.

The uniform is suitable for girls 12 to 18 years.



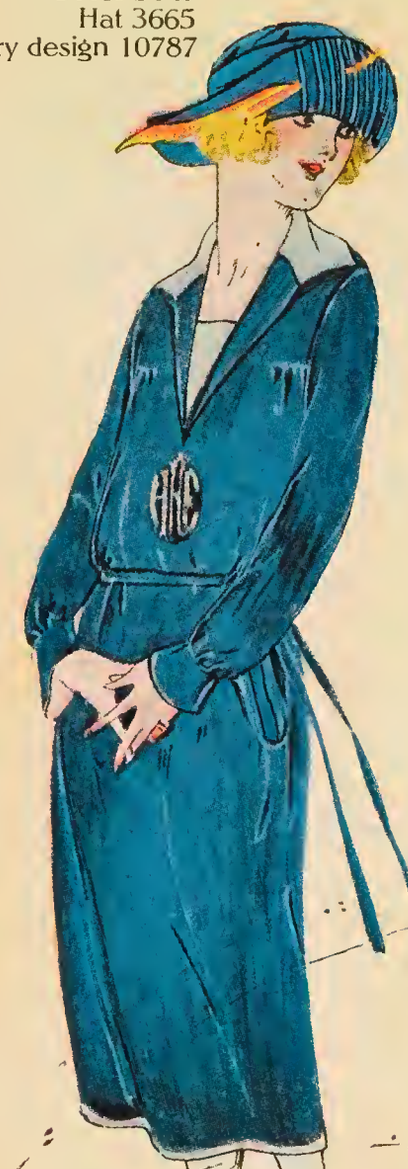
4-H-Club uniform 3679

3602 3618

3623 2989

3679 3666 3671

Dress 3647
Hat 3665
Embroidery design 10787

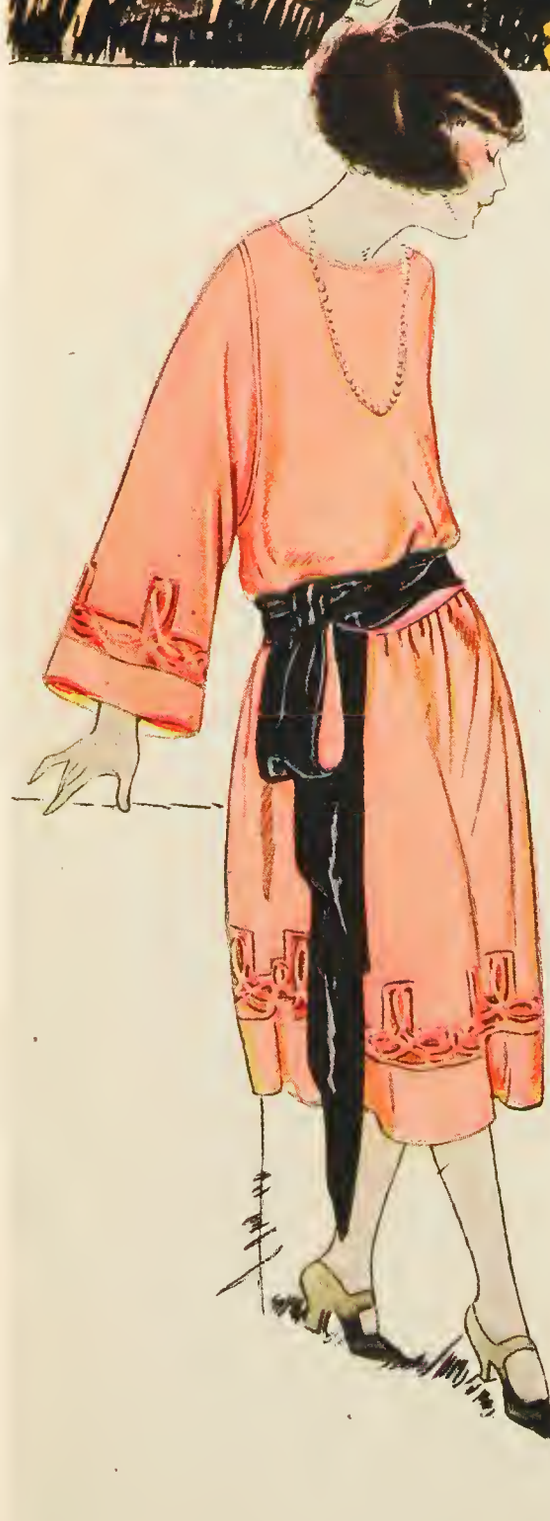


Dress 3651
Hat 3665

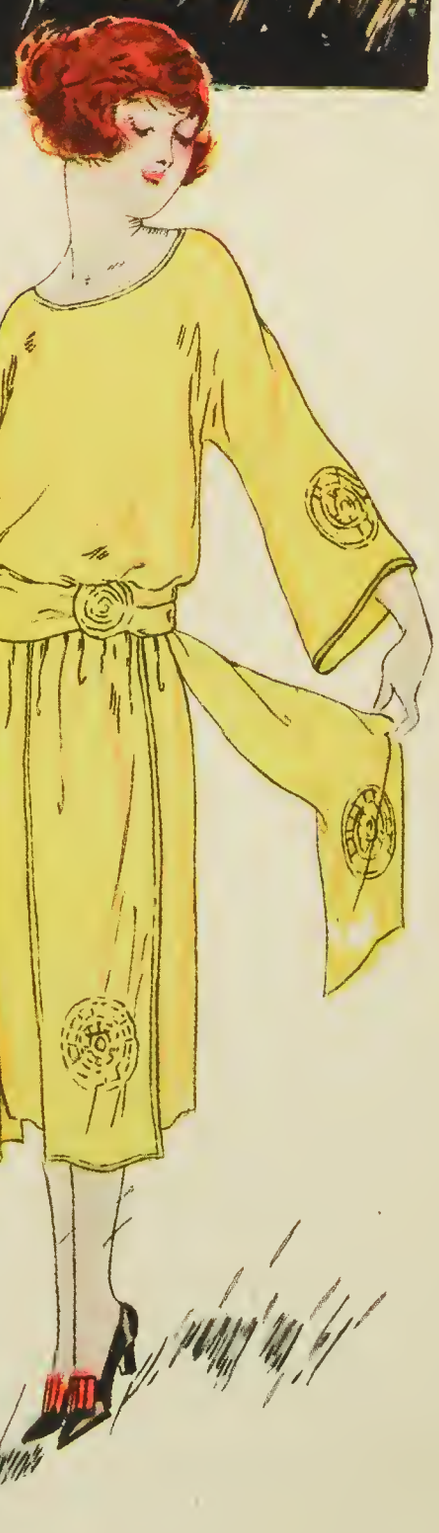
Dress 3610

Dress 3653
Embroidery design 10895









Dress 3569

Cape 3602
Dress 3657
Hat 3325

Dress 3625
Embroidery design 10918

Dress 3616
Embroidery design 10916

Other views and descriptions of these garments are shown on page 104

THE SMART BOX-COAT AND CAPE, ALSO THE NEW FABRIC TRIMMING AND APPLIQUÉ FOR THE YOUNGER SET

Dress 3574
Hat 3596

Cape 3628
Dress 3574
Hat 2648

Suit 3626
Embroidery
design 10865

Dress 3634
Embroidery
design 10934

Suit 3642

Dress 3624
Embroidery
design 10709

Dress 3648
Embroidery
design 10671

Dress 3645
Cap 3611

Dress 3643

Dress 3656

Other views and descriptions of these garments are shown on page 107.

CLOTHES FOR YOUTHFUL WEARERS AND A GROWN-UP TOP-COAT



Cape 3654
Dress 3506
Hat 3422

3654—3506—3422—The grown-up air of this costume will appeal to the younger girl. The straight cape has a round yoke. The slip-over dress with the long body and two-piece skirt is smart in taffeta or plaid silk combined with serge. The stitched bias brim of the hat rolls in any becoming way.

12 years requires 1⅞ yard of 54-inch serge for the cape and skirt, and 1½ yard of 36-inch silk for body of dress and hat in 21-inch head size with crown of hat cut crosswise. Lower edge of cape in either length 51 inches.

This cape is suitable for juniors and girls 2 to 14 years, the dress for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years, and the hat for girls, misses, ladies and children.

3667—3332—10610—The Easter lily is not more lovely than this little lady in her new coat and hat. The coat has a round yoke and raglan sleeves. The smocking may be omitted but always seems an especially attractive form of embroidery for children's clothes. The poke effect of the hat with the circular brim is becoming. For the coat use broadcloth, serge, henrietta, cashmere, wool taffeta, and for Summer crêpe de Chine, taffeta, faille, silk and pongee.

4 years requires 1⅞ yard of 36-inch taffeta for the coat, 19¾-inch head size requires ⅜ yard of 36-inch taffeta and ⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting silk for facing the hat.

The coat is becoming to little girls 1 to 10 years and the hat is smart for girls and little girls 2 to 12 years.

3668—In the midst of so many frills, Fashion hasn't forgotten that father needs a new Spring overcoat now that he has put aside his heavy Winter coat and scarf. He will like this one with its smart English cut and raglan sleeve that slips so comfortably over his suit. The convertible collar may be buttoned close at the neck and provides for the colder days we are sure to have at this season. The large patch pockets with pocket-laps and the breast pocket are good. This type of coat is very practical and especially suitable for homespuns, tweeds, whipcord, cheviots, light-weight chinchilla, gabardine, mixture and covert cloth.

38 breast requires 3 yards of 54-inch tweed for the coat.

This overcoat is smart for men 34 to 48 breast measure.

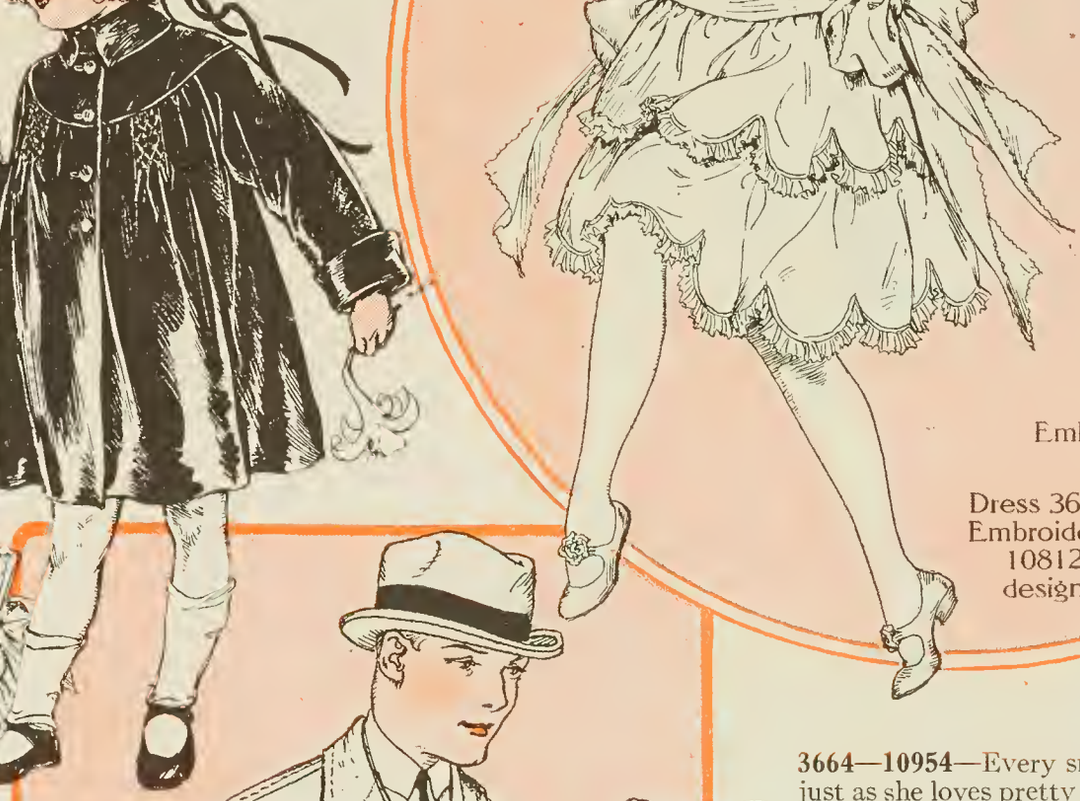
3638—3294—These are happy days for the young fisherman in his sturdy and sensible clothes. The blouse gives a choice of French or regulation cuffs. The one-piece collar is permanent or removable, or the blouse may be made with a neck-band, and it can be worn with separate collars. The knickerbockers have a cuff at the knee or may be finished with leg bands or elastic. Use madras, flannel, galatea, percale, khaki, shirtings or pongee for the blouse. Make the knickerbockers of serge, mixtures, flannel, cheviot and corduroy.

11 years requires 1⅞ yard of 32-inch madras for the blouse and ⅞ yard of 54-inch mixtures for the knickerbockers.

The blouse is practical for boys 4 to 16 years, and the knickerbockers for boys 4 to 16 years.



Coat 3667
Hat 3332
Smocking design 10610



Dress 3659
Embroidery 10812 design



Dress 3664
Embroidery design 10954

3664—10954—Every small girl loves soft, downy baby chicks just as she loves pretty frocks like this one. Its very simplicity is its charm and makes it especially attractive for girls of this age. It is a one-piece dress of the slip-over type. The neck-line is very new with a smart slash and tiny tie-strings. The sleeves are short and the lower edge is straight. An embroidered design in cross-stitch is suggested. This is easy to work and a contrasting color would be effective. Taffeta, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, China silk, Georgette, cotton voile, cotton crêpe and batiste are suitable materials.

8 years requires 1¾ yard of 40-inch cotton crêpe for the frock.

This dress is becoming for girls 2 to 14 years.



Overcoat 3668

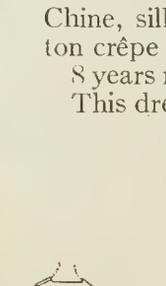


3659



3664

3668



3638

3506

3654

3667

3294



Blouse 3638
Knicker-bockers 3294



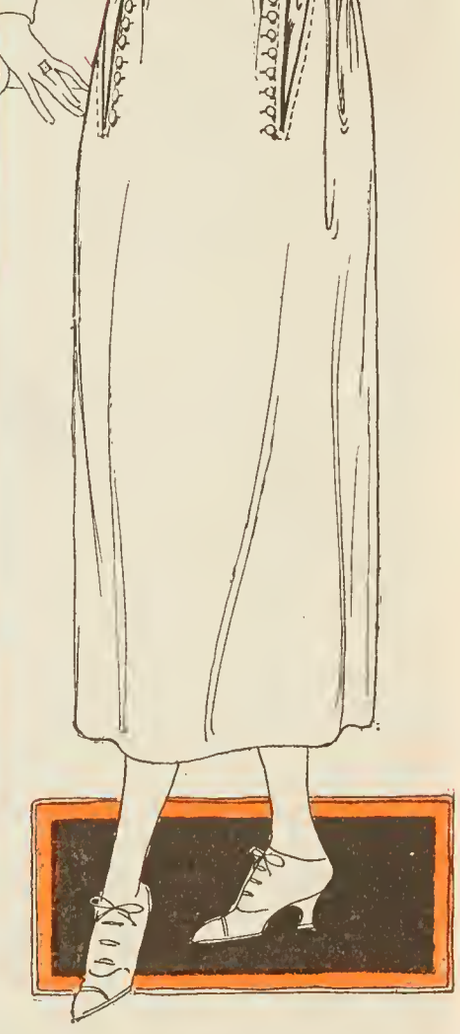












BLOUSES MAKE A PLACE FOR THE PEASANT AND WAISTCOAT TYPES

3632—10954—With our suits betraying the blouses we wear, there is an incentive to ownership. This raglan blouse in the new peasant style ends its soft and loose girdle at a low waistline. It is a slip-over style and the full sleeves are embroidered in the bright reds and blacks of the season. Work the design in cross-stitch embroidery and beading. Make this blouse of crêpe de Chine, Georgette, China silk, pongee, chiffon cloth, silk voile, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, batiste or of net, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide including binding.

The blouse is becoming to ladies 32 to 40 bust. It is also suitable for misses.

3650—There's always room in the wardrobe closet for another two-piece skirt. For the suit, the sweater and the blouse they are really indispensable. This skirt has a becoming fulness at the back. The pockets have an odd turn like lopsided envelopes to their flaps, and a narrow belt comes at the waistline which is raised about 1¼ inch. Use tricotine, soft twills, serge, plain and check velours, homespun, tweeds, prunella, plaids, sport flannel, and for Summer, plain cottons, cotton gabardine, cotton homespun, linen, linen-finished cottons, satin, sports satin, silk poplin for the skirt.

38 inches hip measure will require 2¼ yards of serge 44 inches wide. Lower edge measures 1¾ yard.

The skirt is suitable for ladies 35 to 55 hip.

3644—It was the French who converted us to the waistcoat blouse. One sees them on every smartly tailored Parisienne, and they are most effective with the new tailleur. Make the front and collar of the blouse of piqué, linen, plain or broché ratine, with the back and sleeves of batiste or cotton voile, or use taffeta, pongee, satin, or brocade with back and sleeves of crêpe de Chine. A front of plain French flannel, check French flannel, broadcloth, with the back and sleeves of taffeta, satin or crêpe de Chine, are effective combination possibilities.

36 bust requires 1⅛ yard of faille silk 40 inches wide for front, notched collar, cuffs and to face fronts, and 1⅛ yard of chiffon 40 inches wide for back, sleeves and pockets.

The blouse is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

SKIRTS AGAIN STEP TO THE FORE

3652—Every note of invitation simply cries for acceptance when one owns a shimmering blouse of Paisley chiffon. Worn with one of the new satin or kasha suits, this slip-over blouse will make a complete costume altogether appropriate for informal social affairs. The slight fulness at the neck and the full sleeve are becoming. One may make a wide sleeve, omitting the cuff band if desired. Suitable materials for this blouse are crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, Georgette, chiffon cloth, silk voile, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, satin, crêpe jersey, cotton voile, crêpe voile or fine cotton crêpe.

36 bust will require 1¾ yard of Paisley chiffon 40 inches wide, with 5⅞ yards of ribbon for binding, bands, and tie.

The blouse is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.





3662—In the midst of all the ribbon frills and sheer airiness of blouses there are still a few one can select for sports or general wear. This slip-over blouse with prim collar and neat cuffs has convenient set-in pockets. It may be shirred on elastic at the hips or made quite plain. Make the blouse of wool jersey or crêpe jersey with collar and cuffs of white leather, kid or light-weight oilcloth, bound with the jersey and interlaced with colored leather, etc., or use silk crêpes, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, or satin for the blouse with collar and cuffs of crêpe de Chine trimmed as suggested for wool jersey blouse.

36 bust requires 1⅜ yard of wool jersey 54 inches wide, with ¼ yard of 36 inch linen for collar and cuffs.

The blouse is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3672—A smart blouse for wear with the tailor-made is the one of radium silk. It is often worn with the Tuxedo-front sweater or the severely tailored suit and the jaunty little sports suits. This blouse with a vestee is especially appropriate for wear with the open-front suits. A fabric trimming of the same material as the blouse makes a distinctive finishing touch for the collar and cuffs. The blouse may be made without the shoulder yoke if you prefer. Batiste, cotton voile, handkerchief linen, dimity, crêpe de Chine, Georgette or radium are suitable materials to use for such a blouse.

36 bust will require 1⅞ yard of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide including the fabric trimming and binding.

The blouse is good for ladies 32 to 50 bust.

3670—What an invitation to step out in this two-piece skirt of the right width and length! The button border for the pockets on either side is slit differently and a narrow belt comes at the waistline which is raised about 1¼ inch. This straight separate skirt may be used for suits, for sports wear, and worn with bright-colored sweaters on the links or tennis court. It is youthful enough and sensible enough to be popular. Use soft serge, stripes, plaids, checks, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, sports silks, satin, silk poplin, stripes, plaids or checks for this skirt.

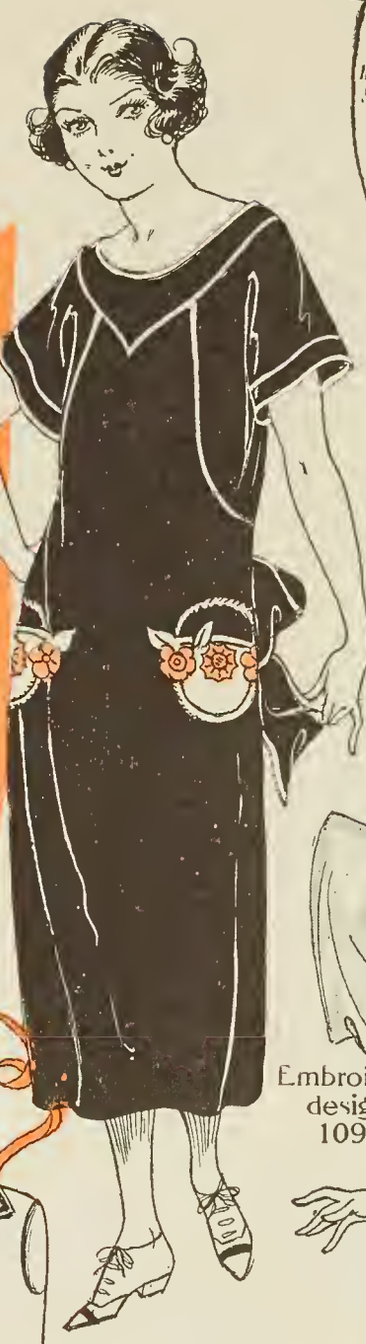
38 inches hip measure will require 2¼ yards of soft twill 44 inches wide. Lower edge measures 1¾ yard.

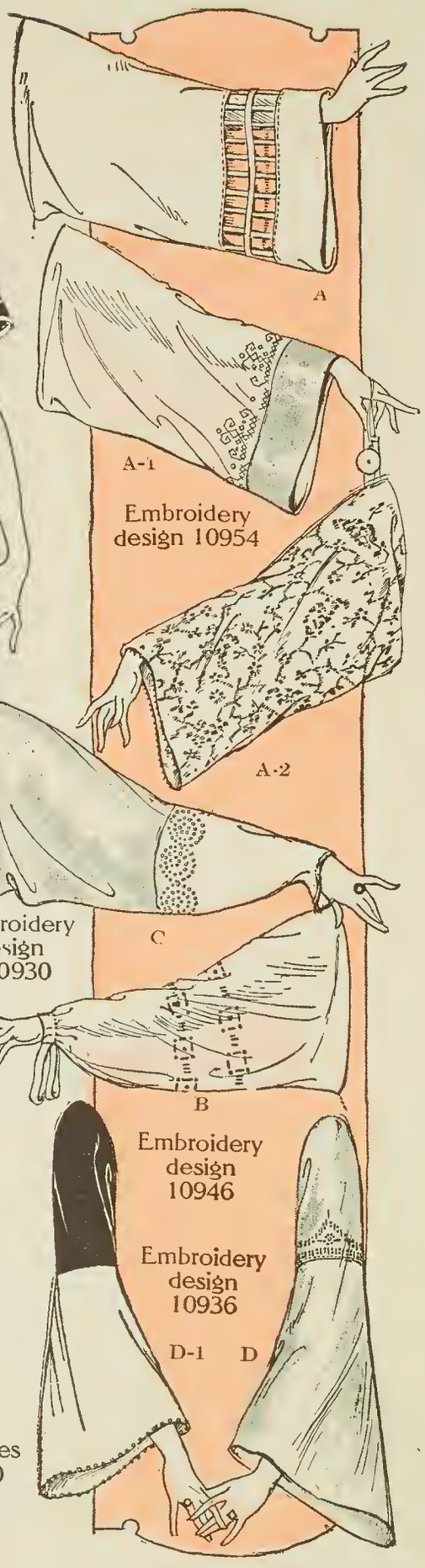
The skirt is nice for ladies 35 to 45 hip.

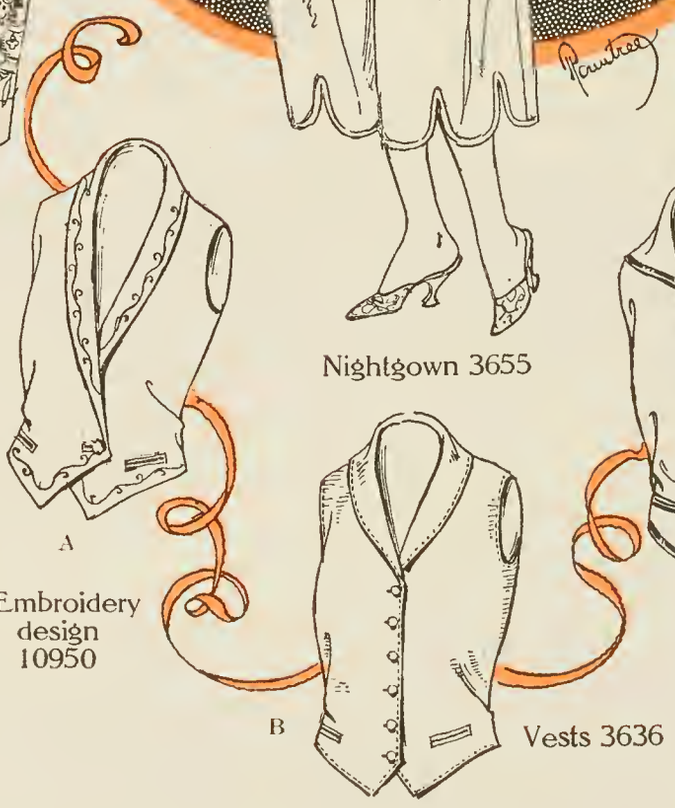



Apron 3640


Nightgown 3655


Apron 3629
Embroidery design 10948





YOUR DAY BEGINS CHEERFULLY IN A GAY APRON, ADDS SMART ACCESSORIES FOR THE STREET, AND RETIRES FASHIONABLY

3629—10948—Spring housecleaning won't seem nearly such hard work if you undertake it in an apron like this. It is a slip-over style combining a kimono sleeve and a bib front. The trimming bands on the neck and short sleeves and sash ends finish it nicely. Pockets are a special joy when they appear in the form of appliquéd flower baskets. This design is worked in bright colors. Use chintz, flowered sateen, cotton prints, cotton crêpe, percale, madras, seersucker, chambray and gingham, or black satcen or unbleached muslin trimmed with a bright color appliqué. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards of 36-inch sateen and ½ yard 36-inch contrasting sateen for bindings and pockets.

This apron is suitable for ladies 32 to 48 inches bust measure.

3640—A flowered apron will be right at home in the flower garden. This smart slip-over apron adapts itself especially to the use of two materials with the long body and two-piece skirt. Make the body of the apron of chambray with skirt of chintz, cretonne, cotton prints or gingham, or the body of cotton prints or Japanese crêpe with chambray skirt, or use cretonne or flowered sateen with black sateen, unbleached muslin with fancy percale, or Japanese crêpe in two tones trimmed with appliqué and embroidery. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

36-bust requires 1⅜ yards of 32-inch chambray for body and pockets and 3 yards of 32-inch cretonne for skirt, sash and trimming.

This apron is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 inch bust measure

3655—Even one's attire for night-time appropriates the new low waistline, and it gives the same new effect in lingerie as in outside garments. This nightgown slips on over the head and points its neckline rather low. However, if you prefer, you may choose a higher, rounded outline or a camisole top with shoulder-straps. Fabric trimming has also invaded the boudoir and gives an entirely new finish to this gown. Use nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, cotton crêpe, cotton voile, dimity, mull, handkerchief linen, crêpe de Chine, tub silk, tub satin, radium or Georgette for the nightgown. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 3 yards of 40-inch radium silk for the gown and fabric trimming.

The nightgown is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3660—Concerning collars and cuffs there is much to be said at this season. They are the additions that make or mar a fashion, for there is a particular collar for every dress, for the boat-shaped neck and other new outlines, and one delightful set with the French fabric trimming.

Medium size requires ⅜ yard of 40-inch crêpe de Chine for collar A and cuffs, ½ yard 27-inch dimity for collar A-1 and cuffs, ⅜ yard 44-inch organdy including fabric trimming for collar B and cuffs, ⅜ yard of 36-inch lawn for B-1 and cuffs, ¾ yard 36-inch batiste for collar C and cuffs, ¾ yard 36-inch French flannel for C-1 and cuffs, ⅝ yard 36-inch handkerchief linen for collar D and cuffs, ¾ yard 36-inch handkerchief linen for D-1 and cuffs with fabric trimming and plaitings.

These collars and cuffs are for ladies and misses, small, medium and large.



3636—In Spring one thinks first of a suit, and next of a vest to wear with it, and the vest may be any one of many styles, single or double breasted, with one button or a whole row of them. The low-cut vest is trimmed with an embroidered scroll. This may be worked in outline or chain stitch. Piqué, linen and gingham fronts are used with lawn or batiste backs, or the vests may be made of taffeta, pongee, etc.

36 bust requires 1 yard of 36-inch satin for view A, ⅞ yard of 36-inch piqué cut crosswise for view B, ¾ yard of 36-inch French flannel for view C; ⅝ yard of 32-inch lining material is required for back of vests.

These vests are suitable for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3630—This season is distinguished by its sleeves, especially the wide ones. Considered individually and apart from their dress and blouse attachments, they are very interesting and suggest many possibilities to bring last year's or the year's before that dress up-to-fashion. Four styles are shown above, three for the deep and one for the normal armhole. Embroidery adds effectively to these sleeves. A-1 is embroidered in colors above the satin band. The design is worked in a combination of cross-stitch and beading. B uses an attractive embroidery worked in beads or in a combination of French knots and one-stitch. C has chosen a design in large beads or French knots. D is embroidered in a combination of French knots or beading with one-stitch or bugle beads.

3630—For the new sleeves use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, lace, etc., for views A, A-1, B and C, and for views D and D-1 use serge, tricotine, etc., with satin, or satin or charmeuse alone.

12-inch arm measure requires 1⅛ yard 40-inch silk crêpe for sleeve A including fabric trimming, 1 yard 40-inch Georgette and ½ yard 36-inch satin for band for view A-1, 1¼ yard 36-inch figured silk for view A-2, 1¼ yard 40-inch chiffon for view B, ¾ yard 40-inch silk crêpe for upper part and ⅜ yard 40-inch contrasting silk crêpe for lower part of view C, ¾ yard 54-inch serge for D, and ⅜ yard 36 or 54 inch serge for upper part and ⅞ yard 36-inch silk for lower part of view D-1.

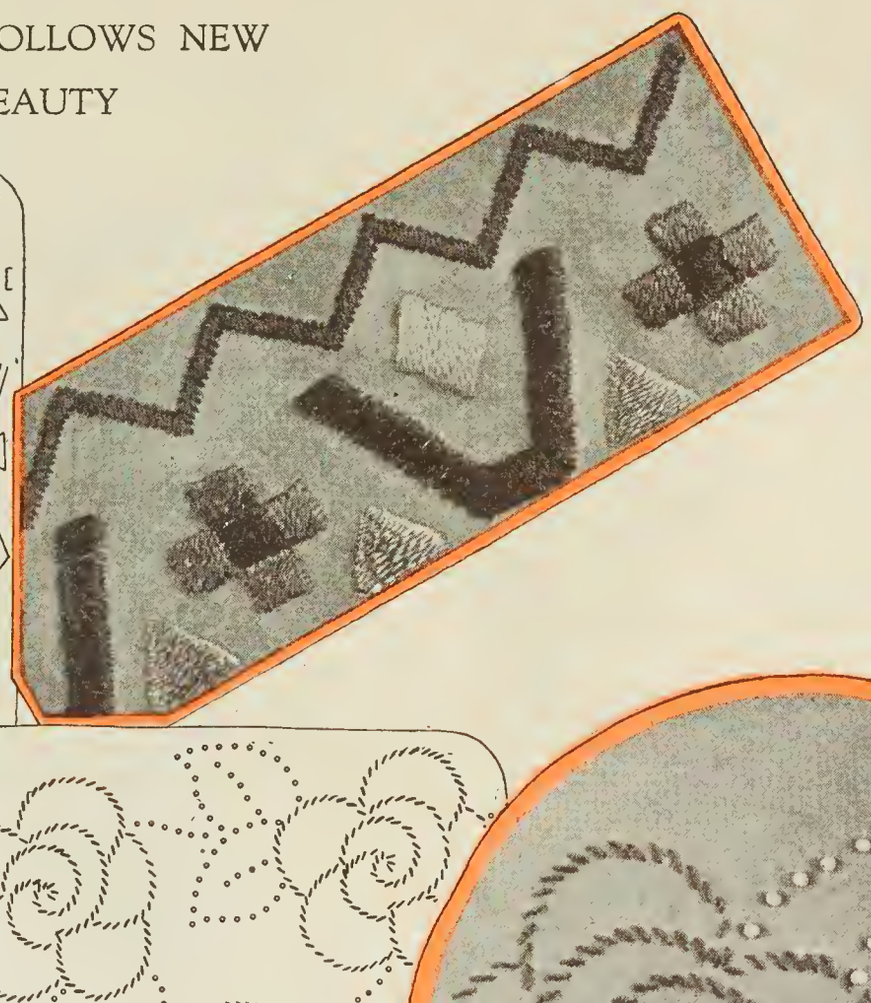
These sleeves are for ladies 11 to 14 inches arm measure.

IN SPRING THE NEEDLE'S FANCY FOLLOWS NEW PATHS OF EMBROIDERED BEAUTY



Embroidery design 10957

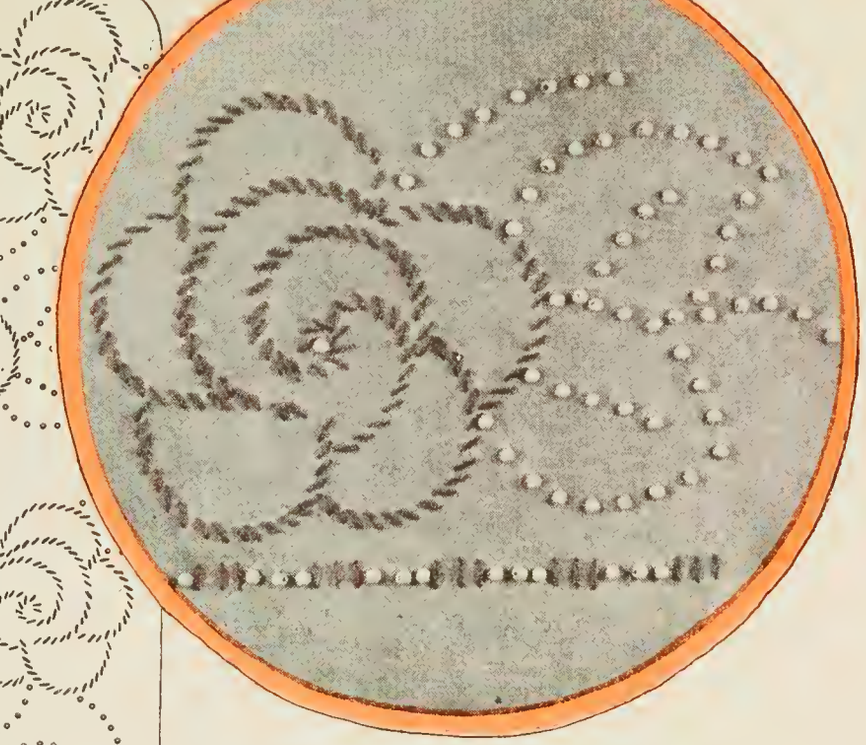
10957—One's dress, like oneself, should have a decided individuality and there is no surer way of accomplishing this distinction in a dress than adorning it with hand-embroidery, especially when the design chosen is as original as this one. It suggests an Oriental design, and one pictures it in many rich colors on the Spring dress of dark wool or silk materials, worked in satin-stitch or outline, or a combination of the two. The design is also suggested for waists, overdresses and blouses yet its very simplicity makes it suitable for children's clothes, where the more elaborate embroideries are out of place. And nowadays, when embroidery has "come out" fashionably even to our outer garments, this would be ever so attractive on the coat of the Spring suit, with the motifs repeated on the hat to make it doubly smart. This design is adapted to 5⅛ yards of banding 3¼ inches wide, 5⅛ yards of banding 1⅛ inch wide, 9 motifs 6⅛ inches in diameter, 9 motifs 5 inches in diameter, and 3 pointed motifs 8¾ by 16 inches.





Embroidery design 10956

10955-A—Here is a new idea for trimming your Spring dress, blouse or skirt. It may be worked in outline machine stitching or braid, or cut out for fabric trimming. This design is adapted to 2½ yards of banding 8¼ inches wide, 2½ yards of banding 2 inches wide, 12 oval motifs 4¼ inches by 7 inches, 9 round motifs 5½ inches in diameter, and 9 diamond-shape motifs 4¼ by 5⅛ inches.



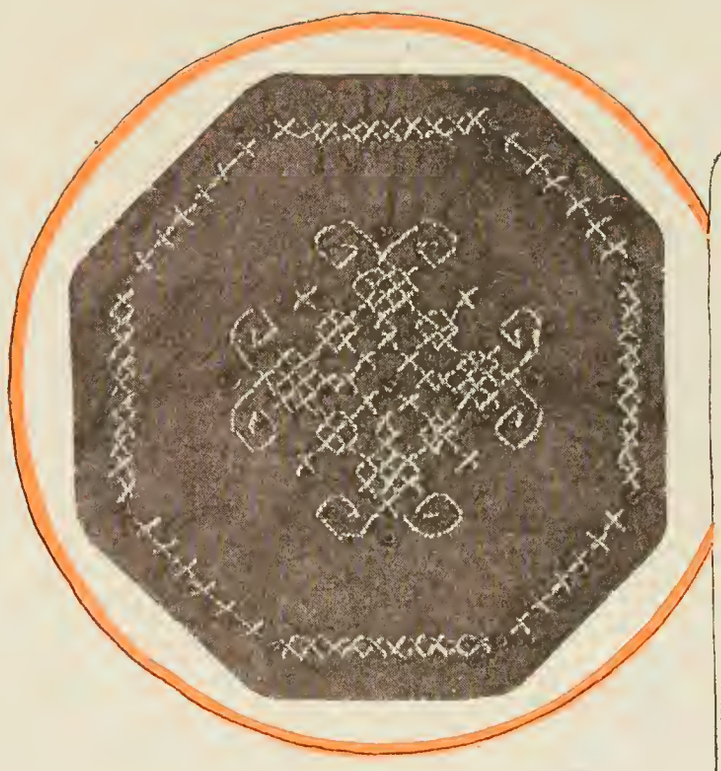
Embroidery design 10955

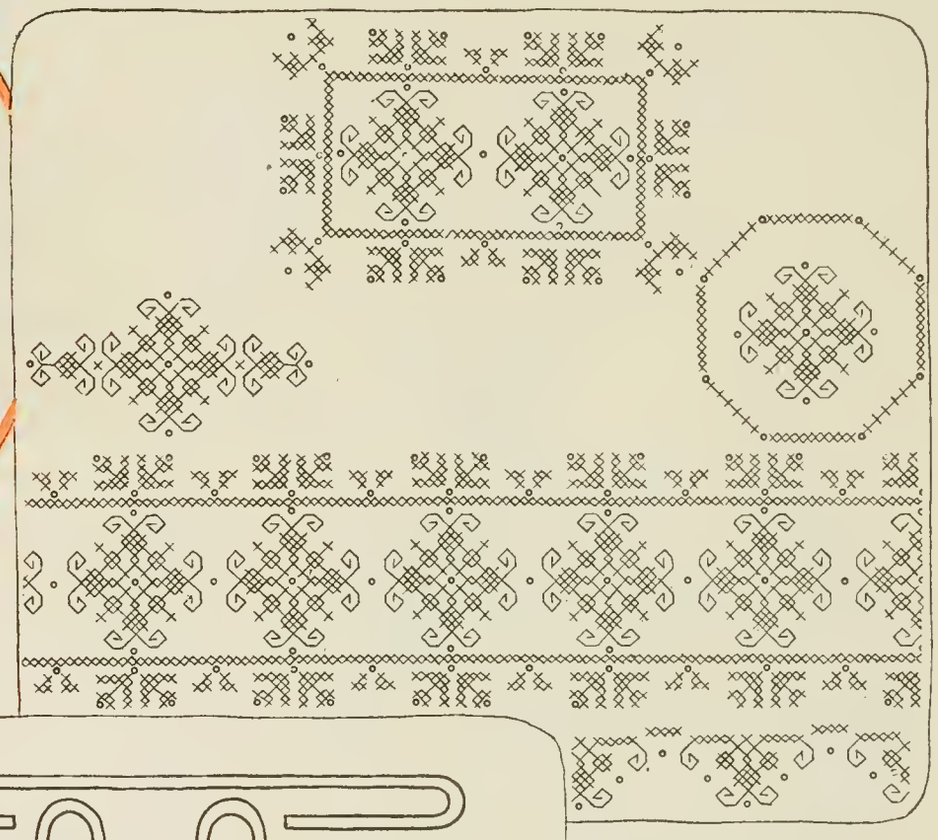


10955-B—"Trimming" brings to mind usually the expensive items that go to make a frock lovely. Often they cost more than the dress itself, and for that reason many a woman must choose a plain, untrimmed frock, though she longs for one with trimming. Fashion comes to the rescue this season, and you may have a frock with the new fabric trimming and with no extra expense, for the fabric of the dress is used. This is one of the embroidery designs particularly adapted to fabric trimming. The oval motif at the right shows how effective this trimming actually is. Imagine your dress trimmed with these motifs over a contrasting slip as a background!

10956—We are indeed caught in the web of our own designing! After creating simple little frocks with straight lines, plain skirts, and tailored suits with short, unadorned jackets, we are suddenly aware of an evident lack of trimming for our clothes. Even the overblouse and the smart vest have their border decoration. Many of the French dresses in voile or Georgette are heavily beaded. To fill this need are the new banding designs which are to be used on dresses, waists, coats and overblouses. The conventional rose and leaf designs can easily be worked up in a new way by the use of bright glass beads for the leaves and a one-stitch for the flowers themselves. Or if one prefers, the design can be worked in a combination of bugle-bead embroidery and beads. This design can be adapted to 2⅜ yards of banding 30 inches wide or 6¼ yards of banding ⅜ inch wide.

THE ERSTWHILE SIMPLE CROSS-STITCH ASPIRES TO MORE ELABORATE TRIMMING FOR OUR CLOTHES AND OUR HOME

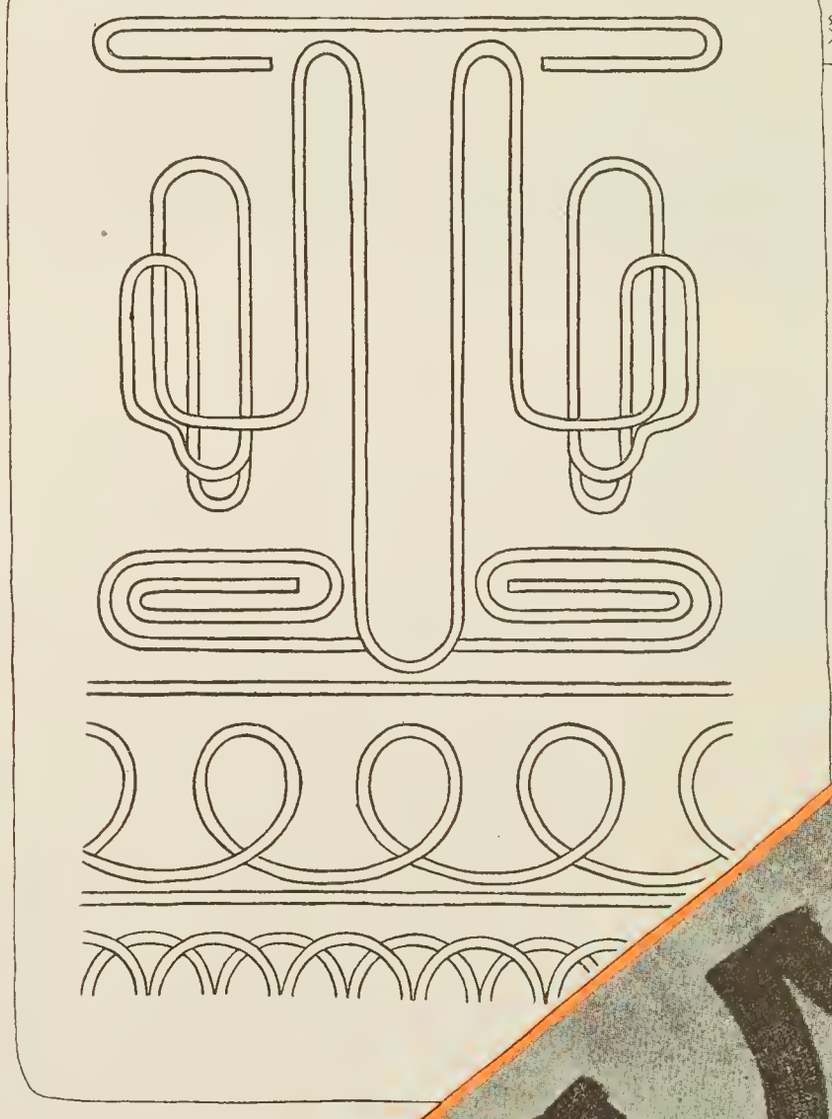




Embroidery design 10954

10954—Cross-stitch comes to cheer us at this busy season when embroidery is only one of the many things we must do. Cross-stitch has a peasant character that makes it suitable for the new peasant blouses, and this easy stitch has taken the form of a more elaborate design, which you may use on dresses and blouses as well as children's clothes and house linens. This design combines cross-stitch and beading and may be carried out in colors on dark dresses of wool and silk materials. Worked in red silk floss on dark blue with red beads, the design would be very attractive. Gray is another color suggestion on blue with silver beads. Iridescent beads may also be used. The motifs give a desirable touch of color on a Georgette blouse. This design is adapted to 4⅞ yards of banding 4⅝ inches wide, 2½ yards of banding 1½ inch wide, 6 motifs 5 by 8 inches, 12 motifs 5⅜ by 2¾ inches and 12 motifs 4¼ inches in diameter.

10958—Have you noticed how simple many of the new embroideries are? Some of the very newest aren't embroidered at all in the usual sense of the word, and you really need not be versed in the intricate embroidery stitches to trim your clothes with handwork. This design is one of the new ones that may be worked in wide braid, or outlined in machine stitching. Of course it can also be worked in couching or chain-stitching. It is simple and works up quickly and effectively. You could use it on a dress or skirt, but the banding is also suited to coats and blouses. Braid trimming is one of the simplest and easiest finishes that one can use on the coats of new suits for Spring. Color really adds to the dress trimmings and a contrasting color is always more effective, as gray with blue, brown with tan, red with blue or jade-green with gray. Black braid is smart on navy blue, green, taupe and gray. The actual design worked in wide black braid on a wool fabric is shown below. It is a succession of semicircles in a double row. This design is adapted to 2⅜ yards of banding 28⅜ inches in width and 2⅜ yards of edging 2⅛ inches in width.



Embroidery design 10958



Embroidery design 10959



10959—Spring is in the air, overhead and underfoot, and the house feels dark and depressing in contrast to the brightness out-of-doors. Dark, heavy draperies are the "fur wraps" of the home and just about now we are storing them away to let the Spring sunshine into every corner of the house. The change to light hangings and covers is especially welcome in the bedroom. The restful simplicity of the four-poster suggests this counterpane embroidered in cross-stitch as quite the most attractive and at the same time practical cover for the warmer season. The design in color on the white background is very effective or you may use colors on color. The basket is spilling cross-stitch blossoms all over the bed and the bow on the basket is repeated in the design for the bolster. This design is adapted to a counterpane for a single, double or three-quarter bed, with one basket 29 inches high used in the center and a spray of flowers for the bolster and two corners.

IN THE CRYSTAL'S ROSE-MISTED FUTURE, EVERY MAID SEES HERSELF A RADIANT BRIDE IN WEDDING GOWN AND MAGIC VEIL



Dress 3584

Dress 3526
Embroidery design 10941

Evening
Dress 3467

3584

3526

3467

3622

Dress 3622

3584—Whether it comes from a chest where family treasures lie undisturbed or arrives fresh from a French costumer, the wedding-gown for the Spring bride must show a modern trend. Fabric trimming on the loose panels and sleeves of this gown is new. Both skirt and panels join the blouse at a low waistline and there may be a long body lining. For a bridal gown use silk crêpes or crêpe de Chine; or crêpe meteor or crêpe satin all one side of material or combining dull and shiny sides. For ordinary wear use foulard, Georgette, silk voile, all one material, etc.

For a 36-bust you will need 4⅜ yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge 52 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3526—10941—April will smile on this happy bride if only to see her radiance reflected in the crystal beads of the wedding-gown. The "something new" is her gown which slips over the head and closes at the left underarm. A beaded girdle at a medium low waistline marks the joining of a kimona body and straight skirt. The dress may have a long body lining. The sunburst design is easily done. Work it in a combination of large wooden pailettes, seed beads and one-stitch or bugle beads. For a wedding-gown use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, etc. For other wear use Georgette, wool crêpe, etc.

A 36-bust requires 1⅝ yard of 40-inch crêpe de Chine for panels and 3⅛ yards of 40-inch Georgette for kimono and skirt. Lower edge 1½ yard.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3467—When a girl marries she has the supreme opportunity to use lace, lovely rare old pieces for her veil or her gown. This bride uses lace for the underbodice of her wedding-gown. The train of the draped skirt has taken a sidewise turn and a crushed girdle softens the effect of a slightly low waistline. For a wedding-frock use heavy silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, brocaded chiffon or brocades. The train is generally used for a large formal wedding, especially if it is in church.

A 36-bust will require 4½ yards of crêpe meteor 40 inches wide and 1 yard of 36-inch all-over lace for the side body, front, back and sleeves, and 1¼ yard of 13-inch flouncing for underbody.

The evening dress is good for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3622—Diane goes altarward in diaphanous wedding-veil and gown of heavy white moire silk with contrary collar and simple sleeves in white chiffon. The veil may be of tulle or lace. This dress slips over the head and the two-piece skirt joins the blouse at a low waistline. It may be made without a blouse body lining. For such a gown use moire all one material or with contrasting sleeve, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, charmeuse all one side or combining dull and shiny sides, satin, brocade all one material or with Georgette or chiffon sleeves, etc.

A 36-bust requires 3⅛ yards of moire silk 36 inches wide and 1½ yard of Georgette 40 inches wide for collar, sleeves and sash. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The dress is graceful for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

"LET GO" IS THE LAW OF THE NEW CORSET AND CORSETLESS FIGURE

By ELEANOR CHALMERS

MAN may not be able to add a cubit to his stature, but there isn't much a woman can't do with hers if she puts her mind on it. She used to do it with her corset-strings and the bedpost. Now, however, the present fashion has reversed the method, "Let Go" being the motto of the moment. It has also changed our ideas of the figure itself. The less there is of it as to bust and hips the better it is, and it is molded into a new and more plastic shape. It is so soft and supple that it seems almost boneless, very slender but round, and neither flat, thin nor angular.



THE great question is whether one should arrive at the new figure through corsets or by going without them. The young girl has settled the question to her own satisfaction by discarding them altogether or for the very slight support of a ribbon girdle that does little more than hold up her stockings. Women whose figures are slender enough to require very little control have adopted the topless corset, made almost entirely, if not altogether, of rubber and with very few bones. The top of the corset is replaced by a brassière which supports the figure but keeps it soft and pliant. Older women, especially if the world has gone well with them and their shadows have not grown less, feel the need of a corset that is really a corset, and which comes above the waistline. Usually it is made of stout batiste or brocade and has sufficient bones to support the figure. A safe rule to follow is to choose a corset as low as possible above the belt, wide in the waist, narrow through the hips, fairly long below and with very few bones—remembering that the closer you come to the uncorseted look of the very young girl the nearer you are to the ideal figure.

FASHION is a far more reasonable creature than most people believe and there is a reason why for most styles. The tremendous vogue of the jumper dress, for example, can be laid at the door of the topless corset and the uncorseted figure. There is nothing more uncomfortable than a skirtband that comes up above the top of your corset or that takes hold of you at the waistline when you aren't wearing stays. The jumper dress hangs from the shoulders and leaves the waistline alone. Therefore its tremendous popularity. And following logically after the jumper dress comes the peasant blouse with its soft fulness at the neck and its wide sleeve filling in the deep armhole of the jumper. A peasant blouse means peasant embroidery and Russian and Roumanian designs in naive cross-stitch patterns and brilliant colors. It is a Russian season in Paris in spite of the Bolsheviks or perhaps because of them, for the Russian refugees who have escaped to France are making a great success of their embroideries, their peasant blouses, their Russian dresses, and the short jacket, sometimes quite straight, sometimes decidedly rippled.

THE newest costume of the Spring is in three pieces—a cape, a dress and a fabric hat. The very short cape, dress and hat are made of the same material, which is usually a soft Scotch tweed in the most adorable shades of geranium pink, mauve and a soft blue quite light and with a bit of gray in it. Such colors are most suitable for the country, but the young girl will wear them in town while women will keep to beige or gray for the tweeds. Black is extremely smart in jersey with a binding of white silk braid, or, for a costume of a less sporting type, one can have a fairly short cape of black lined with white, with a brilliant color or with a Paisley silk and worn with a dress with the long body matching the cape lining while the skirt and cape are of the same material. The fabric hats fit the head closely and are soft of crown and brim, and are usually made of satin, taffeta, ribbon, velours, duvetyn or tweed, etc., depending on the type of the hat.

THE PARADOX OF THE DELTOR IS IT COSTS LESS THOUGH YOU PAY MORE

"THIRTY CENTS!"

She wore gauze-silk stockings of a particularly fine and expensive quality and her patent-leather sandals were exquisite in their French daintiness and perfection. Everything about her clothes was costly and correct, yet her exclamation of "Thirty cents!" at the price of a bloomer pattern was almost shrill in its indignation.

"Why I can get that same pattern in another make for fifteen cents," she protested angrily. "But they didn't have my daughter's size."

"Do you happen to know how much material it called for?" asked the saleswoman.

"Yes, I do," answered the customer. "Four yards, thirty-six inches wide."

"Well, madam," said the saleswoman, "the Butterick pattern only calls for two yards and a quarter and the Deltor shows you exactly how to cut it from that amount. Even if your serge only costs a dollar and a half a yard you will save over two dollars and a half on your material. Don't you think the pattern with the Deltor is worth the fifteen cents difference in price?"

"I'd be a fool if I didn't when it saves that amount," said the woman. "You needn't worry about my ever buying a so-called cheap pattern again. There's nothing cheap about a pattern that makes you spend two dollars and a half for material you don't need.

"That's what all pattern users are discovering," said the saleswoman.

EVERY WOMAN HER OWN DRESSMAKER

SHE found just the style that suited her and yet hesitated at buying the pattern.

"I'm sure you'll like it," said the saleswoman encouragingly. "It's a little French dress and it has the new lattice trimming."

"Oh, I like it," answered the woman quickly. "But I think perhaps I'm foolish to get it until I know whether my dressmaker will be able to make it for me. She is quite ill and may have to go away."

"Why don't you make it yourself?" asked the saleswoman. "There is really nothing to these little dresses. No fitting, very few seams, kimono sleeves, no collar, no closing. You've no idea how easy they are to make."

"But I've never made *any*thing," said the customer. "I wouldn't even know how to begin."

"You don't have to," said the saleswoman. "That is the beauty of the Deltor—it does all your knowing for you." She took out the Deltor and showed it to the protesting and rather alarmed customer.



"YOU see, there is a layout to show you how to cut your material any width you choose unless it is so narrow that it would piece badly, or so wide that it would be wasteful. Then the Illustrated Instructions show you how to put it together, piece by piece, and the Deltor for finishing tells you what to do with every seam and edge and shows you how to make the new fabric trimming. You see it's nothing but a narrow fold tacked together to make the lattice and there is a pattern for the design showing you just where to tack."

"Why my ten-year-old girl could do it with those pictures," said the customer. "I feel perfectly sure I could do it with the whole thing in front of me like that."

"Of course you could," said the saleswoman. "Women who have never made anything before are beginning every day with the Deltor and its picture directions and are having the greatest success."

IF YOU SHOULD ASK ME



DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I sometimes buy a thirty-six-inch bust size in my blouses and lingerie, but when I buy a thirty-six-inch dress pattern it is too large and I have to take it in. Should I buy a smaller size? C. R.

IT IS not safe to take a pattern by the size you buy your blouses and lingerie. You are evidently under the thirty-six-bust size. Lingerie and blouses might be a little large for you without it being noticeable as you wear them very easy anyway. Whenever you buy a pattern have your measurements taken over your dress—not over a coat or over a negligée. Be sure that you are properly corseted with a corset that does not pull in your waist or push up your bust. The bust and hip measures should be taken easily, the bust measure over the fullest part of the bust, the hip measure seven inches below the normal waistline. Your waist measure should be taken snugly but not tightly and at the natural waistline. Don't trust to your memory or to your measures of six months ago. You may have lost weight or gained. The right size pattern saves material, time and work. If you get the wrong size and have to make alterations you are doing unnecessary work and are running the chance of altering the original lines of the pattern.

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: Is it possible to get material wide enough to cut a long kimono sleeve without piecing? F. H.

YES, in the case of wool materials for coats and sometimes for dresses. Silks, cotton materials and many wool dress materials have to be pieced for the long kimono sleeve. The piecing seam is not at all objectionable, for it can be handled in such a way that it will add rather than detract from the effect of the dress. It can be machine-hemstitched, fancy stitched, piped or machine-stitched. In thin materials it may be put together with veining, fagoting or lace insertion.

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I have just bought some flowered voile for a Summer dress. Should the flowers run up or down? E. M.

Usually they should run up, though it depends a good deal on the design. In most cases they can run either up or down if all the flowers run the same way. It would look badly to have some run one way in one part of the dress and the opposite way in another. In most flowered patterns the flowers run up in one line and down in the next so that the material can be used up and down.

FABRICS HEAD THE HAT LIST

Many Hats of Crêpe Silks and Satin Mingle with Spring Straws and Horsehair

Photographs from Underwood & Underwood



The collarless dress has brought into vogue a type of hat that frames the neck as well as the face, or that partially fills the hiatus between head and shoulders with a cascade of ribbon or lace or the softening influence of a draped veil. From Berthe Desbois

Paris has become a Little Russia and one feels the Russian influence in blouses and embroideries and the head-dress shape of many of the new hats. From Berthe Desbois





An afternoon hat of crêpe silk sees the light through its wide brim of lattice-work and fabric flowers. Many hats are made of fabric, satin, taffeta and the crêpe silks, and for afternoon they are usually large and very lightly trimmed. From Simone et Gaby



"Keep to the right" is the rule for trimming, whether it is a many-ended fall of ribbons, a feather, a cluster of flowers or an ornament of fantastic shape. Ends of ribbon are new and very smart. From Lewis



A small hat has many uses. It is at home in any society with a silk or satin frock, and it can also be worn with a tailored suit for shopping, the morning promenade or for a voyage by boat or rail. From Lewis



The present style of hat, whether large or small, is the hatpinless type that fits the head snugly and is worn to the eyebrows, a fashion that suits both bobbed hair and the close-to-the-head style of hair-dressing. From Lewis



THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT

Edited by MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

EXPERIMENTING WITH BABIES

THE God-given birthright of every child should be a fair start in life. Every little human being who comes into this scheme of ours is entitled to its chance to grow up and be healthy and useful and happy.

A large percentage of the babies in this country die each year because they have not been given this chance.

Nervous men and women—stunted, dulled and physically unfit—could, if the truth were known, in most cases go back to their infancies and mark the blunder that took away from them their birthright of an equal chance.

I have seen boys and girls go through our college handicapped by physical defects which students in motherhood at our Practise House are learning to prevent. There are bad eyes which might so easily have been avoided. There are rickets because mothers did not intelligently feed their babies. There are lame feet and hollow chests, bad hearing, and a multitude of other physical ills that are tragedies because a little intelligence might have prevented them.

A generation ago home-making, which is the foundation of civilization, was not recognized in institutions of learning. Only in recent years has domestic economy been given a place in education, and only within five years has the training of motherhood been dignified by the appropriation of a single dollar or an hour's time in the education of our women. The University of Minnesota and Cornell University startled the world a few years ago by establishing classes in child care and motherhood training in their departments of home economics.

THIS EXPERIMENT HAS SUCCEEDED

IN MOST of the colleges and universities to which women are admitted in this country there are now being given courses in child care. Mother training has become a recognized function of higher institutions of learning. A few universities and normal schools have adopted a baby into the Practise House where groups of senior students work out their home-making problems. When this experiment was begun, over-emotional individuals protested:

"How dare any one experiment upon so sacred a thing as a child?"

"How will the baby fare in the inexperienced hands of college girls?"

"Experiments of this kind should not be allowed."

And this was the answer to the doubters: The babies thrived.

Girls who have charge of the baby at Cornell are no more inexperienced than the great majority of mothers. In truth, the baby is not being experimented upon as much as the average baby naturally is in the average home. Our students always work under the close observation and direction of trained and schooled specialists.

Psychologists have long contended that all women possess, by nature, interest in human babies; that they love to cherish and comfort and minister to them.

The baby in the Practise House demonstrated this interesting psychological fact.

The most frivolous, light-headed, inconsequential, thoughtless, care-free college girl takes the responsibility of the baby seriously and provides earnestly for its care.

It was at first feared that such a multitude of mothers might be bad for the child. For the limited period of a few months, or at most two years, this has not proved to be the case. Even with a new mother each week these babies have thrived and developed. Emotions and superstitions in connection with child care and child training were put into the background. One day from our baby's diary may serve to illustrate this.



He was named Dicky Dom Econ by Cornell students because the School of Domestic Economy took him at the age of three weeks. Under scientific care he developed sturdy characteristics and at commencement time was adopted by a childless couple who say that the State may well afford to invest in the scientific care of twenty babies each year for adoption by parents who have no children of their own

ONE DAY IN THE NURSERY

THIS baby from its sixth to its fifteenth month had its breakfast at six o'clock. It was bathed at about eight o'clock.

Between the time of his breakfast and his bath, Dicky played by himself in the kiddy-coop or in a little enclosure on the floor. After the bath and orange-juice, he was clothed for the day. He was fed again at ten o'clock.

From ten to two o'clock, rain or shine, he was put to bed in his kiddy-coop or left to himself.

As Dicky grew older he awoke and would climb around in his enclosure, but he was not interfered with. He learned independence. He became acquainted with his own resources.

He was fed at two o'clock and from two to six remained awake, either playing with his toys on a comfort on the floor, gradually learning his own physical possibilities, or he was taken for trips in his carriage, but always he was under observation.

At four o'clock Dicky had fruit-juices or strained fruit-pulp in some form, and for an hour in the evening the experimental mother might definitely play with the baby and amuse it and cuddle it if she wished.

At six o'clock the baby was fed, put into his little bed and left for the night. Does every baby have as thoughtfully regulated a schedule in its own home?

The time had arrived for the baby to begin eating vegetables. Some cooked, pulped, sieved vegetable (carrots, celery or spinach) was prepared, and at the two-o'clock feeding a teaspoonful was presented and as promptly resented.

The then seven-month-old baby expressed profound dislike for the dose, and seven-month-old babies may be quite expressive. The war was on and it lasted for many days. Each day before the two-o'clock feeding a teaspoonful of the mixture was presented.

Every action in the baby's repertoire from spitting and sputtering to the regurgitations of the objectionable mixture was resorted to. Gradually, however, the baby yielded; and when he was between eight and nine months old, vegetables were his daily habit.

This illustration is given partly because the average real mother would probably have been too inexperienced to have felt safe in persisting in so long a trial.

There are many mothers in this world who would have given all they possess to have had the experience of learning something about the care of their babies before assuming responsibility for them.

There are many schools in the country that are training young women who will inevitably marry and have children of their own. There is something fundamentally good in exercising and keeping alive and warm the mothering instinct of girls and young women. There seems to be no reason why the experiment of the college girls in mothering a baby before its adoption should not become a practise in all high schools for girls.

BABY WEEK

INFANT mortality decreases in those places where baby health exhibits are held. The reports from the United States Department of Health prove this.

It is not a matter of pride or competition, nor even the public conscience.

It is the teaching of important facts to mothers.

Mothers want this information; fathers want it also.

This is the month to begin planning your baby week. Mothers need to be taught how to care for their babies in the Summer heat—and all the feeding and other problems of the first and second year.

Make sure that no little tombstones are put up in your community—monuments to your indifference.

If no organization in your town is arranging for a baby week, start a movement in your club and write to us for help.

BABIES HELP

THE babies born in the oldest maternity hospital in the world, the Woman's Hospital of New York, are forming an alumni association to help other babies and their mothers. In recognition of the debt each tiny alumnus owes for the better chance of life and health the hospital has given him, all the parents of these children who can afford to do so will give one dollar every year until the child is twenty-one years old. This money will be used for poor mothers and babies.

The Woman's Hospital was the first to point the way for the founding of thousands of maternity hospitals all over the world. Now it is pointing the way for the babies to whom these hospitals have given the blessing of a scientific birth to express their obligation by helping others. Already maternity hospitals all over the country are starting similar organizations.

If every hospital where babies are born will adopt this beautiful custom, hundreds of mothers and children who, for want of care, might die or be sickly in life will become healthy, happy people. Get your hospital to broaden its usefulness by adopting this custom.

The FARMHOUSE BECOMES A HOME

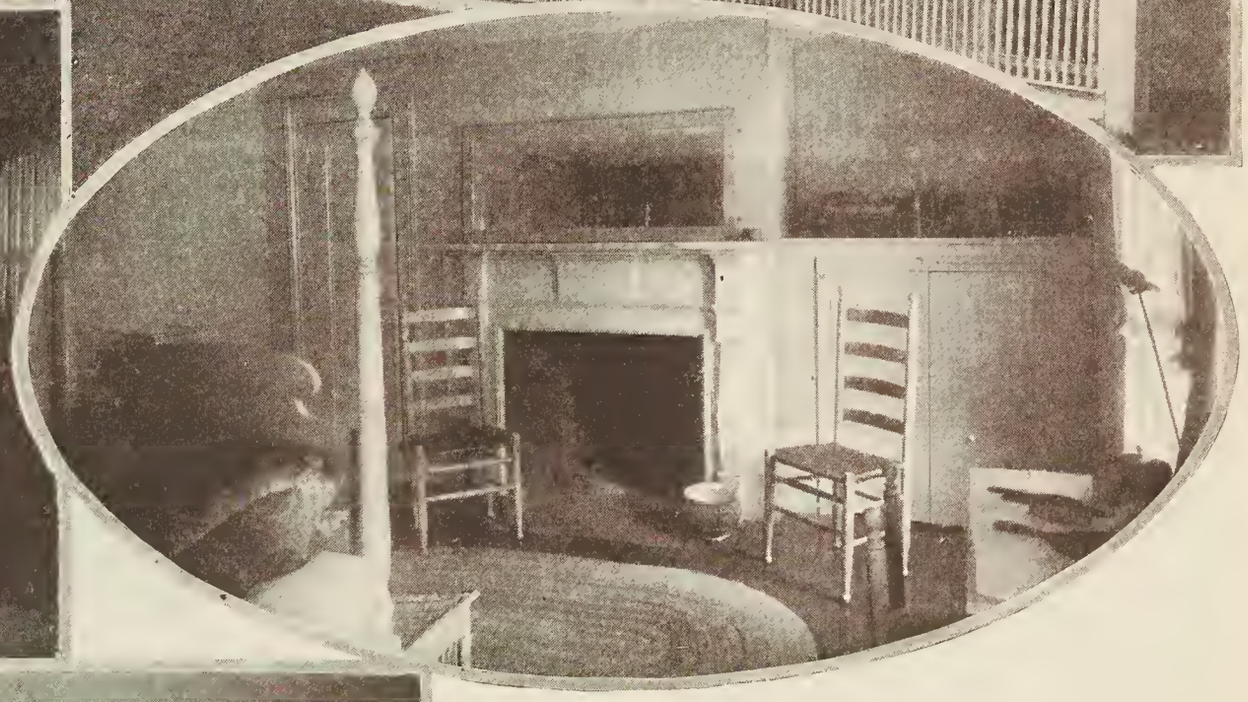
The mother of Mary Elizabeth remakes an old house, and shares the investment with her neighbors

By HARRIET SISSON GILLESPIE





THE PEACE OF ANOTHER DAY DWELLS WITHIN THE LIVING-ROOM OF WILD FLOWER FARM WITH ITS SIMPLE OLD-TIME FURNISHINGS



MRS. EVANS'S OWN BEDROOM, WITH ITS WHITE PAINTING AND QUAINT FURNITURE, SUGGESTS THE RESTFUL CALM OF THE SECOND FLOOR

THERE is an instinctive desire in the heart of every real woman to own her own home. It requires as much business ability to realize this dream successfully as to succeed in a business or profession.

A home should be an investment. Mr. Hoover has said that what America needs more than anything else is to own homes.

This does not merely mean to own a house.

Owning a home is having a roof-tree within your means, which is an asset and not a burden.

Here is the story of the home of one of America's most successful women:

Mrs. Fannie Regel Evans, mother of the famous Mary Elizabeth and in reality the originator of the Mary Elizabeth idea, went about the obtaining of a home with the same sound business judgment she had used to make her children and herself succeed in the world of business.

MRS. EVANS had enough money to pick and choose almost any house she might wish to own. She might easily have bought a show-place which would have been a financial burden. Instead, she bought the kind of a home the average American with a limited income might buy, and she made it an investment.

She paid six thousand dollars for her house, put four thousand dollars' worth of improvements on it, and doubled its value in the real-estate market. She also put something into the community which increased the value of all the property in that locality.

Mrs. Evans wanted a house in the country. In fact, she wanted a farm. It must not be too far from the city nor inaccessible, as business still made demands on her time.

Real-estate agents failed to find the home she wanted, so she turned to newspaper advertisements and also inserted ads in county newspapers. In this way she found, about eight miles from Peekskill, New York, an old-fashioned shingled farmhouse which stood at the bend of the country road that led to the State highway. The house was well planned, but without modern conveniences.

The first floor had three rooms, the second five bedrooms, and the third a bedroom and an open attic for storage purposes.

The land contained one hundred and twelve acres, part of which was in fields for grazing or cultivating and part in woodland with many fine trees on it. Through this farm flowed a fine trout stream, too broad to be called a brook. The price of the farm was six thousand dollars.



FROM THE NARROW HALL, A GRACEFUL STAIRWAY WITH SLENDER SPINDLES AND MAHOGANY TREADS RISES TO THE UPPER FLOOR

She decided to live in the house for one year before making any alterations or improvements.

The first Winter she got the neighbors together. She spoke of rural free delivery, but they all told her that it was impossible to get that. They had tried for several years and all their efforts had come to nothing. She wrote to her congressman that if the Government wanted people to go back to the land, as they said they did, they would have to do something for them, and she asked in the name of her neighbors and herself for free delivery.

THE nearest telephone was a mile away. She asked the telephone company if they wouldn't give her telephone service, and after some delay they told her that if she would pay part of the expense, which was less than fifty dollars, they would do it; and so another problem was solved.

Then Mrs. Evans decided that electricity would be necessary not only for lights but to run an engine to pump water if she decided to have water put in the house, as there was nothing but a pump in the yard. The neighbors were called together again, after first finding out that it would cost three hundred dollars to put up poles and string the wires from the main road two miles away. The neighbors agreed, with one exception, each to pay his share, which was fifty dollars.

Mrs. Evans now had what she considered the most important things: Free delivery, telephone and electric lights.

DURING the first Winter she decided that she would want some other heat than the stoves, as they made too much dirt and work. The head plumber put in a hot-air furnace for five hundred dollars; for one thousand dollars Mrs. Evans installed a bathroom, stationary tubs, a sink and a hot-water boiler in the kitchen and an electric pump to send the water from a spring on the hillside to a tank in the attic. The smallest of the bedrooms on the second floor was used for the bathroom.

Mrs. Evans felt that her house would be comfortable for the Winter, but in the Summer she wanted to live out-of-doors.

A carpenter was consulted and a double-decked porch was planned for the southeast end of the house, the upper part to be used for sleeping purposes and the lower for a dining-room. This porch was to be thirty feet square and did seem rather large for the house, but they decided they wanted comfort above all things, so the appearance of the house received second consideration. This last improvement was expensive. It cost two thousand dollars.

When Spring came another difficulty presented itself. The roads were bad, and again Mrs. Evans called the neighbors together and found the county wouldn't spend enough to make them good. The property holders were made to see how greatly they would benefit if the roads were better, and in a short time they agreed to give their time and teams for nothing. The next year the traveling was much better.

The carpenters came out early and began work on the porches, and when these were completed, screened and green-and-white awnings put up, the Evans family felt that they had two homes in one, the main part of the house for the Winter and bad weather and the porches for the rest of the year.

While the carpenters were working on the porch Mrs. Evans had them make her a dresser for dishes, the upper part with shelves and the lower part for linens, such as

Continued on page 80

We'll limit our arms, build cities and farms,
And flourish in strength and vigor.
For our greatest wealth is our jolly good health—
It's the nation's best bet to grow bigger.





General Health commands—

Eat a plate of good, hot soup at least once every day! It will act as the healthiest kind of stimulant to your appetite, nourish you, make you take greater pleasure in all your food, strengthen your digestion and improve your general health.

Campbell's Ox Tail Soup

is hearty and filling, especially welcome when the soup is expected to be one of the main dishes. The sliced joints of selected ox tails and the invigorating broth are combined in a rich, thick blend with choice barley, crisp celery, diced carrots and turnips, tastily flavored with French leeks and parsley, fresh from our own farms.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

And for special occasions you'll like this garnish

Especially if you delight in giving "the personal touch" to your dishes! A thin slice of lemon in each plate of Campbell's Ox Tail Soup, a thin slice or two of hard boiled egg and a sprinkling of finely chopped parsley. The lemon may be cut in fancy shapes.

Campbells' SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

SAVE A DOLLAR

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-makers' Department



"Help us to help others, that others may help you." Here is a new Department that will appear each month. THE DELINEATOR will pay fifty dollars for the best suggestion for saving the housekeeper's time, money, labor, fuel or food. We will pay five dollars for any suggestion we print on this page. Send in the idea that saved you a dollar to the *Home-makers' Department.*



A PATCH IN TIME

WHEN making a new garment, consider the places where wear first appears. Bloomers, for one thing, always wear out in the seat long before the remainder of the cloth shows any signs of deterioration. It takes but a few minutes longer to cut a skeleton form extending six or eight inches from both sides of the seam that runs from leg to leg and thus make practically two bloomers of one.

Every woman knows that corset covers and combinations give way under the arms first; yet no account of this tendency is taken into consideration when the garment is being made. A scrap of material shaped like a shield could be neatly stitched here without hurting its appearance.

Children's play suits or cover-alls wear through at the knees first. In the better grades, these places have a straight or round piece double-stitched on the outside. Where these are lacking in the ready-made garments, they are easily applied before they are allowed to be worn.

In making new outing shirts, especially for boys, put a round patch on each elbow and line the fronts. If shirts that are to be worn with stiff collars are made with double sections extending from the neckband about four inches, but not stitched down, they will wear twice as long, and when the threadbare stage is finally reached, it will be little noticed after a careful laundering. One woman makes an entire double front as far as the waistline, and when the outside becomes worn, trims it off close to the seams and collar, exposing the entire undersection.

The vulnerable points about men's and boys' union suits are the knees and elbows, so before these are worn it is a thrifty plan to apply a tailored patch over such places.

It pays to patch house dresses before wearing, the chief points to consider being the front of the skirt and under the arms and also the lower part of the sleeve. One plan is to make a small, panel-like apron of the dress material and snap it to the waistline. This may be quickly donned for the harder work and removed as readily to make one more presentable. If the sleeve is sewed into the armhole, insert with it a shield of the same material as the dress. This need not be stitched down, but left free or tacked lightly into place.

A long sleeve in any kind of garment is bound to wear at the elbow and the lower arm. Then, on the inside, sew a wide band in with the seam at this point, and the wear will come on this instead. A Georgette waist was successfully mended by applying a band of ribbon of a matching color around the elbow and a cuff of the same added to match.

Some thrifty mothers make a practise of darning the children's hosiery when it is new. The wear thus comes on these added stitches and postpones the ravages on the stocking itself.

Since all persons do not wear their clothes out in the same manner, the individual tendencies must be taken into account in making the reinforcements suggested, but it is a safe plan wherever you know you will have to mend later to do it sooner!

SAVE ON TOWELS

BATH towels are expensive. The best grade and the cheapest wear at the edge and become useless before the rest of the towel is worn out. This may be prevented by sewing a linen tape along the edge of the towel when it is new. This takes the strain when stretching for rubbing.

SAVE ON SOAP

WHEN a bar of toilet soap becomes thin, it usually breaks and part of it goes down the waste-pipe. It is also difficult to use when it is worn thin. Before it reaches this stage put it aside, and when you have five or six pieces place them in a pan on the back of the stove and add a tablespoon of water.

Let them melt slowly, then pour them into a mold or jelly-glass which has been oiled.

Another way to save soap which is perhaps less trouble than the above is to run a number of small bags on the machine and as the small bits of soap collect fill the bag and keep it in the bathroom for the family to use. The soap inside lathers easily and children like to use it in place of cake soap because it is soft.

SAVE ON CURTAINS

IF YOU use lace or net curtains, you will double their lives by buying a curtain-stretcher. You will also have good-looking curtains at your window, instead of sagging scalloped edges. Ironing lace and net curtains wears them out very quickly.

In running rods through laundered net or lace curtains, place a thimble over the end of the rod and it will go through easily and not tear or pull the curtain.

SAVE ON VEGETABLES

THE parings of vegetables contain mineral matter and often a percentage of the whole vegetable, both of which are valuable food.

Paring the vegetables too thick is a waste of valuable food. Cooking vegetables in their skins, which are easily removed later, allows for less waste than by peeling when uncooked.

Lettuce wilts and loses its crispness after it is picked. It should be washed as soon as received, the outer leaves used for soup, the tender leaves shaken free from water, wrapped in a wet cloth and placed on ice or stored in a paper bag in a cool place in a tin can.

It not used at once, it should be examined to keep it free from decaying leaves. Coarse leaves of lettuce, celery tips and roots, ends and roots of other greens may be saved, cooked until tender and used with stock for vegetable soup. Thus the mineral matter needed in the diet is saved for the family.

The water in which potatoes are cooked should be saved and used in mixing bread. Otherwise nutritious food runs away through the kitchen sink.

SAVE ON FUEL

COAL-DUST or small chips of coal should not be thrown out. Mix with them some of the cinders from your furnace or stove, wet them down and use them for banked fires. You will keep your heat many hours on what might have been thrown out or left to accumulate in your cellar. Many people consider it economical to buy an ash-sifter which effects a large saving of coal.

SAVE ON LIGHT

HALLS or bathrooms which are kept lighted through the hours of the evening should be equipped with night-light bulbs to save on electricity.

SAVE ON FLOORS

VARNISH linoleum and its life will be doubled. It also makes it easy to keep it clean. If you have a linoleum with a pattern which has been worn out and looks shabby, paint it with a buff or light-gray floor paint and you will have a smooth and good-looking floor.

SAVE ON CARPETS

TO REMOVE ink-stains from a wool carpet, wash it with milk. You may have to wash it through several solutions; then with warm water and soap to take the milk out, and the stain will be gone. Ink-stains that have been in a carpet some time may not entirely disappear, but if this method is used immediately it will remove the stains.

SAVE ON FURS

A VACUUM cleaner run over woolen clothes and furs before they are packed away in moth balls or moth protectors for the Summer will insure their preservation. It will remove moths or eggs of moths which may be hidden.

SAVE ON PAINTS

OLD paint which has become hard in cans may be used. Pour a little linseed oil over the top of the paint and let it stand overnight. The next morning run it through the meat-grinder, using the peanut-butter cutter. The hard dried pieces of paint will come out a fine powder, and to this should be added enough turpentine and linseed oil to make it the creamy consistency of paint. By soaking the grinder at once in kerosene it may be cleaned easily.

SAVE WINDOW-SHADES

STRETCH the shade and dust it carefully. Around the edges underneath the shade place newspapers to catch the dirt. With a good wall-paper cleaner, such as can be purchased at the store, rub the surface gently, a small space at a time. The lower edge may be cut off if it is badly soiled and the upper edge may be cut if it is ragged. Make a new hem with the long stitch of the sewing-machine and reverse the shade, using the bottom for the top.

To tighten the spring, the shade should be pulled down with one end lifted out of the socket and rolled by hand with the other end in the fixture. When replaced in the socket, the spring is tight and the curtain in good condition.

SAVE ON CLOTHING

I HAVE a small boy whom I wish to keep well dressed.

I made him three white suits—good, better, best—and without collar or belt. I then made sailor collars and belts of blue and brown and trimmed in white braid. The suits could be boiled. He wore his finest suit one time with one color of collar and belt and the next time with the other color.

When the white suits became old and the colored ones faded, I dyed some of them dark gray and some brown for playtime.

By having several suits they lasted double the time and, being washed less, did not fade as quickly as usual.

SAVE ON SCREENS

DON'T rush to the store to buy new screens before you have looked last Summer's supply over carefully. It may be that the minor injuries, the smaller holes, can be mended. Buy wire screening—you can purchase it by the yard, and it is easy to estimate the amount you will need—and cut it into patches of the desired size. Be sure that the mesh of the new screening matches, approximately, the mesh of the screen to be mended.

Cut these patches one inch in diameter larger than the holes, and sew the patches on, over and over, firmly with linen thread. Then paint to match. If you are skilful, you may sew these patches with fine wire instead of thread; remember however that the wire is more difficult to handle. Your screens will be good for at least another season.

Things to Do in April

Home-making is a seasonal job. The Home-makers' Department tells you what to do and when to do it. This is the month:

To put window-screens in order
(Read "Save on Screens" on this page)

To scrub and repaint the woodwork
(Read "Paints and Dyes" elsewhere in this issue)

To prepare for storing eggs in water-glass and ordering fresh eggs
(Write THE DELINEATOR for directions)

To put away woolen and Winter garments in moth-proof bags
(Read "Save on Furs" on this page)

To develop the Summer garden
(Read the "April Garden Calendar" elsewhere in this issue)

To reinforce garments for Summer wear
(Read "A Patch in Time" on this page)

To clean the walls after Winter fires have left them dingy
(Read "Springtime Housecleaning" elsewhere in this issue)

To plan the Spring menus
(Read "Most Men Like Fish" elsewhere in this issue)

Makes paint look like new

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, and brings back the bright, fresh, clean appearance to painted woodwork.





Helps the washing-machine

It pays you to chip Fels-Naptha into the washing-machine to get the benefit of naptha. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt before the washing-machine starts its work. Then the Fels-Naptha soapy water flushes away all the dirt.



For fine lace curtains

With no other soap can you wash lace curtains so snowy white and with so little effort as with Fels-Naptha. It soaks the dirt loose, and safely makes all filmy fabrics thoroughly clean.



Be sure the soap you use has real naptha in it. Smell it! The clean naptha odor proves there is real naptha in Fels-Naptha.

Takes spots from rugs

How easily and quickly Fels-Naptha cleans and brightens rugs, carpets and draperies! The naptha dissolves grease, loosens dirt and restores perfect cleanliness.



The double cleaner for easier housecleaning

Quickly, thoroughly and safely, Fels-Naptha makes everything it touches clean, sweet, sanitary. And a thoroughly clean home means better health for the family.

Because Fels-Naptha is splendid soap and *real* naptha, combined by the original Fels-Naptha method, it gives a soap-and-water cleaning and a naptha cleaning at the same time. That makes it different from all other soaps.

Fels-Naptha is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners—a way that has never been successfully imitated! Begin using Fels-Naptha today.

FREE If you haven't had an opportunity to prove that Fels-Naptha is a superior soap for the laundry and all household cleaning, send for free sample. Write Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

Soft blankets and woolens

White and fluffy they come from a Fels-Naptha wash! The real naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt; the soapy water flushes all dirt away; the naptha vanishes, carrying all odors with it. Then the woolens are clean through and through.

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Fels-Naptha by the carton

Get a supply for housecleaning in this handy package—ten full-size bars of Fels-Naptha neatly packed.

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

PRACTICAL GARDEN POOLS

By Robert S. Lemmon



THE SIMPLEST POOL IS MERELY A DEEP TUB SUNK FLUSH WITH THE GROUND



WATER-LILIES WITH THEIR STRIKING TINTS ARE VERY SATISFACTORY PLANTS



EVEN THE SMALL HOME-MADE POOL HAS A FASCINATING WAY OF REFLECTING THE SKY

WOULD you like an unfailing and novel center of interest in your garden, a figurative magnet that will infallibly draw even your own accustomed eyes whenever you approach it, and bring exclamations of delighted surprise from your friends? Would you like magnificent, fragrant, varicolored flowers which have no fear of drought or parching sun, which never wither on their stems, but appear fresh and sweet each day through the whole period of their bloom? Would you invite friendly birds to Summer among your trees? Does the thought of automatically eliminating the pestiferous weed and adding immeasurably to the beauty of your garden at the same time appeal to you? Then consider the water garden, how it grows.

In the majority of situations the water garden should have three really separate classes of features, which unite harmoniously to form the complete unit—the water and its container, the plants that actually grow in them, and those other plants which, planted around the margin, form a frame or setting for the rest. A glance at each of these may help to clarify the general principles on which the success of such a planting depends.

Have you analyzed the attraction that a pool of water, be it large or small, has for ninety-nine out of a hundred people? For one thing, water is an element in which we could not live—we do not completely and familiarly understand it, and so are attracted to it. Then, too, even a tiny pool has a fascinating way of reflecting the light from sky and clouds, of mirroring, inverted in its clear depths, the green overhanging trees and the bright colors of surrounding flowers. Again, the plant life that water alone supports—how different from that to which we are accustomed on dry land.

IF WE could all have these desirable features naturally in our gardens—that is, if a pool or gently flowing stream were provided without effort or preparation on our part—we would be fortunate indeed, for then half the work of creating the water garden would already be accomplished. Their absence need cause no disappointment, however, for it is entirely practicable to supply them by artificial means.

The simplest pool, and one of the most successful, is merely a deep tub, half of a heavy molasses or oil barrel, or a water-tight box two or three feet deep and three or more feet wide, sunk flush with the ground. Whichever of these is used, it must be perfectly level so that it can be filled to the brim, and the earth should be well tamped around it to support it against the pressure of the water from within.

When the tub is set it is filled to a depth of about 18 inches with the soil in which the plants' roots are to grow, a mixture consisting of three parts good garden soil and one part old, well-rotted barnyard manure. Over this should go a one-inch layer of clean sand, for the sake of appearances as well as the condition of the water, which is the next thing to be added.

Putting in the water without disturbing the soil is readily accomplished by laying a sheet of heavy paper weighted with small stones in the middle of the tub, and pouring directly upon it. After planting, what water is needed to replace that lost by evaporation can safely be added by pouring it in slowly in the ordinary way.

The most satisfactory plants for such a pool, as well as for the other types which will be described in later paragraphs, are the hardy water-lilies, though some of the tender varieties are well worth growing when one has gained some experience.

Among the hardy Nymphæas, which are perhaps the most satisfactory genus, is to be found a variety of color, size, form and fragrance, which few people know exists in this class of plants. Andreana is a handsome red and yellow; Arethusa, large and brilliant crimson-pink; Gloriosa's flowers are sometimes six inches across, carmine-rose in color; Graziella, orange-red with deep green maroon-spotted leaves; *Laydeckeri purpurea*, rosy-crimson with reddish-orange stamens; *Marliacea albida*, pure white with light-yellow stamens and a suggestion of pink; *Marliacea flammea*, wine red, leaves mottled with brown; *Pygmæa*, small white flowers one and one-half to two inches across; *Pygmæa helvola*, a yellow form of the preceding.

Water-lilies are ordinarily bought by the root ready for planting. They cost from seventy-five cents to ten dollars or more each—none of those which are listed above should come to more than $2.50, while several are as low as a dollar. When you think that only one is needed for each tub, and that it will bloom year after year, the original cost is surely not high.

The pool should be prepared, water and all, at least two weeks before planting time in the Spring, so that it will have a chance to be well warmed by the sun. Usually by the latter part of May, in the latitude of New York, the weather is sufficiently settled for you to put in the roots, merely thrusting them down just out of sight in the mud at the bottom of the pool. Then add a goldfish or two to hold the mosquito larvæ in check, and wait for results.

You will not have to wait long. Some morning in early Summer, quite without warning, a bud will appear among the flat, round pads that float so easily on the surface of the water. Two days later it will open, disclosing those wonderful color tints which make the water-lily so strikingly effective. Each morning, then, for nearly a week the same bud reopens, closing again as the sun leaves it in the afternoon. And in the end, as unexpectedly as it appeared, it closes for the last time and sinks beneath the water, leaving never a trace to tell of its passing.

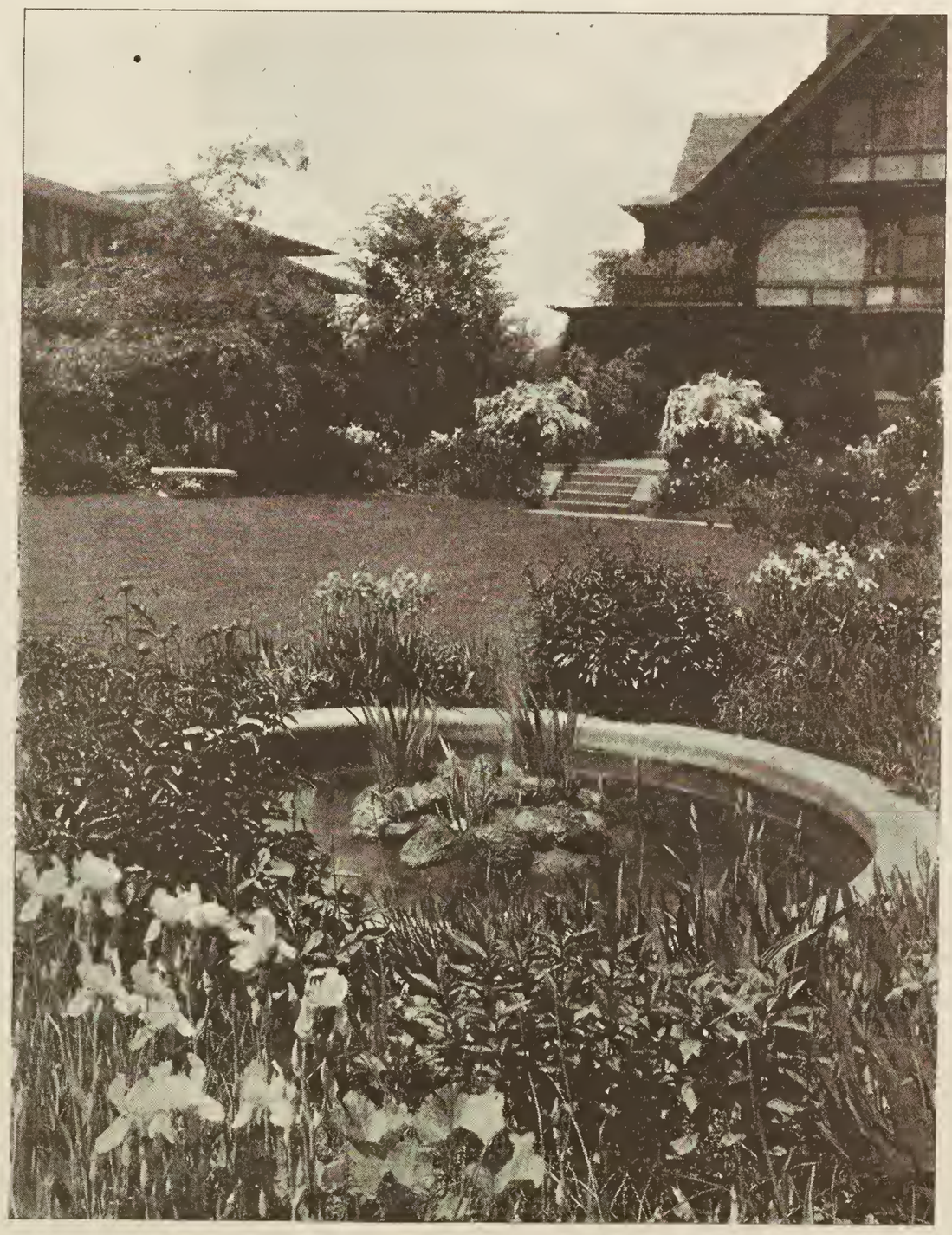
THUS far I have spoken primarily of water-lily planting in tubs, but the same principles apply to those larger water gardens made in concrete pools or perhaps in a small natural pond or the slow, quiet stretches of a stream. Abundant sunlight, about one foot of water, and another foot or so of rich earth for the roots—these are the elements which must be supplied.

The concrete-lined pool may be of virtually any size or shape. In its simplest form it is merely a basin dug in the ground, lined several inches thick with a rich mixture of concrete, reinforced with poultry wire to prevent its cracking. To lessen the labor of refilling it with water by hand, a pipe may be run up through the bottom when the concrete is laid, and connected directly with the house supply. In this case an overflow pipe must be provided at a fixed level, to guard against the water rising too high and flooding the pads and blossoms. If desired, a simple jet fountain may be arranged, but it must not cause any noticeable current in the pool. Water-lilies should always grow in practically still water that is not too cold. In every fair-sized pool, decided open spaces of water between the plants will add greatly to the latter's effectiveness.

So much for the water garden proper and some of the most desirable of the plants that may be grown in it. There remains to be considered the frame for the little garden picture—the marginal flowers.

TO SURROUND the little pools made with tubs or barrels, I would suggest iris. Not enough to dwarf the interest of the lilies, of course, but just a few clumps to raise their spear-like leaves and drooping blooms above the flatter water growths. Another good frame can be made with annual sweet alyssum, or those two splendid perennials, forget-me-not and baby's breath. Sometimes there is no fitter setting than a green carpet of closely cut lawn, in which the bright flowers of the lilies will glow or glisten like veritable jewels.

The larger concrete pools are usually built with a stone, brick or plaster rim which, surrounded by the natural garden greenery, forms an adequate frame. If flowers are added to this, let them be of the sorts already mentioned, or others equally simple. Under no circumstances should the surrounding planting belittle the water garden itself—that is not the function of any frame.



OPEN SPACES OF GREEN LAWN AND THE DROOPING BLOOMS OF IRIS MAKE AN EFFECTIVE FRAME



Anyone can use Valspar Varnish-Stains!



Reproduction of sample can, about 1/5 actual size

VALSPAR Varnish-Stains are Valspar itself—the waterproof, weather-proof, accident-proof varnish—plus natural wood colors. With one stroke of the brush you apply both varnish and stain.

They bring out clearly the grain and beauty of the wood and can be secured in light oak, dark oak, walnut, mahogany, cherry, and moss green.

Wherever varnish-stains are needed to brighten up your home—use Valspar Varnish-Stains. Remember that they give the same matchless service you have always experienced with Valspar, "the varnish that won't turn white." They are easy to apply and dry over night.

Send for our Card showing the actual colors. See their beauty for yourself. If, however, you are sure just which color you wish, use the coupon below to send for a sample can.

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I enclose 15c in stamps, and dealer's name, for which please send a 35c sample can. (Check the sample you want. If more than one, enclose 15c for each. Write plainly.)

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Valspar Enamel ☐
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Del-4-22

WHAT TO DO NOW IN YOUR GARDEN

TWELVE GOOD ROSES TO PLANT THIS SPRING

By G. T. Huntington

WHY not twelve "best," do you ask? Simply because there are no twelve—or twenty, for that matter—which one can justly set down as the best for everybody and all conditions.

Granted good, healthy stock of well-chosen varieties, properly prepared soil and a fair amount of sun and air circulation, there is no reason why any one with a bit of ground eight feet by eight feet or thereabouts should not be able to plant a dozen rose-bushes early this Spring and have them begin blooming in June. Even the much-maligned city back yard often has unsuspected possibilities for growing this queen of flowers.

PLANTING should be done as early in the Spring as the ground can be worked, and the place where the bushes are to go should be ready for them before they arrive. If the site is not naturally well drained, it will be well to put in a four or six inch layer of stone, covered with ashes, at the bottom of the bed, eighteen inches below the ground level. On top of this goes good average garden soil thoroughly mixed with one-third to one-fourth its bulk of well-rotted barnyard manure, and raised three or four inches above the surrounding earth to allow for the inevitable settling. Where manure can not be obtained, ground bone from a garden-supply house is a good substitute, especially when its three grades, fine, medium and coarse, are used. After the bed is well dug, scatter the bone over it until the surface is nearly covered, then fork in thoroughly. Air-slaked lime, scattered on the surface at the rate of a cupful to each plant and forked in, will do much to correct any acidity or sourness which may exist in the soil.

ACTUAL planting is simplicity itself. Most good roses are "budded" low—that is, the lowest branches come out two or three inches above the root. They should be set so that this junction of the top with the root stock comes one inch or two inches below the surface of the bed. Dig a hole amply large to take the roots without crowding, spread them out naturally and work fine soil around them, and then press the earth down firmly, but not hard, with your foot on all sides of the bush. A good watering and the scattering of a little loose earth over the firmed area to prevent the latter's crusting over in the sun will finish the work.

Hybrid perpetual roses should be planted about two feet apart, while hybrid teas and teas may be as close together as fifteen or twenty inches.

Whatever class your bushes belong to, they should be severely cut back when first set out in the Spring, else their proper growth and flowering will be impaired.

In the latitude of New York City early planting can begin in late March or early April, while farther south the soil may be in good condition as early as February. Far northern planting is apt to be delayed until May first.

THE following list provides a good range of color and form:

HYBRID PERPETUALS ("June roses")

Clio—Flesh color. Deep center. Large globular flower.

Frau Karl Druschki—A splendid pure white sort, its buds tinged on the outside with pink.

George Dickson—A magnificent rich dark red, veined with crimson-maroon on the reverse of the petals. Very fragrant.

Paul Neyron—Deep rose color, very large flowers.

HYBRID TEAS (vigorous, longer blooming season than Hybrid Perpetuals)

General McArthur—Brilliant scarlet-crimson, large fragrant, full blossom.

Killarney Queen—Flesh color suffused with pink, loose, semifull flowers of large size and attractive appearance.

Laurent Carle—Carmine-crimson, rather full flowers of very large size. Strong grower, fragrant, excellent for cutting.

Ophelia—Deservedly a most popular rose, its flowers a delicate blending of flesh color, pink and salmon.

Radiance—A charming pink, excellent in growth and foliage.

MOSS ROSE (buds prettily covered with mosslike down)

Crested Moss—Rosy pink, fragrant and desirable from every standpoint.

CLIMBING ROSES

Dr. W. Van Fleet—Delicate flesh pink, very large flowers on good stems.

White Dorothy Perkins—Probably the best white rambler rose. Hardy, vigorous grower, flowers in great profusion.

A CALENDAR OF APRIL GARDEN WORK

"Heed well the passing days, how they lend benevolence to the sun and stature to the flowers And put not off until the morrow that which to-day demands, lest the season outgrow the task."

The dates given for these garden activities are based on the growing conditions normally found in the latitude of New York City. As one goes north or south from this point the season becomes later or earlier, requiring corresponding variations in the dates. Approximately five days should be added or subtracted, as the case may be, for each one hundred miles' distance from the latitude specified here.

SATURDAY

1. Actual outdoor garden work can begin now with the thorough spading and raking of the ground to be planted. Break up every soil lump to a depth of ten inches and level off smoothly afterward. All seeds germinate and grow best in ground which has been finely prepared.

8. Perhaps the majority of garden soils need slaked lime in greater or less quantity, depending upon their "sourness" or acidity. A growth of sorrel, or sour-grass, is one of the indications of such a need. Sprinkle on enough lime to turn the ground white, and rake it in.

15. This is the time for preparatory work on the outdoor plantings of musk-melon, cucumber and squash. Dig a special bed three feet wide and two feet deep for each cluster of seeds and fill with rich earth, chopped sod and well-rotted manure. Use portable glass-top frames.

22. As soon as the first sowings of peas, radishes, beets, carrots and other popular vegetables appear above ground, put in a second planting. When these, in turn, come up, make a third. A succession of such rows will yield crops one after another at proper intervals.

29. Sweet peas which were started early in the house or the hotbed can be set out in the open now, four inches apart, if they have been "hardened off" by gradually accustoming them to outdoor temperatures. If you have plenty, set in two parallel rows eight inches apart.



As soon as the frost is out of the ground make up the sweet-pea bed. Best results are secured when it is dug two feet deep and a foot wide, and filled with very rich soil

TUESDAY

4. Seeds of carrots, parsnips, Swiss chard, parsley, turnips, onion, radishes, beets and other early vegetables can be planted in the garden at this time. A measuring line will help keep the rows straight, improve the appearance of the garden and make cultivating easier.

11. The protecting Winter mulch should now be removed from all shrub, tree and perennial flower plantings. Where it was composed of manure, leaves or other material which disintegrates readily when buried, it may be dug into the ground for its fertilizing properties.

18. All the annual flower-seeds which were not started early in the house or under glass may be planted now in the garden. Let the beds be well worked to break up soil lumps. Large clusters of each kind of flower will look better than scattered individual plants.

25. If you have planted any new trees or shrubs this Spring, be careful to keep them well watered during dry weather. Soak them thoroughly, and when the water has settled, stir the surface with an iron rake to prevent its caking and to conserve the moisture underneath.

THURSDAY

6. Sweet-pea seeds should be sown outdoors now. A special bed should be made—two feet deep and a foot wide, filled with good garden loam, well-rotted manure and bone-meal, and some slaked lime. Plant the seeds three inches deep and fill in as they grow.

13. Lawns should receive attention early in the Spring. Rake off the Winter mulch or covering, and any accumulation of dead leaves and twigs. Then sow fresh seed wherever the grass is thin, scatter on a top-dressing of mixed bone-meal, wood ashes and fresh loam, and roll.

20. Thinning out of the crowding little plants in the rows of early radishes and other crops is essential to a good yield. After they are well up, go down each row and pull out the weakest seedlings so that there will be growing space between the others.

27. The successful gardener cultivates the earth between his rows at least once a week, thus holding the weeds in check and providing the necessary root aeration for the plants. A wheel-hoe is the best implement, although an iron rake will serve where the garden is small.

Now the north wind ceases,
The warm southwest awakes;
Swift fly the fleeces,
Thick the blossoms' flakes.

GEORGE MEREDITH.



Fertilizer added to the soil now will help the late vegetable crops. The so-called "balanced" mixtures, kept in stock by all good garden-supply houses, are excellent for the purpose



Cherry and other fruit-tree branches may be brought into flower early in a warm, sunny room



Watering vegetable or flower seedlings can be done on a small scale without disturbing the surface of the soil by pouring through a fine strainer



Twiggy brush is one of the best supports for both garden and sweet peas. It should be cut early this month and stacked up ready for use



Forsythia will blossom beautifully if cut branches are kept in water in a warm room

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

For Your Sun Porch

Inset-Tile Linoleum

ALL your ideas about linoleum will change when you see the new kind of linoleum that good stores are offering as permanent floors for modern homes.

The sun porch in the picture has a floor of Armstrong's Inset-Tile Linoleum—one of the newest and most distinctive designs in which this improved type of linoleum is made.

Here is a typical case where the floor blends right in with the color scheme. The pattern is simple and the furnishings can be changed to suit the season.

This floor is easily cleaned, and an occasional waxing keeps it in perfect condition.

A sun porch of average size, 12 x 14 ft., can be floored with the Inset-Tile Linoleum shown in the illustration at a cost of about $75.00 (slightly higher in the far West). This linoleum is cemented down firmly over builders' deadening felt—the most satisfactory way to lay linoleum as a permanent floor.

You can identify Armstrong's Linoleum by the Circle "A" trademark on the burlap back. All Armstrong's Linoleum is guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for advice as to proper patterns and colors for use in any scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"
(Second Edition)

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe colorplates of fine home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

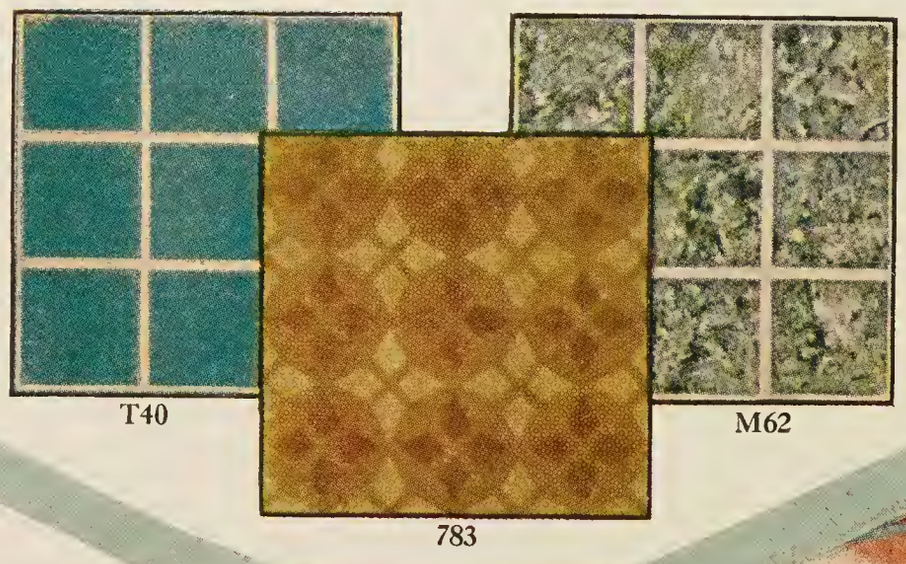
Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs

You can also buy rugs of Armstrong's Linoleum, suitable for kitchen, dining-room, or bedroom, and fully guaranteed to give satisfactory service. Send for free booklet, "Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs," showing colorplates of pleasing and artistic designs.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY
LINOLEUM DEPARTMENT
925 West Walnut St., Lancaster, Penna.

Look for the CIRCLE "A" trademark on the burlap back

IF you prefer any of these Armstrong patterns for your sun porch, order by number from your linoleum merchant. The design in the picture is No. T 43.



The Sun Porch

The grey wicker furniture and blue chintz coverings are just the furnishings this floor of Inset-Tile Linoleum calls for.

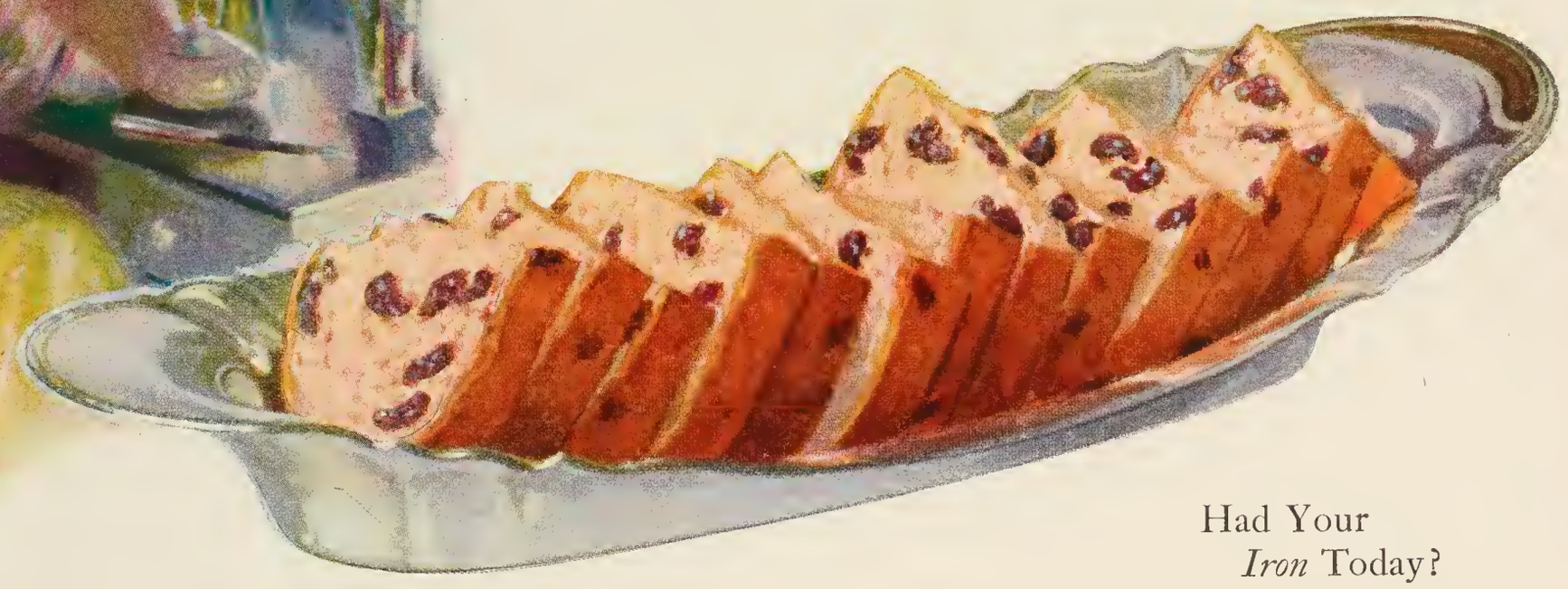




"Hot Raisin Toast!"

—what sounds better for your breakfast?

A delicious raisin bread toasted for breakfast! Serve it with the coffee, in the morning. One taste has made millions devotees. We think it will win *you too*. Try it and see.



Had Your *Iron* Today?

Foods That Energize
are what thousands need

RAISINS, once thought to be merely luscious tid-bits, are one of our most energizing foods.

And thousands of men and women who work hard and are active socially now use raisins to supply needed extra fuel from food.

Raisins are doubly valuable. For they furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound—being 75% pure fruit-sugar in practically predigested form. And raisins don't tax digestion as ordinary sugar and fat-fuels do. One feels new strength almost immediately after eating them.

Raisins served stewed with breakfast foods, in a raisin pie, in bread or in fruit salad, offer a prime way to increase the energizing nutriment of any meal in a most delightful manner. Eat them daily for their rich food-iron content also. Raisins are good conditioners of the blood, due to this iron.

If you, too, need more foods that energize delightfully and quickly you'll find a score of ways to make delicious ones with raisins.



The real healthfulness of raisins comes from regularity of use. A good way is to mix stewed raisins with cereals, such as oatmeal, puffed grains, corn flakes, shredded wheat, etc. Try them this way for ten days and note results.



When men come nome from business tired and depleted in energy, see how quickly a luscious raisin pie revives them. Pie is man's best liked dessert. Surprise and refresh "him" with a raisin pie.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Blue package (seeded) best for pie and bread



Always ask for *Sun-Maid* Raisins, produced from California's choicest table grapes. Tender, thin-skinned, juicy—the finest raisins grown.

Prepared and packaged in a great modern glass-walled plant in a famous California valley, they come to you immaculate, wholesome and always good.

Seeded, blue package *(seeds removed)*, best for pie and bread; Seedless, red package *(grown without seeds)*, best for stewing; Clusters *(on the stem)*, a delicious quick dessert.

Raisins are 30 per cent cheaper than formerly—see that you get plenty in your foods.

Your grocer has them. Ask for the *Sun-Maid* brand.

Mail coupon for *free book* of more than 100 tested recipes for nutritious raisin foods.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 13,000 Growers DEPT. A-204, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.,
Dept. A-204, Fresno, California.

Please send me copy of your free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes."

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....



EVERY THIRD CHILD IS UNDERFED

By Mary E. Bailey, R. N.

Many well-meaning mothers are starving their children. Are you sure you feed yours? In this important article Dr. Charles Gilmore Kerly, the noted baby specialist, endorses a height and weight scale that will help you answer this important question

THROUGH physical examinations of large groups of children of school and pre-school age within the past few years it has been shown that virtually one child out of every three is undernourished.

Proportionate to his size, the growing child requires more food than does an individual who has reached maturity. For, in addition to the food necessary to sustain life, the demands of growth must be supplied. This being true, if the intake of food is not sufficient we are soon face to face with that monster, malnutrition. These are the dangers of malnutrition:

First—The child's resistance is lowered. This is of paramount importance, for in disease of any nature one's resistance may be the deciding factor between life and death.

Second—The nervous system becomes unstable.

Third—Mental development may be retarded.

In other words, so far-reaching are its dangers that the child's entire life may be unfavorably influenced.

It is not alone the children of the poor who suffer from malnutrition. They may be found in equal numbers in homes of plenty in both city and country. And why is this?

There are many factors that have a bearing on this broad question. Chief among them are:

Faulty food habits;
Physical causes;
Mental disturbances.

Incorrect food habits are legion. Chief among these are:

Excessive milk drinking;
Aversions to certain foods and allowing the child to select his own diet;
Fast eating and improper chewing;
Too much candy and sweets;
Irregular eating and taking too much food at one time;
Inadequate breakfast and the tea and coffee habit.

IF KEPT on an exclusive milk diet after one year, or if after the eighteenth month milk is still the chief article of diet, children will invariably be found poorly nourished; they are pale, cross and irritable; the abdomen is usually prominent and the muscles are flabby. After the first year the diet should be gradually increased, since milk alone does not furnish the necessary materials for growth. If a child has the milk habit—that is, if all other food is refused, as sometimes happens—milk should be entirely cut off until a taste for other food has been acquired.

When a child begins to eat solid food, one of the most important points in training is to teach him a taste for the things that are essential to his development; for it is in the early years that food habits are formed. Occasionally an idiosyncrasy to certain foods may be encountered; for example, some people are poisoned by strawberries, others by eggs; but as a rule most of the food aversions of childhood can be overcome by suggestion. Very often it is only necessary to tell a child that certain foods will help him to accomplish feats he has admired in others. A child should never be allowed to select his own diet, consequently eating too much of one thing and refusing others necessary for his health and growth.

EATING too rapidly and without due regard to sufficient chewing leads to the development of a vicious circle, reacting on the body in different ways. These are indigestion and constipation, and lead to non-assimilation of the food eaten and loss of appetite, which can only result in malnutrition.

The habit of fast eating is often formed by allowing a child to keep his mind on his play while eating. Eager to get back to this, he literally bolts his food. He "eats and runs"; and if allowed to do so he will frequently leave the table before taking anything like a normal amount of food. Eating and drinking at the same time helps to form the habit of insufficient chewing.

Children should be allowed plenty of time for meals; they should be taught to eat slowly and to chew their food thoroughly. Liquids should not be allowed while eating, unless the child's mouth is empty. Fast eating soon becomes a habit, and once formed it is hard to overcome.

Candies and sweets, when eaten promiscuously, particularly before meals, lend themselves toward malnutrition by destroying the appetite for other and more nutritious food.

Irregular eating, or allowing a child to gorge himself at one meal, upsets digestion and spoils the appetite for the next. Meals should be given at a definite time each day, and from this rule there should be no deviation.

In many homes children are allowed to rush off to school without eating an adequate breakfast. Often they indulge freely in tea or coffee, which leaves them no appetite for other food. It is among these children that some of the most extreme cases of malnutrition are found.

It is during the early years that food habits are formed. Since a sufficient intake of food is the foundation of good health, the importance of painstaking care in this direction can not be overemphasized.

Among the physical causes that are a factor in malnutrition are:

Continued on page 78



Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters

I'd Like to Nail This Sign in Every Nursery



Mothers—please be regular. Baby's tiny anatomy should keep time like a watch. If it is fed at any convenient hour, bathed when you feel like it and allowed to sleep or wake at irregular intervals, you are bound to have a badly disorganized little anatomy to care for.

A baby is so logical. When everything is *right*—food, sleep, skin—baby is no more trouble than a kitten. But upset the schedule and everything is all wrong.

Take such an ordinary thing as talcum. You know that Mennen Borated is right, just as your Mother and Grandmother knew it was right. But suppose you experiment with a very cheap talcum or one without a properly balanced formula, or with one too strongly scented, or one which doesn't adhere to the skin. Baby's petal skin will show the difference very quickly.

While we are on this matter of skin, I want to tell you all over again about wonderful Kora-Konia. I'm sorry for any baby whose mother doesn't know about Kora-Konia. It's the most amazing remedy I have ever employed in my years of baby raising. Almost unbelievable are the results I have observed in cases of prickly heat, teething rashes, or inflammation caused by damp diapers.

Kora-Konia is not just another talcum. It isn't talcum at all, but possesses remarkable protective and curative virtues. It lays on raw inflamed flesh a velvety film of healing powder which clings for hours, protecting while it soothes and heals. Please try it. And do send your 25 cents at once for my Baby Book (35 cents in Canada). I know you will like it and get a lot of help from it. Lovingly, BELLE.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.
THE MENNEN COMPANY, LIMITED
Montreal, Quebec

Have you written for Aunt Belle's

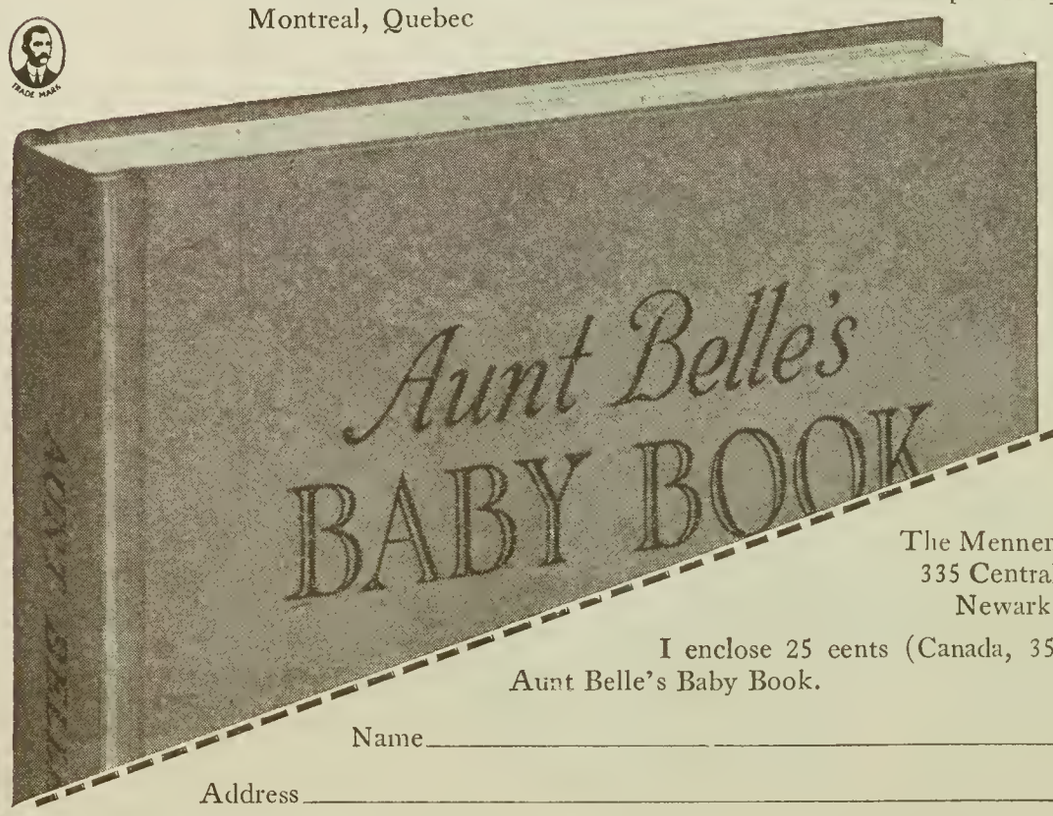
BABY BOOK?

It's the most helpful, scientific, comforting little book that ever guided a young mother through the wonderful trials of her first baby.

Thousands and thousands of babies are stronger and happier and will be more useful in the world, more successful, just because of Aunt Belle's practical day by day advice. Aunt Belle's only ambition is to be the world's greatest mother. She wants millions of babies.

That is why this invaluable book, beautifully printed, bound in stiff board covers, is sold for only 25 cents, 35 cents in Canada.

Send the coupon for your copy.



The Mennen Company,
335 Central Avenue,
Newark, N. J.

I enclose 25 cents (Canada, 35 cents) for Aunt Belle's Baby Book.

Name_____

Address_____

Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

Making Your Table Allowance Go Farther

"I HAVE just so much money each week to spend on my table," a young housekeeper explained to me recently. "Toward the end of the week, particularly if we have been entertaining, I find my allowance diminishing so that I can't afford expensive steaks and chops—yet I always try to set a very nice table. Can't you help me find some really attractive, yet inexpensive, meatless dishes?"

I knew just the recipe she needed, a delicious Salmon and Rice Loaf, molded with Knox Sparkling Gelatine—inexpensive yet attractive and appetite satisfying. She was delighted with it and asked for others which I gave her, explaining how helpful Knox Gelatine can be in making bits of leftover vegetables, fruits, fish and meats into salads and desserts which the most particular housewife would proudly place on her table.

Here is the first recipe I gave her. I will gladly send you the others if you'll write to me for them.

SALMON (OR TUNA FISH) RICE LOAF

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cupful of cold water 1 teaspoonful salt
½ teaspoonful pepper 1 cupful cooked rice
¾ cupful milk 1 tablespoon melted butter
1 can of salmon (or tuna fish)

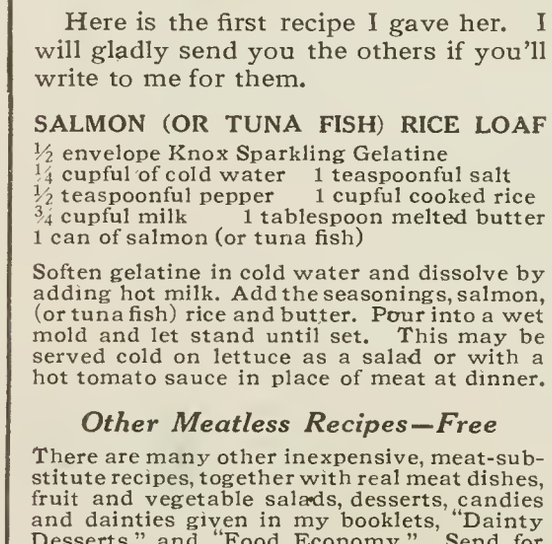
Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve by adding hot milk. Add the seasonings, salmon, (or tuna fish) rice and butter. Pour into a wet mold and let stand until set. This may be served cold on lettuce as a salad or with a hot tomato sauce in place of meat at dinner.

Other Meatless Recipes—Free

There are many other inexpensive, meat-substitute recipes, together with real meat dishes, fruit and vegetable salads, desserts, candies and dainties given in my booklets, "Dainty Desserts," and "Food Economy." Send for them. They are free. Just enclose 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name. Address

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE
166 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.

"Wherever a recipe calls for gelatine think of KNOX."



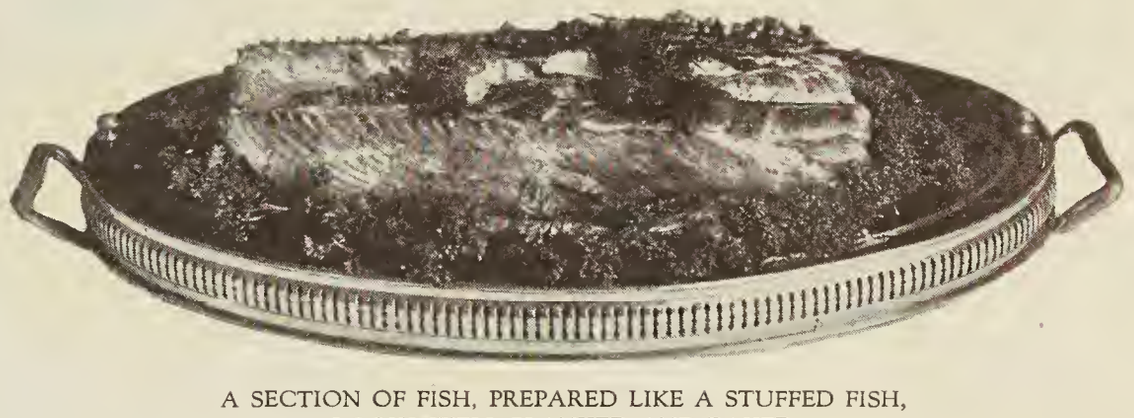
Plain Sparkling Gelatine for general use

Contains Lemon Flavor in Separate Envelope

MOST MEN LIKE FISH

Friday's food is good on any day

By S. E. Blau



A SECTION OF FISH, PREPARED LIKE A STUFFED FISH, LOOKS WELL PLANKED AND BAKED

FISH is regarded as a cheap food and digestible as well as nutritious. It has its favored day in the week, but is good on other days than Friday and should have a frequent place in the week's menu. This would enable dealers to bring to the home market a good selection. The law of supply and demand affects the cost as well.

MOLDED FISH

BUTTER an oval mold, lay in it a strip of boned fish, then a layer of bread-crums seasoned with melted butter, onion-juice, chopped parlsey, lemon-juice, pepper, salt and curry. Add more fish and crums till the mold is full. Moisten with one-half cup of milk or water. Add the whole or white of one egg, to bind the mixture together. Have crums on top and add bits of butter. Bake for one-half hour, unmold on a platter and serve with Spanish sauce. The fish may be served in the mold. Oysters dipped in buttered crums may be substituted for the seasoned crums and a Hollandaise sauce used.

JELLIED FISH

COOK a two-pound fish, and remove all the bones and skin. Chop fine and stir in, a little at a time, a gill of water; add a teaspoon of salt, the juice of three lemons, a tablespoon of grated onion, twenty-four almonds, blanched and finely chopped, and a dash of Cayenne. When all these ingredients have been carefully incorporated, add two tablespoons of gelatin softened in one-fourth cup cold water and dissolve over hot water. Pack into a mold, and, when thoroughly chilled, serve in a nest of crisp lettuce leaves with a mayonnaise dressing.

OYSTER COCKTAIL

OYSTER or clam cocktail is a popular substitute for the half-shell course. Thoroughly chill the bivalves, and also the tall, slender glasses in which they are to be served. Blend together two tablespoons of tomato catchup, a saltspoon each of tabasco sauce and grated horseradish and a dash of paprika and salt. Stir in three tablespoons of clam or oyster liquor and place the mixture on the ice. Put six oysters or clams in each glass and turn the sauce over them.

FISH CURRY

FOR making fish curry two pounds of fish cut in pieces the size of a Brazil nut are required. The ingredients include two small onions, an ounce of butter and a few cloves; stew these for several minutes and add a tablespoon of curry-powder, a tablespoon of curry paste and a pint of broth which have been beaten up together and passed through a sieve. If curry paste is not obtainable, add another teaspoon of curry-powder mixed with a teaspoon of flour. At this juncture the fish is consigned to the pan. When it has stewed half an hour, it is ready for serving.

BAKED STUFFED FISH

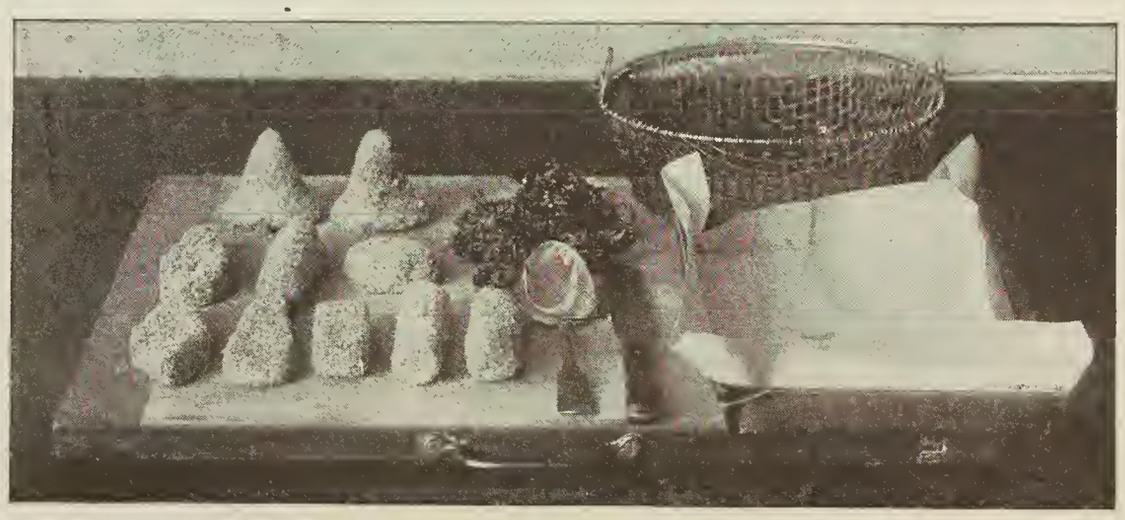
PREPARE a stuffing with one-half cup of bread-crums, one-fourth cup of melted butter, one-half cup of cracker-crums, a few drops of onion-juice, one-fourth teaspoon of salt, one-eighth teaspoon of pepper, one tablespoon of chopped parsley, two tablespoons of chopped pickles. Bind together with hot water. Lay one-half a boned fish on a tin sheet in a baking-pan, add the stuffing in a layer, then the second strip of fish, and bake for one-half hour. Serve with egg sauce. The whole fish, dressed for stuffing, may be filled with these seasoned crums, placed erect in a tin, in the shape of an S, larded with salt-pork wedges and baked till brown. Lift it out carefully on the tin sheet, slide it on to a platter, garnish with sprigs of parsley, cress or celery stuck in the eyes and mouth, and serve with a fish sauce.

MACKEREL ROE

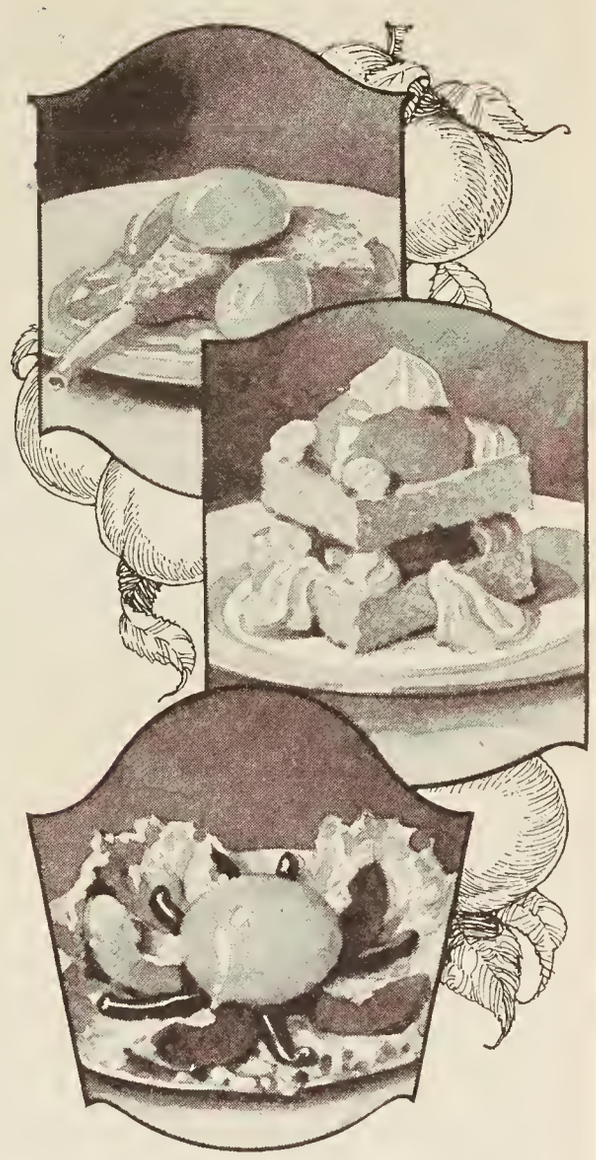
MACKEREL roe, though smaller than those of the shad, are equally fine in flavor. They must, however, be unbroken. Scald them in salted, acidulated water, drain and wipe them, season with salt, pepper, chopped parsley and a few drops of onion-juice. Flour them, dip in egg and crums and cook quickly in deep fat. As soon as they are a fine brown, drain them and lay on a folded napkin. Serve with fried parlsey or cut lemon.

CODFISH CROQUETTES

SOAK the whitest and best part of salt codfish overnight, then put it in cold water and let it simmer until cooked, then mince it well until it is very fine and light. To two cups of fish allow one cup of milk or cream, two tablespoons of butter and five tablespoons of flour. Put the milk on to boil, rub the butter and flour to a cream and add to the boiling milk. When this has become thick, take from the fire and add the fish, some Cayenne pepper and a little onion-juice. Beat all until very light. Stand on the ice for at least one hour. When quite cold, form into croquettes, roll in egg and bread-crums, fry in hot lard and serve with shrimp sauce or brown sauce seasoned with Worcestershire sauce.



ALL READY FOR FRYING ARE THESE FISH CROQUETTES—MOLDED AND DUSTED WITH CRACKER-CRUMS



-and Del Monte Apricots

see what you can do with a single can

One of the best ways to prove the real economy of Del Monte Fruits in adding tasty, healthful variety to every-day meals, is to try the following group of recipes—all made from a single No. 2½ can of Del Monte Apricots—each in adequate portions for six people.

Apricot Cereal Chops (For Breakfast)

Make a stiff mush from 1½ cups of boiling salted water and ¾ cup of oatmeal. Pour into a wet loaf pan and cool. Cut in thick slices and shape to resemble chops, roll in crumbs and brown in a frying pan. Insert short lengths of uncooked macaroni in one end, arrange on a hot platter, surround with ¾ cup (⅓ can) DEL MONTE Apricots and serve all with the hot sirup from the apricots.

Apricot Salad (For Luncheon)

Slice ¾ cup (⅓ can) DEL MONTE Apricots and 3 DEL MONTE Red Pimientos, arrange on lettuce and serve with either mayonnaise or French dressing.

Apricot Charlotte Russe (For Dinner)

Cut a sponge cake into squares and split each square. On each layer place slices of DEL MONTE Apricots, about ¾ cup (the remaining ⅓ can). Dot the top of each piece with whipped cream and serve.

This same economical use is possible with all Del Monte Fruits. Prove it by trying the hundreds of simple, tasty menu suggestions contained in our book "Del Monte Recipes of Flavor." For a free copy

Address Department D
CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California



The can that makes summer last all year long



Can you tell which hat is new?

THERE will be many a hat that you will admire in the "Easter parade"—smart, crisp straws that sparkle in the April sunshine.

You would be highly amused, perhaps, if asked whether you could pick out the new ones. But that is not so easy as it sounds. In fact, it is quite impossible, now that so many girls have discovered the secret of making last season's straw hat look as if it were bought only yesterday.

It is perfectly easy to do, as many of your most fashionable friends can tell you from experience. First, you go to the nearest drug store or dry goods or department store and get, for a quarter, a bottle of Colorite Hat Finish. There are sixteen colors to choose from, and the colors are waterproof and durable.

There is a little brush in the package with the bottle of Colorite. It will take but a few jolly minutes to give your favorite straw hat of last season a brand new color or, if you prefer, to restore its original color and crispness.

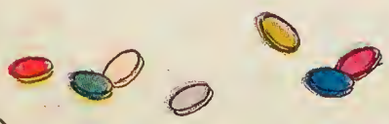
In half an hour it is dry and you have a hat that all your friends will greet as "new." For beauty is indeed "skin deep," and a new-looking hat is a new hat in your own joyous consciousness and in the eyes of every passer-by.

And surely here is a delightfully stylish economy—a new Easter hat for a quarter. Millions—yes, many millions—of smart women use Colorite Hat Finish every year. Just try it—don't discard last season's straw when you can restore its youth so easily with Colorite.

If the nearest store should happen to be out of your shade, or if anyone offers you a substitute—for, like all successful things, Colorite Hat Finish has imitators—just send us 25 cents (in Canada 30 cents) for the color you want, and it will go to you by return mail.



These concentrated tablet dyes will dye or tint any kind of fabric. They are easy to use and will not stain the hands. They will give your fabric fast color if you wish. Sixteen colors to choose from. Four or eight tablets to a package—price 15c and 25c.



CARPENTER-MORTON COMPANY
Established 1840
Also Makers of Colorite Fabric Dyes
Dept. 14 77 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Colorite HAT FINISH



16 COLORS

1 Cadet Blue	9 Old Rose
2 Violet	10 Cardinal Red
3 Cerise	11 Sage Green
4 Yellow	12 Dull Black
5 Victory Blue	13 Burnt Straw
6 Gray	14 Lavender
7 Brown	15 Navy Blue
8 Jet Black (Gloss)	16 Natural

How To Have Really Beautiful Hair

PAINTING BY WILL GREFÉ



I



Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips.

II



The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water.

III



When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers.

IV



When the hair is dry always give it a good thorough brushing.

Copyright, 1922, The R. L. Watkins Co.

BEAUTIFUL hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing, to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women now use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

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Splendid for Children

Fine for Men



P. © G.

After an absence of a few months Celia Caroline Cole has returned to her old department. Mrs. Cole believes that it is every woman's duty to be charming. She spends a large part of her life spreading that faith. Let her help *you*. No matter where you live nor how busy you are, time spared for beauty will make you happier. A stamped and addressed envelope sent her will bring you answers to any questions.

WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTIN' FOR?

By Celia Caroline Cole

CROCUSES and daffodils. Pussy-willows and lazy livers. Tonics with iron in them. March winds and soothing creams. Romance. Top-knots done in henna. Poets twanging their heart-strings and singing of love. What's it all about?

Just Nature—in Spring. And common sense. After a Winter of scramble and tear, thick foods and thin communing with one's soul, Nature sends April along to bid us "stick a feather in our cap and throw our spade away!" April, swinging down the path, opening, opening all along the road; April, to take one look at our mad *busyness* and call with cool jeering, "What's all the shootin' for? Come on out! Let go! *Be* instead of do! Live, live, live!"

Mother hears her, and orders in the cleaning-woman; or turns to and does it herself. She doesn't want to do this—she wants to be young and lovely again, hair a little less drab—perhaps just a bit of brightening in the rinsing-water—skin less dull and lax—maybe a good skin tonic or even a faint brush of a rouged rabbit's foot across her cheek—she *wants* to do this—in Spring—and we hope with all our might she will! But clear windows and new chintz are the accepted way for mother—in Spring. As if a house could ever be as important or exciting as a pretty woman!

FATHER hears her, too—April coming down the road—and looks up long enough to sniff the Spring, sigh a little, and think perhaps he'd better buy a new necktie on his way home that night.

Son opens his arms to her, and, true to youth and the poets, "lightly turns to love." Every pretty pair of long-lashed eyes, every scarlet mouth stirs his fancy into life.

But it's Daughter who *acts*. Close as a sister. April means this to her. New, wispy clothes with the color and rhythm of Spring in them. A face fresh as April rain, eager as May wind, radiant as a daffodil. And, ultimately, love.

"Let go! Rest! Be!" cries April. "Stop running, and live! Beauty, beauty, beauty!"

And so she gives us Spring-fever. And everything in us wants to "play hookey"—one of Nature's little tricks to make us let go and rest. She's after beauty—and rest is one of the cornerstones of loveliness.

The woman judged by a great artist to be the most beautiful woman in the United States says: "Of course none of us is really beautiful in America; our faces are too hurried."

And the beauty specialists—I don't know a single clever one who doesn't wring her hands over the way women drive themselves along after they feel they can't go another single minute. "Of course I can help her a lot!" they say. "But I can't make her the lovely thing she could be because she won't rest! And doesn't know how to rest when she does try!" So they build their rooms with an eye to rest. They use the kind of treatment-chair that will relax tired spines; they ask their attendants not to talk to the client, but let her go to sleep if she will. One charming place serves tea to give relaxation. Another has placed at the head of her building-up and research department a graduate physical culturist who knows how not only to make every muscle do its work properly, but to "lie down and play dead" when it needs rest.

EVERYTHING in the universe has rhythm: The rising and the setting of the sun, the ebb and flow of the sea, the coming of the stars, the seasons. They go out in order to come in—rhythmical, measured order.

Man alone has lost his rhythm. And so he wears out.

At the age of thirty-five we begin to walk on our hips; we have forgotten how to sit correctly, with the base of the spine pushed back in the chair; instead, we round out the small of our backs and pull all our nerve-centers out of plumb. Lines come around our eyes, because we have not learned that rest which alone can wholly relax the eye; our muscles sag and grow flabby because we have rested them hit-or-miss fashion instead of the scientific slipping of them back into their rhythm.

Just as the flowing out of a wave is the under-rhythm of that wave, so relaxing scientifically is the under-rhythm of our bodies. We rest in order to come up to the crest, the wave flows out in order to rise.

WHEN you lie down to rest, let down your hair. Hair gets tired, just as nerves do. Release it from pins and its wonted position. Hair would be stronger and silkier if its owner would only remember to give it a rest now and then. If you wear it dressed high and refuse to wear it down in pigtails at night—nice, loosely braided pigtails, becoming they are, too—then at least dress it low when you go to sleep; and if low in the daytime, then high at night. And when you lie down for your half-hour in the afternoon—which every woman should do if she wants to keep her look of youth—unless, of course, she gets up very late in the morning—let your hair down, flowing around you.

Now close your eyes. What do you see?

Unless you see thick velvety black, depth on depth of black, your eyes are not relaxed. Make a cup of your hand by bending forward the fingers, pressed one against another, and the thumb pressed against the side of the hand below the forefinger so that the palm has formed into a cup. Now put the base of the right hand on the right cheek bone, and of the left on the left cheek bone crossing the hands over the forehead so that no light will come through. Then close the eyes and think black, deep, deep black. Lie or sit with the cupped hands over the eyes for ten minutes. You will find all the little nerve-centers around the eyes letting go. Rest.

And the face, almost nobody knows how to rest her poor, old blessed face—we rest our minds, our bodies, we even give our families a rest, but when any one talks of "resting your face," it's either an insult or a joke. And yet it is impossible for the muscles of the face to really rest unless you consciously release them from their tenseness. A face has to be rested, up, not down, relaxed, but not sagging. And this is the way to do it:

YOU come in out of the world into your own nice little place called home, so tired that you feel that if a door slams you'll disintegrate. You don't want to fuss with toilet preparations; you are too tired. But, of course, you *must* get clean. So tear off a piece of absorbent cotton as you stumble into the bathroom, turn on the cold water, wet your cotton, squeeze it quite dry; pour out a little sweet, smelly tonic in the upturned cover of your cold-cream jar, wet the cotton in that, squeeze it out, rub it over the cold-cream and then over your face—always, of course, rubbing up. Then if the cotton looks very soiled take another piece, and do it again. Wipe off the cream with a soft Japanese tissue or somebody's old worn-out linen hankie.

Next drop off as many of your clothes as you feel touching you and flop on the nearest bed or couch; then, in sitting position, drop your head forward as if it had been struck on the back; drop back as if you had been struck on the chin.

Then lie down on your back and let go of the nerves in your wrist by lifting your hands and dropping them as if they were an absolutely dead weight; do the same with your legs. Now shut your eyes and think thick black; *think* the *will* out of your wrists and ankles if the tension tries to come back; and, last beatific touch, think a smile; don't really smile, because that makes the little smile lines around the eyes; just think it, and watch how all the muscles in the cheek and chin and those tight lines from nose to mouth draw up, and smooth out, and go to sleep.

If you want to feel like the dawn on the first day of Spring, put skin food on your face, and over it little pads of cotton wrung out in ice-cold water and a good strong astringent doused on each little pad; there will be a pad on each cheek, a pad on the forehead and a big pad on and under the chin strapped with a chin-strap or another of father's hankies. And little pads with skin tonic—not astringent—over each closed eye.

We know of one astringent that smells like all the clean well-bred things in the world—we don't know just what they are, but that's what the astringent smells like, and we love it so that we'd pawn almost anything we have to get another bottle if that was the only way we could get it; and there is another beautiful one that smells like a pine forest, wave on wave of delicious pine fragrance soothes you as you breathe. And speaking of breathing, when you've thought that smile and your face is all released, breathe long, comfy, relaxing sighs. And if you have somebody who can wait on you, or have hot water at your elbow, put a hot-water bottle at the base of your spine.

NOW make your mind hold up its end of it. Make it shut the door against worry with this little ritual: "No problems!" Say it again until every bit of your body and mind agrees with you. "No problems. Peace. Rest. Sleep." There again is your rhythm—the wave flowing out so that it can rise again.

Learn to rest in action—when you are on the car, in an elevator waiting for a late friend (perhaps that isn't action, but we always feel very active when waiting for somebody who's late)—relax the part of the body you are not using. If you are sitting down, rest those wrist nerves the way you do at home on the couch, lift them once and drop them as if they were a dead weight; modestly push out one leg just far enough to turn the foot up to make a right angle with the leg and stretch the foot down again as far as you can, you have relaxed your ankle; think your smile, and see black with your eyes, or if you don't want to close your eyes, look out the car window at some point farther than you can see, far, far, beyond all those things in your immediate range, then bring the eye back from that point slowly; you have changed its focus and so released it from strain.

WHEN you're shopping—that frightful, exciting, alluring wild beast in the Woman Jungle which we all hunt down and which hunts us down just as fiercely—when you're doing that, stop; no matter how much else there is to do, stop for just five minutes, or ten if you can, and go into a rest-room and do the things just outlined above. Body and mind will be renewed right in the midst of the turmoil.

All women who have nervous wear and tear should know three exercises which we learned from a woman who is at the head of a big correspondence department. With millions of things pulling at her every minute in the day, she looks as young and fresh and lovely as a girl at her first dance.

Whenever she feels herself getting nervously tired, she does these three things: first, stretches out her arms at the side, not tensely, easily, and flops her hands up and down as if she were shaking them off her wrists; then she brings her arms in closer to her body and, bending her elbows, shakes them again; next she lies down on her face, her arms are brought up under her, with her breasts pressing against her hands; then she pushes upward on the shoulders and the head back; this flexes the upper part of the spine and plays upon the nerve-centers and releases tension. Next, still lying on her face but with her feet raised over the end of her bed twelve or fifteen inches, if she is at home, or if she is in her private office, she lies on the floor and lifts her feet over the rounds of a chair or the lower part of the table, or anything that is a foot or so from the floor—*knees not flexed*. Then she lifts her feet higher, never flexing the knees—if the knees are bent nothing at all is accomplished, but if they are held straight the base of the spine is released and nerves freed. This not only releases the lower spine but is very good for all those abdominal organs that cause women so much despair.

MAKE rest a part of the business of living. What's all the shootin' for? What's life for?

Think of life stripped of all beauty!

Take time to add to the length of your days. And to the loveliness in the world. We need beauty, all we can get—in this mad, troubled, shootin' old world.

Come on, it's *Spring!*

EGGS FOR EASTER AND OTHER DAYS

There is an art in cooking eggs—here are the secrets

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

THE secret of egg cookery lies in one simple principle, and one that should be applied with variations to the preparation of cheese, legumes, and even certain meat dishes. It is this: "High temperatures toughen and harden protein," or conversely stated "Protein foods should be cooked at low temperatures." The egg is probably the most delicate form of protein food, the white being almost pure albumin. Even more careful handling is required than for cheese.

Eggs should never be subjected to as high a temperature as boiling water. In other words, a properly boiled egg is not an egg that has been boiled, but one that has been held in water below the boiling-point; around 170° to 180° Fahrenheit for the length of time necessary to give the consistency desired. If the water is at once removed from the heat and the dish tightly covered the egg will be soft cooked at the end of six minutes. If a medium-cooked egg is preferred, ten or twelve minutes will be required.

Once the principle is mastered for boiled eggs, the trick is done for all other forms. Low temperature or one below the boiling-point of water is the rule for poached eggs, fried eggs, scrambled eggs, baked egg dishes such as custards, soufflés, meringues—low temperatures for them all. It takes longer, but it pays in results. And, incidentally, all egg dishes that are to be baked should be set in a dish of hot water when placed in the oven and baked in what is commonly called a slow oven (250° to 350° F.). This, too, is the keynote of a successful meringue—one that expands and expands and doesn't fall flat or produce drops of honey has had long, slow baking for twenty minutes or more in a slow oven (250° to 350° F.).

RAGOUT OF EGGS

6 hard-boiled eggs
2 cups mushrooms
3 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon flour
½ cup milk
Salt
Paprika
Onion-juice

WASH the mushrooms, dry them between towels and cut them in small pieces. Melt the butter, add the mushrooms and sauté them carefully.

Moisten the flour in a little of the cold milk, add it to the mushrooms and stir well. When well mixed, add the remainder of the milk, the onion-juice, salt and paprika. Simmer the mixture until it thickens. Cut the boiled eggs in halves lengthwise, removing the yolks. Place the whites on a hot platter hollow side up. Fill the cavities with the mushroom mixture. Place the remainder of the mushrooms around the eggs. Put the yolks through a sifter and sprinkle them lightly over the mixture. Garnish with parsley and serve at once.

CREAMED EGGS AND MUSHROOMS

PREPARE mushrooms as for ragout, increasing the milk to one and one-half cups. Add three hard-cooked eggs cut in small pieces. Mix well and serve on thin slices of toasted bread. Sprinkle with finely minced parsley and serve at once.

EASTER JELLY SALAD

1 pint of cooked tomatoes
Small bay-leaf
Slice of onion
Small stalk of celery
Two or three cloves
1 tablespoon gelatin softened in 4 tablespoons cold water
Salt

SIMMER the tomatoes and seasonings for a few minutes. Strain and add the softened gelatin. Stir well and pour the mixture into egg-shell molds.

To prepare the egg-shells, open the eggs at the small end, remove the egg and rinse the inside of the shell with cold water. Fill the shells with the tomato mixture and set them aside to harden in a pan of meal or any other substance that will hold them upright. Small muffin pans may be used for this purpose. When ready to serve, remove the shell from the jelly and place the tomato-egg upright on a lettuce leaf. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY SALAD

6 hard-boiled eggs
⅔ cup mayonnaise dressing
Parsley or minced celery leaves
Stuffed olives
2 teaspoons gelatin softened in 2 tablespoons cold water

REMOVE the shells from the eggs and cut the tip from the small end so that the egg will stand upright. Dissolve the gelatin over heat and add it to the mayonnaise dressing. Beat well. With a spatula or spoon cover the entire surface of the egg with the salad dressing to which the gelatin has been added. Cut olives in thin slices and place on the sides of the egg in any design desired. Minced celery leaves may be used or the tiny leaves of parsley.

Rings or other fancy shapes may be cut from green or red pepper or both and used to decorate the eggs. For children's parties, decorations may be put on to form the outlines of Humpty-Dumpty faces. The gelatin stiffens the mayonnaise so that it adheres to the surface of the egg as well as holds the olive or pepper slices in place, and also gives the egg a glossy surface.

Serve each egg on a bed of parsley, or cress or a lettuce cup. The salads must be kept in a cool place until served.

EASTER NESTS

EASTER nests are made from cheese straws; the eggs are made from a noodle mixture. They are served with salads or soup at Easter meals.

Make cheese straws by rolling plain or flaky pastry into a rectangular sheet one inch thick. Sprinkle one-half the sheet well with grated cheese seasoned with paprika and salt. Fold the other half of the pastry over the cheese, press the edges together. Fold again and roll out as before; then add cheese as at first, fold and again roll out in a sheet. Cut the pastry in very narrow strips of any desired length. Place them on a baking-sheet and bake in a moderate oven (350° to 400° F.) for about 8 minutes or until they are a very light straw color.

Beat two eggs slightly, add a few grains of salt and flour enough to make a stiff dough. Knead until the dough is elastic. Roll into a thin paper-like sheet. Cover with a cloth for thirty minutes. Fold the paste to make two or three layers, roll lightly and cut with small cutter into one-half-inch rounds. Fry the rounds in deep fat.

The pastry will puff in cooking and look like small balls or eggs. The eggs are piled lightly inside the nest of cheese straws and served.

CLUBETTE SANDWICH

PREPARE plain scrambled eggs. Toast medium-thin slices of bread and butter them. Cover one slice with a layer of scrambled eggs, sprinkle it with minced parsley and Spanish onion. Cover with a crisp lettuce leaf. Spread mayonnaise dressing on the leaf. Cover with the other slice of toast. Garnish with crisp bacon and thin slices of dill pickle.

SCRAMBLED EGGS

ALLOW one teaspoon butter and four tablespoons milk to each egg. Melt the butter in the top of a double boiler, beat the eggs lightly, add salt, pepper and milk and add this to the butter. Keep the water in the lower part of the double boiler just below the boiling-point. Stir the eggs occasionally with a light, lifting motion and cook until the mixture is of a soft jelly-like consistency. Serve at once on slices of toast. Garnish with crisp slices of bacon.

Scrambled eggs should be cooked over low, even, slow heat. As soon as they reach the jelly-like stage, they should be served at once. If allowed to stand, they become hard and watery. Allow from fifteen to twenty minutes for cooking enough scrambled eggs for six persons.

EGG CUTLETS

1 cup milk
3 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon butter
3 tablespoons grated cheese
2 hard-boiled eggs
Minced onion
Parsley or celery to taste
Salt and pepper

MAKE a well-cooked white sauce of the butter, flour and milk. Put the eggs through a coarse sieve or food-chopper. Combine the eggs and the other ingredients with the white sauce and let the mixture stand until it is cold. Shape it into small cutlets.

Beat an egg and add three tablespoons milk. Dip the cutlets in the egg-mixture, roll in bread or cracker crums. Fry them in deep fat and drain them on a soft absorbent paper. Serve the cutlets on a hot platter, arranged to form a border for a mound of French peas.

EGG-AND-FISH LOAF

3 hard-boiled eggs
1 cup fish — salmon, tuna fish or any left-over fish
1 cup cold boiled rice
1 teaspoon minced onion
3 thin slices of bacon cut in bits
Salt and paprika to taste
Milk to moisten

GREASE a baking-mold. Slice one of the boiled eggs in thin rings and place them around the side of the pan for a garnish. Press the fish mixture into the pan. Bake for thirty minutes. Turn the loaf out on a hot platter. Serve with a tomato sauce.

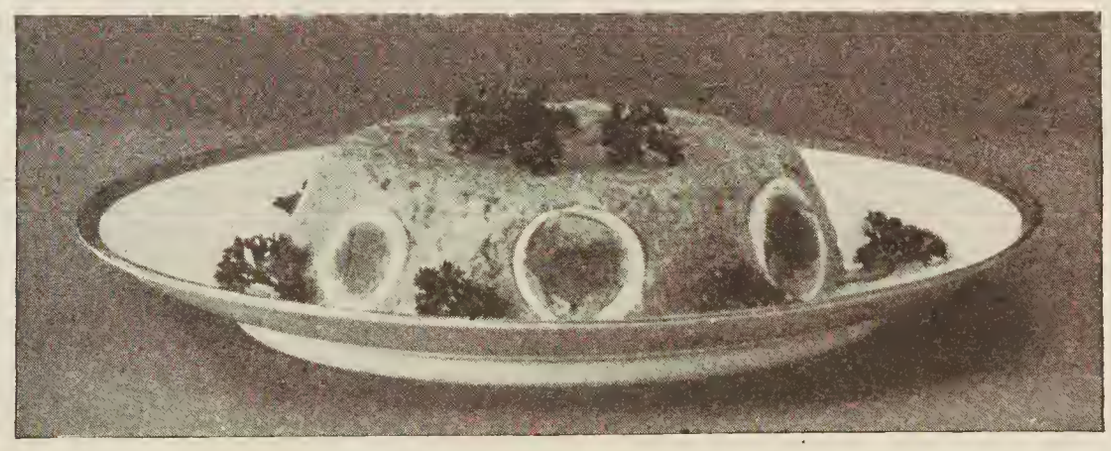
EGG-AND-SPINACH SALAD

2 hard-boiled eggs put through a coarse sieve
1 pint spinach, cooked and chopped
1 tablespoon mild onion minced
1 green pepper or 1 pimiento minced
Salt and paprika to taste
Mayonnaise dressing to moisten
½ cup celery cut in small pieces

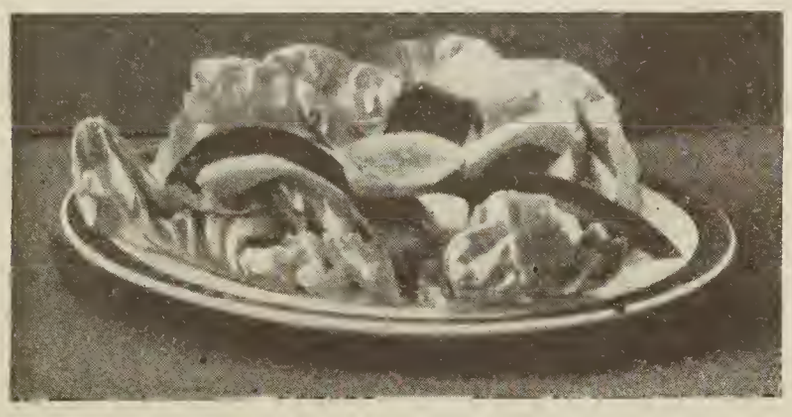
MIX the ingredients well together and press into a mold. When ready to serve, remove from the mold and garnish the top with hard-boiled egg-white, cut to represent the leaves of a daisy. Place sections of the egg-white and salad dressing around the base. If preferred, the salad may be molded in individual molds. Remember always to chill a salad before you serve it.



EGG CUTLET WITH PEAS PROVES THAT WHOLESOME FOOD MAY ALSO BE APPETIZING



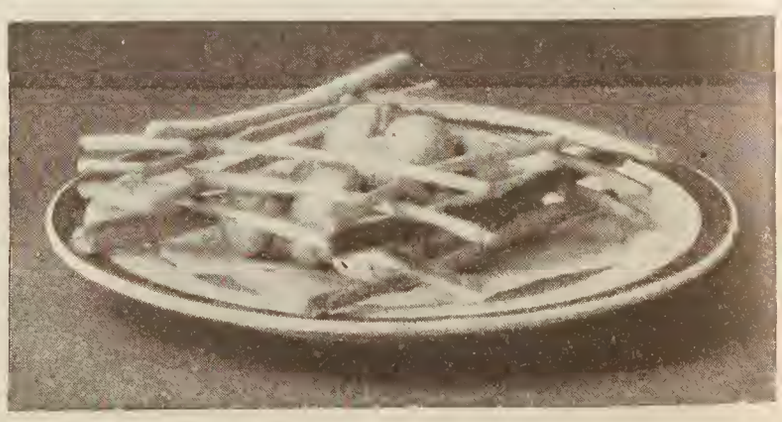
THIS EGG-AND-FISH LOAF MAKES A SUBSTANTIAL YET DAINTY DISH FOR A SMALL LUNCHEON



EASTER JELLY SALAD WITH TOMATO EGG TEMPTS THE SPRINGTIME APPETITE



HUMPTY-DUMPTY, SPRINKLED WITH PARSLEY AND CROWNED WITH RED PEPPER



EGG'S NEST REPLACES THE RABBIT'S NEST FOR AN EASTER LUNCHEON DISH



Of course she used Carnation

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Tested Recipes from the Carnation Cook Book

Fudge

2 cups sugar, ½ cup Carnation Milk, 1/16 tsp. cream of tartar, ½ cup water, 2 tbsp. butter, 2 squares unsweetened chocolate. Put sugar, Carnation Milk, water and cream of tartar in a saucepan. Stir thoroughly. Place on stove and boil slowly. When nearly done, add chocolate and continue cooking until the candy forms a soft ball when dipped in cold water. Remove from fire. Let it partially cool, then stir vigorously. Turn into a greased pan.

Carnation Divinity Fudge

⅓ cup water, 1 tsp. vanilla, 2 cups brown sugar, 1/16 tsp. cream of tartar, 1 cup nuts, 2 tbsp. butter, ¼ tsp. orange peel, ⅛ cup Carnation Milk. Put sugar, Carnation Milk, water, butter, orange peel and cream of tartar in a stew pan. Stir thoroughly until it begins to boil. Cook until it forms a soft ball when tested in water. Remove from fire; stir vigorously; add vanilla. Arrange half nut meats on a greased pan and pour fudge over them.

Divinity

2½ cups sugar, ⅛ cup Carnation Milk, ⅓ cup water, ½ cup corn syrup, whites of 2 eggs. Put sugar, corn syrup, milk and water in a saucepan. Stir thoroughly. Place over fire; continue stirring until it begins to boil. Boil until it registers 255 degrees F. or until it forms a hard ball when tested in cold water. Remove from fire; let stand while beating the whites of eggs. Beat the eggs very stiff. Pour the syrup slowly over the beaten whites, beating constantly. Add nuts if desired.

Opera Caramels

2 cups sugar, ½ cup Carnation Milk, ½ cup water, ⅛ tsp. cream of tartar, 1 tsp. raspberry extract. Put sugar, Carnation Milk and water in a saucepan, stir until it boils; add cream of tartar and boil, stirring carefully, to prevent burning, until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Pour on a large plate which has been wet with cold water. With a broad spatula or spoon, work the candy back and forth until it becomes firm. Add extract; put on a buttered plate; cut in squares.

Old Fashioned Molasses Taffy

½ cup molasses, 1¼ tbsp. vinegar, ¼ cup Carnation Milk, ¼ tsp. cream of tartar, ⅛ tsp. soda, ¼ cup water, 3 tbsp. butter, 1½ cups sugar. Put molasses, sugar, Carnation Milk, water and vinegar in a saucepan; stir until it begins to boil; then add cream of tartar. When nearly done, add butter and soda. Continue cooking until it becomes brittle when tried in cold water. Pour on a buttered plate; when cool pull until it is light in color. Cut into small pieces with scissors. Caution: Use a good grade of light colored molasses.

Parlor Bon Bons

Put equal parts of Carnation Milk and white of egg into a bowl; then stir in XXXX Confectioner's sugar until mixture is stiff enough to shape. This fondant may be used as follows:

Cinnamon Bon Bons

Flavor ¼ of the fondant with cinnamon; color red and make it into squares, patties or any other desired shapes.

Pistachio Bon Bons

Flavor ¼ of the fondant with pistachio; color green and make into squares or patties.

Chocolate Bon Bons

Flavor ¼ of the fondant with peppermint, make into patties and dip in melted chocolate; place on a greased paper and let harden.

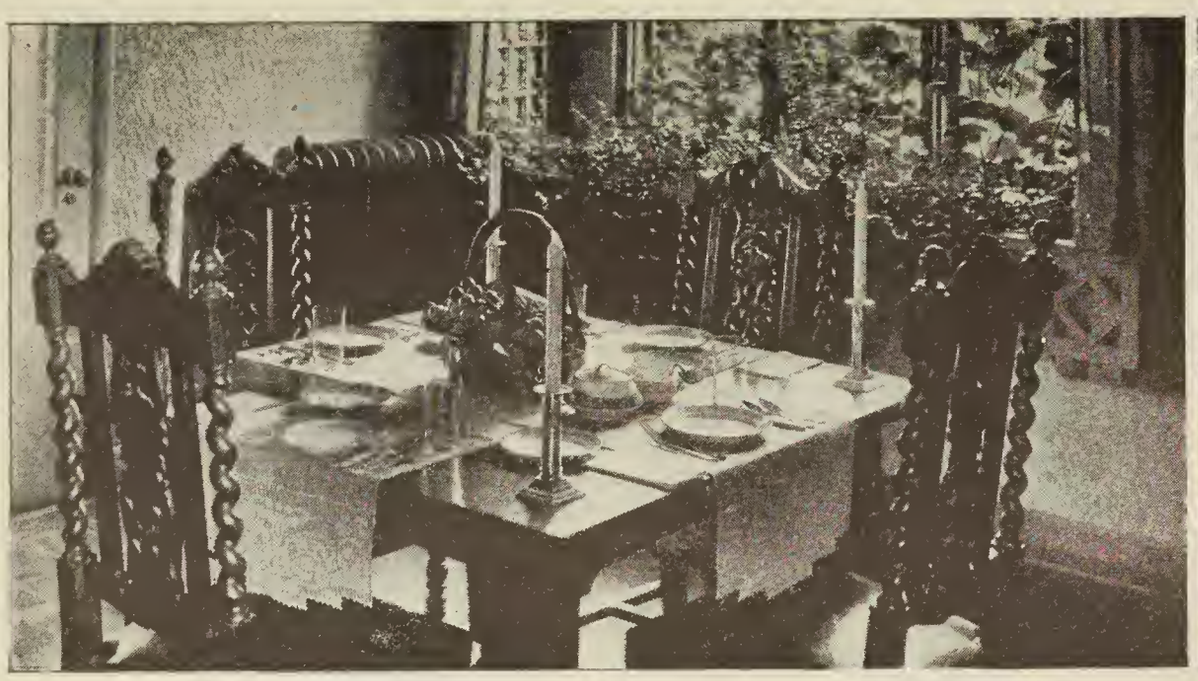
Stuffed Dates

Flavor ¼ of the fondant with vanilla. Remove stones from dates, fill with fondant. The dates may be rolled in sugar if desired.

Always thoroughly mix Carnation Milk and water.

The Carnation Cook Book contains more than 100 tested economical recipes. It will be mailed free on request. Send for this handy recipe book today.

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FRUIT, CANDLES AND A PERENNIAL FLOWER DECORATION ENHANCE THE CHARM OF MEAL-TIME AT THIS INVITING TABLE



A TABLE, WHOSE STURDY CHARACTER IS CARRIED OUT IN QUAINT CHINA, REVEALS THE POSSIBILITY OF SERVING A VIEW WITH TEA

THE ART OF A CHARMING TABLE

Some simple methods for making it effective

By Annette J. Warner

A little thought is a big investment in charm for your home. Rearranging the things you already have sometimes makes a dull room colorful and artistic. If you have a problem in making your home beautiful, send a self-addressed envelope to the House-Decoration Department of THE DELINEATOR.

A QUEER notion seems to be current that the table exists to feed people. It exists to feed people, but far more to gather the members of a household together three times a day; to acquaint them with each other by revealing little intimate traits of character; to furnish a court in which may be impartially discussed problems of family, community and nation; to be a glowing center in the family life about which choice memories will ever linger.

The table is a far more universal gathering-place for the family in this generation than the now unessential fireside, and it is second only to the fireside in the richness of the tradition and the symbolism of hospitality and home that are associated with it. To "eat one's salt," to "break bread" with any one, to "sit at meat" in a house are phrases that are synonymous with hospitality and friendly ceremony. Table manners and customs are the outward indications of the degree of inner refinement of people and of their accustomedness to the amenities of civilization.

The time spent at the table in even an ordinary household, added to that spent in the preparation and serving of the food, emphasizes again the consideration due the table. So important a feature of the family life should be lifted above the plane of physical necessity to one where the spirit also is refreshed. The hunger of mankind has never been satisfied by bread alone. Mohammed said, "He that has two cakes of bread, let him sell one of them for some flower of the narcissus; for bread is the food of the body; but narcissus is food for the soul."

In the decorative effect of the table ready for a meal, every item is important. The character of the table itself, the linen, the china, the silver, the food, its service, are all important. The artistry of a thing is inherent in the original idea, is concerned with every phase of its expression. A table ready for service may be a complete design with nothing on the table but the food and the furnishings necessary to serve the food effectively. Such a table was recently seen in a modern home. The table, large enough for a luncheon for two, was a sturdy design, with which the warm gray linen table runner blended; the quaint tea-set and the forceful pattern of the dishes made an excellent setting for the food.

AT A luncheon served for three on a tiled porch opening on a green pleasance, the homely little chairs around the table set with honest homespun doilies, quaint ware and colorful food, were parts of a picture; the picturesque porch and terraced garden an adequate frame.

A breakfast-table in another house was charming because of the happy relation between the simple table, the well-chosen gray hand-woven linen cover with blue border, the colorful dishes and the orderly arrangement.

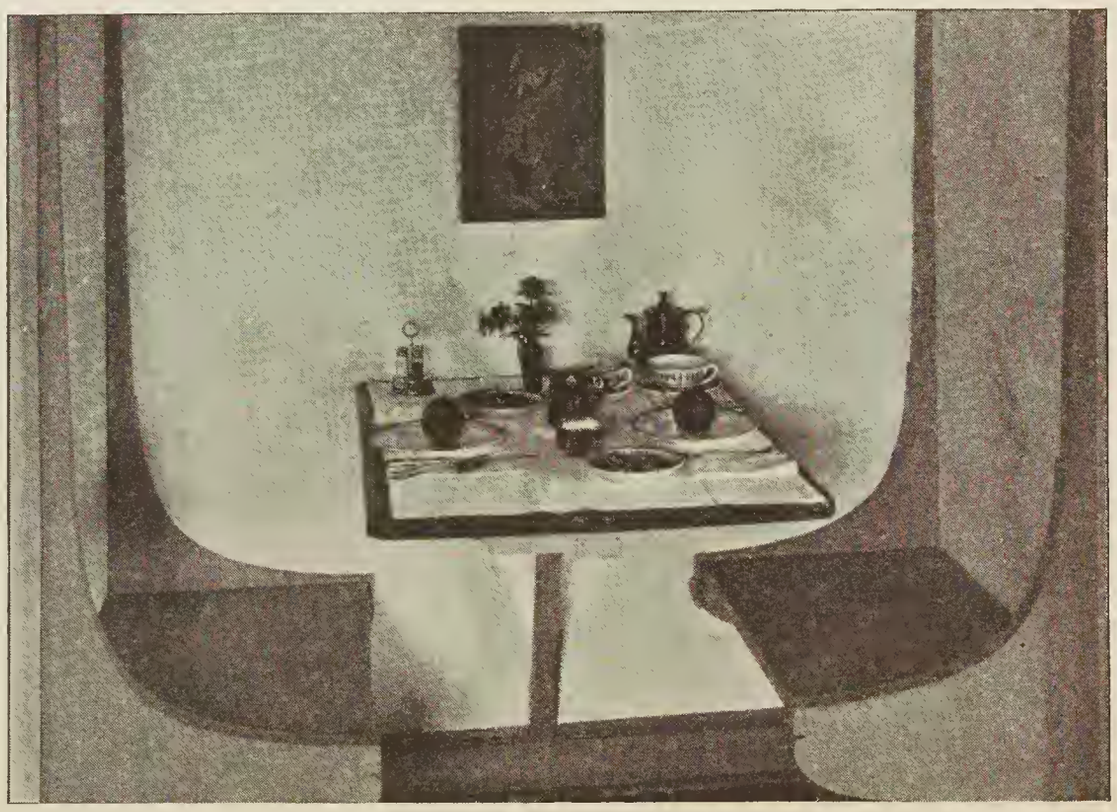
So dear to the heart of the housekeeper is her heritage of linen, conventional sets of china, glass and silver that the tradition of a table covered with an expanse of dazzling white damask or lace with shining and glowing and glittering furnishings has persisted for generations and must still be reckoned with. Such a table is not entirely without charm, but it should appropriately be environed by light walls and painted woodwork. In the midst of the dark rich furnishings, such tables fail to accord in color, texture, or spirit with their surroundings.

ONE table position near a window with a charming view, suggests possibilities for many inspiring decorative effects at meal-time through utilizing landscape, cloudscape, garden or other out-of-window environment, and it is surprising that it is not more often taken advantage of in the home dining-room when the family is small. The eagerness with which the table near the window in the tea-room or hotel dining-room is seized upon is evidence of the popular appreciation of a view served with the other refreshments.

A window garden in the dining-room is an inspiration to happy thinking at meal-time and is a sort of perennial decorative effect that, while apart from the table, enhances the enjoyment of every meal served on the table.

In the time of our greatest grandmothers, the kitchen was the liveliest and most interesting center of the family life and among its numerous activities served as the family dining-room. During the last century the kitchen fell into disrepute in many ways and became the scene of the least popular family tasks, was abandoned entirely as a dining-place, and sometimes was forsaken by the family altogether. Modern building conditions, new industrial situations, the war and other factors have brought about a new attitude toward home economics and the kitchen is again coming into its own as one of the most attractive elements in the dwelling-house. Light, air, attractive coloring, convenient and interesting furnishings are planned for the kitchen, and these make it a background not to be disregarded for an early breakfast or a quick lunch. The kitchen alcove may be the object of as thoughtful design as a bay window or an ingle-nook for the living-room; a dainty breakfast served in such an environment may make a cheerful start for any new day.

THOUGH the table may be attractive and decorative by reason of its character, its furnishings, and environment, there are little details not absolutely essential to the serving of food that give it charm and individuality and add to the enjoyment of a meal.



BREAKFAST FOR TWO IN THIS KITCHEN ALCOVE, DESIGNED AND DECORATED AS THOUGHTFULLY AS THE LIVING-ROOM INGLE-NOOK, IS A CHEERFUL BEGINNING

Flowers are so varied in color and character, so plenty and convenient for the purpose that they are very generally used as the motive of a decorative scheme or to complete the decorative effect. Flowers with a very delicate odor or no odor at all are preferable for the table, since flower and food odors do not mingle agreeably. Their color should accord with, though it need not match, the color of the table furnishings.

The character also of the flowers should be considered in relation to the other parts of the table design; with dainty and delicate china, dainty and delicate flowers are in keeping; with china of a more forceful character and design, sturdy and characterful flowers harmonize better. The orchid needs a background and occasion of special distinction. The nasturtium, the pansy, sweet peas, bachelor's-buttons, calendulas, roses and many other garden favorites are much more friendly to every-day occasions and environments. Branches of berries, ferns, and Autumn leaves suggest the wealth of nature material that may be utilized.

NAME-CARDS or menus that bear a more or less realistic likeness to chips of bark, fat calla lilies will but disfigure an otherwise attractive table. The "hand-painted" variety of card should be chosen discreetly.

Electricity is the most complete adequate lighting, yet the charming light for the table is the candle. Candle-light is refined in quality, gay yet discreet, and the mystery with which it treats the nooks and corners and disenchanting details is stimulating to the imagination. With or without shades, but preferably without, there is a mellow glow that radiates from a wax candle that is kind to age, becoming to youth, and friendly to every one.

There is such a rich variety in the design of candlesticks and sconces and in the material of which they are made that something suitable may be found to carry out the idea in any table design. They are made in all metals from iron to ormolu, in glass, in finest china and humblest pottery; they have all manner of shapes and sizes, though the columnar motive is one of the best and happily most frequent. Candle-shades are almost equally adaptable and are a ready means of introducing a glow of needed color. Lamps, also, center the light and may be a comely or even elegant means of lighting an evening meal. Lights, like other table furnishings, should be placed so that, while they promote the decorative effect, they do not interfere with service or conversation at the table.

In the artistry of the table, there are always new changes to be rung upon the finest harmonies; so many different schemes there are as yet untried, so many pleasing possibilities to be materialized, that specific suggestions seem almost superfluous. Each table and occasion is a new challenge to be met by the individual imaginings of the woman who would make her table something finer than a mere feeding-place.



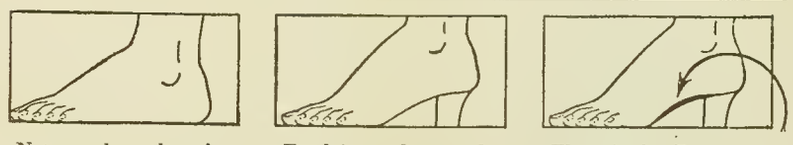
Arch Preserver Shoes satisfy both Nature and Fashion

NATURE'S law is that your foot must be supported not only at heel and ball *but also at the outer arch.* But Fashion insists that your heel and arch be *raised,* thus depriving the arch of the ground's support. The weight of your body bearing down on your *unsupported* arch, strains it, and Nature retaliates by making the foot uncomfortable and tired.

But it no longer is necessary to provoke Nature that you may wear fashionable shoes. The Arch Preserver Shoe raises your heel and arch from the ground the same as any fashionable shoe, has inimitable grace, advance style and glove-like lines, yet it satisfies Nature perfectly because it *supports* your outer arch as firmly and as permanently as the ground supports the bare foot.

Unlike all other shoes, the Arch Preserver Shoe has a scientifically designed, built-in arch-bridge extending under the entire arch of your foot. Your outer arch, instead of being left unsupported when the heel is raised, *rests* on this bridge. Therefore the weight of your body cannot strain the arch. Your feet, though exquisitely shod, are absolutely comfortable, do not tire and are freed from even the remotest possibility of foot trouble.

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Nature plans that the foot rest on heel, ball and *outer arch.*

Fashion demands that heel and arch be *raised.*

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Tests made by great manufacturer of blankets show safest way to wash them

FINE woolen blankets will last a lifetime if properly cared for, but a single careless laundering can ruin them —felt them and make them harsh.

The manufacturer is as much interested as the owner in finding the safest way to wash fine blankets. For this reason, the makers of North Star blankets had extensive washing tests made.

The letter from the North Star Woolen Mill Co. tells many interesting things these tests showed them about washing blankets and why, as a result, they enthusiastically recommend Lux. Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.



BLANKETS North Star Woolen Mill Company New York

Lever Brothers Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We picked out several of our finest blankets and had them washed in Lux. Each blanket was given the number of launderings it would normally receive.

The blankets were still soft and fleecy at the end of the washings. They showed no signs of yellowing or spotting and the colored stripes and fancy borders did not run. There was a complete absence of the little balls of matted wool that make a blanket lumpy in texture. Washing with a strong soap will mat woolens in this way.

We attribute the satisfactory results we obtained with Lux only in part to the fact that its flake form does away with rubbing. Even more important to our minds is its absolute purity and mildness. It will cleanse the finest woolen with entire safety.

Very truly yours,
L. P. Russell
THE NORTH STAR WOOLEN MILL CO.



Wash your blankets the way the North Star Woolen Mill Company recommends. These directions are in our booklet of expert laundering advice. Send for it today —it is free. Lever Bros. Co., Dept.E-4, Cambridge, Mass.

LUX

DOMESTICATING *an* ANCIENT ART

The master of marionettes tells how to make them

By Tony Sarg

IF I were asked for a simple prescription for joy, it would be this: A boy, say of twelve, with an attic at his disposal, busy on a half-finished marionette show. Let him have two assistants, one another boy somewhat younger, whom he can "boss," and the other a girl, preferably one who admires him intensely and who is deft with the needle. He must have a supply of discarded toys, the scrap-bag of an adoring aunt, perhaps, and a tool-chest all his own—and I'd rather be that boy than be President.

That a marionette performance is child's play is about the truest and the most untrue statement in the world. When I began working with puppets in London many years ago, Gordon Craig wrote me a letter. Puppets had come to be regarded as rather his field, and there was a note of protection toward them in his warning to me not to take them lightly. I call on Heaven to witness that I have not taken them lightly. I have heard the clock strike 2 and 3 A.M. as I worked on tangled strings, and if a cock had crowed at dawn in my part of the world I'd have heard him, too. But in my effort to give an impetus that will start American boys and girls on marionette performances in their homes, I am not going to pass on Gordon Craig's solemn charge. Children always take their plays with a beautiful earnestness.



FIGURES AND SCENERY AS SIMPLE AS THESE FROM THE SARG PRODUCTION OF "RIP VAN WINKLE" CAN EASILY BE COPIED BY THE AMATEUR MARIONETTE-MAKER

AND now I'm going to plunge right in with directions for simple puppet-making and the domesticating of an ancient art.

The first requisite is a table—a table with no qualifications but sufficient size and strength to accommodate the operators, who must stand upon it. On the table place a "stage." This may be a box procurable at the grocer's. It should be at least three feet wide, and a foot and a half is a good depth. Before it there must be a frame set up to form a proscenium arch. An old picture-frame would do splendidly, the wider and more gilt the better; even the old-fashioned plush inset, if it happened to be there, would lend an added touch of elaboration. If there is no discarded frame at hand, a sheet of cardboard will serve the purpose, with an opening cut in it, say, two feet wide by one and one-half high. Its decoration on the side turned toward the audience might be achieved with a box of water-colors.

There must be a curtain—either one with rings, which can be pulled aside, or the sort that can be festooned with a jerk. A window-shade, if it could be fitted in firmly, would be better still. Whatever its type, this curtain *must* move easily. Even in the best regulated marionette productions, there may come a moment when a facile curtain is called upon for a quick descent to save the audience from the sight of a small actor in an unforeseen and embarrassing, even shocking, position, brought about by the tangling of strings.

The preparation of a back-drop is the next step. And this should be a delight—it is possible to get such splashing effects with lightning speed. The foundation of this drop is a firm sheet of cardboard. If it is decorated on both sides, a transformation may be made with a twist of the wrist—a drawing-room changed to a garden in a moment. Rather than painting this cardboard, I find that it is easier for most children to cut window and door frames from colored paper and to paste them on. For outdoor scenes trees and flowers and little winding walks in perspective are good.

One little friend of my daughter's—my daughter is eight—with a Belasco love of realism, demolished a dolls' play-house which, she assured me, she had outgrown, and attached real windows and door-frames to her back-drop. These were most effective. But when, for her garden scene, she brought in real twigs and branches, she got into serious trouble. They caught at the strings of her dolls with an almost human malevolence. If one must have realism, let it be flat, or, in the case of furniture and "props" generally, devoid of decorations under which strings may slip.

Lending beauty and atmsphere does not end the functions of the back-drop. It performs the important office of concealing the legs of the operators as they lean over it to manipulate the marionettes. And if the frame of the proscenium arch is not wide enough to hide their heads and shoulders, a decorative addition must be added to heighten it. There is another method of solving this difficulty, which simplifies the work and increases the illusion. Place the stage in an open doorway provided with portières. If these are drawn closely, they will hide the operators completely.

IF THERE is electricity in the house, the lighting of the small stage is an easy matter. The ordinary bulb of a portable reading-lamp placed at the side will furnish daylight, or, covered with a bit of blue silk, moonlight, or, flashed on and off, lightning. This last must be accompanied by the muffled roll of a padded stick against a dish-pan.

On the making of an actual marionette a child may spend an hour, a day, or a month. No one will ever wring from me a full confession of the greatest length of time I ever put on the construction of one small actor; and yet, one of the most successful ones I ever had cost only ten cents and the effort of stepping into a Chinese shop to buy it. It was a sinuous paper snake.

Dolls? Sister's cast-off dolls, if the producer be a boy, and a toy dog, perhaps, or even a lion that the baby has outgrown—with these an effective play can be improvised. But—and this point I wish to emphasize—they can never again be used for their original purpose. They can not be merely *borrowed*. To convert them into marionettes they must, in a sense, be demolished. Even rag dolls and jointed dolls must be dismembered, and woolly animals with movable heads and legs be torn limb from limb. The secret of secrets with a successful marionette is flexibility.

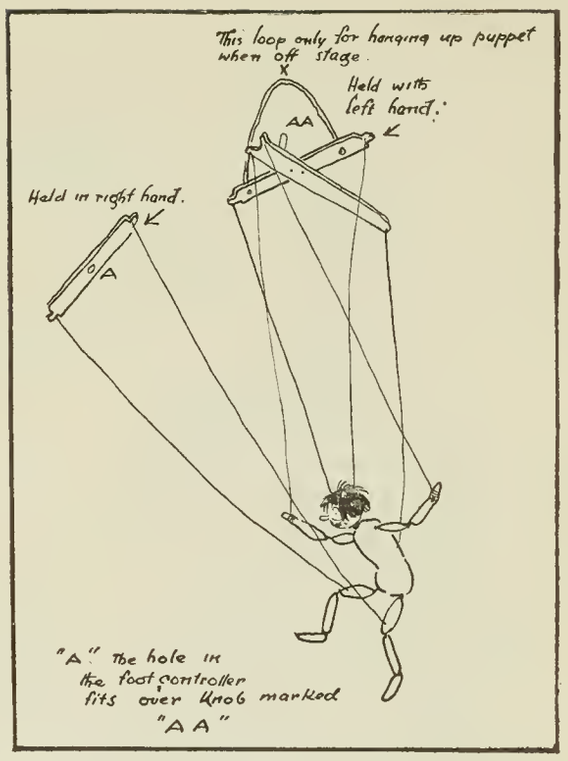
Seven inches is a good height for the dolls. When the neck, knees, and elbows have been loosened, attach strings to each wrist, each knee, and one to each side of the head. If the character is to bow, one should also be attached to the lower back. For my professional performances I use black trout-line. This is expensive. In her "shows," in which my daughter rivals me, the dolls are suspended by stout black linen thread.

The feet of marionettes should be heavy. I weight them with shot, opening them to put the shot in. This is particularly important in the male characters.

THE heart of all marionette movement is what we call a controller. It is formed of two strips of wood, one about a foot long and the other nine inches. Of these a Roman cross is made, with a leather strap tacked over the crossing. The left hand is slipped under this. The string from the back of the puppet is attached to the tip of the long part of the cross, and those from the sides of the head to the ends of the arms of the cross. A twist makes the head of the puppet turn; tilting makes the puppet bow. The strings from the hands are attached to the short end of the long cross-piece. These must be pulled by the right hand of the operator.

ALL strings for additional movements are attached to the controller at points most convenient. Those from the knees are fixed to the end of a separate stick about eight inches long. This is held in the right hand. When it is twisted back and forth, the feet lift alternately. When this is combined with a forward movement of the main controller from which the puppet hangs suspended, a walk is accomplished. There is a hole in the center of the "foot control" designed to slip over a knob on the short end of the main controller. The object of this is merely that the operator may free his right hand when the puppet is not walking. All this mechanism may be constructed with a penknife.

Now for the sharing of secrets. Have you, I wonder, chanced to see one of my characters smoking? The puppet holds the pipe-stem in its hand, to which a string is attached. This string is drawn through the ring of a small screw-eye at the base of the nose. The pipe is lifted to the mouth in the casual fashion of a tobacco-lover, held for a moment, and lowered. Then smoke is puffed from the puppet's lips. This is cigarette smoke blown by an assistant into a hidden tube which extends through the back-drop into the puppet's body, up to the back of the mouth.



THE HEART OF MARIONETTE MOVEMENT IS THE CONTROLLER; MR. SARG TELLS HOW TO MAKE AND USE IT

One thing my workers and I are proud of is the fact that we invented a smile—a flashing, toothy smile. In the hundreds of years of their existence, no marionette had, so far as I know, ever smiled before. I hope this smile will spread. Unfortunately, it can appear only in connection with a mustache.

To produce it, paste stiff letter-paper over the puppet's mouth, and on this with a pen trace a double set of teeth. Put a little goatee, made of hair, on the lower lip. On the upper lip a mustache must be attached firmly in the center. To this strings are tied at each end. When they are pulled and the mustache is lifted, the puppet seems actually to grin. A tiny weight under the goatee, attached to the mustache, will pull it back.

The heaving chest of a puppet singer is amusing, and simple to make. It is a false chest, of course, which moves up and down as the puppet seems to gasp and sing. A joint at the neck, where the false chest joins, one string, and a weight complete the mechanism.

The most recent innovation in my workroom is marionette hands, with fingers made of flexible copper wire wrapped with narrow strips of cotton cloth. These hands, by bending, can be made to grasp objects put into them. A small actor can go off-stage for something and return holding it.

Here is an old ruse: If you feel that your audience will be disturbed by the sight of strings, make a framework that you can fit into your stage opening, and string it like a harp with black linen thread. This will delude the vision of the keenest eyed audience.



A LONG LINE OF MR. SARG'S FAVORITE MARIONETTES. THE CHILD WITH HANDS CLEVER AT THE PAINT-BRUSH AND THE NEEDLE CAN MAKE HIS OWN DOLLS



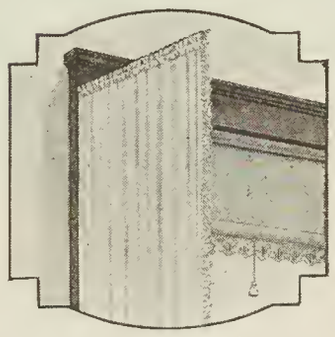
What a pleasing change

new window drapings make in a room

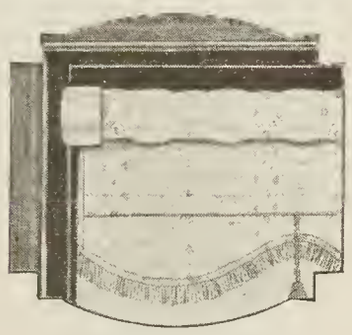
It's a woman's best opportunity to indulge her craving for a change. Use the same furniture, the same rugs, the same everything else—but redrape the windows and a room glows with a different charm and personality.

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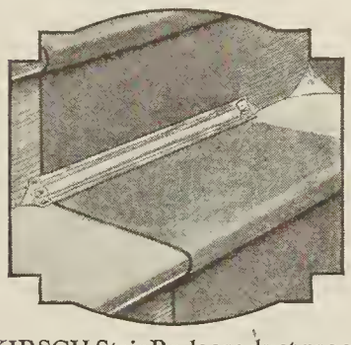
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KIRSCH Shade Roller Hoods conceal the shade roller ends and brackets, giving a completely finished appearance.



KIRSCH Stair Rods are dust proof. Easy to put down and take up. Do not require the use of nails or screws through carpet.



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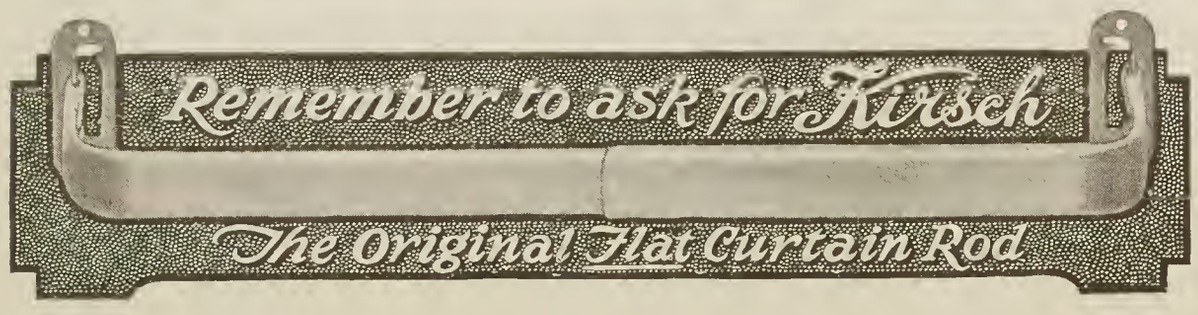
For Planning Window Drapings

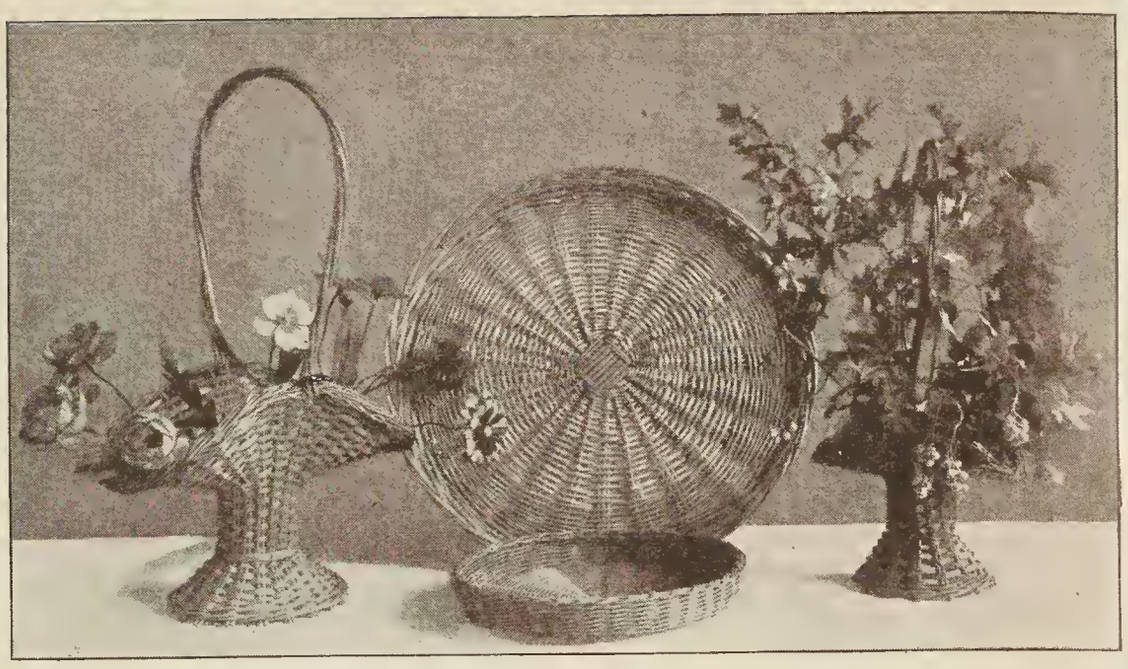
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SANDWICH BASKETS AND WICKER FLOWER-HOLDERS CAN BE BRIGHTENED AND REFRESHED BY DYEING

PAINTS AND DYES

Some new ways of using them

By Grace R. Smith

THE possibilities of paints and dyes for restoring old things and freshening up those not so old are so great that some suggestions, which have lately come to the attention of the writer, may prove useful.

We all feel at this time of the year, when Nature is putting on her new coat, that we would like to see everything around us look its best, even if a little discomfort has to be endured temporarily.

To begin with, how many people know that plain wall-paper can be painted with what is called "flat paint"? The sills and woodwork of a room recently seen by the author were originally cream color but time had faded the paper in streaks and it was so soiled that in places it looked more gray than cream. The woodwork and walls were given a coat of flat paint in a beautiful gray-green tone and then, before it had a chance to dry, it was stippled, which simply means to take a round paint-brush of the rather heavy type, and using it dry, to hold it out straight from the wall and push gently against the paint.

The object of this is to erase the marks of the brush which can always be seen on painted walls or woodwork. A room treated in this way, with the woodwork and walls the same color, is very beautiful and forms a lively background for furniture, pictures and books. Of course, any color can be used—such as cream, gray, blue or in fact any tint that individual taste may dictate. This finish is permanent, sanitary and economical and costs less than papering a room.

With the wall of the room prepared, let us see what we can do with the furniture which one wants to put in it.

Let us suppose it is a bedroom and we have made the walls and woodwork cream. We find we have an old walnut bedroom set in the attic. It has good lines, the head and foot boards low—or if they are not, the carpenter for a few dollars will take out a panel or two and make them so. Paint the whole set with two coats of gray-green paint, or any color you prefer, but this one which the writer saw was green and very beautiful. Get some gold paint and paint all carving or beveled places with it; when it is dry, give the gold a coat of the flat green paint and before it has a chance to dry, rub it off gently with a rag. This will subdue the gold and make it harmonize with the green paint. When it is thoroughly dry, give the whole set a coat of white varnish. The result will be a fine glossy look like enamel and it is much easier to apply. It also keeps the paint from getting rubbed off.

Another bedroom set, which was oak, was so transformed that it was scarcely recognizable by washing off all the varnish with ammonia and water; then it was washed

Concluded on page 80



SHELLACKED GLASSWARE CAN BE USED TO MAKE STRIKING DINING-ROOM ACCESSORIES

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COMFORT

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TWO important factors contribute to the comfort of the fashionable Modart Corset. These are its undeniably *correct design* and *expert fitting.*

Modart design is the result of the broadest experience in producing front-laced corsets. It is the reason why a Modart Corset is always comfortable whether the wearer is walking, standing, sitting or lying down.

In the Modart this correct design is carried out in handsome, light, strong materials. A special boning of wonderful softness is also used. As this boning retains its original flexibility for months, your Modart will keep its shape until entirely worn out and always be comfortable.

In these respects there is no other corset like the Modart.

Expert fitting further contributes to your comfort and satisfaction, for Modart Corsets are always sold by the better stores where expert fitting is considered an essential feature of service. And, that this important aid shall be rendered most competently, special instruction on the Modart is constantly being given the trained corsetieres of these stores by representatives of the Modart designing staff.

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MODART CORSET COMPANY, SAGINAW, MICHIGAN

Windsor Crêpe



Now you know the name

You have perhaps been asking in the stores for "cotton crêpe," having in mind one particular fabric that for years you have recognized by its softness and dainty coloring.

The name of this favored cloth is Windsor Crêpe. There will be no disappointment if you ask for it by name. Nearly all good stores sell it both by the yard and in ready-made nightgowns, underwear and other garments; in white, plain shades, and charming designs.

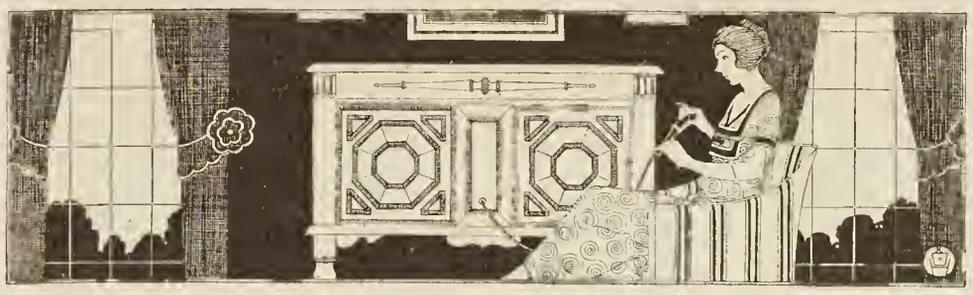
It is well to look for the Windsor Crêpe label in a garment, for it means that the workmanship in the garment is worthy of the fabric.

Windsor Crêpe never has to be ironed. This is not merely a great convenience, but taken with its reasonable price and long wear, makes Windsor Crêpe garments most economical.

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CHOOSING NEW RECORDS FOR EASTER

By Horace Johnson

THE EASTER SEASON is a fitting time to introduce your family to reproductions of devotional and classic music. Don't deprive your children of the chance to grow familiar with the great religious arias and cantatas associated with the great religious holidays. The best artists of the world have sung them and such records will enrich your home. If your dealer can not supply the records mentioned, or if you wish any further information or advice in selecting your new records, write (sending stamped, addressed envelope) to THE DELINEATOR'S Music Editor.

OF ALL the musical work which has been written around the story of the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ, probably the best-known cantata is Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Although it was written about the middle of the nineteenth century, it still remains one of the greatest religious works ever created. Among a number of records published of excerpts from the "Stabat Mater" are two disks which are exceptionally fine reproductions. They are the tenor aria, "Cujus Animam" (From My Wounded Side), sung by Enrico Caruso, and an ensemble record of "Inflammatus," the pinnacle selection of the cantata, sung by the Columbia Oratorio Chorus. The Caruso record displays the greatest tenor's resounding and forceful tones splendidly, his voice ringing with emotion. He has built upward to the climax of a high D, unusually warm in color, and free from any lightness of timbre. This record is one of Caruso's most satisfactory reproductions.

The oratorio record begins with an orchestral prelude, introducing a short soprano solo which is followed by the entire chorus proclaiming the glory of God. This disk accurately depicts the religious fervor of the choral and is truly stimulating to its hearers. The ensemble work is clean-cut and perfectly timed, and with adequate accompaniment forms a well-balanced production.

There are two other compositions which are familiar almost to every one and associated with the Easter season. They are Faure's "The Palms" and Granier's "Hosanna." The latter selection has been incorporated on a record by Herbert Witherspoon, one of the best-known baritones of concert and opera. Mr. Witherspoon is renowned for his excellent diction and intelligent interpretation, and he has achieved his usual success with this reproduction. His voice has registered smoothly and evenly.

Thomas Chalmers sings "The Palms," assisted by a violin and a harp as accompaniment.

ONE melody which I always associate with Easter is the "Air for G String" by Johann Sebastian Bach. There is a calmness and peacefulness about it which seem to express all the religious spirit of the time. Bronislaw Huberman, the violinist, has made an unusually fine record of the melody. His tone is vibrant and true, and he plays with exquisite shading. Without exception this record is one of the most perfect impressions ever made of this famous string composition.

While listening to a recent record of John Charles Thomas singing "The Lost Chord," it brought to my mind the story of how this song happened to be written. Sir Arthur Sullivan had tried to make a musical setting of Adelaide Proctor's lyric, and had failed to satisfy himself. Therefore, he discarded it, much to his regret. One night, while he was watching by the bed of his brother, who was very dangerously ill, the song came to him in its entirety as if in a vision. With hurried fingers he began to write, and when day dawned one of the world's greatest songs was finished and Sir Arthur's brother was journeying toward the road to health. Mr. Thomas has made an excellent reproduction of "The Lost Chord."

There are so many of the readers of THE DELINEATOR who own reproducing pianos that hereafter I shall include in my reviews of phonograph records a review of one or two of the most interesting productions of the mechanical achievements of concert pianists.

The Duo-Art have published recently the Grieg "Concerto in A Minor," played by Percy Grainger. Mr. Grainger has adapted the orchestral accompaniment for the piano and added it to the score so that the themes are closely knit throughout. It is published in three rolls, each a movement of the concerto.

Mr. Grainger has made his greatest contribution to his pianistic record rolls with this work. It is an extremely difficult composition technically, yet Mr. Grainger surmounts all obstacles with ease. His phrasing is well rounded, and the dynamic force with which he plays is awe-inspiring.

ALTHOUGH Grieg composed this concerto when he was only twenty-five, he continued to improve it to the end of his life. Only a few months before his death in 1907, he rescored it in part for orchestral performance at a musical festival at Leeds, England, the main object being to add parts for a second pair of horns.

A record roll which is the finest reproduction of delicate, lace-like technique and embodies all charm of expression and interpretation is Josef Hofmann's impression of the Mendelssohn-Bartholdy "Scherzo in C Minor" which has been published recently. It is scintillant and graceful, and Mr. Hofmann has caught the true color of the composition in excellent manner.

With regard to publications of popular dance music, there have appeared several records of interest and merit. First among these is the new fox-trot entitled "Stealing," played by Carl Fenton's Orchestra. We have been introduced to "Crooning," "Sighing," "Smiling," "Humming," and other songs of like title, and we certainly seem to have the assurance that before long we will have enjoyed all syncopated emotions. Songs of these pseudonyms are usually of the same form of construction. They embody long melodic lines which lend themselves to interpretation by saxophones. "Stealing" is such a song. It is tuneful and rhythmic, and played as it is with life it will create pleasant atmosphere for dancing.

In the same manner I might speak of "When Buddha Smiles," which the Elkins Dance Orchestra have incorporated on a disk. This song has a delicate Chinese flavoring with fox-trot ingredients. It begins quietly and seductively, and on repetition gains force and impetuosity with inner melodic themes embroidered on the air, and finishes with a sudden crash of ringing cymbals.

Another dance record which has much piquancy is the reproduction of "All That I Need Is You," played by the Club Royal Orchestra, an aggregation of unsurpassed, syncopated terpsichorean musicians who perform nightly at the most exclusive and expensive restaurant in New York City. With this record they uphold their reputation for meritorious achievement.

Rudy Wiedoeft, the wizard of the saxophone, plays one of his own compositions, "Saxema." The record is a triumph of syncopation and skilful interpretation.



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Many women used to be prejudiced against American perfumes because of the foreign perfume tradition. They probably didn't know that a great American perfume house searches the world over for the finest flower essences, rare spices and precious oils, to be blended into perfumes. They turned to one imported perfume after another, more costly, but made from the same essences as those used by Colgate & Co.

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Two men, prominent in New York City, conducted the Test, with the assistance of 103 women acting as jurors. The two judges purchased three of the most popular imported perfumes and three Colgate perfumes — all in original unopened bottles. They poured the contents into six plain bottles, numbered from one to six, and kept a record by which they alone knew which number represented each perfume.

Each of the jury of 103 women chose her favorite from six slips of Perfumers Blotting Paper, scented from the numbered bottles under the supervision of the judges. Each indicated her first choice, her second, her third, etc. A careful record was kept of *all* selections.

The result, when perfumes were thus judged by preference alone, was most interesting. Many of the women had stated — *before* the Test — a decided preference for some foreign brand. Yet *in* the Test — Colgate's Florient (Flowers of the Orient) won first choice.

Many thousands of women have since made the Test and found how true was the perfume judgment of the impartial jury. You, also, can make it, and find in Florient a true expression of American loveliness.

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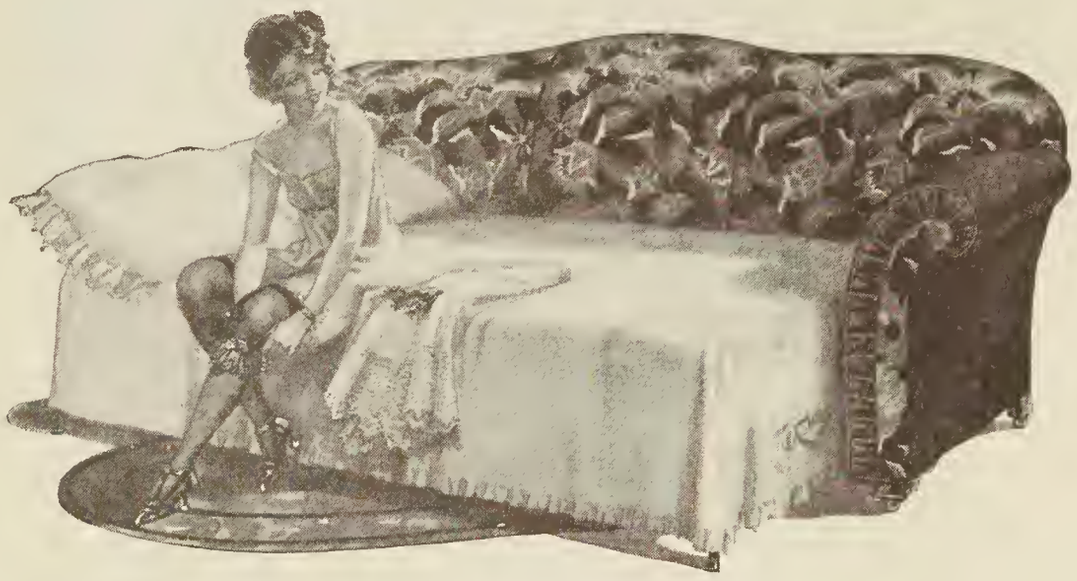
Florient Perfume

Flowers of the Orient

The 103 women who made the International Perfume Test were chosen from among professional and business women, college women at Smith, Vassar, Wellesley and Bryn Mawr, distinguished women of the stage, then playing in New York, women of prominence and the plain everyday Mrs. A and B — all fastidious about their perfume.

For details of the Test and a miniature Test Set by which you yourself may compare the delightful Colgate perfumes with whatever you are using, send 2c in stamps to Colgate & Co., Dept. 53, 199 Fulton Street, New York City. If in Canada, address 137 McGill Street, Montreal. Offer good only in the U. S. and Canada.

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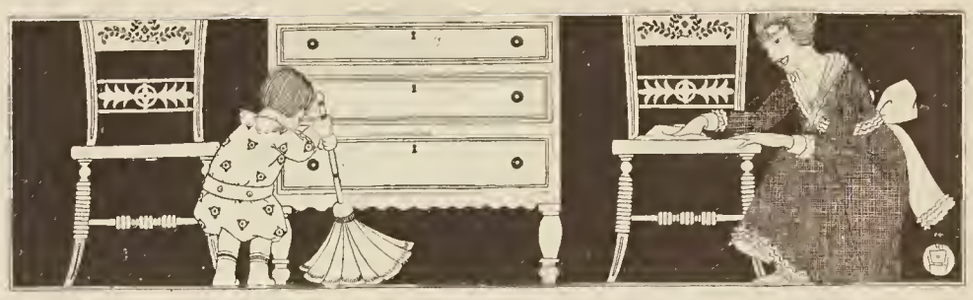
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The Invisible Bed Room



(93)



SPRING HOUSECLEANING

Touching up the home without "touching" father

By Emma Gary Wallace

MANY times wall-paper that looks decidedly dark and shabby may be cleaned by an amateur and made to look surprisingly satisfactory. Here are three different methods used in a single home by a resourceful housewife. Each of them proved satisfactory.

In a front upper chamber, the wall-paper was of blue and white alternating satin stripes. There was a cut-out border around the top of festoons of rosebuds. The effect of the mural decorations was that of a soiled ball dress.

EQUIPMENT FOR CLEANING

A VERY good wall-brush was washed with soap, ammonia and water and dried in the fresh air. A large can of cheap talcum was purchased from a variety store. The room was cleared of everything but the bed and dresser, which were covered completely with old sheets pinned snugly in place.

The dry talcum was shaken on to the wall-brush generously and the brush drawn in a straight line from right to left on the ceiling and from top to bottom on the side walls, covering the whole wall surface, and using practically all of the twenty-five-cent can of talcum.

Next the doors and windows were closed and a steaming kettle was put on a small portable stove in the middle of the room. After permitting the escape of steam for half an hour, the kettle was removed and the room left closed overnight. The next morning the windows were thrown open for an hour.

With a clean dry wall-brush the walls were brushed again, using the same long strokes in the same directions to remove the talcum, the brush being shaken frequently out of the window. The moist talcum took to itself the loose dust and the walls were delightfully improved.

A stained place in the ceiling caused from a leak in the roof was touched up with cream-colored water-color paint and was almost unnoticeable.

WASH THE WOODWORK

AFTER washing the woodwork a coat of ivory paint was applied to secure an enamel finish, following the directions on the can to use only a little paint on the brush and work it out smoothly. A crack filler was used to the extent of a generous border around the room and one of the prepared finishes put on.

WASH THE RUG

THE blue-and-white rag rug, which was badly faded, was cleaned and scrubbed with warm soapy water, to each quart of which a tablespoonful of turpentine had been added. While it was still damp, but almost dry, it was given a second treatment with a solution made from one of the tinted soap dyes. As a result it was fresh and pleasing, with its border of deeper blue and center of a lighter tint.

THE PAINTED WALL

A DOUBLE handful of laundry starch was rubbed to a paste with cold water in a pail. Enough boiling water was poured on it to make it of a smooth jelly-like consistency. Sufficient cold water was then added to make it like thick paint. Just enough dry tinting color obtained from the decorator was added to give the whole starch solution a soft gray-brown color.

With a clean whitewash brush the side walls were starched—the liquid being rubbed out smoothly and swiftly. The starch coating dried quickly and, being transparent, made no change except to soften the color. It was as if a faint grayish haze caused the walls to look farther away and the room larger.

The advantage of this treatment was that at the end of the season or another year the starch could all be washed off with clear water and a cloth or sponge and a second fresh coat applied. The removal of the starch would take all the grime and smoke and leave the walls sanitary and clean for the next treatment.

THE CANVAS-COVERED WALL

THE canvas room was treated in the same way, only the starch was not tinted; and it, too, could be removed whenever necessity made it advisable. This process is only applicable to painted or canvas walls the surfaces of which are in good condition. Spotted walls or those where a one-coat job of paint has been done, or where the canvas shows laps and seams, will only have the defects magnified.

THE TAPESTRY WALL COVER

THE third process had to do with renovating a wall surface of tapestry-paper design. Loaves of fresh rye bread were purchased. The loaves were cut in such a manner lengthwise as to form brush-shaped pieces with the crusts for a back. The surface of each brush was sprinkled with ammonia water and then dipped into a mixture made of half a pint of powdered pumice and three pints of corn flour thoroughly mixed together. Only a little would cling, but it was enough to give a slightly rough surface.

A strip a yard wide was taken and cleaned from top to bottom in long swift strokes. As the bready surface became soiled, it was redipped in the flour or a little of the top torn away and a clean surface exposed. The whole room was gone over in this manner, and by taking pains there were no streaks.

A clean wall-brush quickly removed any clinging crums or flour dust. There were still a few places around the wall and back of the hot-air register that showed darkened places from soiled clothing or greasy hands. A cleaning fluid was obtained at a drug-store and a pledget of fresh absorbent cotton used. The cotton was moistened with the liquid and the soiled places sponged carefully so as not to blur the colors. The worst places were treated several times, but the mixture evaporated quickly.

A child's small set of water-color paints of fairly good quality was next brought into use, and a number of spots where the soft paper had been barked were touched up with the right tints.

A RENOVATED RUG

THE room was now ready for a new lease of life once the rather worn Brussels rug was sent to the carpet man to be made over. The rug was worn at the seams so it was necessary to take in a little deeper seaming. Half of a bad strip was taken out altogether and two worn corners remitered. The whole rug was given a fresh binding, and while it was a little smaller, it was almost as good as new. The expense of having this rug thoroughly cleaned and made over was only a trifle.

The border, which was in fairly good condition, was given a coat of fresh varnish stain, and the room was beautifully clean, freshly attractive and ready for dignified arrangement.

Frequently we become so accustomed to seeing things as they are that we do not realize how much more pleasing they might be made by means of the exercise of a little effort and ingenuity. The time and expense are relatively small. The real difficulty is getting at it. Spring is the season to do this, for then doors and windows can be open and the work thoroughly enjoyed.

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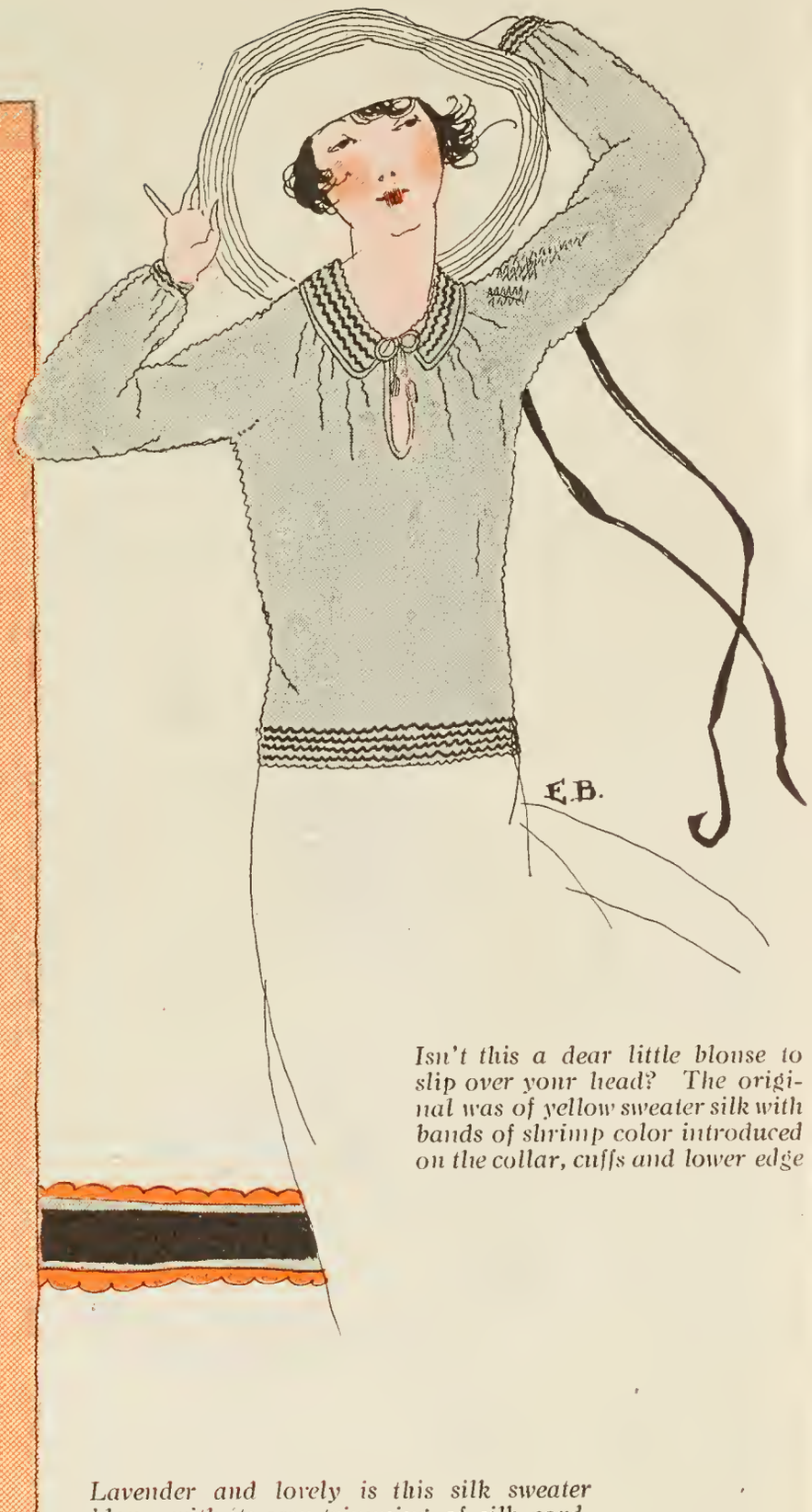
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Isn't this a dear little blouse to slip over your head? The original was of yellow sweater silk with bands of shrimp color introduced on the collar, cuffs and lower edge

Lavender and lovely is this silk sweater blouse with its own trimming of silk cord. Like the model above it is a slip-over style, bloused at the low waistline with the added adornment of a heavy silk cord

FASHION KNITS WITH SILK

APRIL to the weather man is the month of showers, but to a woman it is the month of new sweaters, that blossom like flowers of many colors everywhere in the fashionable world.

The silk sweater returns at this season in blouse form and makes a very smart costume with a separate skirt of silk or wool. Color is synonymous with these knitted blouses and they appear in many light, bright hues.

Because of this, and also since they are worn as blouses, you will want more than one, so it is high time to let your knitting-needles begin the faithful clicking.

BLOUSE

YOU will need one pound of sweater silk, two No. 5 amber or bone knitting-needles The original blouse was made with lavender sweater silk.

If you knit 6 sts. to an inch with this size silk and needles cast on 114 sts. for size 36 (cast on 6 sts. more for each size larger and 6 sts. less for each size smaller).

Knit plain for 1 inch

BODY—Purl 1 row, knit 1 row until work measures 14 inches measuring from cast-on sts. (Make it one inch longer for each size larger and 1 inch shorter for each size smaller.) The entire sweater is worked in the pattern.

SLEEVES—Continue to knit 1 row, purl 1 row, casting on 5 sts. at end of each row until 20 sts. have been added. Cast on 10 sts. at the end of each row until 20 sts. more have been added. This will make 40 extra sts. on each end for the sleeves. (Cast on 5 sts. more for each size larger and 5 sts. less for each size smaller.) Then continue to work the pattern until the edge of the sleeve measures 2 inches ending with a row of purling.

NECK—Work over 81 sts Work over 8 sts. more for each size larger and 8 sts. less for each size smaller. Slip sts. off on safety-pin. Bind off 32 sts. for neck. Work remaining sts.

Continue to knit 1 row, purl 1 row, decreasing 1 st. at neck edge of every other row until 12 sts. have been decreased. Increase 1 st. at neck edge of every other row until 12 sts. have been added. Slip sts. off on a safety-pin. Work other side in same manner. When second side is completed work all sts. on one needle, casting on 36 sts. at center front. Work sleeves until edge of sleeves measures 11 inches. Bind off sleeve sts.

Work underarm of front until it is as long as underarm of back. Finish with band of knitting.

CUFFS—Pick up sts. at edge of sleeve Knit plain for 1½ inches. Bind off. Overcast underarms

CORD—Make a cord of 6 strands of sweater silk 12 yards long. Sew cord around lower edge of blouse to form a trimming. Join end of cord to underarm. * Measure 2 inches on edge of sweater. Place a mark. Measure 3 inches on cord. Sew to mark on edge of sweater. This will form a loop. Repeat from * all around edge. Work a similar trimming around the neck and sleeves making the loops 2 inches long and leaving 1-inch space on edge of sweater

Make a cord for the waist; finish it with tassels.

SLIP-ON BLOUSE WITH COLLAR

YOU will need 1 pound of sweater silk for the blouse, ¼ pound of a contrasting color for the bands, 2 No. 5 amber or bone knitting-needles. The original blouse was yellow with shrimp stripes.

If you knit 5 sts. to an inch with this size silk and needles, with yellow silk, cast on 110 sts. for size 36. (Cast on 6 sts. more for each size larger and 6 sts. less for each size smaller.) Knit 4 rows. Join shrimp silk. Knit 2 rows (with yellow silk, knit 2 rows, with shrimp silk knit 2 rows). Repeat parentheses 6 times. With yellow knit 1 row, purl 1 row until work measures 15 inches, measuring from the cast-on stitches.

Continue to knit 1 row, purl 1 row, casting on 80 sts. at end of next two rows. This will make 80 extra sts. on each end for the sleeves. Knit 1 row, purl 1 row for 5 inches ending with a row of purling.

NECK—Knit 122 sts. Knit 3 sts. more for each size larger, 3 sts. less for each size smaller. Slip them off on a safety-pin. Bind off 26 sts. Knit remaining sts. Purl 1 row, knit 1 row for 2 inches Continue to knit 1 row, purl 1 row increasing 1 st. on neck edge of every third row until 5 sts. have been added. Cast on 18 sts. at neck edge of next row. Knit 1 row, purl 1 row until edge of sleeve measures 11 inches. Bind off sleeve stitches. Continue to knit 1 row, purl 1 row until edge of front measures 3 inches measuring from 18 cast-on stitches. Make other side in same manner. Work all sts. off on one needle. Knit 1 row, purl 1 row until underarm of back is as long as underarm of front working a band at lower edge as you did in the back. Bind off loosely. Overcast underarms.

CUFF—With yellow cast on 36 sts. Knit 4 rows. With shrimp color knit 2 rows, with yellow knit 2 rows. With shrimp knit a row. With yellow knit 4 rows. Bind off. Gather lower edge of sleeve, overcast cuff to gathered edge of sleeve.

COLLAR—With yellow cast on 110 sts. Knit 2 rows. (With shrimp knit 2 rows, with yellow knit 2 rows.) Repeat parentheses for 4½ inches. With yellow pick up sts. across both ends. Knit 2 rows. Bind off. Gather neck of front of blouse. Overcast collar to neck.

Make a narrow cord of the silk. Overcast it to opening below collar. Tie at neck with ends of cord.



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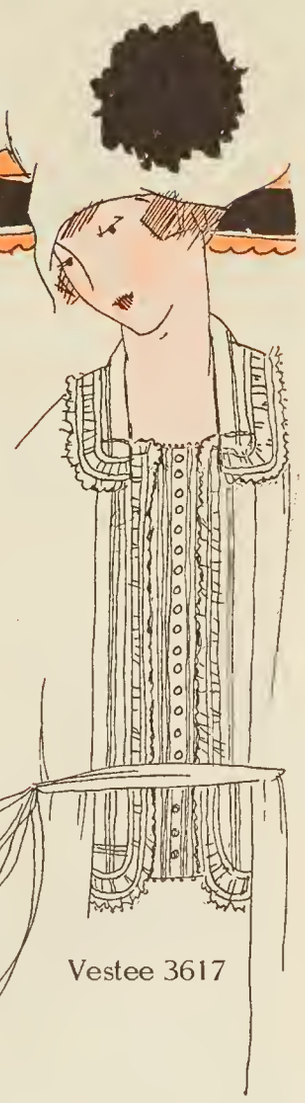


VESTS CALL A COMMAND "TO THE FRONT—FACE!" TO NEW SUITS FOR SPRING



Vest 3636—View B
Embroidery design 10940

IT'S a balmy April morning which brings out this piquant vest with Peter Pan collar, 3066 View B may be made in old-blue linen. The embroidery design, 10863, offers a wide banding which is used to work the border at the lower edge. The narrow banding in this design is used for the collar. Tiny conventional flowers are worked in orchid silk floss, and leaves, stems and scallop edging are worked in old-blue silk with rose-colored beads which are dotted here and there.



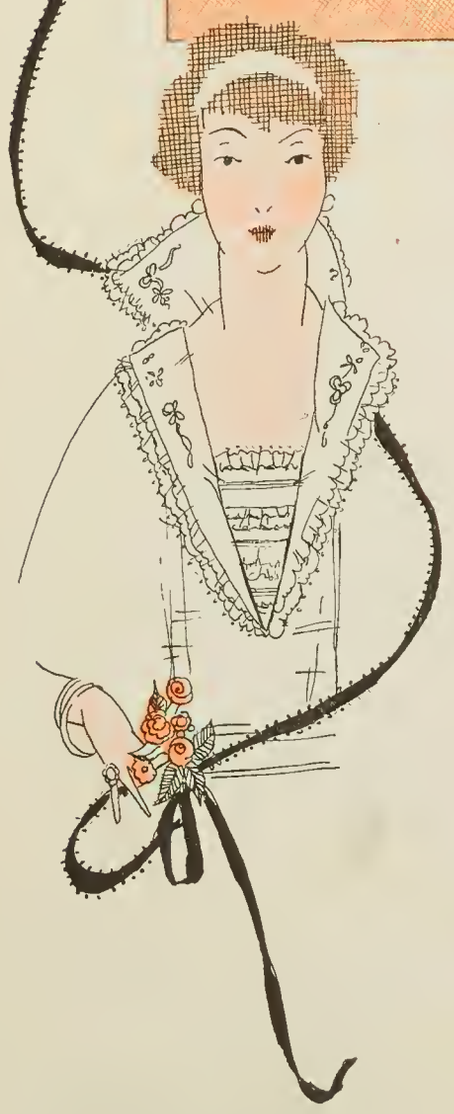
Vestee 3617



The separate vestee of Coat 3281

WHAT presentable fronts we now expose! For the sports suit one wears a straight front vest of gray silk poplin and old-rose velours, 3281. Blue, green and rose soutache braid forms a Roman border on the collar and the lower edge of vest. Gray buttons are fastened with frogs of rose soutache braid.

The rather more formal cape suit demands a dignified front, 3617, of tan velours and black satin. The embroidery design, 10813, has wide banding which is used for the scroll work of black and gold braid on the front. The small diamonds are worked in tan and outlined in green, and the satin-covered buttons are black.



Vestee 3066
Embroidery design 10817

THERE was a time, fashionably speaking, not so long ago, when only the tailored type of woman wore vest effects. But that was before the smart French women adopted them and the shops tempted the more frilly feminine fancy with those delightful creations of tucked organdy and lace, or the youthful little fronts of linen with round Eton collars, or the smart embroidered variety of soft wool materials like flannel.

For the soft little silk-crêpe frock is the vest of plain or dotted net, 3066. It is in écru net with Valenciennes lace to make a double edging for revers and back collar. Flower motifs from embroidery design 10817 are worked in self-color on revers and the new upstanding, but decorative collar at the back. With the classical tailor-made one wears the white flannel vest fastened with tiny black buttons, 3636, view B. The edges are bound with white silk braid sewed down with an outline stitch in black silk. Embroidery design 10940 furnishes a banding design used for the front of the vest and worked in black silk. Any new Spring suit may take unto itself a swagger air with such a waistcoat.

To make the vestee, 3617, at top of page, you will need ¼ yard of pink organdy, 3 yards narrow Val lace, 4 yards Val insertion and 2 dozen small pearl buttons. First cut a strip of organdy 16 inches long and 3 inches wide for center front. Measure 1 inch in from outside edge, and make 3 tiny tucks. Leave ½ inch space in center of strip and make 3 tiny tucks. Then cut two pieces of organdy 22 inches long and 5 inches wide for the sides. Measure ¾ inch in from one long edge and make 3 tiny tucks. This will be the inside of vest. To make lower edge, measure ¾ inch from one short edge and make 3 tiny tucks. Cut two strips of organdy 21 inches long and 1¾ inch wide for puffing. Have both edges of the narrow strips hemstitched by machine, and all sides of piece to be used for center front and inside edge and lower edges of both sides of vest. Cut hemstitching in half to form a picot edge. The narrow Val insertion is overcast along the inside edge and lower edge of the side pieces. The strip to be used for puffing is gathered along both edges. One piece of insertion is overcast at one edge of the puffing. Make the other side of the vest in the same manner, and overcast sides to the center front piece. Cut the vest out like view C of the pattern. Overcast lace edge around the inside edge of last row of lace insertion and across the side of the neck.

To make the collar cut a piece of organdy 20½ inches long and 3 inches wide. Measure in ¾ inch on one long side and on each short side and make 3 tiny tucks. Finish with a row of puffing, a row of insertion, and a row of lace.



Vestee 3066—View B
Embroidery design
10863

E.B.

Vestee 3617
Embroidery design 10813

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WARNER styles are the creation of America's foremost corset designers. And a Warner's Rust-Proof Corset *holds* its style as long as you wear it. Its double boning retains its original flexibility and strength. Its sturdy stitching stands the strain. Its cloth neither shrinks nor stretches. It is *guaranteed** not to *rust*, *break* or *tear*. And so, after six months' wear it is just as smart in its lines—and just as well fitting—as it is the day you buy it.

A Warner's Rust-Proof Corset can always be kept dainty and fresh because it may be washed as often as you like without the slightest harm.

Complete corset satisfaction can only result from these six features:—style, fit, comfort, durability, flexibility and economy. Warner's Rust-Proof leads the world in popularity because, in all these respects, it gives the utmost value for your money.

Prices: $1.50, $2, $3 and up to $10.

**Remember!* Warner's Rust-Proof is the guaranteed corset.

Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets—



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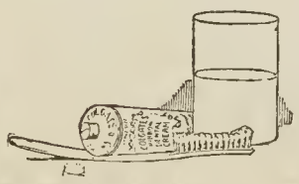
Safe-Efficient

Most people call a doctor for pneumonia. They don't depend on "cure-alls."

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Large size tubes at your favorite store 25c



AN APRIL-FOOL PARTY

Opens Springtime Entertaining

By Daisy McKay

Would you like more detailed instructions concerning the unusually attractive party described in this article? Or suggestions or working plans and ideas for entertainments of any kind? Such information will be supplied without charge, on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope directed to THE DELINEATOR'S Party Editor.

OVER in France during the war one of our girls heard a French soldier call his comrade an "April fish" when he caught him on an April-fool joke. "*Poisson d'Avril*" was what he said, and at first she was puzzled to see any sense in the expression; but the more she thought about it the more sensible it seemed, for are not April fish easily caught?

The next year when this same girl was planning a party for her young sister and her friends, all home for the Spring vacation, the only date that seemed available for the busy youngsters was April the first.

The fish *motif* she forthwith incorporated in her invitations. Then came the "Alice in Wonderland" idea, which was quite in harmony with the fish, for you remember that Alice met many fish, or near-fish, friends on her celebrated journey. There was the lobster and the mock-turtle and the oyster and the frog—not to mention the immortal walrus!

The invitations read something like this:

It is *Poisson d'Avril*, that our French neighbors say,
And French talk is easy, on April Fool's Day.
If you're easily caught they will say you're a fish!
And even in French, that's as plain as you'd wish.

I want to catch *you* for a party that night,
So I'll hang out a *poisson*, to give you a light.
We shall want to start fishing as soon as we may,
So be sure to come early and join in the play.

Down the length of one side of the cards on which the invitations were written she sketched a string of fish, and at the bottom was the request to dress as a character from "Alice in Wonderland."

THE Fish Sign that the invitations mentioned was made from Turkey-red calico, a yard in length. The material was folded lengthwise and a pattern of a fish that had first been drawn with lead pencil followed on the machine—rag-doll fashion. The fish was then stuffed with wads of soft paper, and the whole family pronounced him a very realistic "red snapper." The flagpole on the front porch was where he was hung, and the electric porch-light was extended so that the bulb hung from his mouth.

Voilà! He looked most grand!

And now for the dressing-up. "Little Sister" was *Alice*, bib-apron and all. They followed the well-known picture of the little lady in every detail in making her costume. Big-Sister-Hostess was the *Duchess* herself, in all the grandeur afforded from the rag-bag and grandmother's cast-off finery. Neither did she once fail during the entire evening to draw a moral from everything. You remember the *Duchess's* predilection for morals, of course.

The guests came mostly as playing-cards. There were black queens and red queens and knaves and kings. There were also two's and three's—remember the three gardeners who were painting the roses in the *Queen of Hearts's* garden? They were the two, the five and the seven of clubs, I think. When the party had assembled—which they seemed to do very promptly—they were led down the "rabbit's hole" by the *April Fool*, which part was played very cleverly all evening by *Alice's* tall young brother. He led them on as adventurous and varying a course as the White Rabbit led Alice. These guests, too, became "curiouser and curiouser."

INSTEAD of going down, all signs pointed upward for the rabbit's hole, the *Fool*, in cap and bells, going always before them. Up the stairs he went at such a lively clip that his party could hardly keep up with him. Into dear old quiet grandmother's room they came before they knew it. "Off with his head," sang out the *Queen of Hearts*, who lost no opportunity of having folks decapitated.

Next thing they knew, the *April Fool* was leading them down the back stairs, only to bring them back up *via* the front ones. They were all nearly breathless when they finally arrived in the spacious attic, where the dancing was to take place.

Across the extended arms of the *Fool* he carried a number of long red ribbons with bells on the ends of each piece. The girls were asked to take hold of a ribbon apiece, on one side, and the men to do the same on the other, and follow to the end, for their partners for the opening dance. After that the hostess allowed her guests to do as they pleased, until it was time for supper to be served; and for supper-partners she had planned to have them go a-fishing.

The fish-pond had been concealed until fishing-time arrived, when it was brought out by the *Fool*, assisted by two of the men.

The pond was made from the largest wash-tub that could be found and covered with dark-blue cheese-cloth on the outside. There were enough poles for everybody to go a-fishing—short poles that had been brought from the woods. The men were to fish from one side and the girls from the other. The lines were quite long—and (which is well to remember) quite strong. Not only did they permit the fisherman to stand well away from the pond, but they were also long enough to fall to the bottom of the pond itself, where they were covered over with dark-green tissue-paper, on which was a liberal sprinkling of candy, celluloid and pasteboard fish.

When the signal was given to start fishing, everybody picked up a pole and gave a grand pull. Then there was reeling and writhing—and the little lines flew in every direction. For a minute, the room was filled with gay, colored fish—one of which every one expected to find on the end of his line. But every laddie found he had caught a lassie and *vice versa*.



Clothes that lend smartness to the occasion

For less than you ever spent on clothes before

THE loveliest yet most economical clothes you ever owned! Dance frocks, afternoon dresses, suits—all may have the exclusive look of original models—yet you, yourself, can make them at an actual money-saving!

Because of that wonderful invention, the Deltor, the smartest clothes you could desire may also be the least expensive.

No matter what your skill in sewing, no matter how economical you may have been, this Deltor brings its own additional economy, never possible before; it guides your needle to the charm that you thought only Parisian modistes could attain.

The smartness that Paris calls "chic" in the most economical of clothes

YOU will find this invaluable Deltor enclosed in the envelope with your new Butterick pattern. It is not a part of the pattern itself, but a separate, patented service—a picture-guide *especially planned for the pattern it accompanies.*

Easily and simply, in just three steps, each individual Deltor will guide you to economy of time and money, to Paris smartness.

The first thing that the Deltor does is to save you money by an individual layout chart (yes, *individual,* not just a general chart, but one for your *exact* size and for *each* width of suitable material). Because of it, you buy ¼ to 1⅜ yards less than would otherwise be possible—a saving of 50c to $10 on materials alone!

Then, with your frock cut out, you follow the simplest of picture-and-word illustrations which show every stitch, every trick the French modiste would practise in putting *your own* frock together. Quickly, confidently, you sew, almost unaware that you are embodying in your frock the fit, set and lines of Paris!

And now—that critical moment when your frock nears completion. How should you finish the bateau neck—of what should you make the blossom which holds the girdle—and the sleeves, how will you achieve the correct effect? Here it is—the Parisian answer to your every question—carefully explained among the finishing suggestions designed especially for *your frock!*

Select your wardrobe now from advance spring fashions

AT the Butterick counters, a host of early spring styles awaits you. Select your wardrobe from these authentic fashions, remembering that with the Deltor you make the most intricate style as easily as the simplest; you cut your garment out of less material than was ever possible before, a saving of 50c to $10, *always.* And remember that in every case, the garment you are making costs less than it ever could, were it not for the Deltor.

Each Individual

DELTOR

especially planned for the pattern it accompanies

Saves You 50c *to* $10 *on materials*

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I ◆ *enables you* to buy ¼ to 1⅜ yards less material because of its *individual* layout chart.

II ◆ *guides you* in putting your garment together so that you attain the fit, drape and finish of an expert.

III ◆ *gives you* Paris' own touch in finish—those all important things upon which the success of your gown depends.

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BUTTERICK

Style Leaders of the World



BETTY BUTTERICK IN FRANCE

WHAT do you think of Betty in her Parisian gowns? In the top picture she is watching a Punch and Judy show. Then you see her looking at the Cathedral of Rheims. On the other side are little peasants of Brittany in their Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. Next, Betty is in the Luxembourg Gardens. Cut out the picture and fold back the flaps and you can make a little theater of Betty in France.

BETTY'S LETTER FROM FRANCE

All about a Paris family and a peasant boy at Rheims

By Harriet Ide Eager

Every boy or girl who writes to Betty and tells her what part he liked best in her letter this month, will get an answer from Betty on a pretty French post-card. Address Miss Betty Butterick, care of THE DELINEATOR, New York City

PARIS, FRANCE.

MA CHÈRE Dots:

That's how a little French girl says "My dear Dots." You say it like this: "Mah shair."

Valentine taught me that. Valentine Marie Michaud is the little girl in the French family we're visiting. (You say Michaud this way: "Mee-show.") Valentine has long wavy yellow hair and blue eyes. I was surprised. I thought French children were all dark. Tell Jack there is a boy named Raoul Henri Michaud. He is eleven years old, but he still wears a tight sailor suit with short tight pants and *socks!*

The Michauds live in an apartment-house. There are two great big black doors outside. They are open in the daytime. Oh, I guess I'd better tell you about the *concierge*. It's a woman—only sometimes she's a man, or both—and she lives in a little place on the first floor.

Her door is most always open and you see her and her family eating dinner. She brings up your mail and your packages. And at night she locks the big doors to keep burglars out, and when somebody who belongs in the house comes home late, why, he pulls the bell outside and the *concierge* wakes up and pulls a string or something in her room and that opens the big doors.

Then you go in and yell out your name before you go up-stairs, so she'll know it's not burglars.

Clémence is the Michauds' maid. She brings me breakfast in my room on a little tray. She always says: "*Bon jour, Mademoiselle.*" That means "Good morning, Miss." Brother eats breakfast in his room, too. So I never see him till afterward. Isn't that funny? I have hot chocolate and the *best* little kind of cold rolls called crescents because they are shaped like half-moons, and butter. The butter is little round flat pieces with a cow on one side and a flower on the other. That's all. You don't get fruit or cereal or eggs. It's lots of fun eating breakfast by myself in my kimono. I always read a book.

Raoul (pronounce it: "Rah-ool") studies *lots* harder than Jack and he knows lots more and talks English fine. But he doesn't play football or baseball. You ought to see all the sweaters and mufflers and rubbers and things his mother makes him wear if it's the teeniest bit cold or rainy!

Valentine and Raoul go to school every morning. So Brother and I take a walk. First we go to the Butterick pattern store on the Avenue de l'Opéra to see if there's any mail for me. My goodness! You ought to see all the flower-stands. One on every street corner almost. Brother always buys me some because they're so cheap. And there are little push-wagons full of violets and roses and lilies-of-the-valley. The women that push the wagons don't wear any hats, even in Winter. I think it's to save money.

I'm putting a pressed violet in this envelope for you to smell.

NEXT DAY IN PARIS.

TO-DAY Brother took me to *Notre Dame*. That means "Our Lady" and it's a high church that's gray and has big red front doors. We climbed a long way up little dark steps, up to the top tower, and we went out on the porch and we saw Paris. The people looked like silly ants. You couldn't hear any automobiles, only the wind.

On the porch there were the terriblest gray statues, kind of half animals and half ugly men. Their name is gargoyles. Some have holes like gutters in the top of their heads for rain-water to run out.

Oh, while we were up there, the big church bell rang. Oh, I was so scared. I held on tight to Brother. You never heard such a big boom—boom—boom-m-m-m! It was like a giant playing only bass notes on a giant piano with his big foot on the loud pedal. It kind of shook you the way thunder does. You felt sort of as if the bell were inside of you and was boom-booming through your head and all down in your toes and out your fingers. It was like that electric shock Jack gave us, only a million times scarier.

I still felt funny when we got down-stairs, so Brother took me inside the church where it was nice and dark and whispery. And we just sat and looked at the big colored windows till I nearly went to sleep.

Oh, we saw the funniest thing on the way home! A dog-barber! Honest. He walks along the *Seine* (that's the river that has half of Paris on one side and half on the other) and people take him their dogs to be clipped. Oh, Brother did the *craziest* thing! There was a little stray yellow dog and I had been petting him. The barber asked Brother, in French, if he didn't think the dog needed a hair-cut. And Brother said yes. Brother learned lots of French when he was over here in the army. So the man took the dog and began to clip his little yellow hair with big scissors. So when he was through he dipped the little dog in the river and washed him and dried him and held out his hand to Brother for some money.

Brother just laughed and laughed. He said, in French: "But he's not my dog!" You see the man thought all along he belonged to us. He got so mad I thought he was going to murder Brother, but Ben paid him and then the man laughed, too! And then a dirty little boy who owned the lost yellow dog came running up and he was tickled to death because his dog had a free bath and a hair-cut!

NEXT DAY IN PARIS.

BROTHER and I went to the Luxembourg Gardens with Raoul and Valentine where they go every afternoon it's not raining. It's a pretty park with high iron railings around it and lots of flowers and grass and trees and paths and children and a big pond to sail boats.

The little French girls wear the *shortest* skirts! Almost like a teeny ruffle. And the little boys have the *tightest* suits that make them look skinny as anything.

Oh goodness! I forgot to tell you. Brother bought me a real Paris dress. He bought it in a big store called the Galéries Lafayette. (I wonder if that's named for General Lafayette?) It has lots of little tucks down the front. I mean the dress, not the store. And a high ruffle collar that scratches my chin. It's short as anything. I had to take tucks in my petticoat with safety-pins. Madame Michaud laughed when Brother showed it to her. She dresses Valentine very plain.

I wore it to the Garden. There are cute little wood booths there that sell red balls, and ropes, and chocolate, and rolls, and hoops, and dolls and balloons. And about four o'clock, all the children eat "*gouter*." You say that, "goo-tay." It means "taste." It's a piece broken off a thick cake of sweet chocolate and you eat it with a cute little tiny loaf called a "little bread."

SUNDAY IN PARIS.

TO-DAY Brother treated us all to a drive in a cab with an old green coachman and a skinny horse. I mean the coachman's coat was green. We drove up the Champs Elysées. That means Elysian Fields and it's a pretty road in Paris where stylish people ride.

Well, we were driving along and I heard lots of children laughing and *laughing*. So we looked and it was a Punch and Judy show outdoors. So we got out and Brother paid some money and we went inside nad sat in little chairs under the trees behind a rope. Lots of children stood outside the rope and saw without paying.

I laughed and laughed. I split two buttons off my new Paris dress! There was another Punch and Judy show across the road, and when we weren't laughing we

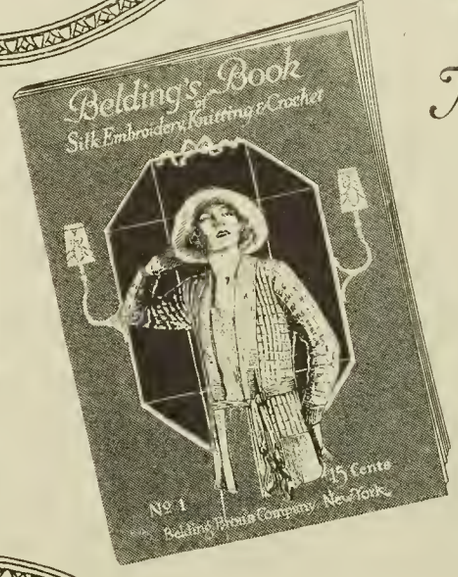
Concluded on page 78

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Makers of Fine Silks
for Gowns, Linings, Lingerie



For Lingerie
Lovely to look at, luxurious to wear, and enduring past expectation



NEW and unusual designs for small gifts, scarves, sports hats, sweaters, bags, etc., including a full color page of cross-stitch designs—all in

Belding's Book of
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Fifteen Cents, at your dealer's or from Belding Bros. & Co., 902 Broadway, N.Y.

Use Belding's New Process Embroidery Silks — made of *pure* silk — for articles which must withstand long wear or frequent launderings and Belding's Crochet Silks to give the utmost durability to crocheted articles. Belding's Syltex—a fast dye artificial silk—is especially adapted to dress embroidery.



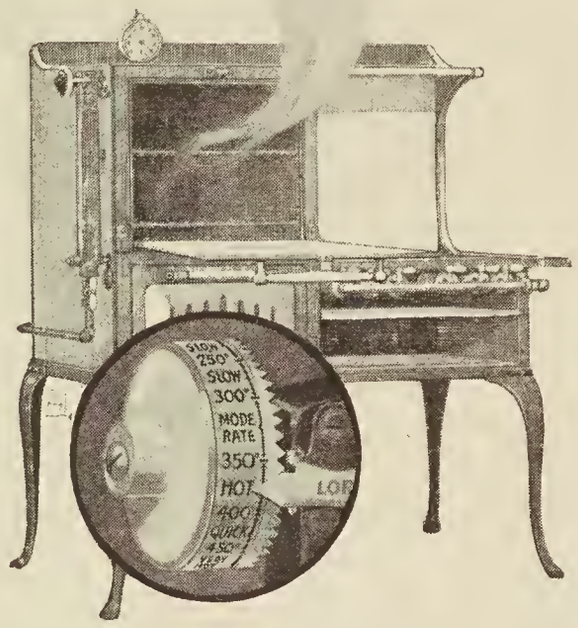


Magic Enters the Kitchen

ALADDIN rubbed a magic lamp and received everything he wanted. But—that's only a fairy story.

Modern woman touches a magic red wheel and receives from her gas oven perfectly cooked food — every time. And this is actual fact.

Thousands and thousands of American housewives know the joy of owning this magic red wheel. It works for them every day in their kitchens. And it works like a charm.



One easy turn of the "Lorain" red wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking

No Oven-Watching, No Bad Luck, No Failures

Every cook knows what it means to have to stand watch over her oven. Every cook, even the best cook, knows the meaning of "unlucky" results. Every cook knows how hard it is to duplicate each time the best bread or cake or pie she ever baked, or the best dinner she ever served.

Fancy then owning a magic wheel that forever ends gas oven-watching, forever banishes "unlucky" days from the kitchen, and gives you such accuracy in cooking that you equal your very best results every time,—perhaps, even excel them.

The magic wheel does all this—the magic red wheel whose name is Lorain.

LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

Good Cooking Made Easy

Lorain measures and controls gas oven heats. All you do is to put food into the gas oven and then when it is deliciously ready to serve, take it out.

Bread, cake, pie—or an entire meal of meat, vegetables and dessert at one time—even canning of fruits and vegetables—all these are easy successes for the Lorain. And you need never look into your oven a single time while the food is cooking.

Wonderful—And Yet It's Simple

Cooking experts praise Lorain as the greatest cooking discovery in many years, yet Lorain does not take an expert to use it. Anybody who cooks can understand a Lorain in two minutes.

But the time and the work Lorain saves and the joy it brings in better food and happier homes, why, that takes a book to tell the facts. We want you to have a copy of the book about this magic red wheel. Simply send us the coupon.

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54 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Largest makers of gas ranges in the world

Only these famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the "Lorain"

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We manufacture oil and coal stoves for use where gas is not available, but the "Lorain" cannot be used on these.

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54 Chouteau Ave.
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Please send me free booklet, "An Easier Day's Work".

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1922

Concluded from page 77

BETTY'S LETTER FROM FRANCE

could hear those children laughing. It was sunny outdoors and not cold a bit.

RHEIMS, FRANCE.

I HOPE this part of my letter won't make you cry. Because it made me cry.

I am in the part of France that was destroyed by the Germans.

We came in an automobile and the roads are awful. We saw a little boy in a village and he was working in a little garden near a piece of a house that was mostly stones lying around loose. Brother asked him to show us around the village. He said his name was Jean and he had to work. So Brother said he would pay him. He ran and told his mother to come and see the rich American. So his mother asked us in her house.

It was just awful. It was one little room and all the rest of the house was just ruins with grass growing in the cracks. And all they had was an old bed with awful old covers and some straw for another bed. And Jean and his mother and big brother and his big brother's wife and his brother's wife's little baby all sleep there. Jean's father was killed in the war. They had a little tiny stove and some old grocery boxes for tables and chairs and to keep things in.

Jean keeps rabbits and chickens and takes care of them himself, and the garden too, and he picks up stones and puts them in piles and he never, never has time to play. So he was awful glad to go with us.

Jean showed us the place where the village church used to be and there was nothing left but dirt and grass. There isn't any school to go to.

Jean came to Rheims with us, too. We saw the big cathedral that had bombs dropped on it. You can see the sky through the walls and there isn't any colored glass in the windows and the birds fly through. People are fixing it up again, though.

It was awful muddy in Rheims. But there are stores there and houses that are not falling down. I saw one shoe-store called "At the Sign of Puss in Boots." Wasn't that cute?

Brother gave Jean fifty francs. When Jean's mother saw it, she cried. Jean's mother is forty years old, but she has hardly any teeth and she has gray hair and wrinkles like your grandmother. Brother says that's because she worked so hard. Her back is all bent. She has two red geraniums at her window. She gave me a leaf to smell.

QUIMPER, BRITTANY, FRANCE.

YOU see, I am in another place. There are peasants here that dress pretty like in Spain. We went in the cutest peasant house. It had a dirt floor and a big fireplace I could stand up in, and a stone mantelpiece with pretty pictures cut in it.

There was a cute little girl six years old named Félice (fay-lees) and she was dressed just like her mother in a real full skirt and a colored apron and a white cap. She showed me her bed. It was in the same room where they eat and cook and it was like a little cupboard in the wall with sliding doors and straw in it and a mattress and then a feather bed to cover up with. All the family's beds were like that around the wall. Félice showed me how she stood on a big chest to climb up at night.

Félice's mother made us some nice hot pancakes called *crêpes*. (Pronounce it "krepp.") You eat them with cream and sugar.

Good-by now. I wish I had Snippie to sleep on my feet.

Votre devouée (that means "your devoted") BETTY.

P. S. I didn't tell you that when Félice was cross, her mother said: "Watch out! If the wind turns, your face might freeze that way!" And instead of saying "blow out the candle," they say "wipe the candle's nose!"

B. B.

Concluded from page 53

EVERY THIRD CHILD IS UNDERFED

Adenoids, enlarged and diseased tonsils, and bad teeth; eye-strain; lack of sufficient fresh air and exercise; excessive fatigue.

Adenoids mechanically obstruct the respiration, cause mouth-breathing, and are often the origin of inflammatory processes in the nose and throat. Diseased tonsils and decayed teeth are not only culture-beds for all grades of acute or chronic infection, but they throw out poisons that impair the child's assimilation of food.

Eye-strain is a factor, since it produces headache, nervousness and fatigue. These naturally affect the appetite.

As a means of producing loss of appetite, close confinement indoors, with lack of fresh air, has no equal. Every child who has reached the run-about age should spend at least five hours daily in the open air. During very inclement weather in Winter the child should be given an indoor airing. For this, dress him as for the daily outing. Then open all the windows on one side of the room, closing all doors to prevent air currents.

An overfatigued child is actually "too tired to eat." Since fatigue impairs digestion, the small appetite at this time is often nature's effort to prevent indigestion. If this extends over a long period, it means the expending of more energy than is being created, and the result is impaired nutrition.

The overactive child should be induced to rest for a half-hour before lunch and before the evening meal. The rest should be taken in bed, with the clothing loosened and windows open.

Unhappiness and worry have a bearing on malnutrition, not alone in causing loss of appetite, but in interfering with the absorption and assimilation of food. Chief among the causes for mental depressions in childhood are:

Too much discipline, too much school work, or worry over school standing.

The next question is, when should a child be considered malnourished?

There are various degrees of malnutrition, but generally speaking any child habitually seven per cent. underweight is not well. To say he is sick would come nearer the truth. A child even five per cent. underweight needs extra care and watchfulness, for five per cent. underweight at seven years may mean ten per cent. or more at twelve years.

Some of the physical and mental signs of malnutrition are:

Paleness with lines under the eye, flabby muscles, prominent abdomen, stooping posture, round shoulders or projecting shoulder-blades, forgetfulness, restlessness, inattentiveness, and irritability. The most infallible test is underweight for height.

In addition to plenty of good, wholesome food, and the removal of physical or mental causes, malnourished children require fresh air and rest. They should sleep in well-ventilated rooms, go to bed regularly at an early hour (in order to secure at least ten hours' sleep), and have a rest period morning and evening. Their play should not be too hard or school work too taxing. Since competition with well and strong children either in work or play means a drain on their reserve strength, it should be avoided as much as possible; for, instead of drawing on their reserve, these children need to store up energy.

The average height and weight, as given by the Children's Bureau, United States Department of Labor, is:

		BOYS		GIRLS	
		Height Inches	*Weight Pounds*	*Height Inches*	*Weight Pounds*
2	years	33¾	27⅛	33⅜	26⅜
3	"	37⅛	32¼	36¾	30½
4	"	39½	35⅞	39.0	33¾
5	"	41.6	41.1	41.3	39.7
6	"	43.8	45.2	43.4	43.3
7	"	45.7	49.1	45.5	47.5
8	"	47.8	53.9	47.6	52.0
9	"	49.7	59.2	49.4	57.1
10	"	51.7	65.3	51.3	62.4
11	"	53.3	70.2	53.4	68.8
12	"	55.1	76.9	55.9	78.3
13	"	57.2	84.8	58.2	88.7
14	"	59.9	94.9	59.9	98.4





"When it rains —it pours"

WHEN grandmother gets into the kitchen everything's got to run smoothly—especially the salt.

Of course she chooses Morton's. You know the reason: it doesn't cake, stick or clog in the package—or in the table cellars. Even when it rains it pours.

Morton's is pure salt, with a flavor all its own—and a knack of bringing out the best in any food into which it goes.

MORTON SALT COMPANY
CHICAGO

Do you know—there's nothing better for brushing your teeth than Morton's Salt? It keeps them white, hardens the gums and checks "acid mouth."

WHEN IT RAINS — IT POURS



From a drawing by J. Henry Bracker © ARCO 1922

You want your new house *warmed*, not heated

THERE are two kinds of homes, you know.

The homes where some rooms are heated, and some rooms are cold. And the homes where every room is evenly warmed.

Homes of the second sort are usually warmed by the boilers and radiators of this Company, CORTO RADIATORS and the IDEAL TYPE A HEAT MACHINE, if the home is large; American Radiators and ARCOLA if the home is small.

And this better warmth is really a gift—for the products of this Company are designed to pay for themselves in the fuel they save.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Makers of the famous IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

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Send for this free book. If you are planning to build or remodel, this free book is the first piece of literature to send for. It gives ten secrets for saving coal. It tells why florists insist on hot-water warmth in their greenhouses; and why the warmth that is best for flowers is best for families, too.

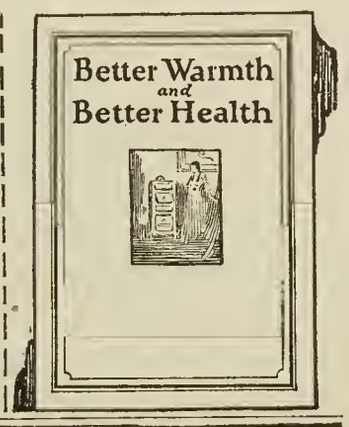
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Name _____

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City _____ *State* _____





Concluded from page 44

THE FARMHOUSE BECOMES A HOME

napkins and scarfs, and a refectory table, which they used for dining on the porch. An electric toaster and grill and a percolator were placed on a table and in the morning you could choose your own breakfast time if you were willing to make toast and boil the fresh-laid eggs.

The chickens and ducks which were bought and put in the poultry-house and the geese which were kept in the old hen-house and Kosealia, the cow, cut down the cost of living. Mrs. Evans in the Spring and Summer months brought to the house on an average of thirty eggs each evening.

As the family was not very large, these were more eggs than could be used, so Mrs. Evans sold the surplus in the village.

In the Summertime there is a wonderful garden on the farm which yields enough corn, beans and tomatoes to supply the table and to can for Winter use. With a place of this sort you can make your farm produce all you eat, with the exception of dry groceries and a little beef or lamb bought from the butchers.

Mrs. Evans was fortunate in securing the services of an English gardener for the farmhouse; but she spends many happy hours digging in the soil and cultivating the flowers for which she has a penchant, and to no one will she delegate the cooking. Her culinary ability is of high order and she loves to prepare delectable dishes for her friends. The writer can vouch for the superior quality of both her farm products and her cooking; for when, one lovely Spring day, she sat at luncheon with the mistress of Wild Flower Farm, there were, besides the dainty home-cooked dishes, apple-blossom honey, generous pats of Kosealia's butter as yellow as the gold of the Orient, and tall glasses of thick buttermilk. All daintily served—a further evidence of the versatility of this successful woman.

Mrs. Evans rented her grazing land to a dairy farmer, who also agreed to cut her hay, putting enough in the barn to supply the cow for a year. From the hay and the rent of the grazing land she receives enough to pay the taxes on the land and some of the carrying charges.

The amount of money spent on the place, including knocking out the partition between two rooms on the first floor, making one large living-room, painting, papering, painting the floors Colonial yellow and the improvements I have mentioned above, was about forty-two hundred dollars, which, with the original price, made the place come to a little more than ten thousand dollars; an amount not excessive for a farm of that size, with every convenience which you would get in the city.

To one who loves nature as Mrs. Evans does the prospect of life at Wild Flower Farm is an enviable one. Her study of nature and her business experience have taught her the philosophy—Life is what you make it.

Mrs. Evans has not only invested in a home. She has proved an asset to her community. She has turned an abandoned old church into a community-house. She has increased not only property values in her neighborhood but human values.

Concluded from page 64

PAINTS AND DYES

with clear water and allowed to dry, after which a coat of flat gray paint was applied and allowed to dry partly. A rag wet with turpentine was then rubbed over it, and part of the gray paint was rubbed off and some of it rubbed in, which allowed the grain of the wood to show through the paint. This set was much admired and was very little trouble. With gray walls and rug and old-rose hangings, it made a very artistic room.

If you have an ugly oak or walnut dining-room set, it can be made really beautiful by the use of paint. The one I am about to describe was made to match some old black rush-bottom chairs (with designs in gold stippled on them) with which we are all familiar, but the chairs that belong to the set will do.

First paint the furniture a dull red, remembering always to use the flat color. When that dries, use a coat of flat black, but don't put it on too thickly, as the red should shine through, as it does on the old chairs. Now use some bronze paint on all carving or beveled edges as you did the gilt paint on the bedroom set. Make a line around the edge of the table top and wherever there are grooves on the legs of the table or the chairs. When this is dry, cover with a coat of white varnish, and if you have had patience enough to do the work carefully you will be delighted with the result.

The number of accessories to the room which can be made to look new with the aid of paint is legion, but I will try to tell you of only a few in this article. Perhaps the gas or electric fixtures are badly worn. They can be painted like the walls of the room, or painted black. The wicker furniture can also be painted, so can the scrap-basket, or perhaps you prefer to dye them if they have not already been painted.

To refresh the wicker furniture by dyeing, take any of the anilin dyes which are on the market, dissolve them in hot water in the wash-tubs and dip your baskets or furniture. Lovely color effects can be made by having different colors ready and shading the baskets from dark to bright or making the lower half one color and the upper half a harmonizing color. The baskets are very pretty to hold flowers or Autumn leaves or as trays for serving luncheon or afternoon tea on the veranda. Chairs, tables and muffin-stands can be done in one color.

The dyes can also be used on porch rugs when they become faded. If the rug is too large to dip, apply the dye (made stronger) with a brush. I have known this to be done with woolen carpets, but it must be applied very evenly and several coats given.

The red, blue, green, and amber glassware which we see so much of now in the shops can be imitated at home at a very small cost. Colored shellac can be purchased and applied to white glassware, but must be put on only the outside of the article. It will then stand water. Very handsome sets can be made for the consol table in the hall or the buffet in the dining-room, as in the picture of the candlesticks and compote accompanying this article. The shellac can be washed off with denatured alcohol and a new color put on, so that you can always have the candlesticks, fruit bowls or whatever you decorate harmonize with the room. Numerous articles that may be decorated in this way will suggest themselves to you.

Whole sets for the table can be made—such as candlesticks, compote, saltcellars or shakers, finger-bowls, glasses, etc.

With these suggestions for walls, rugs, furniture, hall brackets, glassware—who is going to have a shabby home this year?



Plio-Top model 904 of pink coutil with long skirt. For medium figure. Sizes 24 to 32. $7.00.

Plio-Top model 818, pink brocade with elastic waistline top and long skirt. Sizes 22 to 30. $5.00. Plain coutil, model 770. $3.50.

Lightly boned flesh color brocade Plio-Top model 706, with medium skirt and low bust, for slender or medium figure. Sizes 23 to 30. $3.50.

This is the Plio-Top feature. The moment you bend forward, you feel the difference.

If You Would Wear Smart Clothes, Smartly

PLEATS. Draperies. A wrap-around skirt. The hip-line waist-line. Only over a figure that is slender, smooth-lined and supple can such fashions be happy. Never before did one need to be so careful in selecting a corset; its aid must be so subtle, so guiding, so unsuspected.

Yet this spring you can obtain the perfect basis for your costume—a corset with a feature that is new and absolutely exclusive, a corset inspired by fashion itself—the American Lady Plio-Top!

Right at the top of this corset, is the Plio-Top feature which brings glad relief from the front steel which in some corsets thrusts itself inward at the slightest forward motion. When the body bends, the Plio-Top bends!

Like all American Lady Corsets, Plio-Top models are boned with Mightybone. Because Mightybone is so resilient, the fewest strands of it can satisfy the body's need of support, and fulfill fashion's demand for slimness.

See at your dealer's the corsets shown here and other American Lady models individually designed for individual figures.

AMERICAN LADY CORSET COMPANY, INC.
DETROIT · CHICAGO · NEW YORK · SAN FRANCISCO

For sports wear or for the slim figure, a flesh color elastic girdle, 771. Made without Plio-Top feature. Sizes 22 to 32. $4.00.

Front lace model 816, of flesh color brocade, lightly boned and with rubber insert at top. For average figure. Made without Plio-Top feature. Sizes 22 to 30. $5.00.



This tag is attached to every American Lady Corset. Look for it; it promises corset comfort.

American Lady PLIO-TOP *Corsets*

Fashionably Boned with Mightybone

© American Lady Corset Co., Inc., 1922



Blackheads indicate your cleansing method is wrong

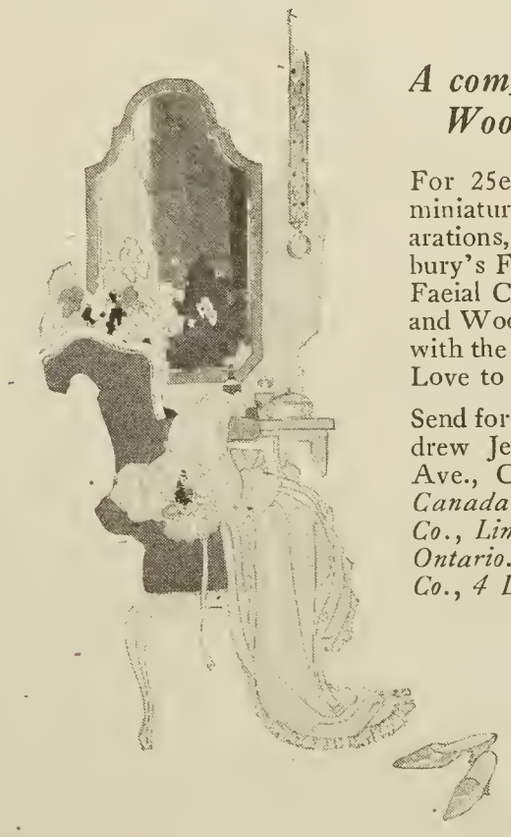
BLACKHEADS are an indication that you are not using the right method of cleansing for your type of skin. Use the following simple treatment to overcome this defect:

EVERY NIGHT before retiring, apply hot cloths to your faee until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with eold. If possible rub your faee for thirty seconds with a pieee of ice.

To remove blaekheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then proteet the fingers with a handkerehief and press out the blackheads.

Special treatments for all the commoner skin troubles are given in the booklet that is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake of Woodbury's today — begin tonight the treatment *your skin* needs.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25c cake lasts a month or six weeks.



A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25e we will send you a eomplete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the new Woodbury's Faeial Cream, Woodbury's Cold Cream, and Woodbury's Faeial Powder, together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address the Andrew Jergens Co., 1904 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1904 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English Agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

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Continued from page 9

THIS FREEDOM

marrying while on a holiday in the little Devonshire town where he had gone to ponder his future (a little unbalanced by the unpremeditated plunge into Holy Orders), further continued his brilliance by unexpectedly finding himself the assistant master in his father-in-law's second-rate and failing school. The daughter would not leave her father; the suitor would not leave his darling; the brilliant young wrangler, who at Cambridge used to dream of waking to find himself famous, awoke instead to find himself six years buried in a now third-rate and moribund school in a moribund Devonshire town. He had a father-in-law now a permanent invalid, bedridden. He had four children and another, Robert, on the way.

IT was his father-in-law's death that awoke him; and he awoke characteristically. The old man dead! Come, that was one burden lifted, one shackle removed! The school finally went smash at the same time. Never mind! Another burden gone! Another shackle lifted! Damn the school! How he hated the school! How he loathed and detested the lumping boys! How he loathed and abominated teaching them simple arithmetic (he, the wrangler), and history that was a string of dates, and geography that was a string of capes and bays, and Latin as far as the conjugations (he, the wrangler). How he loathed and abominated it! Now a fresh start! Hurrah!

That was like Rosalie's father—in those days. That way blew the cold fit and the hot fit—then.

The magnificent fresh start after the magnificent escape from the morass of the moribund father-in-law and the moribund school and the moribund Devonshire town proved to be but a stagger down into morass heavier and more devastating of ambition. He always jumped blindly and wildly into things—blindly and wildly into the church, blindly and wildly into marriage, blindly and wildly into the school, blindly and wildly, one might say, into fatherhood on a lavish scale, blindly and wildly—the magnificent fresh start—into the rectory in which Rosalie was born.

It was "a bit in the wilds" (of Suffolk), "a bit of a tight fit" (two hundred pounds a year), and a bit of two or three other drawbacks; but it was thousands of miles from Devonshire and from the school and schooling, that was the great thing; and it was a jolly big rectory with a ripping big garden; and above all and beyond everything it was just going to be a jumping-off place while he looked round for something suitable to his talents and while he got in touch again with his old friends of the brilliant years.

IT was just going to be a jumping-off place, but he never jumped off from it; a place from which to look around for something suitable, but instead he sank in it up to his chin; a place from which to get in touch again with his friends of the brilliant years, but his friends were all doing brilliant things and much too busy at their brilliance to open up with one who had missed fire.

The parish of St. Mary's, Ibbotsfield, had an enormous rectory, falling to pieces; an enormous church, crumbling away; an enormous area, purely agricultural; and a cure of a very few hundred agricultural souls, enormously scattered. Years and years before, prior to mechanical reapers and threshers and prior to everything that took men to cities or whirled them and their produce farther in an hour than they ever could have gone in a week, Ibbotsfield and its surrounding villages and hamlets was a reproach to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in that it had no sufficiently enormous church. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners removed this reproach, adding in their zeal an enormous rectory; and the time they chose for their beneficent and lavish action was precisely the time when Ibbotsfield, through its principal landowners, was stoutly rejecting the monstrous idea of encouraging a stinking, roaring, dangerous railway in their direction, and combining together by all means in their power to keep the roaring, dangerous atrocity as far away from them as possible.

It thus, and by like influences, happened that, whereas one generation of Ecclesiastical Commissioners sat solidly upon the reproach of an enormous and thickly populated area without a church, later generations with the same stolidity sat upon the reproach of an enormous church, an enormous rectory and an infinitesimal stipend, in an area in which a man might walk all day without meeting any other man.

But the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, not having to live in this rectory or preach in this church or laboriously trudge about this area, did not unduly worry themselves with this reproach.

That was (in his turn) the lookout of the Rev. Harold Aubyn—also his outlook.

He is to be imagined in those days when Rosalie first came to know him and to think of him as *Prospero*, as a terribly lonely man. He stalked fatiguingly about the countryside in search of his parishioners, and his parishioners were suspicious of him and disliked his fierce, thrusting nose, and he returned from them embittered with them and hating them. He genuinely longed to be friendly with them and on terms of hail-fellow-well-met with them; but they exasperated him because they could not meet him either on his own quick intellectual level or upon his own quick and very sensitive emotional level.

THEY could not respond to his humor and they could not respond, in the way he thought they ought to respond, to his sympathy.

He once found a man—a farm laborer—who in conversation disclosed a surprising interest in the traces of early and medieval habitation of the county. The discovery delighted him. In the catalog of a second-hand bookseller of Ipswich he noticed the "Excursions in the County of Suffolk," two volumes for three shillings, and he wrote and had them posted to the man. For days he eagerly looked in the post for the grateful and delighted letter that in similar circumstances he himself would have written. He composed in his mind the phrases of the letter and warmed in spirit over anticipation of reading them. No letter arrived.

When he came into the rectory from visiting, he was always asking, "Has that man Bolas from Hailsham called?" Bolas never called. He furiously began to loathe Bolas. He was furious with himself for having "lowered himself" to Bolas. Bolas in his ignorance no doubt thought the books were a cheap charity of cast-off lumber. Uncouth brute! Hateful brute! Uncouth parish! Hateful, loathsome parish! For weeks he kept away from Hailsham and the possible vicinity of Bolas. One day he met him. Bolas passed him with no more than a "Good day, Mr. Aubyn." He could have killed the man. He swung round and pushed his dark face and jutty nose into the face of Bolas.

"Did you ever get some books I sent you?"

"Ou, ay, to be sure, they books——"

He rushed with savage strides away from the man. All the way home he savagely said to himself, aloud, keeping time to it with his feet: "Uncouth brute, ill-mannered brute, horrible, hateful place! Uncouth brutes, hateful brutes, horrible, hateful place!"

That was his attitude to his parishioners. They could not come up to the level of his sensibilities, he could not get down to the level of theirs.

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THIS FREEDOM

With the few gentle families that composed the society of Ibbotsfield he was little better accommodated. They led contented, well-ordered lives, busy about their gardens, busy about their duties, busy about their amusements. His life was ill-ordered and he was never busy about anything. He was always either neglecting what had to be done or doing it late with a ferocious and exhausting energy that caused him to groan over it and detest it while he did it. In the general level of his life he was below the standard of his neighbors and knew that he was below it; in the sudden bounds and flights of his intellect and of his imagination he was immeasurably above them. Therefore, and in both moods, he commonly hated and despised them. "Fools, fools! My God, what fools!"

At the rectory, among his family, he seemed to himself to be surrounded by incompetent women and herds of children.

He was a terribly lonely man when Rosalie first came to know him and thought of him as *Prospero*. He is to be imagined in those days as a fierce, flying, futile figure scudding about on the face of the parish and in the vast gaunt spaces of the rectory, with his burning face and his jutting nose, trying to get away from people, hungering to meet sympathetic people; trying to get away from himself, hungering after the things that his self had lost. In his young manhood he was known for moods of intense reserve alternated by fits of tremendous gaiety and boisterous high spirits. ("A fresh start! Hurrah!" when release from the school came. "What does anything matter? Now we're really off at last. Hurrah! Hurrah!") In his set manhood, when Rosalie knew him, there were substituted for the fits of boisterous spirits paroxysms of violent outburst against his lot. "Infernal parish! Hateful parish! Forsaken parish!" after the ignominy of flight before the bull. "Blow the dinner! Dash the dinner! Blow the dinner!" after wrestling the soggy joint from his pocket and hurling it half a mile through the air. These and that single but terrible occasion of "Cambridge! Cambridge! My youth! My God, my God, my youth!"

A terribly lonely man.

THE Aubyn family occupied only a portion of the enormous rectory. There was a whole floor up-stairs and there were several rooms on the ground and first floors that were never used, were unfurnished except for odds and ends of lumber left behind by the previous vicar, and were never entered. Rosalie once explored them all, systematically though very fearfully and also very excitedly. She was searching for some one, for two people.

In the household she knew her father and her mother, her brothers and sisters and the servants; but there were two mysterious inhabitants of whom she often heard but whom she never saw and never could find. It used to frighten her sometimes, lying awake at night or creeping about the house of an evening, to think of those two mysterious people hidden away somewhere and perhaps likely to pounce on her out of the dark. What did they eat? Where did they live? What did they do? What *were* they?

One of these two eery and invisible people was heard of from her father. Several times Rosalie heard him when speaking to persons not of the family speak of "my wife." The other eery and invisible creature was heard of from her mother: "My husband."

Where were they? Of all the mysterious things which Rosalie used to wonder over in those days this undiscoverable "wife" and "husband" were the most mysterious of all, and more mysterious than ever after that day on which, walking on tiptoe for fear of coming upon them suddenly, holding her breath and pausing in fearful apprehension before entering the untenanted rooms up-stairs, she explored the whole house in search of them. She got to know all sorts of little odds and ends about them; that the wife felt the cold very much, for instance, for she had heard her father say so; and that the husband did not like mutton, for her mother told that to Mr. Grant, the butcher, and she was often hot on their tracks, for she had heard her father say, "My wife is up-stairs," and had rushed up-stairs and searched; and her mother say, "My husband is in the garden," and had run into the garden and hunted. But all these clues only deepened the mystery. They were never to be found.

It was mysterious.

THEN one day the wife (she heard) fell ill, and through her great concern about that —for she was profoundly interested in these people and used to feel awfully sorry for them, hidden away like that perhaps with no fire and nothing to eat but mutton—the mystery was explained.

With the family she was going toward the church one Sunday morning and she heard her father tell a lady that "my wife" was not very well that morning and couldn't come. Rosalie during the service prayed very earnestly for the wife's recovery and took the opportunity of praying also that she might be permitted to see the wife "if she is not very frightening, O Lord, and the husband too, if possible, for Jesus Christ's sake, amen."

And at lunch, having thought of nothing else all the morning, there was suddenly shot out of her the question, "Father, is your wife any better now?"

Rosalie commonly never spoke at all at meals; and as to speaking to her father, though it is obvious she must have had some sort of intercourse with him, this famous question (a standing joke in the house for years) was the single direct speech of those early years she ever could remember. She spoke to her father when she was bidden to speak in the form of messages, generally about meals being ready or relative to shopping commissions he had been asked to execute; but he was far too wonderful, powerful and mysterious for conversation with him on her own initiative—"Father, is your wife any better now?" stood out in her later recollection alone and lonelily startling.

There was from all the company an astounded stare and astounded gasp; all the table sat with astounded eyes, forks suspended in mid-air, mouths half-open in astonishment, and Rosalie sitting in her high chair wonderingly regarding their wonderment. *What* were they staring at?

There was then an enormous howl of laughter, led by Rosalie's father, and repeated, and louder than before, because it was so very unusual for the family to be laughing in accord with father. Gertrude the maid fled hysterically from the room and laughter howled back from the kitchen.

ROSALIE'S father said, "You'd better go and ask your mother." Her mother had stayed in bed that day with a chill.

Robert "undid" Rosalie—a wooden rod with a fixed knob at one end went through the arms of her high chair and was fastened by a removable knob at the other end—and Rosalie slid down very gravely, and with the laughter still echoing trod up-stairs to her mother's bedside and related what she had been told to ask, and, on inquiry, why she had asked it. "I only said, 'Father, is your wife any better now?' " and on further inquiry explained her long searching after the undiscoverable pair.

Rosalie's mother laughed also then, but had a sudden wetness in her eyes. She put her arms about Rosalie and pressed her to her bosom and cried, "Oh, my poor darling!" and

Continued on page 84

Lucile knows better than anyone else how to work with taffeta. She chose Corticelli Taffeta in a lovely Old Blue to create this bouffant frock for Irene Castle



Photo by Campbell Posed by Irene Castle



Photo by Ira A. Hill

For morning or afternoon, indoors or out, the Summer through, you will be fashionably dressed in Corticelli Castle Crepe—the new printed silk shown here. This is one of six Corticelli Castle Crepe costumes Irene Castle is wearing this season

For each style the most appropriate silk

THIS is a season when silken fabrics are demanded for every sort of wear. And variety in silks is necessary to carry out the demands of the designers.

For we have sharp contrasts—models that demand the soft clinging lines of the popular crepes and others that must have the crisp billowy effect only taffeta can give.

Another season for crepe?—yes! And the loveliest of all—Corticelli Castle Crepe which Irene Castle has made her own. Today these new printed effects, in all the fashionable colors and at the most inviting prices, are being displayed and eagerly bought in the Fifth Avenue shops.

If your favorite store cannot show you Corticelli Castle Crepe or other Corticelli Dress Silks including Satin Patria, Satin Princess, Satin Crepes, Crepes de chine, Taffetas, Poplins, please write us. Address The Corticelli Silk Company, 54 Nonotuck Street, Florence, Mass.

Free booklet of Irene Castle's new frocks with special pattern offer

Send for free copy of the new booklet which tells you how to obtain patterns of two of Irene Castle's favorite frocks made of Corticelli Castle Crepe. This booklet also illustrates in actual colors five other dresses in Corticelli Castle Crepe, Satin Princess and Service Taffeta. Address The Corticelli Silk Company, 54 Nonotuck Street, Florence, Mass. No Canadian orders accepted.

THE CORTICELLI SILK COMPANY

Also makers of Corticelli Spool Silks, Ladies' Silk Hosiery, Yarns and Crochet Cottons



THOUSANDS of tourists stop at the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado for meals and then move on their way again. The chef flavors his dishes with Dromedary Cocoanut, and largely upon his judgment of flavor and fine dining, depends the reputation of the hotel. The recipe on the right is his.

Dromedary Cocoanut Pudding

Heat 2 cups milk. Add 1 tablespoon corn starch mixed with 2 tablespoons cold milk. Cook in double boiler 15 minutes. Beat 3 yokes with ⅓ cup sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt. Cook 2 minutes longer. Add 1½ cups Dromedary Cocoanut. Cool slightly. Add ¼ teaspoon vanilla and ¼ teaspoon lemon extract. Mix 3 stiffly beaten egg whites and 2 tablespoons powdered sugar. Fold one-half into pudding. Spread remainder over top and sprinkle with cocoanut. Brown quickly in hot oven. Chill.

When there's a thrill as you dine

One of the great games is "Keeping the Family Expectant"! And it is so easy to win.

Just a little ingenuity and the old dishes take on a new thrill.

Cereal is commonplace; but cereal sprinkled with DROMEDARY COCOANUT is an event. Bread and muffins baked with Dromedary are an unexpected delight. And the *usual* desserts, when Dromedary is added, become surprisingly unusual.

There are three thrills a day in a Dromedary package. But be sure to ask for it by name. Cocoanut is cocoanut; but cocoanut with all its original flavor—that is Dromedary.

The free Dromedary Booklet "One Hundred Delights" is very much worth sending for. Your name and address, mailed to Department 39, will bring it to you at once

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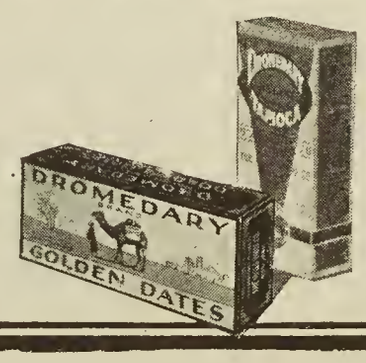
THE OLDEST AND THE LARGEST BUSINESS OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD

Dromedary Cocoanut



DROMEDARY PRODUCTS

TAPIOCA that is ready in an instant; COCOANUT that keeps fresh to the last shred; GOLDEN DATES from the Garden of Eden.





Continued from page 83

THIS FREEDOM

explained the tremendous mystery. Wife and husband, Rosalie's mother explained, were the names used by other people for her father and her mother. A man and a woman loved one another very, very dearly ("as I loved your dear father") and then they lived together in a dear house of their own and then God gave them dear little children of their own to live with them, said Rosalie's mother.

This thoroughly satisfied Rosalie and completely entranced her, especially about the presentation of the dear little children. She would have supposed that naturally it thoroughly satisfied Anna and Harold and Flora and the others; and the point of interest rests here, that Rosalie's mother also believed that this explanation of marriage and procreation completely satisfied Anna at sixteen and Harold in the bank at eighteen. She never gave them any other explanation of the phenomenon of birth; and it is to be supposed that, just as she instructed them that God sent the dear little children, so she believed that God, at the right time, in some mysterious way communicated the matter to them in greater detail. Years and years afterward Flora told Rosalie that when Rosalie was born all the children were sent away to stay with a neighbor and not allowed to return till Rosalie's mother, down-stairs, was able to show them the dear little sister that God had surprisingly delivered at the house, as it were in a parcel.

ONE is given pain by a state of affairs so monstrous; but one suffers that pain proudly because one belongs, proudly, to a day in which nothing but stark truth may go from mother to child, not even fairy-stories, not even Bible stories. Rosalie's mother is gone and her kind is no more and in the graces and the manners of this day's generation one perceives, proudly, the inestimable benefits of the passing of her kind. Lamentable specimen of her kind, she had no interests other than her home and her husband and her children and the pleasures and the treasures and the friends of her husband and her children. She belonged to that dark age when duty toward others was the guiding principle of moral life; she came only to the threshold of this enlightened age in which duty to oneself is known to be the paramount and first and last consideration of life as it should be lived.

Rosalie's mother, whose name had been Anna Escott, kept at the bottom of a drawer five most exquisite little miniatures. They were in a case of faded blue plush, and they had been in that case and at the bottom of one drawer or another ever since the girl Anna Escott, aged twenty, had placed them in the case, then exquisitely blue and new and soft, and given up painting miniatures forever, in order to devote her whole time to looking after her invalid father and the failing preparatory school that was his livelihood.

Rosalie was herself nearly thirty when she first saw the miniatures. She had come back to the rectory from the pursuits that then occupied her to visit, rather impatiently and rather vexedly, her mother on what proved to be her deathbed. She was tidying her mother's drawers, impatient with the amazing collection of rubbish they contained and hating herself for being impatient, while her mother, on the bed, patiently watched her; and she came upon the case and opened it and stared in astonishment and admiration at the beauty of the five miniatures.

She asked her mother and her mother told her she had painted them. "I used to do that when I was a girl," said Rosalie's mother.

All Rosalie's impatience was drowned and utterly engulfed in a most dreadful flood of emotion. She set down the case on the bed

Continued on page 85



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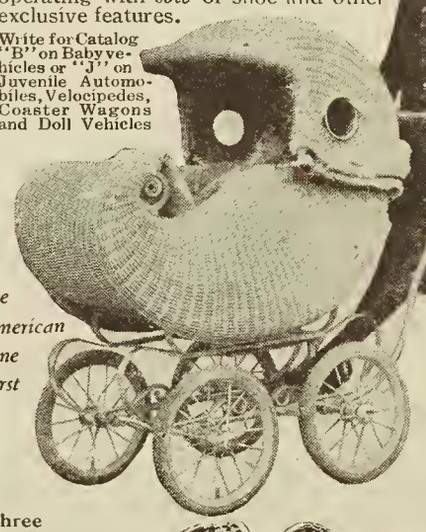
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Continued from page 84

THIS FREEDOM

and flung herself on her knees beside her mother and clasped her arms about her.

"Oh, mother, mother! Oh, beloved little mother!"

But that is out of its place.

Yes, that girl Anna Escott, who had an exquisite talent and all sorts of fond dreams of its development, gave it up wholly and entirely and forever when her mother died and her father said, "I would like you, Anna dear, to give up your painting and come and look after me and the school now."

Anna said, "Of course I will, papa. It's my duty. Of course I will."

GIRLS did that, and parents and husbands asked them to do that, in the days when Rosalie's mother was a girl. Rosalie's mother gave away everything, first to her father, then to her husband, then to her children. She believed the whole of the Bible, literally, as it is written, from the first word of Genesis to the last word of The Revelation. She taught it as literal, final and initial truth to all her children, and one knows how wickedly wrong it is now considered to teach children that the Bible is true. She taught them the whole of the Bible from books called "Line upon Line" and "The Child's Bible," and in stories of her own making, and from the Bible itself. Regrettably, the ignorantly imposed upon children loved it. Till each child was eight she taught them everything at her knee. All the nursery rimes, and all the Bible, and reading out of "Step by Step," and then "Reading Without Tears," and then, in advancing series, the "Royal Readers"; and writing, first holding their hands, and then—first in pencil and afterward with pens having three huge blobs to teach you how to place your fingers properly—in copy-books graded from enormous lines which had brick-red covers to astoundingly narrow little lines enclosing pious and moral maxims which had severe gray covers; and the multiplication-tables and then simple arithmetic; and general knowledge out of "The Child's Guide to Knowledge," which asked you "What is sago?" and required you to reply by heart, "Sago is a dried, granulated substance prepared from the pith of several different palms." "Where are these palms found?" "These palms are found in the East Indies." Likewise history out of Mrs. Markham and "Little Arthur"; also, at a ridiculously early age, how to tell the time and how to know the coinage of the realm and its value; also, whether girl or boy, the making of kettle-holders by threading brightly colored wools through little squares of canvas; also very many pieces of poetry—"Oft I heard of Lucy Gray," and "It was the schooner *Hesperus*"—and hymns, also learned by heart and sung while Rosalie's mother played the piano— "We are but little children meek" and "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild."

All these things were taught at her knee to each child in turn by Rosalie's mother, and each was taught out of the selfsame books, miraculously preserved by Rosalie's mother; the backs of them carefully stitched and restitched, and marked all through by the dates of each child's daily lesson, written in pencil by Rosalie's mother. The dates ranged from 1879, when Harold was being taught and when the books were fresh and clean and Rosalie's mother fresh and ardent with her first-born, to 1890, when Rosalie was being taught and the books very old and thumbed and most terribly crowded with pencil-marks and Rosalie's mother no longer fresh, but rather worn, but teaching as fondly and earnestly as ever because it was her duty. Literally at the knee of Rosalie's mother these things were taught—on her knee with one of her arms about you for the Bible teaching; and standing at her knee, hands behind you,

Continued on page 86



"Good home-made food promotes happiness and contentment"

The Royal Baking Service

from The Royal Educational Department

EDITOR'S NOTE—With what immense satisfaction do we enjoy a piece of good home made cake! How infinitely better it is than any we could possibly buy! Many cakes look tempting but when tasted are very dry and disappointing, lacking that flavor which good flour, baking powder, shortening, eggs and above all, home baking seem to give.

Wouldn't you like to become a better cake maker? You can, so easily. In fact, you may even become an expert and turn your baking knowledge into dollars, for everybody loves home made cake. The Royal Educational Department is ready to help you with suggestions and special instructions whenever you need assistance.

Cake Troubles

"WHY does my cake rise up in the middle?" "How do you make chocolate icing glossy?" "How must I change a cake recipe when baking in high altitude?" Hundreds of women are writing this department daily such questions as these. You also perhaps may be bothered by similar baking troubles. If so, write the Royal Educational Department. It is prepared to help you as it is helping thousands of women all over the world. Following are a few of the commonest difficulties—

***Question:* What makes my cakes split open and the batter pour down the sides?**

Answer: The oven is too hot. A crust forms before the cake has had a chance to rise completely, and the uncooked batter forces its way through the top, making a very unsightly cake with poor texture. Send for the Glazed Paper Oven Test. It is a sheet of correct oven temperatures and will be of great assistance to you.

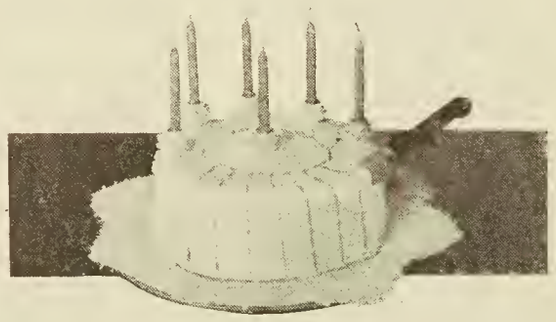
***Question:* Is it necessary to use pastry flour for cakes?**

Answer: While pastry flour is excellent for all recipes in which baking powder is used, it is not necessary and moreover not available for everyone. All recipes on these pages and in the New Royal Cook Book were made up with an ordinary good bread flour and the proportion of liquid is correct. All flour, however, should be sifted before measuring (two or three times is even better for cakes) and never packed down in the cup, but piled in very lightly.

***Question:* How can I get a fine-grained cake?**

Answer: Cream butter or other shortening before adding sugar—use fine granulated sugar if possible. Beat the batter well after adding each ingredient, and when the beaten egg whites are added last, mix them lightly, but very thoroughly, into the batter. On the other hand, hard beating at this stage tends to toughen the cake. Bake the cake in a moderate oven, increasing the heat slightly after it has been in the oven about 10 minutes.

The Birthday Cake

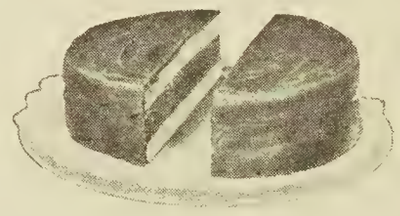


Remember grown-ups as well as little folks will appreciate a birthday cake. It must be of superfine quality. This inexpensive Pound Cake (recipe below) is delicious; for one still less costly you might try the Royal Cream Loaf Cake (page 12 New Royal Cook Book) which is so light and fine you would never dream that it requires but two eggs.

Of course the birthday cake must go as far as possible. Everybody will want a piece, perhaps two, so here is a way of cutting it that will surprise you by its economy.

With a sharp knife, beginning at the outside, cut around in circles until you reach the center, then slice through each circular piece as illustrated.

Small families, however, will not eat a whole cake at one time; therefore instead of the usual way, cut desired number of pieces from center of the cake as illustrated below. To keep the rest fresh push the two remaining pieces close together like a whole cake. This will keep it moist and soft several days.



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This is the fifth of the Royal Baking Service

Cut these out and put in your cook book

Pound Cake

1 cup butter
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 teaspoon lemon extract
5 eggs
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder

Cream butter thoroughly; add sugar very slowly, beating well between each addition. Add flavoring and yolks of eggs which have been beaten until pale yellow. Beat egg whites until light and add with flour which has been sifted with the baking powder two or three times. Beat mixture well for several minutes, until very light and fluffy. Bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven about one hour. Cover with the following frosting:

Ornamental Frosting

1½ cups granulated sugar
½ cup water
2 egg whites
1 teaspoon flavoring extract
1 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder.

Boil sugar and water without stirring until syrup spins a thread; add very slowly to beaten egg whites; add flavoring and baking powder and beat until smooth and stiff enough to spread. Put over boiling water stirring continually until icing grates slightly on bottom of bowl. Spread on cake, saving a small portion of icing to ornament the edge. This can be forced through a pastry tube, or, through a cornucopia made from ordinary white letter paper.

Royal Tropic Aroma Cake

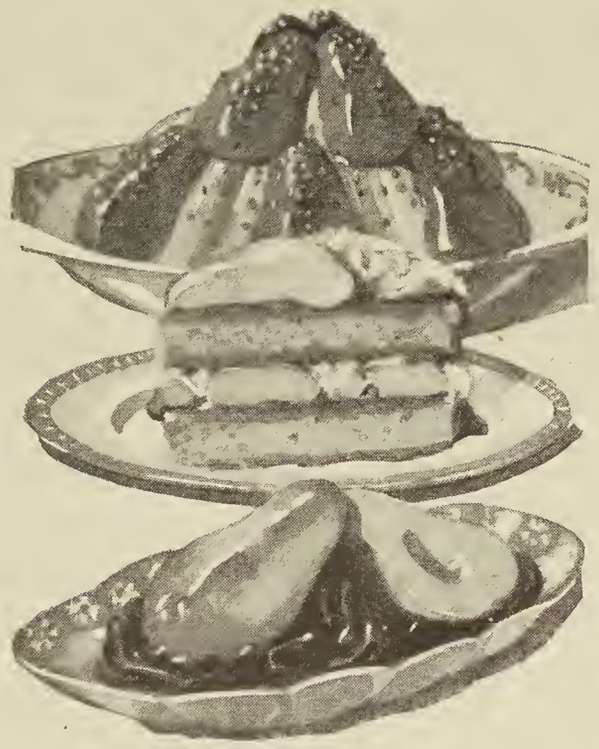
(Illustrated above)

½ cup shortening
1¼ cups sugar
1 cup milk
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon nutmeg
2 eggs
2½ cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Cream shortening; add sugar and beaten eggs. Mix well and add (sifted together) half the flour, baking powder, salt and spices; add milk and remainder of dry ingredients. Bake two-thirds of this batter in two greased layer tins, and to the remaining third add one tablespoon cocoa which has been mixed with one tablespoon boiling water. Use this for middle layer. Bake layers in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Put following filling and icing between layers and on top of cake:

2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon cocoa
2 cups confectioner's sugar
3 tablespoons strong coffee
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Cream butter. Add sugar and cocoa very slowly, beating until light and fluffy. Add vanilla and coffee slowly a few drops at a time, making soft enough to spread.



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Serve them new ways

For instance, try pears instead of berries in a Pear Shortcake and discover a new menu treat. For another novel dish, serve halves of pears, with chopped candied ginger and walnuts. Baked pears, too, are delicious and quickly made. Just sprinkle the pear halves lightly with brown sugar and a little cinnamon and bake until the sugar melts and the pears are heated.

For a most nourishing and dainty salad, fill halves of pears with chopped walnuts and dates, or with soft cream cheese. Serve with French dressing on lettuce. Both are sure to meet with favor.

These are just a few examples of the many ways to use Del Monte Pears. More than a hundred finest fruits and vegetables under the Del Monte label are just as adaptable in adding tempting, thrifty, healthful variety to daily menus. Our new book, "Del Monte Recipes of Flavor," tells how. Send for a free copy.

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DEL MONTE Pears





Continued from page 85

THIS FREEDOM

for the teaching of most of the rest. Yes, that was the early education, and the manner of the education, of Rosalie and of her brothers and sisters; and one perceives with indignation the spectacle of a mother wasting her time like that and wasting her children's time like that.

Rosalie's mother did everything in the house, and she was always doing something in the house—for somebody else. She never rested and she was always worried. Her brows were always wrinkled with the feverish concentration of one anxiously doing one thing while anxiously thinking of another thing waiting to be done. She had a driven and a hunted look.

Now Rosalie's father had a driving and a hunting look. Still, that is so often the difference between the tragedy of a woman and the tragedy of a man.

Rosalie's father in his youth threw away everything. Rosalie's mother throughout the whole of her life gave away everything. Rosalie's father was a tragic figure dwelling in a house of bondage; but he was at least a tragic king, ruling his house and venting his griefs upon his house. Rosalie's mother was a tragic figure and she was a tragic slave in the house of bondage. The life of Rosalie's father was a tragedy, but a tragedy in some measure relieved because he knew it was a tragedy and could wave his arms and shout and smash things and hurl beefsteaks through the air because of the tragedy of it. But the life of Rosalie's mother was an infinitely deeper tragedy because she never knew or suspected that it was a tragedy.

THE very great difference between her father and her mother maintained in Rosalie that early perception of the wondrousness of her father. She loved her mother, but in the atmosphere surrounding her mother there was often flurry and worry, and there was nothing whatever in her mother to mystify and entrance by sudden and violent eruptions of the miraculous. She did not love the father, for he was entirely too remote and awe-full for love, but he entranced her with his marvelousness. This maintained in her also her perception of the altogether greater superiority of all males over all females.

Rosalie came into her family rather like a new little girl first entering a boarding-school. When she was about four, and first beginning to realize herself, the next in age to her was Robert, who not only was at the immense distance of ten, but was of the male sex and therefore had a controlling interest in the world. Then was Hilda, who was twelve; then Flora, fourteen; then Anna, towering away in sixteen; and then Harold, utterly removed in the enormous heights of eighteen, second only to Rosalie's father in ownership of the world and often awfully disputing that supreme ownership.

So they were all immeasurably older than Rosalie; and they were not only immeasurably older, but, which counted for much more, they all had their fixed and recognized places in their world, just as girls of several terms' experience have their recognized places in their school; and for Rosalie there seemed to be no place at all, just as for new girls there is no place. Her brothers and sisters all had their fixed and recognized places, their interests, their occupations, their friendships; they all knew their own places and each others' places; they had learned to respect and admit each others' places; they knew the weight of one another's hand in those places; they were accustomed to one another; they tolerated one another.

It was all very strange and wonderful and mysterious to Rosalie.

She was, as it were, pitchforked into this established and regulated order, and to find a place for her was like trying to fit a new spoke into a revolving wheel. It can not be done; and with Rosalie it could not be done. The established wheel went on revolving in its established orbit and the new spoke, which was Rosalie, lay outside and watched it revolve. Intrusions within the circumference of the wheel commonly resulted in a sharp knock from one of the spokes. No one was in any degree unkind to Rosalie, but there was no proper place for her and everybody's will was in authority over her will. She rather got in the way. To be with her was not to enjoy her company or to enjoy battle with her and the putting of her company to flight. To be with her was to have to look after her; and in the community of the rectory every member, when Rosalie came, was fully occupied in looking after itself and defending itself from the predatory excursions of any other member.

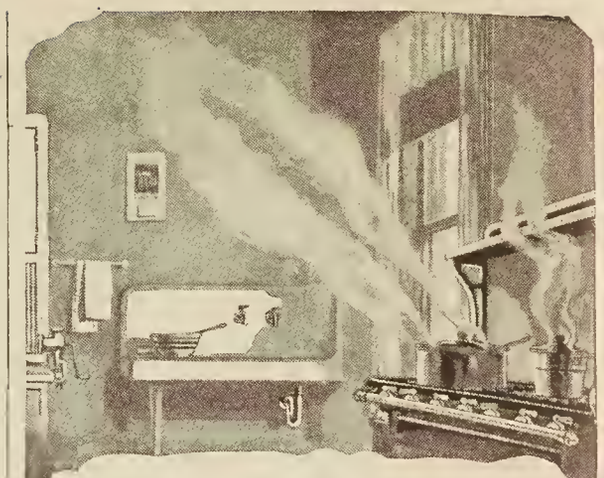
WHAT happened was that in time, just as a slight and negligible body can not be in the sphere of a powerful motion without being affected by it, Rosalie began to move sympathetically to the wheel, but on her own axis. She moved round with the wheel, but she was not of the wheel and she never became really incorporated with the wheel. The spokes were revolving with incredible rapidity when she first began to notice them and they always remained relatively faster. There she was sitting and watching and wondering; and the twig grows as it is bent or as it is left to bend. She looked on and absorbed things; and the first and by far the deepest of her settled perceptions was that, though she was subject to all powers, all girls and women were themselves subject to the power of all boys and men.

Up to the age of eighteen, six years represents an enormous gulf in the relative ages of brothers and sisters. You have only to figure it out in the case of Rosalie to realize how far behind she was always left, and why, though one of a family of six, she occupied a position outside the group and was a watcher of them rather than a sharer with them. She was four when Robert, the next above her was ten, which is a baby against a sturdy and well-developed giant; when she was eight, Robert was fourteen, which is a greater gulf than the first; when she was twelve, Robert was eighteen, which, from eighteen's point of view, is as the difference between an aged man and an infant; and when she was sixteen, Robert was twenty-two, which is a schoolgirl against one of the oldest and most experienced periods of life. She came in as a new little girl in a big school; when she had been there eight years—counting from four, when first she was conscious of arrival—she was still relatively the same; there she was, twelve, with Robert eighteen and the others twenty, twenty-two, twenty-four and twenty-six.

BUT there she is at eight when she had four years' experience from the day of first seeing her father leaping before the bull and thinking it was perfectly natural that he should leap before the bull. She had learned a tremendous lot in that second four years. She knew at eight that the world did not belong to her father and that on that night of the storm Flora was right to call her a fool for believing that he could stop the storm. She knew he was not nearly so wonderful as she used to think he was; but he was still enormously wonderful and, which she thought rather curious, she began to see that he rather liked showing her how wonderful he was. He could sharpen a pencil wonderfully, and he could eat a herring wonderfully. The thing discovered was that he was very proud of how wonderfully he could sharpen a pencil or eat a herring. Strange father!

"Who sharpened that pencil? Your

Continued on page 87



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Continued from page 86

THIS FREEDOM

mother? H'nf! I should think so! No woman can sharpen a pencil. Now look at me. Watch. I hold it in my left hand, see? Arm supported against my body. Now look how I cut at it. Bold, strong strokes, see? No niggling at it as if a mouse was nibbling it; long, bold sweeps, slashes. See? Look at that. Ah, drat! That's because I was holding it down for you to see. Watch again. There! There, that's the way to sharpen a pencil. Look at that. Do you see that long firm point? That's the way to sharpen a pencil. Show that to your mother."

He was as pleased with himself and as proud as if he had turned the pencil into gold. Funny father!

Or how to eat a herring.

"Herrings! Well a herring is one of the most delicious fish, if it's eaten properly. There's a right way to eat a herring and a wrong way. Now watch me and I'll show you how to eat a herring. Rosalie, watch."

"Rosalie, dear," (from her mother) "watch father show you how to eat a herring."

All eyes on father demonstrating how to eat a herring!

And Rosalie used to notice this about the watching eyes. Her mother's eyes—most anxiously and nervously upon the operation as if watching a thing she would soon be called upon to perform and would not be able to perform; the eyes of Robert (fourteen) sulkily; of Flora (eighteen) admiringly (it was getting to be a complaint in the family circle that Flora "sucked up" to father); the eyes of Anna (twenty) wearily; the eyes of Harold (twenty-two) contemptuously.

THE herrings (a very frequent dish at the rectory, so much cheaper than meat) came headless to the table. First father nipped off the tail with a firm, neat stroke. Then he deftly slit the herring down the stomach. It fell into two exact and perfectly divided halves. Then he lifted out the backbone, not one scrap of flesh adhering to it, and laid it on the side of his plate. Then four firm pressures of his knife and the little lateral bones were exactly removed and exactly laid on the backbone. Next a precise insertion of his fork and out came the silvery strip known to Rosalie as "the swimming thing" and was laid in its turn upon the bones, exactly, neatly, as if it were a game of spillikins. "Now pepper. Plenty of pepper for the roe, you see. There. Now."

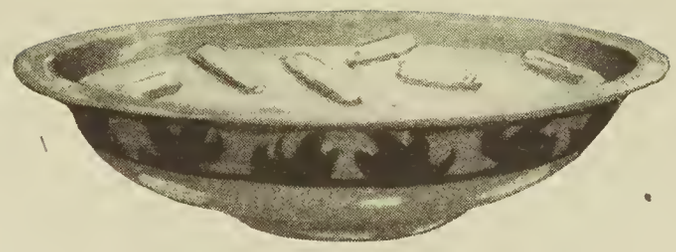
And in about six mouthfuls father's plate would be as clean as when it was brought in, decorated rather than marred by the exquisitely neat pile of the backbone, the tail, the little bones, and the silvery swimming thing. "There! Delicious! That's the way to eat a herring;" and he would direct a glance at the plate of Rosalie's mother. Rosalie's mother made a herring into the most frightful mess it was possible to imagine. She spent the whole of her time in removing bones from her mouth; and her plate, when she was half-way through, looked to contain the mangled remains of about two dozen herrings. "Very few women know how to eat a herring," Rosalie's father would say.

Wonderful father! How to sharpen a pencil, how to eat a herring, how to do up a parcel, how to undo a parcel, how to cut your finger-nails, how to sit with regard to the light when you wrote or read, how to tie a knot, how to untie a knot. Clever father, natty father!

Yes, still enormously wonderful father: but also rather strangely proud of being wonderful father. Rosalie now was constantly being struck by that. It began to give her rather a funny sensation. She couldn't describe the sensation or interpret it, but it was a feeling when father was glowing with pride over one of these things he did so wonderfully well—a feeling of being rather uncomfortable, shy, ashamed—something like that. She contracted the habit when father beamed, glowed, and looked for applause.

And it was the same in regard to Robert and the same in regard to Harold. Robert at the height of his exhibitions of his wonderfulness caused the funny feeling and the blink in her. And the wonderfulness of Robert was always being shown off by Robert, and the wonderfulness of Harold was always being shown off by Harold. Men liked showing off how wonderful they were.

Continued in the May DELINEATOR



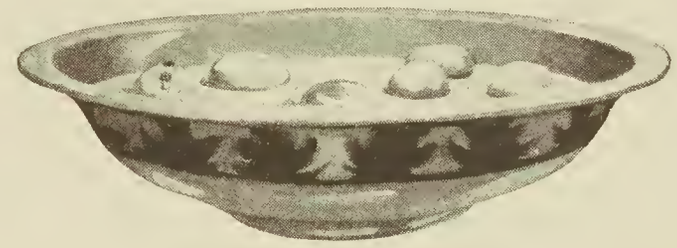
Puffed Rice with cream

Flimsy as Snowflakes

Puffed Rice is the finest breakfast dainty children ever get. Never was a cereal so delightful in its texture and its taste.

The grains are thin and airy, nut-like in their flavor. They form a food confection.

Yet these tidbits are whole-grain food, fitted for easy digestion. They form the best-cooked cereal in existence, for every food cell is exploded.



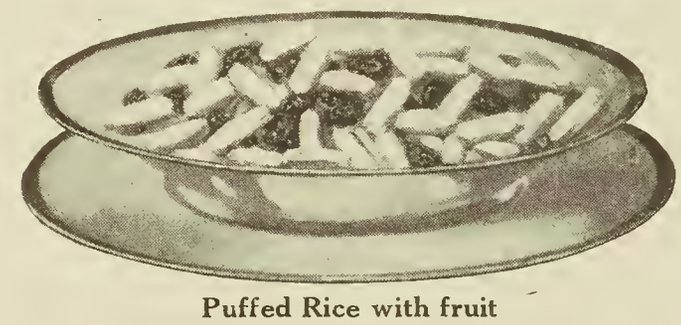
Puffed Wheat in milk

Whole-Wheat Bubbles

Puffed Wheat in milk is the supreme dish for suppers or for luncheons. The grains are puffed to bubbles, 8 times normal size.

Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. Every food cell is thus blasted. Digestion is made easy and complete.

Thus all the 16 elements in wheat are made available as food.



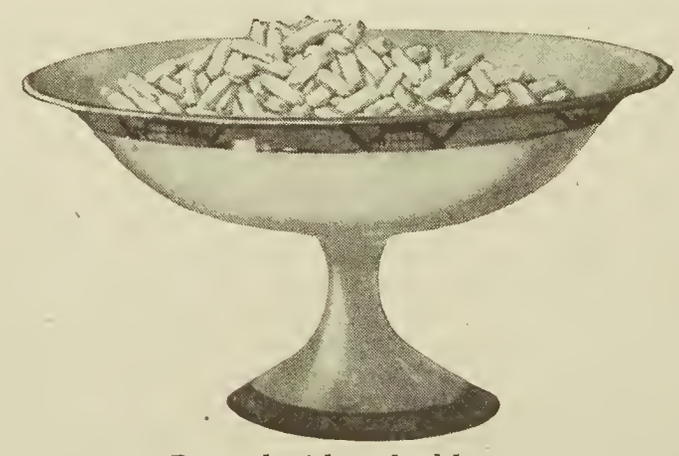
Puffed Rice with fruit

Like Nutted Fruit

In countless homes Puffed Rice is mixed in the morning dish of fruit. It adds to fruit what flaky crust adds to shortcake or to pie.

Fruit and nuts naturally go together. Here are nut-like grains so thin and fragile that they blend into the fruit.

Puffed Rice is also used in candy making, and as garnish on ice cream.



Doused with melted butter

Afternoon Confections

Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children after school. There is nothing better for them, nothing easier to digest.

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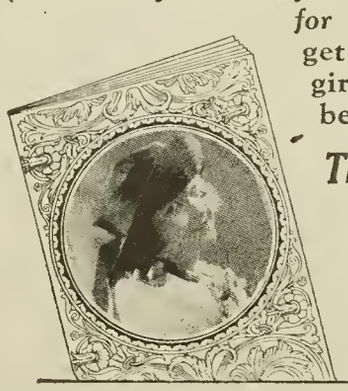
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Continued from page 16

DANCERS IN THE DARK

Our relationship was most casual; I only saw her a few times before I was suddenly put in command of a company that was sailing. She was not the sort to mean anything in my life, and I almost forgot her as herself. But her image stayed with me, always growing in little ways. She in herself was so unfinished an image—she was of a type that could not change its atmosphere and environment—yet there was that in her which made me build, until the image grew to womanhood in my dreams. Am I boring you with details of a girl you never knew? But you see—the image grew to womanhood—and then I met you in the flesh, the embodiment of that dream.'

"I HADN'T stopped shaking. 'I don't understand, except that I remind you of some one you once knew,' I said. 'Nor do I —understand,' he said. 'It's of the realm of —dreams. It's not to be believed. What is this that makes me sure you are the complement to my existence, the one woman with everything I want, 'You'd better not spread words around so,' I said. 'It isn't wise to talk freely about anything you only know by sight. If I were any one else, I'd think you were crazy!' He snapped me up on that. 'If you were any one else! I must descend to the supreme idiocy and say—But you are you—and I knew you were when you came walking down the room to me to-night.' 'You must be a Southern man,' I said, 'I've always heard that they swung this line!' He never blinked at that. 'Do you feel nothing?' he said. 'If you tell me you felt nothing—when your eyes and mine met—if you did not feel that we had been a long time finding each other—if you tell me that—why, then I will start in, and make you realize what I know to be true.' "Joy—to think of his saying that! I was so scared I'd slip a cog and come through with some pithy talk! I spoke slow and thought twice between words. 'I—I really—these flashes that seem to go between two people—I never analyze them—which you seem to be doing, after all.'

" 'That is—admission,' he said, talking very low now. 'We have started at the end, and defeated all the weary preliminaries.' 'Doesn't it all amount to the same, though', I said; 'for we'll have to work back.' 'No, it's not the same,' he said, 'for at the end I do not greatly care to turn back for my sake. I shall for yours, if you will, but somehow I feel that to work back is something for which you, too, do not greatly care.' "

"What did he mean?" Joy interrupted. "How could you follow all this, Jerry?"

"Follow what he said? I'd get his drift if he made love to me in Latin! He was taking me at my face value, Joy—which wasn't right, God knows—and dropping the remark in passing that he wouldn't expect me to do the same thing with him, although he sort of thought that I would anyhow!"

"It's so—so strange."

"Strange! It's—as he says—a dream! The two fell into a silent labyrinth of wonder. Jerry walked restlessly about the room.

"He's awfully cynical about women," said Joy. "And his face, Jerry—it's so full of—so—experienced."

"Can you imagine me getting along well with any one who was—not?" Jerry questioned, and then smiled again. "And he doesn't know—that I'm Galatea! Can you tie that?"

"You—don't have to tell him," and Joy watched her from the corner of one eye as she brushed her hair. "He doesn't care about working back—he's said so—you never have to tell him a thing."

Continued on page 89



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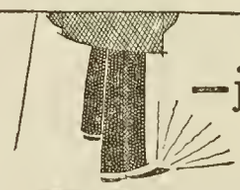
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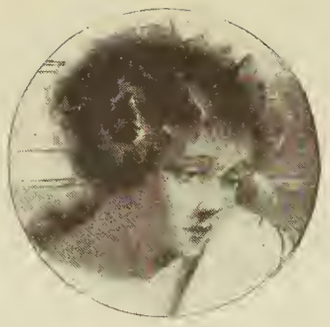
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MUSTEROLE
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Continued from page 88

DANCERS IN THE DARK

Jerry shrugged her shoulders into the purple kimono. "He's going to lunch with me to-morrow. He'll see me in broad daylight without candles and the black velvet dress. It'll be my turn to talk—in which case I will have to slide into the American language. And I'm going to tell him—of course I'm going to tell him! Don't you see my really being both things—starting the dream, and finishing it—makes it—better than ever? If he doesn't see it that way—But he will! I can't wait to tell him!"

"Forgive me, Jerry," said Joy after a silence.

But Jerry did not even hear her. "We have been a long time finding each other, but the finding trims everything on heaven and earth tied together, to a finish!"

And Joy was conscious of an overpowering loneliness. It was a barren feeling; she had never really loved. She had not known Mabel's radiance or Jerry's ecstatic fireworks. And now, with Jerry silent but not asleep by her side, she felt suddenly, horribly alone. Jerry was her best friend, and save for Jim, her only friend. Yet Jerry's world was full; and Joy was outside. She lost herself in sleep, where she dreamed that the only person remaining in her world who spelled anything in life to her had left her. She woke up sobbing bitterly, with "Jim!" on her lips. Joy gasped in the shock of the knowledge that was rising within her. Jim Dalton was the only person left who spelled anything in life to her. Jerry was sleeping quietly; her tears fell unconsoled. "Jim!" she sobbed again; and with his name trembling through the black fringe of dawn, she fell asleep.

THE next day was Saturday, and Felicie returned from her house-party around noon just as Jerry left Joy in a whirlwind of breathless anticipation. Felicie was pale and sulky from dancing all night and having to come back to New York the next morning.

At Joy's question of why hadn't she stayed the house-party through, she batted an injured brown velvet orb. "How could I, with Greg here and acting so awfully just because I wanted to go to Princeton for one day! I tell you, Joy, it's awful to be in love. I never did such an inconvenient thing as I did when I fell in love with Greg."

Joy stifled her laughter. "Did you have a good time?"

"Marvelous — simply marvelous. It's mean of Greg to act so—it isn't as if I could be asked to Princeton for many more years."

Joy ran a scale, poising it neatly through the air and listening to the smoothness of tone. In the morning sun, music was more alive and satisfactory. It was a part of her—and little fluctuations of feeling were to be ignored, when she knew that all her being was absorbed in one great purpose. It had been silly of her to get sentimental just because she had been doused in the atmosphere of sentiment. Inconsistently, she felt angry at Felicie.

"I can't imagine being in love with a man and going skating off with a dozen others."

"Oh, Joy, if you're going to take Jerry's side I shall just pass out!" wailed the lovely thing on the bed. "Being in love doesn't stop you from wanting something new once in a while."

"Nothing seems to prevent any one nowadays from going after a new sensation! Excitement-chasing! That's what every one's doing!"

"It's all very well for those who aren't in love to theorize about what those who are in love should do. For all Jerry's talk, I can't

Continued on page 90

AN EVERYDAY FRIEND WITH A SILKEN CARESS

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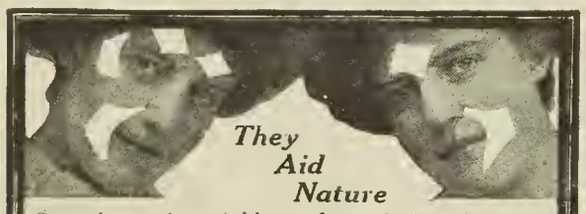
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Continued from page 89

DANCERS IN THE DARK

see her giving up *her* 'excitement-chasing' for any man. Can you?"

The thought was a new one. What would happen if Jerry were given the opportunity to know this man so that the novelty would wear off? How would the Excitement-Eater stand a sustained love? She was silent in conjecture, and Felicie, too lazy to voice the triumph she felt, closed her eyes and worked her face down into the pillow.

Joy and Jerry had had tickets for a concert that afternoon, and now Joy went alone.

SHE returned to the hotel in a fine enthusiasm; the concert had been perfect. Her spirits were dashed, however, by the empty room. Felicie had gone out with Greg; Jerry had not returned. She would probably be alone until they assembled to take the midnight train. Then the door rattled and Jerry came dancing in.

"Was the concert good?" she cried. Spots of color flaunted from either cheek, her lips were tremulous, crinkled into softness; her eyes were a battle-field of color.

"Put on your best calico, Joy; we're dining in state. Phil's gone to get into his cocktail- and demi-tasse, too."

"Phil!"

"Yes, of course, Phil. Do you want to hear what happened, or don't you? Are you keeping still because I'm shooting off my mouth, or——"

"I want to hear," Joy said, "and when people want to hear they generally keep still."

"Well, when we met down in the lobby, he asked where I wanted to go; and I said, Hanley's. He looked at me queerly on that. 'What made you pick that out?' he wanted to know."

" 'Let's walk over,' I said. 'I want to stop at a place on the Avenue. As we went down Forty-second, I rained a loose line of chatter along. We got to Charlette's before I had stuck in any background. When I saw the good old gray-silk-curtained-windows, I began to get a bit shaky. But I turned to him and said; 'We got to the end—rather sudden, last night. Men don't like to work back, but you know—and intimated as much—that women are different that way.' He opened the door for me, looking sort of at sea, and we came in. 'All I ask of you,' I said, 'is to stand here and watch me.'

"You know Charlette's—never many customers floating around but oh, how they do bleed 'em when they come! I breezed forward, and the first person I ran into was Fanchon O'Brien. She tucked me into her flesh Georgette waist with a few motherly kisses, and the next minute somebody had passed the glad word and cutters, basters, fitters and designers came out and fell around me. When I broke away, Phil followed me to the door, and on the other side I didn't give him a chance to speak.

" 'Did you see all the poor little rats hailing me as a kindred soul?' I said. 'I worked in that place from twelve years old up, from messenger-girl to designer. I was a poor little rat when I started—but when I finished, I was pretty proud of myself.' I looked up at him, and he was looking at me, sort of scowling as if to make everything add up right—but not one bit *changed*. 'I should think you would be—proud,' he said. 'I am proud of you—I shall be prouder when I can realize it more fully!—He didn't say anything till we got clear over to Hanley's. Then he took in the name again as we went in. 'Hanley's!' he said. 'Funny—' He didn't say anything more and I let him look at me till we got put in our places by a waiter. Then I said. 'You've forgotten what was to me one of the most important points in the Brushwood Boy. The little kid he met in the theater who supplied the foundation of his dreams—was the same person as the woman he found. The girl had grown up; but she was the same one; she had been the kid once.'

"Then he said—'I—see now. The valiance and potential beauty I saw in the spirit of the little girl who brought me back to myself—the shining hardness of the cabaret singer, whom I pitied as drawn in and around by her past and inevitable future environment—I discarded that hardness, and all that went with it, and built on the valiance and beauty. And you were discarding and building in reality—as I, with all the idiotic finality of a man, never thought you could!'

" 'When I first knew you—I knew you were better than I,' he said. 'As I see you now, you have all but put yourself beyond me. I have led a life of which I am ashamed; the dusty corners of which no one shall ever know, or try to sweep out. You have led a life of which you can say you are not ashamed; a life of striving against odds, from which you came out on top, a life of which to be proud.'

"Joy—I *was* ashamed at that. For since the war—you know how I've been—building, he thought. When I'd just been growing into the ways of his world. Excitement-eating! That was the main thing I'd been growing on. I began to tell him—and he wouldn't let me. 'What has happened is not mine now. It is for what is to be that I plead. With your future mine, and mine yours, you can help me to forget the years we might not have esteemed so lightly.' "

Jerry had finished, at the same time that she had snapped the last catch together in her green evening gown—the same green sequin affair that she had worn that terrible night they had looked for Sarah.

"Well—and then what happened the rest of the afternoon?" Joy drew out from lungs that had been deserted of breath.

"I've told you more than I shall ever tell any living soul. The rest is mine—that and —*this!*"

Jerry flaunted her left hand before her. On the third finger was a tiny platinum circlet.

JOY sank back upon the bed. "Jerry!"

"Mrs. Philip Lancaster—and hurry up and put on some rouge! I don't want to keep my husband waiting!"

"But—but—why—how—where——"

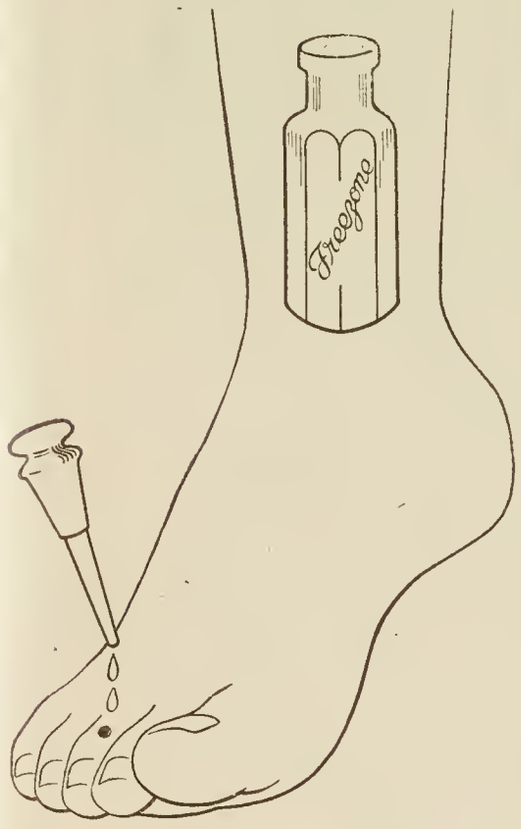
"We tossed the subject back and forth at luncheon. We figured we'd been without each other long enough. After lunch we walked up to the nearest jewelry place and got this ring. We got married with a special license at the Little Church Around the Corner—" Jerry spoke with the calmness of excitement at white heat—"and before going off on our honeymoon—we thought we'd take you to our wedding dinner. You see, if it hadn't been for you I'd have still been excitement-eating and he'd still be cynicking it around."

The telephone rang, and Jerry darted to it. "Yes! Yes, this is Mrs. Lancaster! Yes, we're coming, Phil!" The name was all endearments shaped in one.

The concluding instalment of "Dancers in the Dark" will appear in the May DELINEATOR

Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.



Crooked Spines Made Straight

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance 3 weeks. We have successfully treated more than 40,000 cases the past 19 years.

30 Days' Trial

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.

Send For Our Free Book

If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
200-16 Odd Fellows Temple, Jamestown, N.Y.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio



Continued from page 21

THE LOG-CABIN LADY

acquaintance sometimes, not even that.

I was heart-sick. I thought often of those splendid men I had met in France and of the girls who poured tea for the King of the Belgians. I wondered if any one back home was "just nodding" to them.

Everywhere was the blatant show of new wealth.

New money always glitters. I saw it in cars with aluminum hoods and gold fittings, diamonds big as birds' eggs, ermine coats in the daytime—jeweled heels at night.

Bad breeding plus new money shouted from every street corner.

At private dinners, I ate foods that I knew were served merely because they were expensive, glutton feasts with twice as much as any one could eat with comfort.

One day I went to market—the kind of a market to which my mother would have gone—and I saw women whose husbands labored hard, scorning to buy any but porterhouse steaks—merely because porterhouse steak stood for prosperity.

In Washington I met a new kind of American, a type that has sprung up suddenly like an evil toadstool.

It is a fungous disease that spreads. Some hangs from old American stock, some dangles from recent plantings, all of it is snobbish and offensive. It wears foreign clothes and affects foreign ways, sometimes even foreign accents. It chops and mumbles its words like English servants who speak their language badly. Some of this is acquired at fashionable finishing-schools or from foreign secretaries and servants. These new Americans try to appear superior and distinctive by scorning all things American. They want English chintzes in their homes, French brocades and Italian silks and do not even know that some of these very textiles from America have won prizes in Europe since 1912. An American manufacturer told me he has to stamp his cretonne "English style print" to sell it in this country.

THIS new species of American apes royalty. It goes in for crests. It may have made its money in gum shoes or chewing tobacco, but it hires a genealogist to dig up a shield. Fine, if you are entitled to a crest. But fake genealogists will cook up a coat for the price.

There are crests on the motor-cars, crests on the stationery, on the silver, the toilet articles—there are sometimes even crests on the servants' buttons and on linen and underclothes!

Fake crests are the first step down, and like all lies they lead to other lies. The next step is ancestors.

Selling and painting ancestors is another business which thrives around New York, Philadelphia and Washington. And the public swallows it. They swallow each other's ancestors. Even old families take these new descendants as a matter of course.

One of these new Americans recently gave a large feast in Washington with every out-of-season delicacy in profusion. The only simple thing in the house was the mind of the hostess. That night it was a tangled skein.

I saw she was worried. Her house was full of potentates, the wives of two cabinet officers, and Mrs. Coolidge. She left the room twice after the dinner-hour had arrived, and it was late when dinner was finally announced.

Later in the evening one of the house servants whispered to the hostess that she was wanted on the telephone—the State Department.

She returned to the drawing-room looking as if she had just heard of a death in the family. The guests began considerately to leave.

Concluded on page 92



A Delightful Test

To bring you prettier teeth

This offers you a ten-day test which will be a revelation to you. It will show you the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

Millions of people of some forty races now employ this method. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. Now you should learn how much it means to you and yours.

Clouded by a film

Your teeth are clouded more or less by film. The fresh film is viscous—you can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. And it forms the basis of dingy coats.

Old methods of brushing leave much of that film intact. The film absorbs stains, so the teeth look discolored. Film is the basis of tartar. These coats, more or less discolored, spoil the luster of the teeth.

How it ruins teeth

That film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So most tooth troubles are now traced to that film, and they are almost universal.

Now we combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency. Modern authorities endorse them. Leading dentists everywhere urge their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, called Pepsodent. It complies with modern requirements. And these two great film combatants are embodied in it.

Two other effects

Pepsodent brings two other effects which authority now deems essential. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise remain to form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

An ideal diet, rich in acid-bearing fruit, would bring like effects. But Pepsodent brings them regularly.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube and watch these effects for a while. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Then judge the benefits by what you see and feel. You will be amazed.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 822

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 717, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

Good Looks Depend On the Skin



A woman's happiness depends largely upon her looks. And her looks depend on her skin. The fastidious woman gives diligent attention to her skin because she realizes that it is the most vital feature of her appearance. D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream gives a warm healthy glow to the skin and brings that knowledge of looking her best which is a satisfaction to any woman.

A large jar of D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream is an invaluable accessory of the well appointed dressing-table. Its pleasing fragrance makes massage a delight. As a cleanser and beautifier it is unexcelled.

Now sold at pre-war prices, Tubes, 10c, 25c, 50c. Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c, $1.50.

TRY IT FREE—Write for free tube of this perfect skin cleanser and complexion beautifier. Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 1227, D. & R. Building, New York

DAGGETT AND RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM

"The Kind That Keeps"



Concluded from page 91

THE LOG-CABIN LADY

Her expensive party was a dismal failure. As I have known her husband for years, I asked if I could be of any use.

"It's too late, now," he said. "She had the Princess Bibesco and the Princess Lubomirska here and the wife of the Vice-President, and she didn't know the precedence they took. She held up dinner half an hour trying to get the State Department and now they tell her she guessed wrong. It's a tragedy to her."

I confess I did not feel very sorry for that woman. I remembered my little Indiana girl who introduced the captain to the Queen of Belgium.

I began to feel as if all America were like the De Morgan jingle:

"Great fleas have little fleas
On their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas
And so *ad infinitum*."

Then I took a trip across the continent, stopping off in Indiana to see my little Y friends. It was like a bath for my soul. Brains count out West. Anybody who tries to show off is snubbed.

You must do something to be anything in the Middle West; just to have something doesn't count. You don't list your ancestors as you must in Virginia or the Carolinas, but to feel self-respecting you must do something.

I was happy to renew my war-time friendships. Those who have not shared a great work or a greater tragedy will not understand these bonds.

The same young friend who served tea to the king took me to a musicale. She wore her war medal. One of the guests, a lady from Virginia who claims four coats of arms, was impressed by the girl's medal and the fact that she had entertained the king.

The girl had married since the war, a fine young Irish lawycr, with a family name which once belonged to a king but which, since hard times hit the old sod, has been a butt for song and jest.

The name did not impress the lady from Virginia. "You have such an interesting face," she said. "What was your name before your marriage?"

"Oh, it was much less interesting than my husband's," answered my young Y friend, and lifting the conversation out of the personal she asked, "Have you read Mr. Keynes' 'The Economic Consequences of the Peace?'"

"I hadn't read it myself," she confided to me later, "but it was the first new book I could think of!"

That is good American manners and what the French call *savoir faire*.

The Far West still keeps the American inheritance of open-hearted hospitality and its provincialism. The West has inherited some of the finest virtues of our country, and if it is not bitten by Back Bay, Philadelphia, Virginia or Charleston, it will grow up into its mother's finest child.

"No church west of Chicago, no God west of Denver," we used to hear when I was a child. But to-day, the churches are part of the community and even men go. People in the West do not seem to go to church merely out of respect for the devil and a conscience complex, but because they like to. Churches and schools are important places in the West.

President Harding has said that he hopes more and more people will learn to want to pray in a closet alone with God. There are many people like that in our Middle West.

I say this, because I hope it may help other American women who love their country to fight for honesty and purpose in our national life, and for tolerance and respect for the simple things in our private lives.

THE END



Be Independent!

Don't be forced to depend on dad, brother or hubby the next time you see something you would like to have. Think how much better you will feel when you possess the means—earned by yourself in your spare time—to

Buy What You Want—When You Want It!

You can, very easily. Those spare moments—the time you ordinarily waste—can be turned into cash through a little pleasant work representing *The Delineator* and our other three leading publications. Simply take care of the profitable volume of new and renewal subscriptions which can readily be secured in your vicinity.

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You begin making money just as soon as you start work. No experience is necessary. Age, education, where you live, does not matter.

Mrs. W. A. Anderton of Massachusetts was left a widow with 12 children and no means of support. Magazine subscription work solved her problem. Miss Helen Cannon of Ohio, in her odd moments, is earning a permanent substantial income of her own as a magazine subscription representative.

These are only two of the many thousands of busy women who are turning their spare time into cash through our splendid money-making plan. Surely what so many others are doing, you can do too.

Complete information and all supplies furnished absolutely free. We teach you how to start and gladly cooperate with you at all times. Just fill in your name and address on the coupon below. Do it NOW!

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MANAGER, STAFF AGENCIES DIVISION,
BOX 804, BUTTERICK BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

I would like to be independent. Please send me, without obligation, full particulars concerning your practical, money-making plan.

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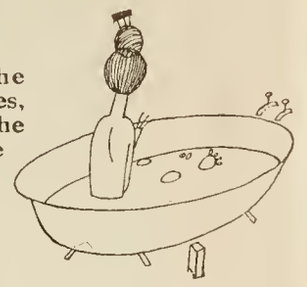
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Directions for Washing Children: Don't soak over night—just add a little Blue Devil to the water

Quit calling the water works names, if you can't use the water—get Blue Devil





Pry loose from 13c once—try Blue Devil Cleanser

Blue Devil softens the hardest water instantly and completely. His touch leaves a sweet cleanness on Dishes, Sinks, Painted Walls, Woodwork, Linolenm, Clothes, Yonr Skin, Jewelry, Tired Feet—well, abont everything aronnd home and person. He wouldn't hurt the most tender skin for anything, and he feels sad if classed with washing powders and sconring componnds, because he's so very, very different. If yonr grocer doesn't yet have Blue Devil, send 25c coin or stamps for two full size cartons. The Wells Process Company, Conneant, Ohio.

BLUE DEVIL

Appeals to people of refined taste



Your Moods Whims Annoyances

trace ageing lines and other blemishes that mar the youthful smoothness of your skin. Elizabeth Arden, guided by her scientific knowledge and her sure understanding of women's needs, has perfected a balm for each prevalent difficulty. You need these splendid preparations:

Venetian Cleansing Cream keeps the skin supple and removes all impurities. Splendid after motoring or exposure. $1 by mail.

Venetian Pore Cream refines a skin coarsened by relaxed pores. $1 by mail.

Anti-Wrinkle Cream; yellow, fragrant; softens the skin, nourishes the tissues and smooths away lines and wrinkles. $2 by mail.

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic; use this stimulating tonic with and after Cleansing Cream. It whitens and refines the skin. $2 by mail.

Write me a frank description of your skin; I will send you my informative booklet, "The Quest of the Beautiful" with personal advice.

ELIZABETH ARDEN
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25 Old Bond Street, London
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LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

Not like Lablache, pas du tout, do I find other powders for my complexion.

Because, ma cherie, Lablache is so refined, clinging, and invisible—so delicately fragrant.

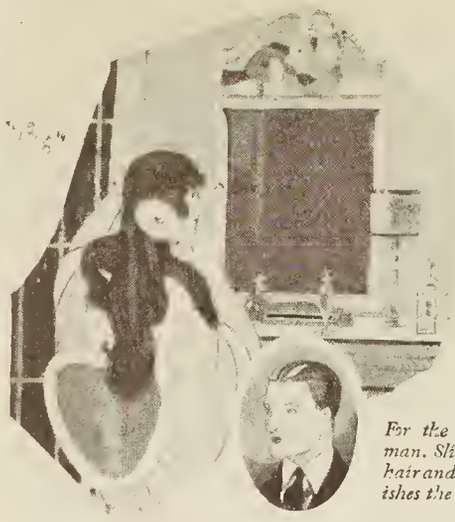
I adore it, and must have it always.



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They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*

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For the young man. Slicks the hair and nourishes the scalp.

Keeps the hair soft and smooth. A pure petroleum product. The natural remedy for falling hair, dry scalp, and dandruff.

Send for free booklet, "Care of Scalp and Hair," or send 10c for trial size.

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(Consolidated)
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Vaseline
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
HAIR TONIC



Continued from page 13

CHERRY BLOSSOMS *along the* POTOMAC

have been spent in blissful dreams of still more blissful realities yet to come, were passed, very often, in practical and anxious figuring with pencil and paper. The very least expensive flats, in the most unattractive parts of the city, rented for sums which seemed to them to be within the comfortable reach of only millionaires. The prices of food, as computed at second-rate cash markets, would eat *them* up, as John said, trying hard to joke about it. Besides, there was gas and carfare, and clothes and possible doctors' bills to think of.

"I can go on with my job, you know," Sally said over and over again; "lots of married women do, nowadays."

"Oh, yes, I know," John answered bitterly, "and what kind of a home would we have, when you need to be at the office at nine, and wouldn't get back much before six? There would always be unswept rooms and unwashed dishes and rough-dry laundry hanging around." The vision of his mother's spotless fragrant kitchen rose before him. "And you'd be so dog-tired all the time, trying to fill two places at once, that you'd develop a temper like the Senator's. I can live with one like that, if I have to, but I'm hanged if I can live with two of them."

SALLY'S eyes filled with tears. Men—even John—were apt to put things so crudely. She knew that what he said was true, and yet——

"And supposing—well, supposing you had a baby?"

"Oh, of course we couldn't have any children!"

"Well, starting out with that for a plan doesn't sound like marriage to me. It sounds like something we call a very different name."

Sally sprang away from him, cut to the quick. He succeeded eventually in comforting her, and, thoroughly contrite at having hurt and grieved her, resolved that he would not allow his weariness and discouragement to get the better of him in the future. But the next time that they tried to talk their problem over, he made a greater mistake.

"We might go home," she suggested at last. "It wouldn't cost us much of anything to live there."

"Well, it would cost us *something*, wouldn't it? And we haven't got that something. Besides, it would be acknowledging to every one that we'd made a failure here. You don't want to do that, do you?" Sally was silent. "Do you?" he persisted.

"I want to get married," she said at last in a low voice. "I want to belong to you. You don't seem to see how I feel."

"Don't I?" he asked roughly. "Well, I know how *I* feel! I've tried to keep you from seeing, but if you're going to talk to me that way—" he took her in his arms, crushed her to him, kissed her until her neck, her cheeks, her mouth, were seared and smarting. "That's the way I feel—partly," he said when he finally let her go, "and if you ever—tempt—me again, I'll show you more."

SHE was crying bitterly, her fine, brave spirit all gone. "I wasn't trying to tempt you," she said brokenly. "I was only trying to tell you that no matter if every one did think we were failures, I wouldn't care; that no matter how hard things would be, I could stand them——"

"Sally, darling, I'm a perfect devil. Please, please forgive me."

"I—I can't."

John suddenly felt as if he were freezing to death. A horrible numb coldness spread all over his body, over his brain.

"Do—do you mean that?"

"Yes."

"You won't—be engaged to me any more?"

"I can't."

"I can't even see you any more?"

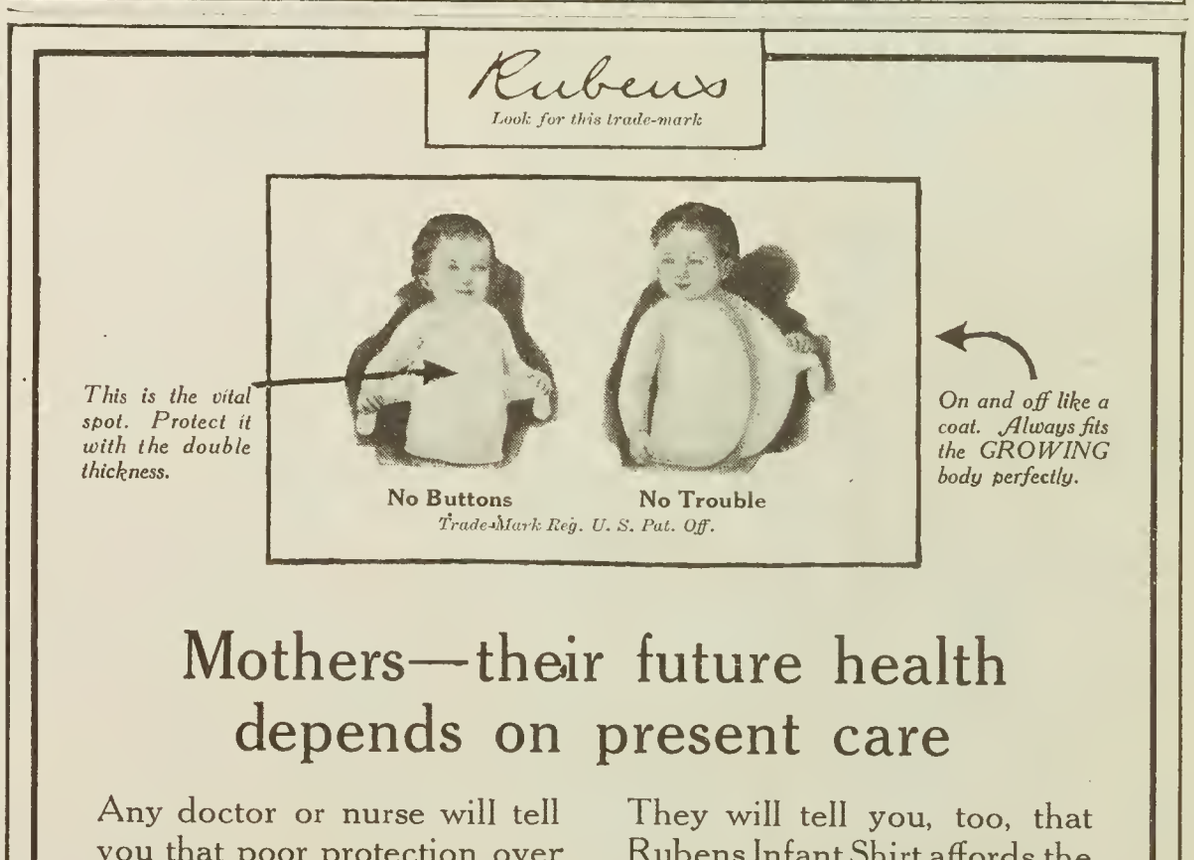
"No."

It was Winter again, and John shunned the Speedway as if the bubonic plague

Concluded on page 94









Sure Rupture Comfort

Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads.

MR. C. E. BROOKS

Brooks' Rupture Appliance

Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalog and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.
Brooks Appliance Co., 266-A State St., Marshall, Mich.

CALIFORNIA EVERLASTING
Wonderfully Beautiful FLOWERS
25 varieties. Big money growing them for market. One man made $30,000 in last three years. Packet of the seed with directions FREE. Also a large catalogue of flower seeds, plants and bulbs.
IOWA SEED CO. DES MOINES, IOWA

Why Ipana
is good for gums

IPANA Tooth Paste contains Ziratol, a healing agent to the gums.

This unique property has made Ipana a favorite tooth paste with dentists, who, better than all others, know how vital gum health is.

Over 2000 dentists have told us that Ipana heals bleeding gums and strengthens soft and spongy gums—and they have told their patients too, and that's how Ipana got its first great start.

Ipana, in addition, does everything that a good, pure tooth paste can do—and its smooth, snappy and delightful flavor is something you will think of as a treat.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Your druggist has it in generous tubes at 50 cents. A sample, enough for a week, may be had for ten cents from Bristol-Myers Co., 41 Rector Street, New York City.



Concluded from page 93

CHERRY BLOSSOMS *along the* POTOMAC

were lurking there. His only walks were the one that he took—to save car-fare—to the Senate Office Building down Pennsylvania Avenue, bleak and unlovely now that the last clinging leaves were gone from the sheltering trees. He did not meet Sally, even casually in the hall of the lodging-house, for weeks at a time; when he did, she passed him so quickly, with just the merest nod of recognition and the quick rush of color in her cheeks that he had learned to love so well, that he did not see her expression of suffering; if he had, nothing would have kept him from her. But, as it was, Christmas came and went with no sign of relenting on her part, and the notes that he thrust under her door, he found, unopened, thrust back under his. At last she disappeared altogether. Then, one dreadful night, his landlady told him why.

"Did you know that girl who came from up your way—the one that had the fifth-floor-front hall-chamber, you know—was awful sick?"

JOHN leaned against the imitation-bronze virgin carrying the red globe, feeling suddenly very weak. "No," he managed to say, "I didn't. Is—is she in a hospital?"

"She was—flu she had and then pneumonia; she'd like to have died, I guess," said the landlady, with evident relish. "Now that swell friend of hers—the one that's married to the Supreme Judge, or whatever you call him—has fetched her over to her house. She's give up her room here—but she's paid her rent, which was more'n I ever expected, when I found how low she was. Her friend's housekeeper's a cousin of mine—that's how I heard all about it."

Fifteen minutes later John was ringing the doorbell of the house where he and Sally had dined so happily together on the night that she had worn that fluffy cherry-blossom dress—the night that she had let him tell her that he loved her and kiss her for the first time. The correct man servant who opened the door—John had hated him at sight on the previous occasion—informed him that his mistress had gone south that afternoon, and had taken Miss Hunt with her. They were to remain on the Justice's houseboat until Miss Hunt was fully recovered.

"The young lady 'as been hawful hill," the butler concluded. "Hif they wait huntil she 'as fully recovered, Hi should s'y they'd be gone till the Hauturnn."

The next day—it seemed to John as if the universe were losing its health, just to spite him—the bad-tempered Senator also came down with the flu; and, during his convalescence, he suddenly insisted that his secretary should move to his own house, "to help him catch up with his confounded work." John left the lodging-house without many regrets, and so hastily that he took with him only enough clothing for his immediate needs, jammed into a suitcase. When, after a week's sojourn among surroundings more luxurious than he had even imagined before, he ventured to suggest to his employer that, if he were to remain much longer, he must return to his former abode at least long enough to pack his trunk, the Senator glared at him, and pointed a menacing finger at him.

"Sit down," he bellowed.

Without argument, John sat down, quaking slightly.

"You think I'm a damned disagreeable man to work for, don't you?" demanded the ornament of the upper house of Congress.

"Yes, sir, I do," replied John flatly. To his amazement, the Senator burst out laughing.

"Go get your trunk," that dignitary thundered. "You'll live here indefinitely, as far as I'm concerned. You've made good. I know what I am to work for—you've done damned well. From now on, your salary's doubled. When you need the money, it'll be trebled. All you'll have to do will be to tell me you need it. A young fellow like you ought to be thinking of getting married one of these days—" and, at the telltale look that went over his secretary's face, "Ho! so you *have* thought of it! Well, I'll give you a bungalow in Cleveland Park for your wedding-present, *and* the trebled salary—who's the girl?"

"There isn't any girl," said John, very miserably for a young gentleman who had just come into unexpected wealth; and the first thing he knew he was telling his employer all about it. When he finished, the Senator was blowing his nose.

"Why in hell didn't you tell me all this before?" he shouted accusingly. "I lost my girl—that's what made me what I am—I don't mean a United States Senator, I mean so damned disagreeable. I'd have helped you in the first place—what do you think a thousand a year, one way or another, matters to me? Go back and get your damned trunk—then we'll set out to track the young lady down."

Whistling, John folded rolls of unmended cotton socks and bundles of shirts with frayed cuffs into his little tin trunk. As he was strapping it, there was a knock at the door. "Come in," he called cheerfully. The door opened slowly, but nobody entered. After a minute, he turned toward it.

Sally was standing on the threshold. Her cheeks were blazing, and she was very thin, and looked rather frightened. But her arms were outstretched.

"I've—I've come back," she faltered, "and if you'll forgive me for being intolerant—and—and stupid—and—and everything—if you still want me—I'll *stay* back this time, no matter what you do or say. Oh, John, I've nearly died without you—we'll manage somehow——"

"Manage somehow!" he cried. "You bet we will!" He pulled her into the room, slammed the door and, sitting down on the tin trunk, gathered her into his arms. "Sally—Sally—Sally——"

"It's Spring again," she whispered at last, though, even then, he had not had a chance to tell her about the true character of the bad-tempered Senator and the bungalow in Cleveland Park, because there were so many more important things to do and say, "the dreadful Summer and the hard Winter are both over—and I hear the cherry-blossoms are in bloom again along the Potomac."

"We'll g down and see them together," John said.

Continued from page 6

SANTA LUCIA

to presume in any way on this chance partnership, so that when he followed the graceful figure of his dark neighbor, gliding among the throng, it had been without intention, yet with every longing not to lose sight of her. A check in her progress brought her close; she saw him. *"Ah! Merci, monsieur!"* she said. "I t'ank you moch."

"It's for me to thank you!" Trevillian stammered.

"Oh, I have the instinct," she answered, in her broken English, "for others—I myself am unlucky. It is for the first time you play? Well, do you not play again. Give me that promise; it will make me 'appy."

He remembered even now that moment, while her eyes were looking into his. Never in his life had he seen anything so fascinating as her face with its slightly teasing smile, or her figure in its lacy black dress, swinging out Spanish fashion from the hips, and the carelessly flung scarf about her shoulders; and he made a speech that afterward seemed to him very foreign:

Continued on page 95



G & R Hardy Roses

On their own roots. Sure to bloom. True to name.



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5 Hardy Roses. Different Colors
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For Sore Throat, Hoarseness

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at this picture without feeling it is just what you want for your child?

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Cord-Slide Garter aids every graceful action. Think how comfortable, tidy, and how erect your child could grow, too. Why delay when price is so little? On market 15 yrs. Millions worn.
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Powdered Barriflower (*depilatory*) . . .	1.00

PARKER, BELMONT & CO., 134 Madison St., Chicago

Continued from page 94

SANTA LUCIA

"I shall be charmed to promise anything that will make you happy, *madame*."

She had clasped her hands at that like a pleased child. "This is a bargain; now I have repaid you."

And then the throng had given way, and Trevillian had offered to find her carriage.

"I 'ave no carriage, monsieur; I am walking."

"May I escort you?"

"But yes; I get my cloak."

Sitting on his prayer-book, with the lilac bloom caressing his face, Trevillian nosed his way back to that moment on which, even then, he had seemed to know that such poignant experience must turn. What had he felt, thought, fancied, in those moments of his absence? This dark lady—who and what was she? Into what whirlpool was she drawing him? He had almost bolted away, back to the idyllic—to Varvara's searching candor and Katrina's laughing innocence, to the caviar sandwiches, the rocky, thyme-scented hillsides, the donkeys. And then—again that jasmine scent, and she was here beside him, with lace so veiling her hair and face that her eyes seemed almost like an Eastern woman's and while he was debating whether he ought to offer her his arm, her fingers had slipped under his sleeve.

AH! What a promenade! What sense of stepping into the unknown; what strange intimacy and perfect ignorance! Perhaps every man had some such moment in his life—the moment of pure romance; of venturing into the unknown at all and any cost! He could remember how intensely he had restrained the impulse to press that slender hand closely to his side, how he had struggled to do justice to the touching confidence of so beautiful a lady. Italian, Spanish, Polish, Bohemian? Married, widowed? She told him nothing—he asked no questions. Instinct or just shyness kept him dumb, but with a whirling brain. And the night above them, as they walked, had seemed the starriest ever seen, the sweetest scented, the most abandoned by all except himself and her. They had come to this very gate through which he had entered a few minutes ago, and opening it she had said:

"Here is my home. You have been perfect for me, *monsieur*." Her lightly resting fingers had been withdrawn; and Trevillian remembered—with a sort of wonder, even now—how he had bent to kiss those fingers and say:

"I am always at your service, *madame*."

Ah! That woman had a sweet archness he had never known before in any woman or, seen since!

"Every night I play," she had said. "*Au revoir!*"

HE HAD listened to her footsteps or the path, seen lights go up in the house that looked so empty now behind him, seen them put out again; and, at last retracing his steps, had learned by heart their walk from the Casino, till he was sure he could never miss his way to that garden gate by day or night. A little fluster of breeze came suddenly into the jungle where he sat, and released the dry crackling rustle of the palm-tree leaves.

"*On fait des folies!*" Wasn't that how the French put it? A loose lot—the French! Queer, what young men would go through when they were "making madnesses." Inexplicable! And plucking a bit of lilac old Trevillian put it to his nose, as though seeking explanation for the madnesses of youth. He tried to remember what he had been like then. Thin as a lath, and sunburned—he used to pride himself on being sunburned—and with a little black mustache; a dandy, too, about clothes. The memory of his youthful looks quite warmed him, sitting there, chilly from old age.

"*On fait des folies!*" How restless he had been next day; how uneasy at the Villa Rostakov! He had slipped away after

Continued on page 96



The Importance of a Maternity Corset

You dream of a glorious future for the baby who is coming, but—do you realize how much you can do toward giving him the most valuable possession of all—the sound, healthy body without which riches and fame fade to insignificance? Give him the right start from birth—that is your privilege and duty.

Remember the vital importance of choosing the correct maternity corset—both for your baby's protection and for your own comfort.

Ferris Maternity Corsets are the result of more than forty years of scientific study, and are recommended by physicians as the standard garment designed for the use of prospective mothers.

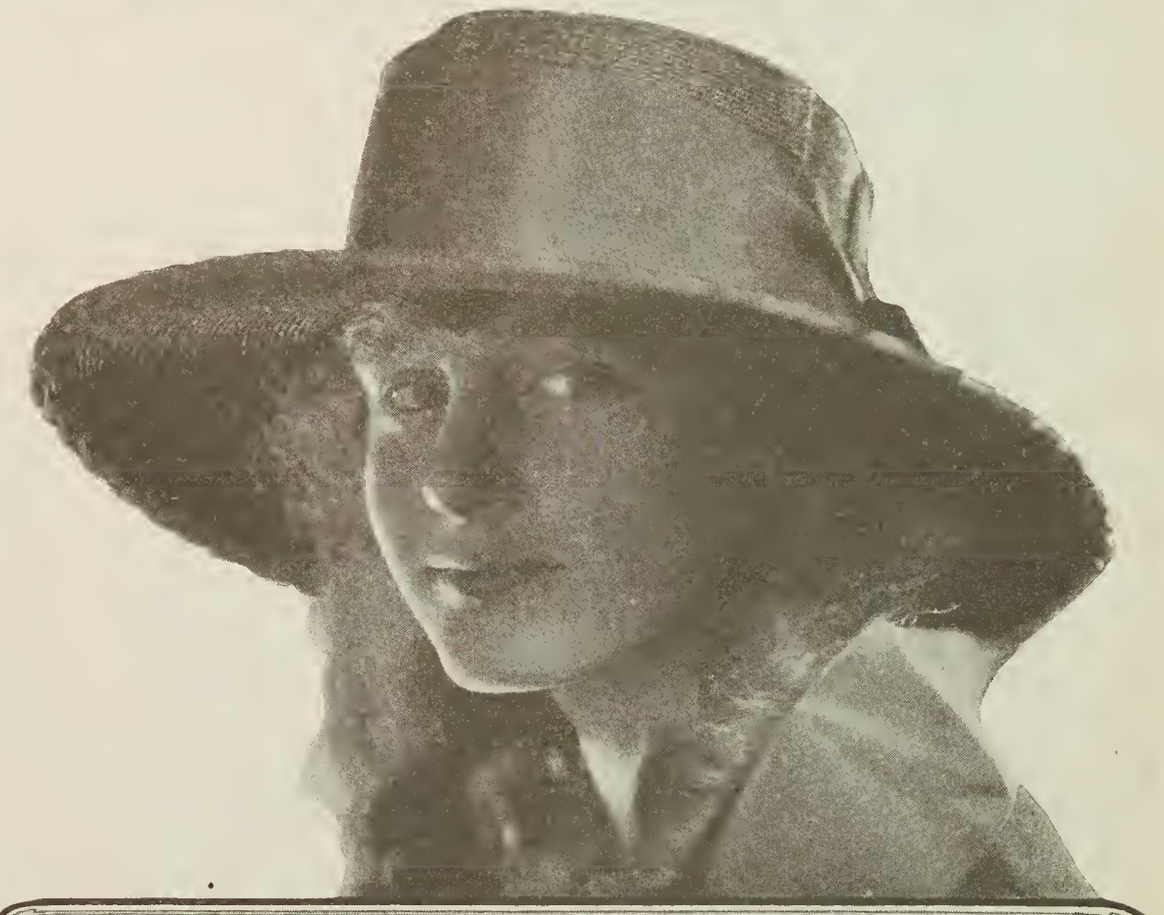
Ferris Maternity Corsets are made in attractive materials, fine mercerized brocades and plain durable coutils—in both white and pink. There is a variety of models to suit every type of figure.

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How to keep a circular skirt from sagging
How to make a blanket-stitch
What a napery hem is
How to make a slot seam
How to make nun's tucks
How to make picot edging
How to make feather-stitching
What a lined fold is
How to wash beaded garments
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Continued from page 95

SANTA LUCIA

lunch from the questioning in Varvara's clear eyes. The Lord knew what excuse he had made for not going there that evening! He remembered forming a solemn resolution to find out all about his dark lady; not to run his head into some foreign noose, not to compromise her or himself. And then, when, after a long vigil outside the Casino, he saw her again, it all went out of his head, and he had never learned anything but her name—Inez; in all those three weeks till the end came he learned nothing else, told her nothing of himself—as if they had both felt that knowledge must destroy romance.

HE HAD known that he was interesting to her—the second night, the third? He could not remember. But the moment itself he remembered well, and the look in her eyes. And how he had walked beside her in the starry nights, up the curving road between the palm-trees, the acacias, the garden walls, talking low, or silenced by the sensation of her arm within his own. Then one evening she had beckoned him in, and on this very seat where he was sitting now, with his evening cloak spread to guard her from the chill, he had made his whispered, turbulent avowals. "*Pobre niño!* I am not free!" Free! He had never expected that. Never! No such woman could be free. But he had told her that he didn't care.

Ah! what a fiery young devil he had been! With thin fingers old Trevillian brushed at his mustaches, and a slight fixed smile gathered on the lips below them. . . . Dependence on his father! Disinheritance! Ostracism! Exile!

Like straws all such considerations had burned up and vanished in the fire he had felt sitting there beside her in the darkness, his arm about her, her soft shoulder pressed to his. But she had looked at him with mournful mockery, kissed his forehead despairingly lifted, and slipped away up the dark garden.

Women! What technique they had! Gad! What a night he had passed after that! Watching her window till the light went out; then like the Wandering Jew, up and down the roads, along by the sea—devoured! Funny to look back on—deuced funny! That a woman's face should have such power! Well, he had met but one such in his life! It came back to him now with a sort of shock that never in all the three weeks of that mad business had he seen her face by daylight—never once!

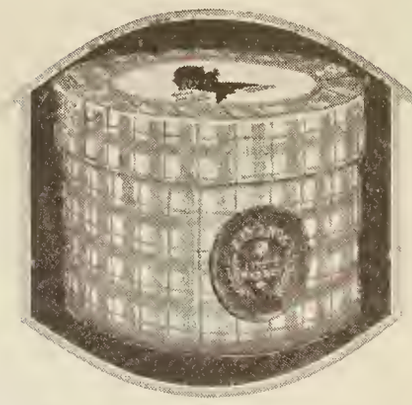
Next day he had sent a note to the Rostakovs, not daring to go there any more; and removed from his hotel to one on the outskirts of Monaco. He had sense left to know that he was mad, that any one could see his madness. No offering himself up to the candid eyes of those two girls, to the cynical stare of that old *viveur* Rostakov! His time, too, was up; but he was not going home! They might do what they liked in the bank—what they liked! Thanks to his winnings, he was his own master yet a while.

AND then that night when it rained in torrents, drenching him through, cape and clothes, while he stood waiting for her, with such a melancholy satisfaction in being soaked to the skin for her sake, by the garden gate till all chance of seeing her had gone.

Well, it had been an ill wind, for it was after that drenching night which had kept them apart that she had returned his passion, in a madness of the nights, the scented nights beneath these trees by the old fountain; an affair so secret that she forbade him even to wait for and walk with her any more, so that he had been used to come and sit waiting on this bench in the darkness with his heart fluttering, trembling, aching with expectancy. . . . Gad! How he had ached and fluttered on that seat!

What fools young men could be! Wild young devils! And yet, in all his life, had there been any time so sweetly mad as that? Any weeks the madness of which could stir in him now this strange youth-

Concluded on page 97



ARMAND
COLD CREAM POWDER
In The LITTLE·PINK & WHITE BOXES

THERE is just one cold cream face *powder* made—and that is Armand! Armand Cold Cream Powder is perfectly soft, dry, smooth and dense, yet has an exquisite cold cream base. It spreads evenly, blends naturally into the skin and *stays on* till you wash it off.

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all feel the same if you shake into them some

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The Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds

The time for Vapo-Cresolene is at the **first** indication of a **cold** or **sore throat,** which are so often the warnings of dangerous complications.

Simple to use; you just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed at night.

The soothing antiseptic vapor is breathed all night, **making breathing easy,** relieving the cough and easing the sore throat and congested chest.

Cresolene is recommended for **Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs and Nasal Catarrh.** Its germicidal qualities make it a reliable protection when these diseases are epidemic. It gives great relief in **Asthma.**

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Watch your gums—bleeding a sign of trouble

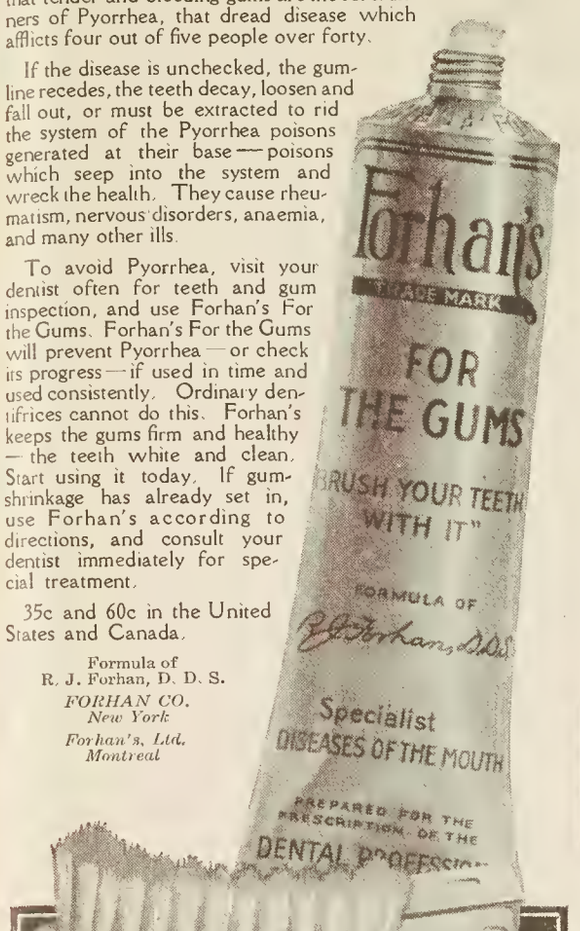
MEDICAL science knows how serious is the sign of bleeding gums. For it knows that tender and bleeding gums are the forerunners of Pyorrhea, that dread disease which afflicts four out of five people over forty.

If the disease is unchecked, the gum-line recedes, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the Pyorrhea poisons generated at their base—poisons which seep into the system and wreck the health. They cause rheumatism, nervous disorders, anaemia, and many other ills.

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A boon to women disfigured with hairy or fuzzy growths is Phelactine—for it actually removes the roots! Easily, quickly, harmlessly. Not a caustic, to merely burn off the surface hair. Not a paste, powder or liquid. Not electrical. It is "different," and truly wonderful. No odor, no irritation, no scar—skin is left clean, white and smooth. Get a stick of Phelactine today, try it, and with your own eyes see the roots come out! At drugstores and toilet counters, $1.

DEARBORN SUPPLY CO., 5 N. La Salle St., Chicago

Concluded from page 96

SANTA LUCIA

ful warmth, awaken such an echo? He rubbed his thin, veined brown hands together, and, holding them out into a streak of sunlight, closed his eyes. . . . Even now he could see her coming through the gate into the deeper shadow, dark in her black dress—always black—see the gleam of her neck as she bent and pressed his head to it. And he could hear through the rustling palm leaves the extinct murmuring of their two voices, almost the beating of their two hearts. . . .

MADNESS! Madness indeed! His back gave a little crick. He had been free from lumbago lately. Confound it! Was this the admonitory twinge? A lizard rustled out, close to his feet, and, in the patch of sunlight, motionless but for tongue and eyes, lay looking at him with head a trifle to one side—queer quick dried-looking little object!

Trevillian put his hand on his holland waistcoat—the ghost of an ache had crept into his heart. . . . That night, that *he* had never known was to be the last! At the time he had thought her a Jezebel of cruelty.

But now he could see the wisdom and the mercy of it. By George! She had let him down easily: blown their weeks of madness out like a candle-flame; wrapped them in perfect secrecy, buried them under these trees! For she had vanished into the unknown as she had come from the unknown, as utterly, as swiftly; left him haggard and burned up, to go back to England and bank routine, to the moral solidity of a pillar of society.

The lizard whisked its tail and vanished beneath the dead dry leaves. So had she vanished—as if into the earth. Could she ever have felt for him what he had felt for her? Did women ever know consuming fires? Trevillian shrugged his shoulders. She had seemed to; but—how tell? Queer cattle—women!

He remembered how he had sat here alone—two nights in hell, sick with anxiety and longing; how on the third day he had watched outside the villa in broad daylight: close-shuttered, abandoned—not a sound from it, no living thing, but one white-and-yellow cat. Poor young chap! He pitied himself even now, thinking of that last vigil. For three days more he had hung around, haunting Casino, garden, villa. No sign—no sign!

TREVILLIAN rose; his back had given him another twinge. He examined the seat and his open prayer-book. Had he overlapped it on to damp stone? And suddenly he frowned, smoothing superstitiously the pages a little creased and over-flattened from his weight; then, closing the book, he went toward the gate. Young men! Young men!

From the hot sunshine in the road he craned his head over the gate, looking once more on the little old fountain and stone bench. Had those passionate moments been the best or the worst of his career? He did not know. He moved on slowly up the road.

What had he been thinking of when—Oh! Ah! That woman—Mrs. Rolfe! Yes, he would certainly warn Agatha. They were a loose lot out here! And round the corner he came suddenly abreast of the old villa. "It was here I stood!" he thought. "Just here. Silly young fool!" There it was again, that organ. What was that caterwauling! And the thought flashed through him: Why! Of course! A barrel-organ had come that morning while he stood there waiting in despair. He could see it still: Grinding away, with a monkey on it; and a girl singing that same tune: "San-ta Luci-i-a! Santa Luci-i-a!"

Another short story about official Washington, one of the series that is represented in this issue by "Cherry Blossoms Along the Potomac," will appear in THE DELINEATOR *for May. In "The Court End of Town" Frances Parkinson Keyes, wife of Senator Keyes, reveals another glimpse of the less serious side of life in the nation's capital.*

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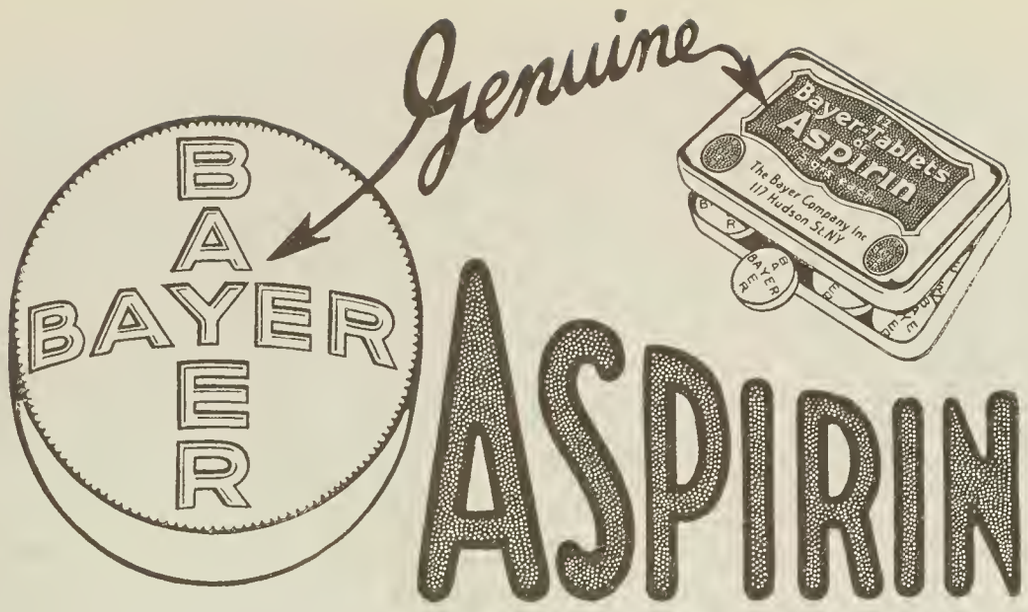
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3460	50	3511	50	3562	50	3613	35	3664	35
3461	35	3512	35	3563	50	3614	35	3665	30
3462	35	3513	35	3564	50	3615	35	3666	50
3463	50	3514	30	3565	50	3616	50	3667	35
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3479	50	3530	35	3581	35	3632	35		
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3482	35	3533	50	3584	50	3635	50		
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3484	50	3535	30	3586	50	3637	50		
3485	35	3536	35	3587	35	3638	30		
3486	30	3537	35	3588	50	3639	50		
3487	35	3538	35	3589	50	3640	30		
3488	30	3539	35	3590	35	3641	50		
3489	35	3540	50	3591	35	3642	35		
3490	30	3541	35	3592	30	3643	35		
3491	35	3542	50	3593	50	3644	35		
3492	30	3543	50	3594	50	3645	30		
3493	40	3544	35	3595	50	3646	50		
3494	35	3545	50	3596	30	3647	50		
3495	50	3546	35	3597	50	3648	35		
3496	35	3547	35	3598	35	3649	50		
3497	35	3548	35	3599	50	3650	35		
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3504	30	3555	50	3606	50	3657	50		
3505	50	3556	35	3607	35	3658	35		
3506	35	3557	50	3608	50	3659	35		

Transfer Designs

No.	Cts.
10936	40
10937	30
10938	30
10939	30
10940	40
10941	50
10942	50
10943	30
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CHICAGO, ILL., 2231-2249 South Park Avenue
ST. LOUIS, MO., 1201-3-5 Washington Street
BOSTON, MASS., 105 Chauncy Street
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 609 Mission Street
ATLANTA, GA., 79-89 Marietta Street
TORONTO, CAN., 468 Wellington Street, West
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, 319 Elgin Avenue



Continued from page 11

WITHOUT END

"I suppose you feel just that way about your work," he said.

Whenever he became personal she was always more or less uneasy.

"Yes," she replied. "Most of the time."

"Not all the time?"

"If I don't, I ought."

"I see a lot of women down-town," he smiled. "And somehow I always think of them as more important than the men. Men may be running the world but they aren't running it for themselves."

"No?"

He shook his head. "For the women and children. Do you know what will hold up traffic longer than anything else?"

"A pretty girl," she suggested cynically.

"A child," he answered. "I took a little boy across the street to-day and held up a hundred automobiles and five trucks. And every one grinned and was proud to be held up. Queer, isn't it?"

Out of all the conversation of the evening, she remembered that most vividly when she got back to her room. She remembered it staring out her window into the dark. She remembered it when she sat down to do some mending. She remembered it finally with her arms sprawled out on the table and her head bowed upon them, her cheeks a bright scarlet. How unimportant her work in the office appeared at that moment!

THE Winter vanished and Spring came and Officer Bainbridge was assigned to a crossing of his own—an important crossing where two broad avenues intersected and thousands of automobiles passed daily. But it was so far up-town that it was of no service to Beth Garrison. He might help a hundred ladies to cross safely every hour but never once could he help her. And sometimes when she felt a little bit small, she resented this—and felt smaller than ever as a result.

She and Randy had fallen into the way now of going out in the evening to the near-by Public Garden where they sat on the little benches among the tulips now in full blossom. And naturally enough he was calling her Beth and she was calling him Randy. And they talked less about the city and more about themselves or perhaps mixed the two together, not able to tell one from the other. Because, in a sense, they *were* the city. Or so it seemed out here. Particularly when Randy was silent; when he just sat beside her, arms folded staring earnestly straight ahead.

He had been doing that a good deal of late. What he saw out there was not clear and yet it seemed curiously vital. As a child he had played with his nurse a great deal here in the Public Garden which was within sight of his old home and had firmly believed it to be his father's domain. He had successfully fought his nurse when she denied this claim; which seemed to prove his point once for all. Somehow those little incidents kept coming back to him—details of the sheltered life he had led on the outskirts of the city thinking he was the very heart of it. He even recalled with a grim smile the episode with Rita Taylor and the part his mother played in it. And his father, with his silver-headed cane, who used to stroll so proudly along these graveled paths on his way to and from his State Street office.

But all these pictures were hazy when compared with the present. They did not count against a little pair of ungloved hands folded demurely within easy reach of his own. To be sure he had not yet succeeded in reaching them but perhaps that was because he had never tried. It appeared a tremendously bold chance to take because he would be risking so much—nothing short of that fine, clean-cut future he was beginning to see ahead of him. Sitting here by her side, he could perceive no end to it. With her always near him, he could build and build and build, either in the force or out of it. Life would always be streaming down upon him like that never-ending line of traffic. And it would be always within his control. Always he could put up his white-gloved hand and check it to make a passage for her. And if she had a kiddy by the hand——

It was clear enough when he reasoned it out from his point of view. He loved her and he had known it for months. It was when he tried to see through her eyes that his vision became clouded. She was well enough off as she was. She had no need of him. He might frighten her away and then what could become of his dreams?

"Lord," he exclaimed one evening after staring a long while into the dark. "I wish they'd transfer me down-town."

"Why, Randy?" she asked innocently enough.

"Do you remember what you told me once; that every woman would feel safe in crossing any street I guarded."

"Yes," she admitted. "That was my recommendation. And it's true, isn't it?"

"I've never had an accident yet. But you said more. You said you hoped they would put me where you crossed."

"Ye-es," she admitted nervously.

"Well, that's where I want to be. I want the feeling I'm making you safe."

"Then you don't think I'm safe?"

"I'll never feel that way until you're in my care."

This was all he said—but there was so much back of it unsaid! And Beth Garrison knew it. She knew it with a tingly thrill that made her sing softly to herself that night as she undid her hair. And it made her wake up the next morning with the feeling of Spring inside her as well as without. And it inspired in her a conception so bold that she shied away from it and came back to it and shied away again and came back again. So she did all the morning until noon and then—instead of hurrying as usual to her dairy lunch she took an up-town subway to a certain point. Here she came up to a broad avenue and ventured timidly along this until it intersected another broad avenue. There she shrank back out of sight and for a moment watched Randy. She caught her breath. So she waited a few minutes before she could steady down. Then she stepped to the edge of the curb.

RANDY did not see her for a second but when he did his white-gloved hand shot up with a positiveness that made the driver of a yellow sporting-car jam his brakes full on with a muttered oath. Quite deliberately, his head high, Randy went to the curb and crossed the street by the girl's side. He even paused there a moment. Forty cars, then fifty, then sixty awaited his will.

"See 'em," said Randy. "They are all stopping for you."

"But they mustn't," she said timidly but proudly. "You must let them go on."

"Now that you are safe."

With a smile Bainbridge stepped back to his post. He raised his white-gloved hand and the procession came on. From her seat beside young Cavanaugh, in the yellow car, his wife stared at the erect, happy-looking young officer.

"What the deuce is the matter?" asked Cavanaugh as he threw his gears into high.

"Nothing," answered Rita. "Nothing that would interest you."

That night, out where the tulips were blossoming in the dark, Randy took one of Beth's warm white hands in his. It was not as difficult a feat as he had anticipated. But he felt as responsibile as though he were holding the world in the hollow of his hand.

"Beth," he said, "I haven't an awful lot to offer you now, just love and a little help at the crossings. It isn't much but some day

Concluded on page 99



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Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. Samples free of **Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.**



Concluded from page 98

WITHOUT END

maybe I'll have more. If you *would* marry me——"

For answer the fingers slipped from his hand and his heart sank. But it seems she was only feeling around to get a tighter grip.

"It's shameless of me to be so glad," she whispered. "But I am."

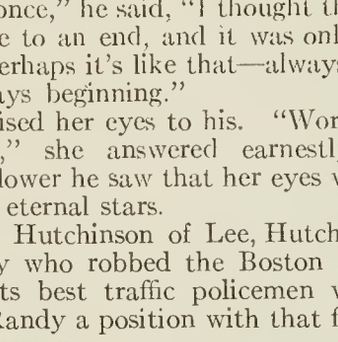
He placed an arm about her—there where no one but the tulips saw—and bending low kissed the top of her head.

"And once," he said, "I thought the world had come to an end, and it was only beginning. Perhaps it's like that—always ending and always beginning."

She raised her eyes to his. "World without end," she answered earnestly. And bending lower he saw that her eyes were one with the eternal stars.

It was Hutchinson of Lee, Hutchinson & Company who robbed the Boston force of one of its best traffic policemen when he offered Randy a position with that firm as a bond salesman.

"Robbery?" grumbled Captain Gordon when he received the resignation. "It's nothing short of grand larceny and if ever I catch a member of that firm operating a motor vehicle over fifteen miles an hour——"



Continued from page 20

TOPSYTURVY EDUCATION

There is an old educational maxim that we all know well: "A healthy mind in a healthy body." I have seen it carved over the entrances of stately school buildings and painted on the walls of the gymnasia. I have heard people say, "If my children have healthy bodies, I have no fear for anything else." Then what?

Look over the report on the physical condition of school children in any part of the country and notice the number of physical defects listed there. Thousands upon thousands of them, easily remedied. Why aren't they remedied? Because the parents do not want them remedied. Children with hypertrophied tonsils, adenoids, bad teeth and deficient eyesight have been refused assistance by their own parents. Either they are afraid of the operation or they dislike eyeglasses, or they do not believe the defects are important to the health of their children. Where now is the healthy mind in the healthy body?

The most untrained mother knows that children ought to go to bed early, sleep in a well-ventilated room, have regular baths, a well-balanced diet. But often the child "brings himself up" in these matters.

"He won't go to bed until I go."

"He hates milk and detests eggs. Just like his father."

"I know the movies aren't good for him, but

Continued on page 100

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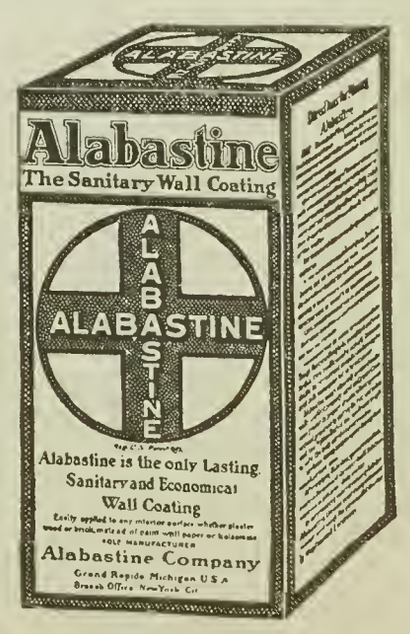
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Continued from page 99

TOPSY TURVY EDUCATION

I have to go myself and I can not leave him at home."

Where, again, is the healthy mind to dwell? Perhaps the school will find the answer? Ah, no! Not there.

Life is speeding up. Daily it becomes more complex. Parents are anxious that children shall lose nothing. They must have their full share of the sum of human knowledge. Nothing must be omitted. The school must include everything.

"Give us more time. Lessen the pressure on us and on your children," the teachers plead. "Cut down the course of study. Don't cram the children so. This is not education, it is but the factory output of information."

This is most topsyturvy. Nature had ordained a long period of infancy for the children of men. The more complex the life about them the longer the life span and the longer the period of preparation. You can not hurry the growth of a child without doing him serious injury.

On every hand pressure is brought to bear on the child. Life is crowded upon him until his body becomes the tense, strained, high-strung mechanism known as the American type. Some people affect to admire it and call it "alert, alive, snappy." It is rather to be deplored, for it results in the mind that crackles and emits fitful sparks instead of the mind that glows with a steady radiance, the brilliance of the strong intelligence, the strong mind in the strong body.

WHAT would I do about this? I would provide playgrounds big enough for all the children who wanted to play. I would keep them open all day, every day in the year, and have them supervised by teachers who understood the place and the value of play.

I would cease crowding children into classes. I would give them room to move about without touching their neighbors and so reduce the amount of infection.

I would give them the sort of school that allowed them to use their bodies to help their minds.

I would persuade the parents to have their children made fit for training by having the nose and throat and mouth of each child made clear and clean.

I would persuade them to establish a routine of bodily care—bedtime and baths and diet and work and play, each in its proper place and proportion.

I would teach respect for the human body as the most perfect work of the Creator.

Another topsyturvy notion is that children must be saved all effort. They must be saved the struggle. It is the race-old habit of trying to dodge the curse of Adam, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread until thou return unto the ground." We can no more escape that law than we can escape the return to the ground. Only by concentrated, stubborn effort can a man do the work that brings him his bread, the food for his body and for his soul.

But mothers are afraid to think of their children as toilers struggling against their surroundings. Mothers have met and known pain; they have toiled and sweated; they have hoped and been disappointed; they have dreamed and have seen the dream vanish before the stern face of necessity; they have determined that their children shall be saved as much of the struggle as possible. They begin early to save them.

"Poor little fellow. He falls so often. I'll carry him."

The little boy, who has been equipped by Nature to make his own fight, protests and

Continued on page 101

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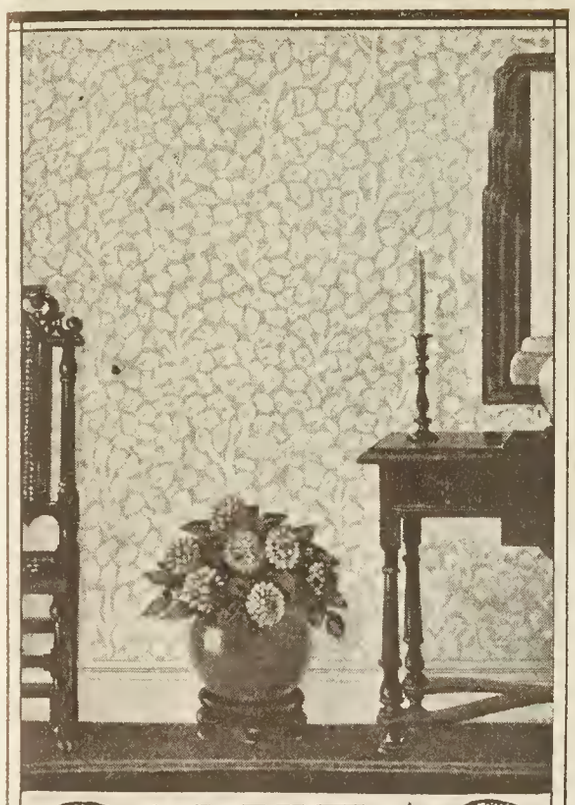


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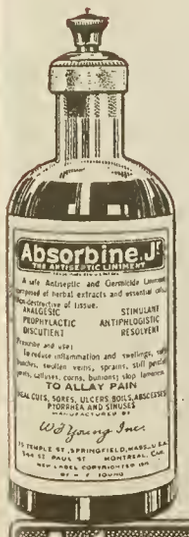
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Continued from page 100

TOPSYTURVY EDUCATION

cries to be allowed to stand on his own legs. But his mother saves him.

"Mother will cut your meat for you."

"Daddy will bait your hook for you."

"Susan will hang up your coat."

"No, I won't have you learning to swim. You will be drowned."

The child goes to school and the mother in alarm hastens to beg the teacher to stand between her child and the struggle of school life. "Please don't let Peter go down to the yard to play with the class. They are so rough I am afraid they will hurt him."

"Please take my daughter out of the school kitchen at once. I have always been very careful of her hands and I want her to keep them nice."

Did you ever help a wee chicken come out of his shell only to have him give one pitiful peep and have him die in your hand? The law is the same for children as for chicks. "Peck off your own shell or die." Every time the child is robbed of his struggle he is cheated out of spiritual growth and power. Help only when he asks for help and then do no more than necessity compels.

"A CHILD should finish what he has begun." Again everybody agrees. We believe that the habit of dropping a task before completing it is an indication of weakness, a wabbly will, a confused mind. But we often do what results in bringing about the very ends we deplore.

Sonny lies on the floor, flat on his stomach, lost in the story of "Tar Baby." Bre'r Rabbit is stuck fast and his enemies are about to fall upon him when mother calls, "Sonny, run down to the laundry with this bundle that I forgot this morning."

The climax of the story is gone. The train of thought has been jarred awry. The child is dissatisfied and unhappy. If this sort of thing happens often, he will lose all interest in reading, he will lose the thrill of thinking a story through to the end, and that means that he has begun to form a habit that will weaken his thinking power throughout his life.

The boys were playing baseball in the vacant lot near Tim's house. Tim was at bat. His mother raised the window and called, "Tim-mie, run and tell John that I need a piece of ice."

Tim had to lay down his bat and go. This constant disregard of what the child is doing is not a good thing. He learns that what he is doing may be dropped at any minute. He learns that he may cut the rules of the game and muddle through regardless. When he is a man, doing a man's work in the world, it would be a bad thing for him to have the old recollections of the breaks and the unfinished projects rise to whisper, "Let the job go. It can wait. It isn't so important. Suppose you don't finish it, what of it?"

The thing we started out to train, the soul, the spirit of the man, has been maimed. At home his mother called; at school the bell rang or the teacher said "Next" before he could speak. He had to stop when he was in full swing. Never the time or the opportunity to complete his idea.

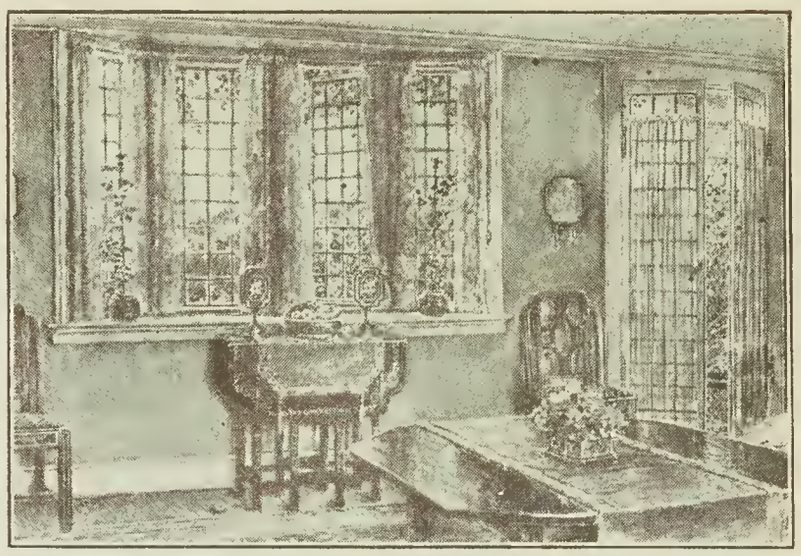
He will never know the power that comes through seeing the thing to the end. He will never know the thrill of playing the last card, the odds all against him, and winning. He will never know the triumph of the man who drives the last nail home in the last split second of time. He has missed the spiritual exaltation of the creative worker.

"Let us cherish the gifted children. It is they who pour out the gifts of body and mind that lift the people to a vision of higher and better things. They are the leaders."

Concluded on page 102

Orinoka

DRAPERIES & UPHOLSTERIES
COLORS GUARANTEED SUN & TUBFAST



BREAKFAST ROOM—*Window curtains of Torento medium-weight, lustrous, taffeta damask. French door curtains of Raywick gauze; table runners of Satinella; chairs upholstered with Checkerboard Tapestry.*



The New Orinoka Booklet

"Color Harmony in Window Draperies," prepared by a New York decorator, will be sent postpaid for 20 cents. It contains many illustrations of window, door and bed treatments, together with reproductions of the fabrics, all in color; also practical directions for choosing materials, making and hanging draperies.

THE beauty of Orinoka Guaranteed Sunfast Draperies is lasting. Neither exposure to sunlight nor washing can fade their colors in the slightest degree. Orinoka Guaranteed Sunfast Draperies are dyed in our own mills by our own special process. Long service makes the use of Orinoka Guaranteed Sunfast a real economy.

Orinoka Guaranteed Sunfast Draperies may be had in all weights, from sheer casement cloths for use against the glass to heavy materials for over-draperies, upholstery and portieres. There are many beautiful weaves, plain and figured, in all the latest colorings.

THE ORINOKA GUARANTEE

To every bolt of Orinoka Sunfast and Tubfast Draperies is attached a tag bearing this printed guarantee: "These goods are guaranteed absolutely fadeless. If color changes from exposure to sunlight or from washing, the merchant is hereby authorized to replace them with new goods or to refund the purchase price." Look for this guarantee.

THE ORINOKA MILLS, 503 Clarendon Bldg., New York

WHITTALL RUGS



"And On Our *First* Anniversary We Had This Whittall Rug"

You too will treasure your Whittall Rug after many "anniversaries." And even then, you will view it with assurance that it has still more to give of beauty and service.

For underlying beauty is woven into Whittall Rugs. And you can safely be guided by their beauty as it is always a truthful expression of their quality.

Send for beautifully illustrated booklet "Oriental Art in Whittall Rugs," printed in full colors and containing much that will guide your selection in floor coverings that endure.

M. J. WHITTALL ASSOCIATES
190 Brussels St. Worcester, Mass.



"A stroke of creamy lightness
So smooth" says Winthrop Wise.
"Your walls take on new brightness
That's Celoid KYANIZE."

Kyanize
KY-A-NIZE

CELOID FINISH
THE MEDIUM GLOSS WATERPROOF ENAMEL

"Save the surface and you save all" Paint & Varnish

Walls that wash
—in eight dainty, restful tints

Here's a *new* coating that meets squarely the problem of wall finishing. Splendid to tint furniture, too.

Right from the can, it spreads easily under the brush—dries overnight. Waterproof and washable,—a handsome satin-like lustre. Not a high gloss, distracting to the eye, nor a dull flat tone.

Washes easily with soap and water.

Eight most pleasing tints and Pure White. An ideal finish for bedroom or nursery furniture and all woodwork.

Our booklet, "The Inviting Home," beautifully illustrated in colors is *free* for the asking. Its decorative suggestions will help you. Write for it today.

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Kyanize your floors, furniture and woodwork

DR PRICE'S VANILLA



Look for Price's Tropikid on the label



Price's Vanilla is the pure flavor from choicest vanilla beans aged in wooden casks to bring out all its full mellow richness. It is balanced and just-right in strength!

PRICE FLAVORING EXTRACT CO.
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Dennison's

CHILDREN'S PARTIES
—such fun to give but so hard to make a success—unless you charm the youngsters with the Dennison "Children's Party Goods." Fascinating novelties for the clever party—pretty invitations, place cards, decorations and "fixings."

The kiddies love it all and mothers are grateful. Ask your nearest dealer.

Write for "The Further Adventures of Jim, John and Jane"—the children will be delighted.

DENNISON
DEPT. E-4
Framingham, Mass.

What Next?



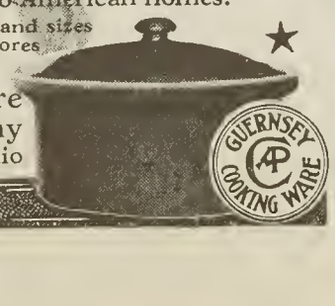
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Guernseyware
ON THE STOVE—IN THE OVEN—ON THE TABLE

Makes cooking and serving easier, food tastier, more nutritious.

The Guernseyware trade mark on your Casseroles, Baking Dishes, Ramekins, Etc., guarantees the superior quality, utility and durability of the genuine—the trade mark that introduced casserole cooking to American homes.

Found in all shapes and sizes at the better stores

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FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.



Concluded from page 101

TOPSYTURVY EDUCATION

Have we made provision for them in this scheme of education? The usual school with its silent walls, its ordered rooms, its grim rows of benches screwed to the floor, its barren equipment of books and paper, is this the setting for leadership?

Where do these children find food and exercise for their gifts? They who raced about free as the breeze of morning have to remain fixed in seats for hours. The prattling tongues, so quick to follow each sight and sound, must be silent. They must speak only when called upon and then only in the manner decreed.

THE minds that flashed over a world of action and beauty must slow up and sink into semi-slumber so as not to intrude themselves upon the minds of the plodders about them.

We are prone to forget that these children are dynamos of activity. They grow only in action and doing. They have no fear of the future. They want but an opportunity to prove themselves by discovering and investigating and testing and creating. We send them to school to be trained and disciplined and by setting the school toward silence and submission we imply that training and discipline entails both. Leaders never sprung from such a topsyturvy background as this.

Free the gifted child from the traditional school. Open wide every door of opportunity for him. Respect his gifts. Teach him the importance of them. Teach him the duty and the self-sacrifice they impose upon him. Train him to cultivate his full powers and devote them to the service of those about him.

There is much that is topsyturvy about our training of children. There always must be until we take the child's need as the basis for his education and teach accordingly. We must cease to say one thing and do another. We must be honest with ourselves and the children. We must have a reason for the faith that is in us.

The child will show us the way if we will but follow the road he indicates and interpret his gestures correctly. It is when we fail to do this that we lose the road and check and hinder the child whom we would help. All that science has taught us, all that nature has shown us, shall be devoted to the child's growth, so that in his maturity he shall stand forth to the world a physical man, an intellectual man, and above all a spiritually minded man.

AND then having our vision of education to lead us and inspire us, we must force ourselves to do the work necessary to realize the vision. We must pay the whole price, whether in money or self-sacrifice or self-discipline.

In brief, we must actually do what we say we do, "Put the children first." If we do that in all earnestness and sincerity, education will be right side up and the world headed toward the final solution of its greatest difficulties.

Concluded from page 2

WHAT IS RESPECTABILITY?

circumference will include little that is understood. A man whose circumference covers only an acre of ground, well explored, will be far wiser.

John Burroughs traveled very little save in his later years and never outside of North America to my knowledge. Mostly he stuck to the old farm at Roxbury and the wooded hill where his cabin stood. These two bits of ground he knew thoroughly and was about the wisest man of his time. He had a thirst for knowledge that stayed the eager foot.

I remember an incident in his old age, when he was at my camp in the Adirondacks for a visit, which illustrates his industry in knowing his environment. He suggested that we should spend a night on the lake listening to its voices. We did. He lay on a comfortable mattress in a big dory, I on a blanket in the bottom of a skiff. We anchored near a great marsh. About the only voice of the night which I heard was Uncle John's snoring. Only age and infirmity could stop his quest for knowledge.

WE HEAR much of the broad vision that comes from travel and do not stop to consider the danger of it. Most of us have so much in our vision that we see nothing clearly or completely. We return from our long journeys each with a mountain of confused impressions and suffer from a kind of mental indigestion. The wisest man I know confined his vision mainly to about ten acres of woodland and the sky above it and the books in his library.

The men of the elder race had little travel. They put their stride in their work and it was a long, powerful stride. How much travel, think you, entered into the lives of Shakespeare and Milton and Dante and Galileo? Not nearly as much as the average greengrocer of an American country village enjoys these days. Scott and Burke and Balzac and Bismarck and Tennyson and Castelar and Lincoln were, compared with us, the veriest stay-at-homes. Yet who in our time could measure swords with them?

MANY men of my profession have left their sources of inspiration and supply to live in the hectic atmosphere of struggle and adulation in New York. It is a mistake. Many a promising career has ended on this facile, exciting and well-oiled descent to mental impotence. Being honored too much is a bad thing for prophets and but for the skepticism that prevailed in their home towns, there would have been mighty few prophets. It stimulated them to increased effort. A man's strength has passed its climax when it seems to be no longer doubted.

In this matter of finding one's task it is good to remember that our pleasure in it is the key to success. I know a most industrious and successful man who declares that he never works in the accepted sense of that term. His task is never permitted to turn into labor. When his efforts begin to feel like "work" he abandons them and turns to play. It should be so with all work that is not mere drudgery.

Most Americans need to be warned not of the neglect of work but rather of the neglect of play, and, further, that the main object is not the making of money but the making of men and a better world for our children to live in; a happier world to grow up in.

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Now Cost 71% Less Than a Year Ago

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New Floors Over Old

A 3/8 of an inch thickness is made especially for laying over old floors. Costs even less, as the old floor makes the sub-floor.

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This Book On Home Beautifying Sent Free

Contains practical suggestions on how to make your home artistic, cheery and inviting—explains how you can easily and economically refinish and keep woodwork, furniture and floors in perfect condition.

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If so, you will find this book particularly interesting and useful, for it tells how to finish inexpensive soft woods so they are as beautiful and artistic as hard wood. Tells just what materials to use—how to apply them—includes color card—gives covering capacities, etc.

Our Individual Advice Department will give a prompt and expert answer to all questions on interior wood finishing—without cost or obligation.

We will gladly send this book free and postpaid for the name and address of one of the best painters in your locality. And for 10c we will also send you postpaid a 2 oz. bottle of Johnson's Liquid Prepared Wax.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. B.T. 4, Racine, Wis.
"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Abundance of Song

Your bird will sing all year round and have that clear soft silver-like voice when supplied with correct nourishment.

Max Geisler's Roller Seed & Maizena Biscuit
"The Scientifically Balanced Food"



is doing this for thousands of birds everywhere. It is far superior to and entirely different from ordinary Bird Seeds.

Mrs. E. T. Carse, Chicago, says, "Since feeding your Roller Seed, my old bird, silent all winter, is in full song."

AT ALL DRUGGISTS or direct from us, parcel postpaid. Roller Seed and sample box Maizena Biscuit 35c. Valuable bird book FREE for name of druggist who doesn't handle.

Max Geisler Bird Co. Dept. S-20 Omaha, Neb. or 28 Cooper Sq., N.Y.City
Dealers in Birds and Pets—34 years in business—Illus. catalog free.

STERIZOL THE ANTISEPTIC — ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

"It reaches the spot"

FOR:- Cuts, Burns, Nasal Douche, Throat Spray and Personal Hygiene.

The Sterizol Company Ossining, N. Y.

ASK THE DELINEATOR

Don't forget when writing THE DELINEATOR *Service Departments for information or aid to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Inquiries unaccompanied by a stamped envelope can not be answered nor will replies be made on a post-card. The service you will receive is worth a two-cent investment.*

BEAUTY

The Best Face Foremost in any phase of life is good feminine philosophy. Any woman can improve her complexion with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer special questions and will send folders prepared in accordance with the practise and advice of experts on the care of the hair, skin and hands, posture, exercises, lotions and cosmetics.

BABIES

The Prize Baby is the healthiest. Don't take any chances in failing to give your child the benefits of scientific and expert care. No matter where you live, THE DELINEATOR Infant Hygiene Department can bring that care into your home. Write for a list of leaflets which cover all the ills and potential danger-marks of infancy and childhood.

HOUSEKEEPING

The Home Economics Department has prepared, under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, a list of leaflets which will lighten the housewife's burden and make scientific home-making an easy art. These leaflets range from milk recipes to the technique of laying the table. Write for any or all of these leaflets.

CHILDREN

The Story Hour is a pretty important time in childhood. Do you know what books to read to your children? The Children's Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in the parental job of forming good reading habits. Write in to the Children's Department, too, for a Page of Prayers for children to learn.

Measure Your Child as he grows and you will be able to keep up with his growth. Doctor Baldwin's articles on "The Normal Child" have brought us numerous requests for his list of intelligence tests, whereby parents and teachers may measure the mental and physical growth of the normal child. THE DELINEATOR will be glad to send you a list on request.

MUSIC

Nothing But Jazz. It is your fault if that phrase describes the music in your home. First impressions are the beginning of taste. You may live far from concert-halls or opera, you may not have a piano, but you can do a great deal to familiarize your children with the best in music if you select the right records, at the right times. Let our Music Editor help you. Write him your individual questions, and send for lists of specially selected records.

ETIQUETTE

Are You Uncertain about the ways of the social world? Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will send you a number of useful leaflets on manners and form, covering every social quandary. "Weddings," "Calls and the Use of Cards," "Letter-Writing," "Etiquette at the Table" are some of the titles. She will answer any puzzled inquirer.

THE THEATER

What Shows Are Good? Most out-of-town people, when they come to New York, ask that question. Save time before the journey by writing to THE DELINEATOR Service Department for a List of Plays, describing the type and nature of the plays running in various New York theaters.

ENTERTAINMENT

Do You Hesitate to give a party because you don't know what to do with the guests? The Entertainment Department offers suggestions for dinners, dances, parties and entertainments. It will be glad to give more information, if you write the average age of the guests, the type of party and the amount of money you wish to spend.

STEERO BOUILLON CUBES

Reg U.S. Pat Off — Patented Oct 31, 1911

When All the Family Enjoy Their Meals

Perhaps one of your problems is making all the members of your family really enjoy the food you cook for them. Have you ever thought how important it is to begin the meal with a hot, flavory dish?

For the next luncheon or dinner serve piping hot STEERO bouillon at the beginning of the meal, and see how the whole family, from the youngest to the oldest, enjoy their food.

This delightful beverage is easy to prepare. Put one STEERO bouillon cube into each serving cup and add boiling water. Then it is ready to serve—fragrant, appetizing, steaming hot.

Use STEERO bouillon cubes in other dishes—left-overs, scalloped dishes, and in meat and vegetable sauces.

Put STEERO bouillon cubes on your order list today—and insist that you get STEERO.

Send for Free Samples

Let us send you free samples of STEERO bouillon cubes so that you may learn how good hot STEERO bouillon tastes. Write today. If you enclose ten cents we will also send you the 64-page STEERO Cook Book, full of practical and delicious recipes—helpful to every housewife.

Schieffelin & Co.
262 William St., New York
Distributors for
American Kitchen Products Co.
New York



"A Cube Makes a Cup"
"Simply Add Boiling Water"

STEERO BOUILLON CUBES—the trade-mark STEERO is on every wrapper—are sold in boxes of 12, 50, and 100. If not readily obtainable at your dealer's we will mail direct upon receipt of 35 cents a box of 12. Ask for STEERO bouillon cubes.



Try this
Minute Tapioca Raisin Pie

Boil for 15 minutes 4 tablespoons of Minute Tapioca, a pinch of salt, ½ cup of sugar and ½ cup of raisins in 1 pint of hot water. Remove from stove and add 1 egg slightly beaten. Line a deep plate with a pie crust, fill with the cooked tapioca, sprinkle with nutmeg or cinnamon. Cover with a top crust and bake a delicate brown, or make with one crust and use a meringue.

This is another way to serve Minute Tapioca. Minute Tapioca requires no soaking and may be thoroughly cooked in 15 minutes. Serve it often, for it is both delicious and nutritious. Always identify it by the red and blue package.

Send for free Minute Cook Book and folder of new receipts.

Minute Tapioca Co., 44 Jefferson Street, Orange, Mass.
Makers of Minute Tapioca, Minute Gelatine, and Star Brand Pearl Tapioca

Other views are shown on figures on page 33



DOVE
Lingerie

Half Last Year's Prices
Cotton—Silk—Hand-Made

NEVER before have the fashions in outer garments demanded such care in selecting lingerie to achieve the correct silhouette.

The long, straight lines of your new frocks make it imperative that your lingerie fit smoothly.

"Dove" Envelope Chemises, Camisoles, Bloomers and Under-skirts are not only beautiful but correct in their careful observance of the season's styles. They are executed in sheer but practical cottons; in glorious radium and crepe de Chine silks; in lustrous satins.

In Night Gowns and Pajamas the showing is equally notable. Especially fine are the models of "Dove" Philippine and Porto Rican hand-made garments.

You will find "Dove" Lingerie in one or more leading stores in almost any city or town. Ask to see the "Dove" styles—and look for the little, blue Dove label.

Or write us direct and we will see that you are served.

D. E. SICHER & CO., Inc.
45-55 W. 21st Street, New York, N. Y.
"World's Largest Makers of Lingerie."

DOVE Undergarments
Beautiful, well-made Lingerie
Sold by Leading Stores Everywhere

3647—3665—10787—For the variable moods of April is a fabric hat and a slip-over dress which has a becoming fulness drawn in at the sides and may be made with elastic at a low waistline. It is one piece and has a straight lower edge. The monogram is new. Work in satin-stitch or outline embroidery. Use wool jersey, soft serge, heavy silk crêpes, etc. Lower edge of dress measures 51 inches.

16 years requires 2⅛ yards of wool jersey 54 inches wide, ⅜ yard of contrasting color 54 inches wide for collar, vest and binding. A 21¼ head measure requires for hat ¾ yard of 40-inch faille silk.

The dress is good for misses 16 to 20 years. It is nice for small women. The hat is good for misses and ladies.

3610—To suit the buoyant spirits of the sub-deb are full little frocks with frilly, puffed sleeves and demure collars. The dress has a low-waisted guimpe and the straight full skirt is buttoned to it. Use silk crêpes, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, flowered silk, with guimpe of plain net, dotted net, chiffon, Georgette, crêpe de Chine or organdy.

17 years will require 3⅝ yards of figured silk 36 inches wide and ⅞ yard of chiffon 40 inches wide for collar, facing for front, sleeves, cuffs and plaitings for guimpe and ⅝ yard of 40-inch material for guimpe. Lower edge measures 2½ yards.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years. It is nice for small women.

3625—10918—The wearer of this little slip-over dress goes confidently forth to face her social world. It is easy fitting with wide shoulders and deep armholes and may be made without a long body lining. The straight skirt and blouse meet at the low waistline. The border is effective. Work it in soutache braiding, cording, outline, chain-stitch, couching or one-half Hercules braid. Make dress of silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, plain silk voile, wool crêpe, etc. Lower edge measures 62 inches.

16 years requires 3½ yards of silk crêpe 40 inches wide including fabric trimming, binding and 3 yards of 5-inch ribbon for sash.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years; it is suitable for small women.

3602—3657—3325—There are three parts to the costume we wear outside this Spring—cape, frock and hat to match. This cape is straight and the dress assumes a raglan style with straight skirt meeting a long body in decorative way. It may have a blouse body lining. Lower edge of dress 49 inches.

16 years requires 5¼ yards of 40-inch Canton crêpe for cape and skirt of dress, 3¾ yards of 40-inch contrasting color for body, belt, lining of cape and band of collar. A 21¼ head measure requires ½ yard of 36-inch taffeta. Lower edge of cape 1⅞ yard.

The dress is good for misses 16 to 20 years; it is nice for small women. The cape is good for misses 32 to 34 bust, and is good for ladies. The hat is nice for misses and ladies.

3651—3665—April goes in silks from her fabric hat to the hem of her straight skirt. This dress is one of the newest for Spring. The waist is draped and closes at the left underarm. The full skirt joins the body lining at a low waistline and when the new fabric trimming is used there is a drop-skirt. Choose gros de Londres or silk crêpes for the dress, and ribbon, satin or taffeta for the hat. Lower edge of skirt 2½ yards.

16 years requires 3¾ yards of silk taffeta 36 inches wide. 21¼ inches head measure requires for hat ½ yard of taffeta 36 or 40 inches wide.

The dress is good for misses 16 to 20 years. It is nice for small women. The hat is becoming to misses and ladies.

3653—10895—This little frock will dance its way through many an afternoon tea with flying panels. The closing comes at the left underarm, and the straight skirt and loose panels of this slip-over dress join the blouse at a low waistline. It has a long body lining marked for a camisole top. Make the dress of silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, etc. This dress may have the peasant style of sleeve with both sleeves and panels of some contrasting color or new material. New flower motifs are gay additions. Work in combination of one-stitch or bugle beads.

16 years will require 4 yards of 40-inch Canton crêpe. Lower edge measures 54 inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years. It is good for small women.

3569—The charm of this slip-over frock with its long waist and straight skirt expresses itself in contrasting materials and fabric trimming. The blouse body lining may be omitted. Use crêpe meteor or crêpe satin, all one side of material or combining dull and shiny surfaces, or with lower sleeves of Georgette; satin, serge, all one material or with silk crêpe; silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, wool jersey, wool crêpe, crêpe jersey, etc. Lower edge measures 58½ inches.

17 years requires 1¼ yard of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide for body including fabric trimming and 1¾ yard of contrasting crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide for skirt.

The dress is nice for misses 16 to 20 years. It is appropriate for small women.

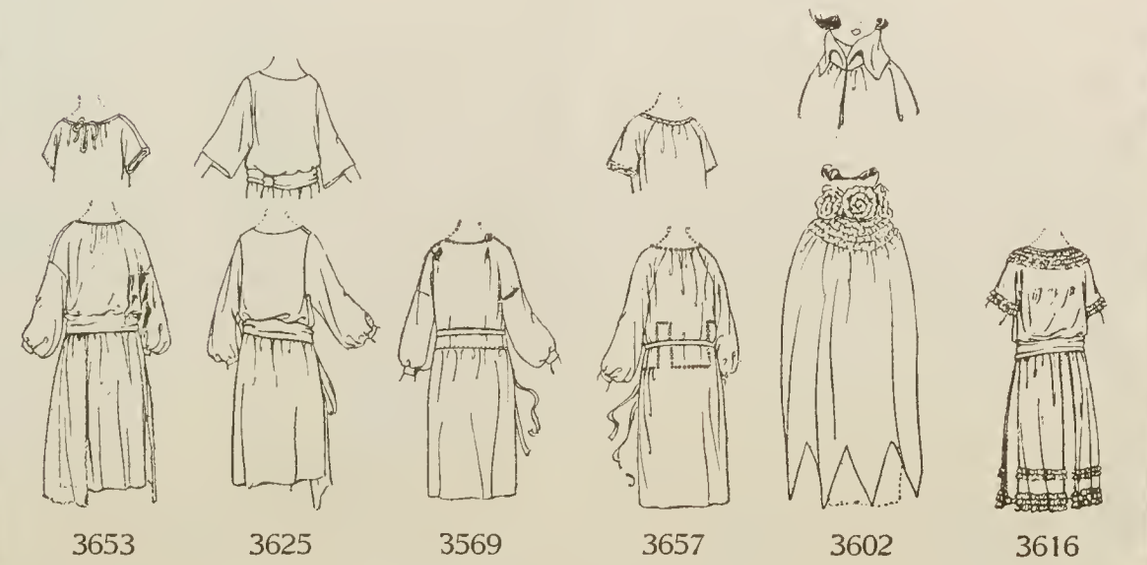
3616—10916—Wide sleeves and loose panels go hand in hand on this slip-over frock with left underarm closing. There is a straight skirt meeting the blouse at a low waistline. The long body lining with a camisole outline may be omitted. Motifs from an embroidery design are adapted for trimming. Fabric trimming is new and material of the dress is used for this design. Make the dress of silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, all one color or in two colors or figured with plain, or crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, etc., taffeta, Georgette, plain silk voile, etc. Lower edge measures 51 inches.

17 years will require 3⅞ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide.

The dress is good for misses 16 to 20 years. It is attractive for small women.



3647 3651 3610



3653 3625 3569 3657 3602 3616



BY actual test genuine De Miracle is the safest and surest. When you use it you are not experimenting with a new and untried depilatory, because it has been in use for over 20 years, and is the only depilatory that has ever been endorsed by Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, Medical Journals and Prominent Magazines.

De Miracle is the most cleanly, because there is no mussy mixture to apply or wash off. You simply wet the hair with this nice De Miracle sanitary liquid and it is gone. De Miracle alone devitalizes hair, which is the only common-sense way to remove it from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs. Try De Miracle just once, and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the De Miracle guarantee and we will refund your money. Write for free book.

Three sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00

At all toilet counters, or direct from us, in plain wrapper.

De Miracle
Dept. H-26, Park Ave. and 129th St., New York

Dye Old Faded Things New with "Diamond Dyes"

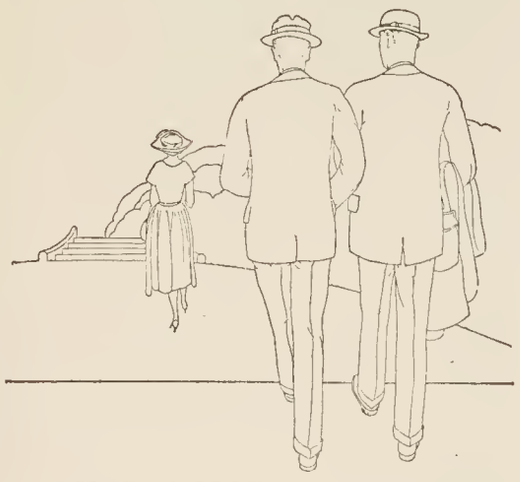
Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint faded, shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, hangings, draperies, everything like new. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed, even if you have never dyed before. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, fade, or run.

Wells & Richardson Co., Burlington, Vt.



DO MEN OBSERVE WOMEN'S STOCKINGS?

BY Natalie Norris



EVER SINCE the apple eating episode in the Garden of Eden, dressmakers have been busily designing gowns calculated to find favor in the masculine eye. The male may deny his responsibility, but he is to blame nevertheless. If it were not for his consuming interest in women's clothes we should all adopt the Mother Hubbard, for comfort's sake, and let it go at that.

Do men really notice women's hosiery? Do they! They simply can't help themselves now that skirts are high and stockings rolled.

Fashion, you know, has revised her ideas on the subject of women's stockings. She has come to the conclusion, now that legs are out in the open, one can do very well without seams.

Most men will tell you that seams look uncomfortable and that they frequently run crooked.

No matter how careful one may be in her dressing she can never be certain her stocking seam is straight. The wind will whip the skirt and the skirt will pull the seam awry in spite of all we may do to avoid this calamity. And to my way of thinking, a crooked seam is almost as bad as a run.

Burson Hose are fashioned to fit properly on the loom without seams. They conform perfectly to the graceful lines of the leg and are much more comfortable to wear than the other kind. Always buy them to be sure of real fashioned stockings.

Ordinary seamless hose, with as many needles in the ankle as the leg, are made to imitate fashioned stockings by sewing a mock seam up the back. Before wearing it is difficult to detect the difference. Buying Burson avoids the risk of getting stockings that are not permanently shaped.

SILK • MERCERIZED • COTTON • LISLE
SPORTS SILKS AND HEATHERS

BURSON
Fashioned Hose

BURSON KNITTING COMPANY, ROCKFORD, ILL.

Other views are on page 26



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3669



3601



3673

Other views are on page 27



3633



3639



3627

3620



3635



3604

MINERVA YARNS



Use this new yarn for summer knitted things

When you want smartness combined with comfort in summer knitted things—then pick the yarn by weight and type as carefully as you do the color and the style of the garment.

The newest of all Minerva Yarns—Lustredown Floss—is precisely the right weight for dress, sweater, or whatever you need for your summer outfit. It is true to all other Minerva Yarns, for it is beautiful, lustrous, even, and "lofty." And it has its share of the 237 lovely shades found in Minerva Yarns.

The graceful, smart lines in the dress and sweater pictured here owe much to Minerva Lustredown Floss. Instructions for knitting these garments will be sent free of charge on request. Ask for Style Bulletin No. 14.

The *Minerva Knitting Book*, Vol. VII, pictures the latest fashions in sweaters, dresses, scarfs, hats, and children's things. Full instructions are given. Sold at yarn counters, 15 cents; by mail, 20 cents, postpaid.



Sample Offer
Wool Flowers

Fifteen pieces of Minerva Yarns of different colors with instructions for making the wool flowers now so fashionable will be sent for ten cents (stamps or coin). Fill out this coupon.

(C-2)

James Lees
& Sons Co.
220 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:
I am enclosing ten cents, for which please send me Minerva Yarns and instructions for making flowers.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____



"Onyx" Hosiery

"Pointex"

Because it so admirably supplements the smartness of costume, "Onyx Pointex" is naturally the Hosiery of Fashion.



Emery & Beers Company Inc. · Wholesale Distributors · New York



Sew at Home and Have More Clothes

BY doing your own sewing, you can have more clothes for yourself and the children.

The manufacturers of J. & P. Coats Spool Cotton recently issued a twenty-four-page book of designs for children's clothes. It also contains valuable information about hand and machine sewing, which every mother and daughter should know.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send ten cents for a copy of J. & P. Coats Book No. 10 to the Spool Cotton Company, Dept. 58, 315 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

J. & P. Coats Spool Cotton

The Best Thread for Hand and Machine Sewing

Other views are on page 28



3637



3608 3622



3631 3597 3641

Other views are on page 29



3661



3571 3649 3599



Keep Step with Style Through "Fiskhats"

For 69 years the label "Fiskhats" in millinery has carried the definite association of "Style and Quality Assured." Each model is the work of a master designer in intimate touch with the latest dictates of style.

For Accurate Advice on Style See Your "Fiskhats" Dealer

Through us the latest style advices are constantly received—also the newest in Fiskhats. A few days after the model is created, it is available for your inspection.

WRITE FOR STYLE LETTER

Please mention your milliner's name.

D. B. FISK & CO.

Creators of Correct Millinery

225 North Wabash Ave., Chicago

NEW YORK CHICAGO PARIS

Look in your milliner's window for this sign

Fiskhats

The name that means "Style and Quality Assured"

THE "GEM" of NIAGARA

The Brand-Name for Quality Notions



THE finest gown, the most delicate lingerie may be ruined if touched by a rusty fastener or hook and eye.

"GEM OF NIAGARA" Brand, smooth-working Fasteners, Hooks and Eyes and guarded Safety Pins. Economical because they last. They are absolutely *rust-proof*.

If your dealer is not yet supplied, send us his name and 10c per card for as many cards of "The Gem of Niagara" Hooks and Eyes, Safety Pins and Snap Fasteners as you may want sent you by mail prepaid.

FRANCIS MFG. CO.

Famous for Fine Notions for Over Quarter Century

Niagara Falls, N. Y.



Smith's PERFECT FITTING NECK BANDS



You can make custom-made shirts at home so easily, and at such a great saving, that you will be truly surprised. They will fit "him" perfectly, with just the right sleeve length, roomy cuffs, full skirt and comfort around the neck that you cannot find in readymades. To insure perfect-fitting shirts:

Insist upon SMITH'S Neck Bands and see that SMITH'S is stamped on those you buy.

At your dealers in Cambric at 15, 18 and 20c, also Pongee at 25c and Pure Linen at 25c. Send us 10c for book "How I Make My Husband's Shirts," (fully illustrated with charts and diagrams) or 25c for the book and a SMITH'S Neck Band (20c quality.) Mention size. Gilman B. Smith Co., Inc., 136 West 17th Street, New York.

GET THIS BOOK ON HOME SHIRT MAKING

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGE 34

3574—3596—The appliqué trimming will please the youthful wearer of this one-piece slip-over frock and fabric hat. The sleeves are wider than usual and the armhole deeper. Use crêpe de Chine, pongee, serge, taffeta, gingham, linen, linen-finished cottons for the dress, and taffeta, etc., for the four-gored hat.

11 years requires 2 yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine, and ⅜ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine for collar and trimming squares. The hat in 21-inch head size requires ⅜ yard of 54-inch duvetyn.

The dress is designed for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years. The hat is becoming to ladies, misses, girls and children.

3634—10934—Her name surely is Mary, for there's the lamb, and don't overlook the new slip-over dress! The separate bloomers are effective in contrasting material. Basket motifs in gay colors are used for pockets. These are done in appliqué. Use sateen, linen, cotton homespun, chambray, cotton crêpe, pongee in one or two colors, or unbleached muslin with bright color appliqué of contrasting material.

4 years requires 1¼ yard of 36-inch black sateen, and 1 yard of 36-inch figured sateen for the collar, cuffs, pockets and bloomers.

The dress is suitable for little girls of 2 to 8 years.

3642—This lucky little man is the proud possessor of two rabbits and a new suit. The waist has a round collar and the straight trousers are made with the jumper effect. For practical wear use cotton poplin for the blouse with trousers of serge or corduroy. Pongee and crêpe de Chine are suggested for blouse with trousers of silk poplin or shantung or corduroy and a dimity blouse with poplin or linen.

4 years requires ⅞ yard of 54-inch wool jersey and 1⅜ yard of 27-inch dimity for the waist.

The suit is smart for little boys of 2 to 6 years.

3624—10709—A dress like this makes a very practical costume, one she can wear either for play or school. The straight skirt may be gathered and the waistline is low. An odd embroidery design outlines the suspender straps of the straight skirt, pockets and front of belt. Work it in outline and one-stitch embroidery. Use wool jersey, serge, tricotine, with dimity, small-checked gingham, pongee or taffeta for guimpe, etc.

11 years requires 1¼ yard of serge 54 inches wide and 1⅜ yard of batiste 36 inches wide for guimpe.

The dress is good for juniors and girls 4 to 15 years.

3645—3611—Wee shy girls should have dainty white dresses with lace trimming and ribbon bows. This dress might be used for the baby boy; he would prefer a straight collar, cuffs, and the hem finished with hand-hemstitching. The matching cap may be plaited or gathered or with a puffed crown. Use nainsook, batiste, plain lawn, etc., for dress, and faille silk, organdy, etc., for cap.

3 years requires 1½ yard of batiste 36 inches wide. 19¼ inches head measure requires for hat ⅝ yard of 44-inch organdy.

The dress is dainty for the child ½ to 3 years. The cap is nice for infants, 1 and 3 years.

3626—10865—What a grown-up air to this three-piece costume! She wears her correct little box-coat over a slip-over, one-piece dress of the jumper persuasion. The neck of the dress and cuffs, collar and border on the cape are finished with a gay design. Work it in one-stitch embroidery. Make the suit of serge, tricotine, soft twills, cheviot, wool poplin, camel's-hair suitings, wool jersey, flannel, homespun, checks, silk poplin, satin, pongee, linen, linen-finished cottons, ratine.

12 years requires 2⅜ yards of camel's-hair suiting 54 inches wide.

The suit is good for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

3628—3574—2648—Rain or shine, she's ready in her new cape. It is circular with a yoke and a choice of collars and lengths. The hat is especially designed for ribbon. The dress is described above.

10 years requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch homespun for cape and dress, ¼ yard 36-inch linen for collar on dress, and ¾ yard 14-inch brushed wool for cape collar. Hat in 21-inch head size requires 3½ yards of 2½-inch ribbon. Lower edge of this cape 2¼ yards.

The cape is suitable for juniors and girls, 2 to 14 years; dress for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years, and hat for girls, misses, ladies and children.

3648—10671—We can't see what's inside the Easter egg, but we do see the smart little frock with the straight skirt and Empire waistline. It is worn with separate bloomers. An animal design is embroidered on the dress. It is worked in cross-stitch and is very effective on the check material. Use pin-check gingham, sateen, cotton crêpe, chambray, linen, pongee, dotted swiss, cotton prints, crêpe de Chine and taffeta.

6 years requires 2¾ yards of 32-inch check gingham and ¼ yard of 32-inch white chambray for collar, cuffs and pocket facings.

The dress is practical for little girls 2 to 10 years.

3643—Who says that ten is a graceless age? Why, it is the period of surprises, new delights and unexpected joys. There is an entire new social world opening before the girl of ten, occasions when one can wear little frocks of crêpe de Chine or organdy. This slip-over dress has a ruffled straight skirt which meets the body at a low waistline. Make the dress of organdy, swiss, batiste, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, taffeta or Georgette.

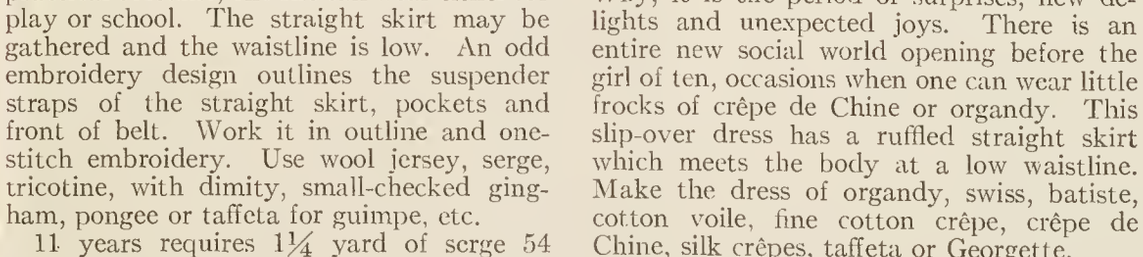
10 years requires 2¾ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide.

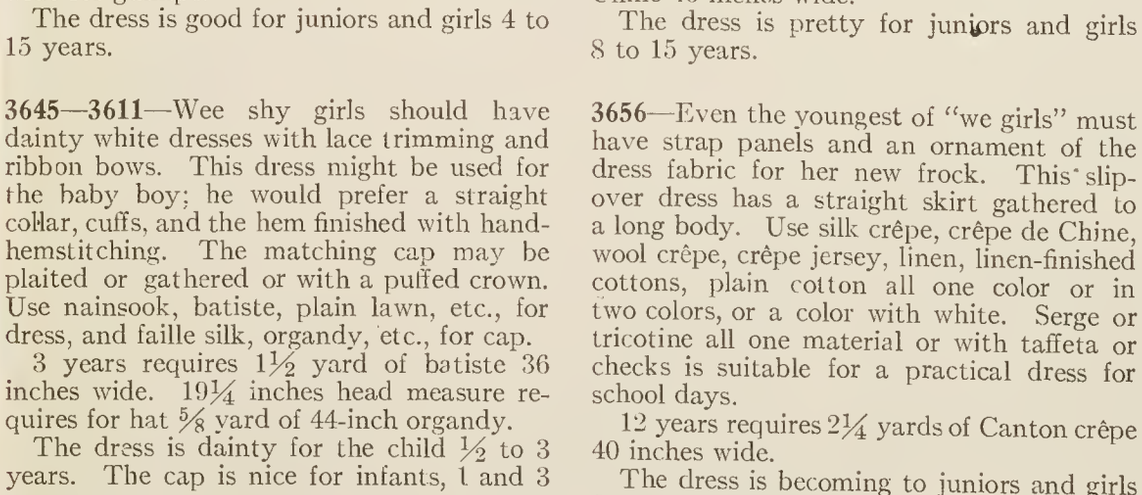
The dress is pretty for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

3656—Even the youngest of "we girls" must have strap panels and an ornament of the dress fabric for her new frock. This slip-over dress has a straight skirt gathered to a long body. Use silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, wool crêpe, crêpe jersey, linen, linen-finished cottons, plain cotton all one color or in two colors, or a color with white. Serge or tricotine all one material or with taffeta or checks is suitable for a practical dress for school days.

12 years requires 2¼ yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.





The Diary of a Lonesome Girl



Dear Diary:

September 12

I promised to tell you everything, Dear Diary, and I'm going to keep my promise. But it's awfully hard sometimes to write down just how I feel. For I am so discouraged. Met Edith Williams today on the car. She was going somewhere with Jimmy. And her clothes were so becoming that I envied her. My hair is prettier than Edith's, isn't it? And my eyes—and my complexion? Then why am I always so lonesome—so much alone? Can't you help me, Diary? Bobbie's better today.

September 15

More trouble, Diary. Mother said today that the money she'd saved for my new dress would have to go to pay Bobbie's doctor bill. I'm trying to be brave, Diary, but I'm so disappointed. I wanted to go to a dance on the 26th. Shall I go, Diary? I wonder if I can fix up that white organdie from last season?

September 18

Went to church this morning. Walked home with Alice Browning. Saw Jimmy. He's always with Edith Williams. Oh, if I only had some pretty clothes—just a few of them, Diary, how happy I would be! Mother tries so hard to save, but Dad never earned a large salary. And everything I earn goes toward keeping house. But I can still smile, can't I, Diary?

September 23

I've decided to wear my organdie to the dance. I do hope none of the girls remember it from last year. That new sash may help. Do men ever remember dresses, Diary? Jimmy will be there with Edith. Always Edith Williams. Oh, if I only had some becoming clothes!

September 27

I couldn't write to you last night, Diary—I just couldn't. I cried myself to sleep when I got home from the dance. Every girl had a new dress but me. I think Edith Williams' was best of all. Do you think Jimmy will marry her? He hardly looked at me last night. Isn't there something I can do to get pretty clothes?

October 15

Met Mrs. Peters today, with her two children. Poor woman—she hasn't had a new dress in years. She can't afford those in the shops and she can scarcely sew at all. I wish I could sew, Diary—then I could make my own clothes. Saw Jimmy walking down the street today while I was buying a magazine, but he didn't see me. I guess he was thinking of Edith Williams.

October 16

Remember that magazine I bought yesterday? Well, I sat up late last night reading it. I just couldn't put it down. For in it I found the story of a girl just like myself. She couldn't afford pretty clothes, either, and she was, oh, so discouraged. And then she learned of a school that teaches you, right at home, to make your own clothes for a half or a third of what you would pay in the shops. Do you think I could learn, too, Diary? I'm going to find out, anyway.

October 19

Early today the postman brought me a good thick letter from the Woman's Institute. I fairly snatched it from his hand. Guess he thought it was a love-letter. Why, Diary, do you know the Institute is the most wonderful school I ever heard of? Think of it! While I've been so unhappy, thousands of other girls have been learning right at home to make just the kind of pretty clothes they've always wanted. If they can do it, why can't I? I can, Diary, and I'm going to!

November 16

I know I've forgotten you for some time, Diary, but I've been awfully busy since I enrolled with the Woman's Institute. Diary, I'm actually learning how to make the pretty clothes I have always wanted. I've finished the first three lessons, and already I've made the prettiest blouse. Just think of being able to have pretty things for just the cost of materials!

January 30

Well, it's happened, Diary. There was another dance last night and I wore my new dress. You should have seen the girls. They were so surprised. They all wanted to know where I bought it. And when I told them I had made it myself they would hardly believe me. And the men! Don't tell me they don't notice pretty things. My dance card was filled in five minutes. Jimmy and Edith aren't engaged yet, Diary. Jimmy's coming to see me on Wednesday night.

April 15

Here it is only the middle of April and already I have more pretty spring clothes than I ever had in my life. And altogether they have cost me no more than one really good dress or suit would have cost ready made. Oh, there's a world of difference in the cost of things, Diary, when you make them yourself and pay only for the materials. Besides, I've made over all my last year's clothes—they look as pretty as the new ones and the expense of new trimmings and findings was almost nothing at all.

May 8

Awfully busy, Diary. I've started to sew for other people. I made a silk dress for Mrs. Scott and a blouse for Mrs. Perry last week. Mrs. Scott paid me $10 and Mrs. Perry $3.25. Think of it, Diary—little me who couldn't sew a stitch a few months ago, making clothes for other people! Mother says I'm going to earn $30 a week soon.

May 20

The most wonderful, wonderful thing has happened, Diary. Jimmy has asked me to marry him. It's to be in the fall. And my trousseau will be the finest that any girl ever had. Because I'm going to make it all myself. Jimmy wanted to know what had caused the change in me, and I told him all about the Woman's Institute. He wouldn't believe it until I showed him my lessons. He looked them over and then said they were so easy that he thought he would take up dressmaking himself. Imagine Jimmy sewing, Diary!

May 26

Gladys Graham came in to see me today. I think she had been crying. Said she was discouraged because she didn't have pretty clothes. Then I told her all about the Woman's Institute. I think she's going to find out about it. I hope so. Think where I would be if I hadn't seen that magazine. Good-bye, Diary—Jimmy's here and I can't neglect him even for you.

What this "Lonesome Girl" has done you can do, too. There is not the slightest doubt of it. More than 125,000 women and girls, in city, town and country, have proved by the clothes they have made and the dollars they have saved, that you can easily learn at home, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes or prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession.

It makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or little time to the course as you desire and just whenever it is convenient.

Send for Handsome 64-page Booklet



IT tells all about the Woman's Institute. It describes the courses in detail, and explains how you, too, can learn easily and quickly, in spare time at home, to make your own clothes and hats, and dress better at less cost, or prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession.

Use the coupon below or write a letter or post card to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 41-D, Scranton, Penna. A copy of this handsome booklet will come to you, absolutely free, by return mail.

TEAR OUT HERE

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 41-D, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name .....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

A Word About "This Freedom"

The outstanding item in any discussion of Mr. Hutchinson these days is the enormous popularity of his latest book, "If Winter Comes," of which three hundred thousand copies have been published—placing it well up on the list of best sellers. The story first appeared serially, by the way, in *Everybody's Magazine*, a member of THE DELINEATOR publishing family, whose editors deserve much of the credit for the author's welcome by American readers.

Arthur Stuart Menteth Hutchinson, to use his full name, came from a military family. His father, General H. A. Hutchinson, of the British Army, was stationed in India at the time of his son's birth there in 1879. Defective eyesight—Mr. Hutchinson wears very heavy glasses that do not appear in most of his photographs—made the profession of his father and two brothers an impossibility, so he entered St. Thomas's hospital in London to study medicine. After two years of it he succumbed to an insistent urge to write, and abandoned college for journalism. The wisdom of his choice was demonstrated by rapid progress that led to the position of editor-in-chief of the *Daily Graphic*.

The Earlier Novels

In 1908 his first book appeared, "Once Aboard the Lugger," a humorous novel with a comedy plot involving the romance of a young medical student. Four years later came a serious romance with a title suggested by Wordsworth's poem, "The Happy Warrior." The enthusiastic reception of the book by discerning readers on both sides of the Atlantic immediately placed the author in the forefront of contemporary novelists. In 1914 a third novel, "The Clean Heart," was published, and then came the War.

Mr. Hutchinson enlisted as a private at the first opportunity, served in many capacities with the Royal Engineers and Canadian Sappers and was finally given the rank of Captain in a Headquarters Staff unit. After his enlistment, Mr. Hutchinson assured his friends and publishers that he would never write again, but a few phrases in a letter from a friend fired his imagination; a chain of incidents suggested themselves, and suitable characters stepped out of nowhere as if by magic. The result was "If Winter Comes," a novel that has been, and still is, the marvel of the publishing world.

In the opinion of some discriminating judges, "This Freedom" is a finer piece of literary workmanship than "If Winter Comes," but we are not so much interested in making a comparison as we are in urging every DELINEATOR reader to begin a story that is far above the level of most contemporary fiction.

The End of Prince Toofat

There wasn't room for the end of Prince Toofat in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, so here it is:

Well, the Prince ordered the funniest monster sent home, but when he got to the Tower, there was the Princess Oogalally leaning out of the window, beating something with her light guitar and saying: "Shoo!"

"Ugh!" she said, crying. "That horrid monster you sent is eating up my Tower!"

Just then the Old Woman Whither So High came along and the Prince slew her and all the moonlight went out and the Man in the Moon came tearing back, mad as hops.

"There's the door," he yelled, and sure enough there was a little green door that said: "THIS DOOR GOES ANY PLACE YOU WANT TO GO."

Experts At Your Disposal

On another page of this issue we have listed the kinds of service that THE DELINEATOR is equipped to give its readers without cost or obligation on their part. Helpful and extensive as this sort of service is, no measure of the magazine's usefulness to its readers can be taken without including the immense and varied resources of the service and research facilities maintained by DELINEATOR advertisers.

The modern manufacturer of food products, wearing apparel, household utensils, toilet articles, home furnishings and the like takes an extraordinary amount of pains to keep up to date with improvements in his product, the manner of packing it, the new uses that can be found for it. Many of our advertisers maintain laboratories and research departments that represent the last word in technical equipment. For the most part you will find them prepared to share the benefits of these facilities with purchasers or prospective purchasers of their product.

Just as a specimen exhibit of the amount and variety of the helpful material already provided by advertisers and obtainable free or for a small charge, glance over the following items. This list is made up from advertisements in THE DELINEATOR that is now in your hands. It is confined to advertisement of dress accessories and helps for the homemaker. Other classifications may be selected from time to time for special mention. When writing to the advertiser, take the trouble to get the full address as printed. Enclose the exact amount of postage when stamps are required, and please don't forget to mention THE DELINEATOR.

ARMSTRONG CORK CO., Linoleum Dept., 925 W. Walnut St., Lancaster, Penn. Maintains a Bureau of Interior Decoration for advice as to proper patterns and colors for use in any scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service. "The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration" (20 cents in stamps).

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 165-R Broadway, N. Y. C.: Sample of 3-in-One-Oil and "Dictionary of Uses." (Free).

KIRSCH MFG. CO., 202 Tecumseh St., Sturgis, Michigan: "Planning Window Drapings."

MINUTE TAPIOCA CO., 44 Jefferson St., Orange, Mass.: "Minute Cook Book" and folder of new recipes.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION, San Francisco, Cal., Dept. D.: "Del Monte Recipes of Flavor."

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION RAISIN CO., Dept. A-204, Fresno, Cal.: Book of recipes.

BELDING BROS. & CO. (Silks), 902 B'way, N. Y. C.: "Belding's Book of Silk Embroidery, Knitting and Crochet (15 cents in stamps).

SPOOL COTTON CO., 315 4th Ave., N. Y. C. "J. & P. Coats Book, L." (10c in stamps).

ENGEL MFG. CO., Art Corners, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago.: Full Package and samples (10 cents in stamps).

GEO. W. BLABON, Philadelphia, Pa.: Booklet, "Art Linoleum."

AMERICAN RADIATOR CO., Dept. 36, 104 W. 42d St., New York City, or 816 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago: "Better Warmth and Better Health."

M. J. WHITTALL ASSOCIATES, 190 Brussels St., Worcester, Mass.: "Oriental Art in Whittall Rugs."

BOSTON VARNISH CO., 23 Everett Station, Boston 49, Mass.: "The Inviting Home."

D. B. FISK AND CO. (Fisk Hats), 225 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.: "Style Letter."

OAK FLOORING MFRS. ASSN., 1052 Ashland Block, Chicago, Ill. Booklet.

CORTICELLI SILK CO. (Silks and Crêpes), 22 Nonotuck St., Florence, Mass. Booklet.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE, 166 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N.Y.: "Dainty Desserts and Food Economy" (4 cents in stamps).

DENNISON, Dept. E 4, Framingham, Mass. (Novelties & Favors for parties, etc.): "The Further Adventures of Jim, John & Jane."

AMERICAN STOVE CO. (Oven Heat Regulator), 54 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.: Booklet "An Easier Day's Work."

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 133 D. William Street, New York City: "Royal Cook Book."

BAER BROS. MFG. CO. (Hats), 908-910 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.: Style book and a charming story booklet for little ladies.

ALABASTINE CO. (Alabastine wall coating), 571 Grandville Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich., Booklet on Home Decoration.

BERRY BROS., Detroit, Mich., and Walkerville, Ontario, Canada (Luxeberry Enamel for Woodwork): Booklet, "Beautiful Homes."

VALENTINE & CO. (Valspar Varnish Stains), 456 4th Avenue, New York City: A 35c sample can for 15c in stamps and dealer's name.

LEVER BROS. (Lux), Dept, E-4, Cambridge, Mass.: Booklet on expert Laundering.

MADGE EVANS HAT CO., 598 B'way, New York City: Booklet, "Secrets of a Movie Star."

JAMES LEES & SON CO, (Minerva Yarns). Dept. C-2, 220 5th Avenue, New York City: Style Bulletin No. 14. Minerva Knitting Book, Vol. VII. By mail 30c, postpaid.

KROEHLER MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill. (Kroehler Daven-O): Booklet.

ORINOKA MILLS (Draperies and Upholsteries), 502 Clarenden Building, New York City: The New Orinoka Booklet, "Color Harmony in Window Draperies" (postpaid for 20c).

S. C. JOHNSON & SON (Johnson's Liquid Prepared Wax), Dept. B. I. 4, Racine, Wis.: Book, "Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork and Furniture," postpaid for name and address of one of the best painters in your locality.

O'BRIEN VARNISH CO., 1708 Washington Avenue, South Bend, Ind.: Booklets on Interior Decoration.

GILMAN B. SMITH CO., Inc. (Smith's Perfect Fitting Neck Bands), 121 West 17th Street, New York: Book, "How I Make My Husband's Shirts." 10 cents in stamps or 25c for book and a Smith's neck band.

THE HILLS BROTHERS CO., Dept. 39, 375 Washington Street, New York City: (Cocoanut, Dates, Tapioca): The Dromedary Booklet, "One Hundred Delights."

AMERICAN KITCHEN PRODUCTS CO., 262 Williams Street, New York City: Free sample of Steero Bouillon Cubes. Enclose 10 cents for booklet of practical and delicious Steero recipes.

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

OUR correspondence imposes a heavy burden of responsibility on the mere man who undertakes to shed sweetness and light on a 1,000,000 women readers of a respectable family paper. ✿ ✿ ✿ There's that woman in *Australia*, for instance. ✿ ✿ ✿ She asks us to put her in touch with some "seaman or stewardess" who will correspond with a lonely woman. ✿ ✿ ✿ Lest the gobs push to the front too rapidly, we hasten to add that the lady has three children and a husband. ✿ ✿ ✿ Then there's a truly noble woman in *Kansas*, *Missouri*, who sent in a subscription on the strength of this column. ✿ ✿ ✿ Long may she wave! ✿ ✿ ✿ Less satisfying are the mysterious missives from two well-meaning correspondents but inferior strategists who wrote us *in care* of the lady editor of the paper. ✿ ✿ ✿ For some reason or other we are not permitted to see the letters, much less the signatures. ✿ ✿ ✿ The stingy extracts that were passed on to us orally merely whetted our curiosity. ✿ ✿ ✿ We hope no one else will offend by addressing us obliquely. ✿ ✿ ✿ A gentleman from *San Francisco* writes to ask us for a definition of "flapper" and "petting" as used in "Dancers in the Dark," the serial story that is followed breathlessly by 100's of 1000's of our readers. ✿ ✿ ✿ We appreciate the compliment but pass the buck to Miss Speare, the author. ✿ ✿ ✿ Changing the subject ever so slightly, our exclusive *Paris* correspondent informs us that Parisian dancing masters are up in arms against the craze there for "shimmy" dancing—"shee-may," they pronounce it. ✿ ✿ ✿ *Les Maîtres de Danse* fear it will make France a nation of epileptics and propose to abolish it *tout de suite*, which in Americanese means P.D.Q. ✿ ✿ ✿ Women consume sixty-five per cent. of all the snuff sold, according to a snuff manufacturer quoted in the London *Daily Mail*. ✿ ✿ ✿ The *Save-a-Dollar* department, elsewhere in this issue, refused to pay us for two practical suggestions which we print here out of spite. ✿ ✿ ✿ Both are inspired by our affection for children. ✿ ✿ ✿ One is to make warm insoles for little Johnnie out of father's old felt hat. ✿ ✿ ✿ The other is for keeping baby quiet. ✿ ✿ ✿ Thrust him into his bassinette, topside up, cover his fingers with glue, and give him a feather to play with. ✿ ✿ ✿ Try it on a neighbor's baby. ✿ ✿ ✿ A shoe dealer reports to the Decatur, Illinois, *Review*, his estimate that ninety-five per cent. of his customers who have holes in their stockings are young women, usually the kind that is gaudily dressed. ✿ ✿ ✿ Lace-making is an invention of *German* origin, first known about the middle of the thirteenth century. ✿ ✿ ✿ The Employment Bureau of the New York *Y. W. C. A.* asked two hundred girls whether they would prefer to work for a man or a woman. ✿ ✿ ✿ Thirteen were for a woman boss. ✿ ✿ ✿ Three had no preference. ✿ ✿ ✿ The rest voted right the first time. ✿ ✿ ✿ Tests made by the United States *Department of Agriculture* reveal that the common house-fly can travel over six miles in twenty-four hours. ✿ ✿ ✿ One mama fly, in the breeding season, will have almost as many descendants as the total number of women who are annually tried and ACQUITTED of murder and other major crimes. ✿ ✿ ✿ A suitcase containing the passports of eighty-two wives of American Soldiers in the Army of Occupation was stolen in *Antwerp*, thereby holding up the departure of a transport for several days. ✿ ✿ ✿ The military police accuse a jealous woman of the theft. ✿ ✿ ✿ Arrangements have been set on foot by the "Marys" of Canada to join in a gift to *Princess Mary* by the "Marys" of the Empire. ✿ ✿ ✿ *Donalds*, *South Carolina*, is gaining a nation-wide reputation as a town without a single marriageable woman in it. ✿ ✿ ✿ The nearest station and post-office, girls, is at *Greenville*. ✿ ✿ ✿ The necklace, used now as an ornament, was formerly a badge of disgrace, worn only by slaves as a symbol of their servitude. ✿ ✿ ✿ A nineteen-year old girl in *Joliet*, Illinois, offered to marry any one who would give her $3,000 to complete her education. ✿ ✿ ✿ A man from Louisiana bit. ✿ ✿ ✿ It pays to advertise. ✿ ✿ ✿ This month's exercise will close with a resolution to avoid the "débutante fist," the Federal post-office employees' elegant term for the modern girl's handwriting. ✿ ✿ ✿ Write it right!

What best authorities say about homemade bread

Home-made bread has a flavor that is hard to equal and is never surpassed. It is markedly cheaper than baker's bread.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

By baking bread at home housewives should be able to reduce expenditures for food.—*U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.*

Home-made bread has a flavor and nourishment all its own.—*Good Housekeeping.*

If your children do not possess a very keen appetite for baker's bread try home-made bread and note the sudden increase in the youngsters' bread consumption.—*Dr. Philip B. Hawk.*



Home baking does pay! When you are cooking it is but little extra trouble to bake your own bread.



Every ten-year-old girl should learn how to make good bread. It should be the starting point in her home cookery training.



Did you ever notice the expression of eager delight when home-made bread is served?

An important new discovery about Yeast Foam

People also eat Yeast Foam. You need vitamines; they create vitality—help you resist disease. Thousands are benefiting from the energy-making qualities of Yeast Foam, one of the richest sources of the remarkable element in food called vitamine.

Send for instructive booklet, "Dry Yeast as an aid to Health"

Send for free booklet



Magic Yeast
Yeast Foam
—just the same except in name

Package of 5 cakes—at your grocer—10¢

12,000,000 families bake all or part of their bread

Because no bread equals the flavor of the home loaf

What is the secret of the rich nutty flavor that the home loaf alone possesses? First, it is made from only the best flour and yeast, plenty of rich shortening, and often milk—every woman knows that better ingredients make better bread. Next, like the home-made cake, the home-made, home-kneaded dough seems to yield its exquisite flavor generously to the home loaf.



Aw, gimme some home-made bread!

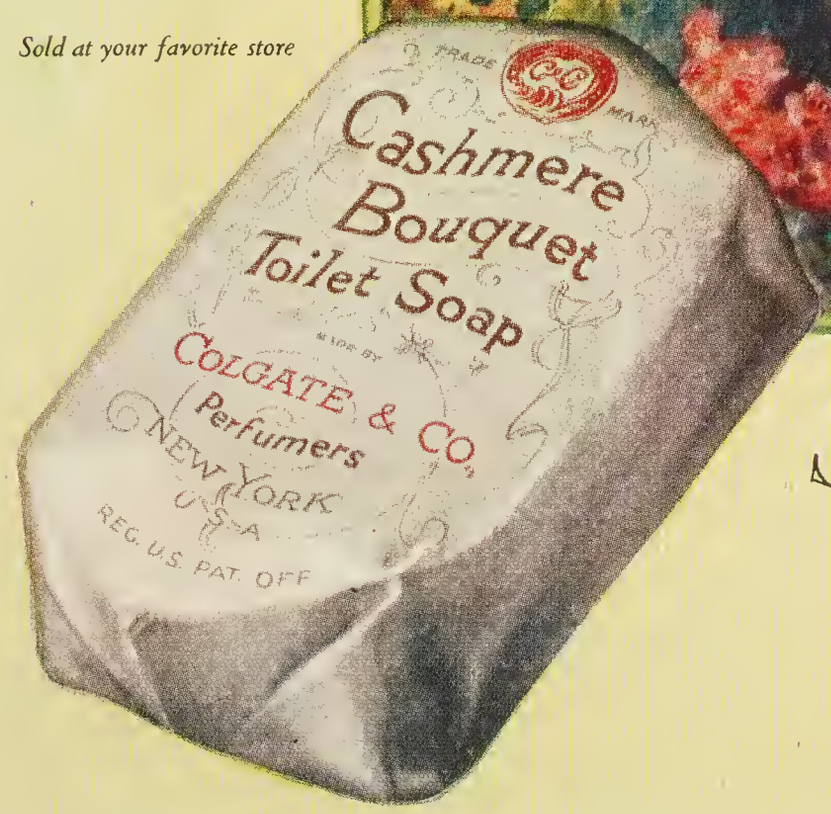
Northwestern Yeast Co. 1732 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago

Cashmere Bouquet



Medium size, 10c
Large size, 25c

Sold at your favorite store



She was a discriminating person, the girl of long ago who made Cashmere Bouquet Soap her choice, and so set this fragrant soap apart—as the favored toilet soap for women.

Many types of girls have come and gone since Grandmother's courtship days. But Cashmere Bouquet Soap has remained the choice of each succeeding generation, with its fragrance of sweet flowers, its soft refreshing lather, and a lasting quality that makes it an economical toilet soap.

COLGATE & CO. *Est. 1806* NEW YORK



THE DELINEATOR

MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

VOLUME C MAY 1922 NUMBER FOUR



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OUR GUARANTEE: We absolutely guarantee the reliability of every advertiser in THE DELINEATOR. *If any reader incurs a loss through misrepresentation of goods in any advertisement in* THE DELINEATOR, *we guarantee that this loss will be refunded. If the advertiser does not make it good, we will.* G. W. WILDER, *President of The Butterick Publishing Company.*

FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

SEEDED GROUND

THOSE who suffer can serve the sorrowful.

A mother whose only son had been laid on the altar of her country sent a poem "Seeded Ground," with the following letter to the editor of THE DELINEATOR:

"We stood in Arlington Cemetery, my husband and I, beside the flag-covered coffin of our only child. After three years and a half of loss, we were looking at all that was earthly of him.

"Already the coffin was lowered. We would never touch him again.

"Out of our heart-broken pride grew these lines. Perhaps they may help some other mother and father on Decoration Day."

"Seeded Ground," this beautiful poem, by Mabel Swartz Withoft, is published on another page of THE DELINEATOR this month, beneath a very beautiful drawing of the Memorial to the Unknown Soldier at Arlington by E. H. Suydam.

THE DOOR TO THE CHURCH

THE *Churchman* asked a number of American ministers to tell why they had gone into the ministry. The following remarkable letter was written by Dr. Roland Cotton Smith. Its simplicity and its high purpose make it worth passing on to a million women.

"I was born in a house called a rectory with a door opening into a church, surrounded by kind and lovely people called parishioners. I think that for the first two or three years I was under the impression that all houses were called rectories, and opened of necessity into a church, and that all the people outside the houses were called parishioners.

"There must have been a day of rude awakening, for I came to see that other little boys lived in splendid houses, but their unfortunate fathers had to do other things than preach, and could not afford to have a church with a door opening into their house. I accepted this hard, cruel fact of life—and pitied the boys who did not know that people were called parishioners.

"The house was a part of the church and the church was a part of the house. I played in the church, and prayed in the house. It all made up a wonderful and joyful experience called life.

"I would watch my father in the pulpit, on the day of all days, called Sunday, when we had roast beef for dinner, and a glorious time, and I could feel him bring down the fire from heaven to cleanse and strengthen men's souls, and I would wonder in despair if I could ever be like him. Other boys' fathers had to be bankers and lawyers and physicians; they could not help it, it was no disgrace; those things had to be. But their fathers could not bring down the fire from heaven, and while I played with them I pitied them.

"As I grew older I began to understand the influence and power that proceeded out of that house with a door leading into the church. It touched sorrowful and despairing hearts, and they were comforted, and it emancipated the minds of men; it broke down the frozen barriers of sense and revealed a world of the spirit which called for the highest adventure; it built houses for the poor and made part of a city clean; it ran out to the farthest ends of the earth and awakened nations.

"My boyhood friends grew up and built palaces, but I missed the door.

"If you are born on the top of a mountain, what is the use of going down?"

CAR-OWNERS, ATTENTION!

IT HAS been estimated that half the deaths from automobile accidents could be avoided by two precautions:

First, to stop, look and listen before crossing a street, cross-road or railroad track.

Second, to have non-skid tires or chains on cars. Suddenly throwing on the brakes may throw your car off an embankment or against a wall or into some other disaster.

Both of these precautions are easy to take. In this month of the return to the road every American with a car should secure this cheap insurance against accident.

THE WOMAN WHO HAS LIVED

By MADAME ROCHÉ

We can always find time to lose.

When one has experience, it is usually too late to make use of it.

Genius can walk alone, talent needs help.

We can never say of any test in life that is the greatest.

Fear paralyzes curiosity, and vice versa.

Sometimes we take vengeance for our evil thoughts or actions by tyrannizing those around us.

When we are old, we pretend to believe that we are still useful as our excuse for living too long.

Only the truly strong accept criticism without compensating praise.

Better to die of the truth than live on lies.

Love that is not half-love believes, on the word of its object, that water burns and fire wets.

It is sometimes well to treat children like men, and men like children.

There is nothing like Things for making much of people.

To the uninitiated, resignation passes for indifference, and strength for cruelty.

TREE DAY

APRIL twenty-second is the fiftieth birthday of Arbor Day. Every club and school should make plans to honor Sterling Morton, the father of this big constructive idea.

The American Forestry Association at Washington asks that every memorial tree planted be reported to them. This applies particularly to the memorial trees and "Roads of remembrance," which are being planted by the American Legion and similar organizations.

It is important to awaken America to the need of forest protection.

What will your town do in this good work?

HOME

AMERICA is short a million homes. We need roofs for our increasing population. We need better homes than we have.

THE DELINEATOR has made a study of early American houses. We believe that homes which have endured a century and more have many architectural features of value for the home-builder. We begin publishing this month two series—the romances of American homes, and practical articles for the home-builder.

Mr. Donn Barber, the foremost architect in America, will pass upon our house-plans, which duplicate or adapt for modern use some of the most beautiful of historic small houses in this country.

"Home, Sweet Home," the romance of which is beautifully told on another page, is the first of the series by our American poet, Charles Hanson Towne.

A lonely wanderer on far shores, John Howard Payne dreamed back to this house of his boyhood, ached for a sight of its quaint and worn old face—and out of that yearning was born "Home, Sweet Home."

Payne's words will not die, for they voice a home-hunger that aches in the heart of us all.

A house and a home! A house is only a pile of bricks; a home is alive, glowing and echoing and whispering with lives that have been, lives that are, lives that are to be.

"Oh, floors that felt our lifelong tread,
Windows whence babes peeped at their stars,
Thresholds whence passed away our dead,
O'er which our brides came from afar. . . ."

The lingering romance of vanished lives—that is what we love in old houses.

There are many of these romantic old houses in America, where interesting Americans spent interesting lives. These homes served their purpose of beauty and sturdy use, served it so well that they still stand to-day firm and beautiful as ever.

On another page is a detailed description of John Howard Payne's old cottage on Long Island. Turn to it after you have read Mr. Towne's beautiful story of the human side of this home.

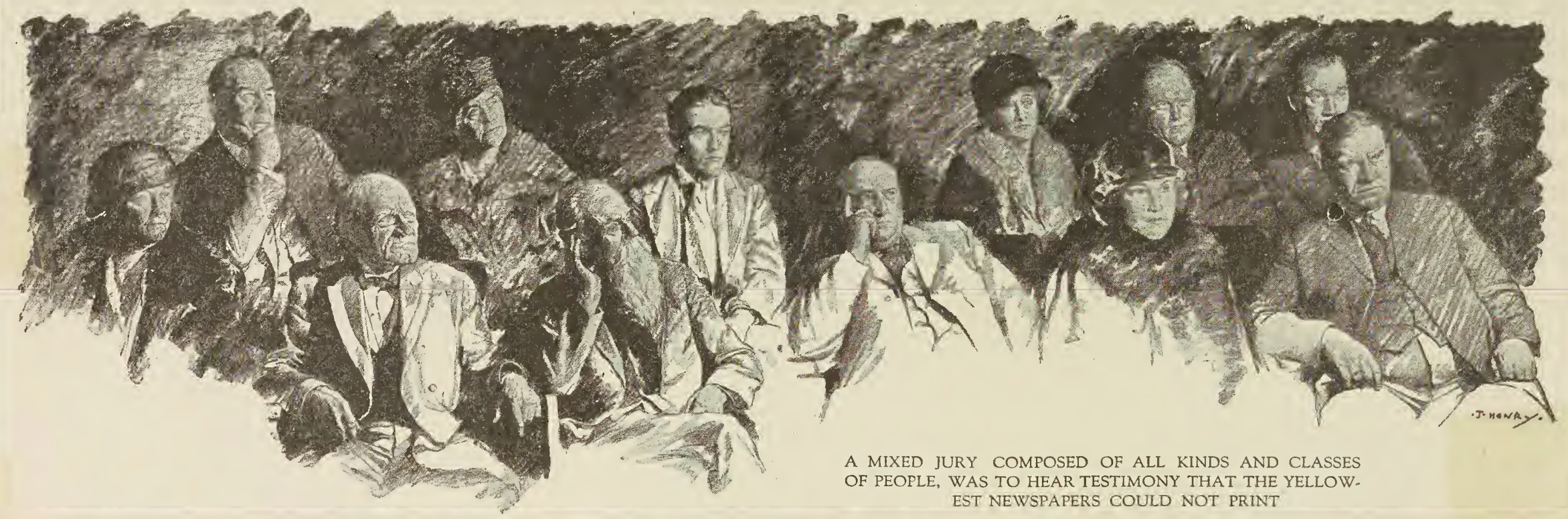
If you are interested and wish to purchase the working plans for this house, write to the Editor of THE DELINEATOR.

WHERE THERE ARE NO HOMES

RACE suicide in France can hardly be reconciled with the announcement from the American Committee for Devastated France that at Blerancourt (Aisne) a baby is born every forty-eight hours. Blerancourt was totally destroyed by war. The inhabitants who returned there began life anew—with ruins as homes and acres of shell-holes and trenches as farmland.

The people in this district have taken hold of life very seriously. With the aid of the American Committee they have secured libraries and in six months forty-two thousand books have been read by a population of twenty-eight thousand. The translations of "Treasure Island," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Robinson Crusoe" and "Alice in Wonderland" topped the list of the popular books.

It is interesting to note that where the realities of life are so terrific the people have turned to imaginative things for comfort.



A MIXED JURY COMPOSED OF ALL KINDS AND CLASSES OF PEOPLE, WAS TO HEAR TESTIMONY THAT THE YELLOWEST NEWSPAPERS COULD NOT PRINT

HAVE YOU DONE YOUR JURY DUTY YET?

Be prepared for the day when your turn as woman-citizen will come

By LOUISE BULLOCK

WHEN I was summoned to appear as a juror in the Superior Court of the city and county of San Francisco, it never entered my mind that I would have to serve. I laid aside the envelope containing the summons and announced nonchalantly that I had no intention of serving.

My brother's wrath descended upon my head. He has convictions about civic duty. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," he scolded. "It is the duty of all capable men and women to accept jury service. Instead they dodge and shirk and even lie to avoid it. As a result the jury system, most of the time, is beggars' justice. As an intelligent woman, it is your plain duty to serve."

"But not for this case," I answered. "You know it but—"

My mother agreed with me. The charge was one of the worst in the criminal history of California. Two "gangsters" had been lynched—and two others had been found guilty and sentenced to twenty years' hard labor in the State penitentiary. The yellowest newspapers could not print the testimony. The fifth member of the "gang" was to be tried for aiding and abetting the felony. Said my mother, "I don't think she should serve on such a case."

My brother was firm. "You are no child," he inveighed. "This charge strikes at the very roots of law and order and decency. The responsibilities of citizenship are not a matter of personal taste but of individual duty. I shall not turn a hand to help you evade yours."

I said nothing, but I was quite sure that when I went to court and said I did not want to serve the judge would excuse me. Life had been that way with me. "They will never keep me, I am sure," I thought. And I really believed myself.

I RESENTED having to go to the court-room. San Francisco was full of other people; why should I have been called out of my accustomed niche? It was as if a strange hand had been laid too familiarly upon my shoulder. And the atmosphere of the court-room did not make me less annoyed. Rigid, formal and ugly, its ill-assorted people irritated me. But when I sat down and began to look around, the new world about me suddenly captured my interest.

Seated on a bench inside the railing were several young girls, pathetically painted, whose bold staring failed to hide the uncertain terror of their tensed eyelids and drooping scarlet lips. With them was a policewoman. Strangely enough my interest quickened. My heart ached when I looked at them. I couldn't look at them any more. Yet when I shifted my gaze, I saw at the lawyers' table, surrounded by those who were to defend him, the defendant in the case—a sullen, wan and indifferent-looking boy. And I felt sorry for him although I despised the deed he was said to have abetted.

Do you know anything about jury duty except as an annoyance to be shirked? Do you know how the "twelve good men and true" are selected? Have you any ideas on civic justice?

The author of this story, daughter of a prominent San Francisco family, was annoyed when her court summons came. She expected to be let off, but she was not. Instead she served several months on many juries. She came out of the experience a better citizen of her community, a woman with broader vision and bigger heart toward the unfortunate. She came out with definite ideas on the rights and wrongs of our present jury system.

Some day Miss Bullock's experience will be yours. It is well worth your while to read her very interesting report before that day comes.

My depression increased. This bitter segment of life was not for me. When the judge appeared, I took new hope. He would let me off. His strong, intelligent face, his kind, smiling eyes and the crinkle of humor at the corners of his determined mouth reassured me I would soon be out of it all.

My faith was short-lived. The court was called to attention. The charges were read, and the impaneling of the jury began. My name was called very soon. I took my place in the jury-box beside a woman, who, like myself, expected to be excused at once.

This woman was the first juror examined. She learned her first lesson in citizenship, whose vote implies responsibility. When her residence and her calling as a housewife had been established, the District Attorney asked:

"Is there any reason, Mrs. ——, why you should not serve on this case?"

"Yes, there is," she answered, with her usual poise. "I have a home and a family to look after."

THERE was a twinkle in the judge's eye as he came into the case. There was innuendo in his inflection, also, as he questioned, "How many children have you?

"Two," she answered steadily.

"Have you a nurse for them?" Again the judge.

She admitted that she had.

"And a cook?" he persisted. "And a maid? And a chauffeur?"

"Yes," she answered.

"I do not see that your household duties weigh very heavily upon you," said the impassive judge. "I think you must stay where you are." But when the attorney for the defense questioned her, she admitted a preconceived opinion of the defendant's guilt. She was dismissed.

My name was called.

I answered all the questions glibly. I gave my occupation as "nothing in particular." My confidence was born but to die. The judge said, "I am sure Miss Bullock does not care to serve on this jury."

"Indeed I do not," I said vigorously, and rose to leave the box.

The attorney for the defense arose, protesting violently, "I refuse to excuse Miss Bullock," he declared. Turning to me, he said, "We want educated, fair-minded men and women on this jury. My client must be sure of justice; Miss Bullock will make a good juror and I ask that she be held."

He insisted upon his rights and the rights of his client, and I was held. And there I remained for the full ten days of the trial and the three that followed, when we were trying to come to a verdict.

ON THIS jury there were all kinds and classes of people. There was a butcher, a nice, fat, red young man, who smiled continuously. A plumber, thin, pallid, and bored to death, who maintained a stolid indifference throughout the hearing; a bank clerk, who blushed constantly and kept his eyes on his feet; an old man who leaned forward, hand to ear, when the witnesses spoke in low tones; a man who kept a dairy lunch; a retired cigar storekeeper of uncertain years who dozed about half of the time, and a grocer, quiet and reserved, were the men of the venire. The women were of a type—housewives of middle age, eager to do their honest duty, who listened attentively to every word of the testimony. Lastly, myself, single, with no particular aim in life, but interested and serious in a duty forced upon me. A unique assortment! I wondered why some of us were accepted.

The testimony may be passed over. My reactions to it I can not treat so lightly. As the details unfolded themselves, I burned with a fierce resentment that such things could be. Life had always been kind to me and I loved it. Now I hated it for its degradation and its ugliness. I did not sleep for nights.

The painted girls who had sat in the corner of the court-room, that first morning were the complaining witnesses. As they told their desperate story I knew that they could not have been entirely guiltless. And yet their shabby, tawdry attempts at fine clothes, their pitiful failure to create beauty by the lavish use of cheap cosmetics, the poverty of their lives made my heart ache as I realized how little it was for me, to whom life has been generous, to pass judgment upon them.

The culprit, too, awakened sympathy in me. While I hated him for what he was, I knew also that fortune had been hard with him. Between the two I found myself

Continued on page 86



After photo
© Victor Georg

Farrar as
Madame Butterfly

ALL that the most famous artists are to the opera and concert stage, the Victrola and Victor Records are in the homes of music-lovers everywhere. Just as the public recognizes the genius of an artist, so too does it recognize the value of the one instrument for which those artists have made records.

Victrolas $25 to $1500. New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers in Victor products on the first of each month.



Victrola No. 130, $350
Victrola No. 130, electric, $415
Mahogany or oak



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U.S. PAT OFF

Victrola

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Important: Look for these trade-marks. Under the lid. On the label.

Victor Talking Machine Company

Camden, New Jersey



ACTUAL photograph of green Shetland drop-stitch sweater, edged with white silk, after 9 washings with Ivory Flakes, and proportionate wear. Garment and letter from original owner on file in the Procter & Gamble offices.

—and her friends said it wouldn't wash

THE original owner of the green drop-stitch Shetland sweater in the photograph was advised not to purchase it, because it "wouldn't wash".

Previous experience with many delicate garments had given her such faith in the fine-laundering ability of Ivory Soap Flakes that she bought the sweater in spite of her friends' warning, and popped it into Ivory Flakes suds the moment it was soiled. All told, she has now washed the sweater nine times, without stretching, shrinking, fading, or breaking it, or discoloring the white silk edge either yellow or green.

She says that the present beauty of the sweater is due to Ivory Flakes, because even the greatest care in washing would have been useless if the soap had been strong, or the suds not rich enough to dissolve the dirt without rubbing.

Ivory Flakes — simply snowlike flakes of genuine Ivory Soap — has the purity and thick-sudsing quality essential for fine laundering. *With* it, you are equipped to take perfect care of your sweaters and other pretty clothes, no matter what they are made of. *Without* the sure safety of Ivory Flakes, your utmost care in handling can not always prevent the things you wash from having "that laundered look".

To Wash Wool Sweaters

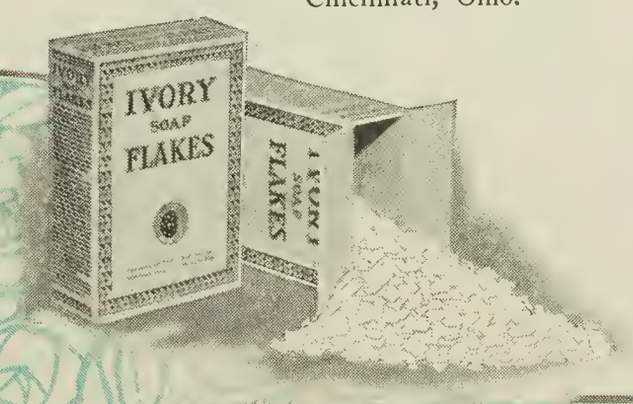
Pour a quart of boiling water over two tablespoonfuls of Ivory Flakes, add three quarts of cold water, and whisk up a thick suds. Immerse the sweater carefully, and press it gently under water, to remove the dirt. Do not lift garment from the water and do not rub. When clean, lift it from the suds on a towel and put it through three rinse waters of the same temperature as the suds, each of which contains enough Ivory Flakes to make the water milky. *Always* use towel in lifting sweater from bowl.

After final rinse, place sweater in dry towel and pat out the excess moisture, or run towel and sweater through a loosely set wringer. Dry garment flat on thick towel, away from sun or strong heat or cold. Turn it frequently, and keep pulling it into proper shape, according to a paper pattern cut before garment was washed.

If *clear* water causes color in sweater to run, set color by soaking garment in salt water, or in a gallon of cold water containing one tablespoonful of powdered alum for black, black and white, gray, yellow, pink, brown, red, or green; or one tablespoonful of sugar of lead for purple or blue.

Send for Free Sample

with complete directions for the care of dainty garments, and interesting pictures of blouses, dresses, and lingerie which have given remarkable wear under the care of Ivory Flakes. Address Section 17-EF, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company Cincinnati, Ohio.



IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes Pretty Clothes Last Longer

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS - EST. 1837 -



THE ORATOR POINTED TO HER LIMOUSINE TO ILLUSTRATE HIS TEXT

THE WHITE-COLLAR BEGGAR

"Blow me to lunch at the Plaza!" was his cool request of the girl in the limousine

By HOLWORTHY HALL

AT WASHINGTON SQUARE a thousand men had shuffled into ranks, but the hard surface of the avenue had slowly worn away the resolution of the great majority, so that when the parade reached Fifty-Ninth Street there was a mere platoon of survivors. Stolidly, then, they disbanded, and closed around their orator; his rostrum was a soap-box, and his banner bore the legend: Justice for the Unemployed.

A few pedestrians halted on the fringe of the crowd; one of them was a girl, and because for her the sun was so evidently shining, and because, too, her arrival had been so conspicuous, she was the only embarrassed person in the whole assembly.

HER limousine, with all its flaunt of Capital, had become traffic-bound at the curb, just opposite the organized protest of Labor out of a job. Through the window she had looked out upon the orator and his audience; at first she had been idly curious; after that, when she had remarked the banner and the men who were enlisted under it, her eyes had suddenly deepened with interest, and on impulse she had picked up the speaking-tube and issued orders to the chauffeur. The door had opened for her: she was in the very act of descending; and at that precise juncture the orator had pointed to the limousine to illustrate his text.

Automatically a hundred men had turned toward her; some of them had sneered, some had glowered, and the nearest—who was also one of the youngest, and certainly the most attractive—had treated her to an extraordinary smile.

The girl, with a faint spot of color in each cheek, stood irresolute. She was naturally compassionate, and she had intended to be charitable, so that it came as a shock to her to realize that her presence was actively resented and her motive misunderstood.

The young man who had smiled at her was appraising her anew; the orator was warming to a climax; and by the sheer force of contrast she felt almost apologetic for the very frock and hat which, earlier that morning, had enchanted her. She glanced over her shoulder, but the limousine, released from the jam, was moving southward; she hesitated—and the orator reached his finale. He simply put into words what the young man had put into a smile; whose fault was it, he inquired, that thousands were in need of work and wages while baby-dolls, enclosed in luxury, rode down Fifth Avenue.

Slowly she turned and went on to the corner and so into the Park; the first bench was unoccupied, and she sat down and told herself, aggrievedly, that she hadn't deserved this experience.

Some one came to occupy the other end of the bench; presently a sound, continuously repeated, drew her attention. On the other end of the bench was the young man who had smiled at her; he was sitting moodily, elbows on knees, and jingling a few coins in his hands.

Now ordinarily she was conservative, but on occasion she was quite capable of disregarding the books of etiquette. Besides, the young man was hardly older than herself—and for all his despondency he was unusually good-looking and intelligent. His clothes were not quite neat, and not quite shabby; the material had been good, but the owner had been neglectful.

SHE said to him bruskly: "Do you think that was fair?—what that man on the box was talking about?"

He didn't seem astonished that she had spoken to him; he went on jingling the coins. "Well," he said reflectively, "there are two sides to everything, aren't there?"

She had expected either bitterness or belligerence, so that his moderation was disarming. She relaxed a trifle. "I know, but——"

The young man interrupted her. "Didn't you know, when you came over to that meeting, you were going to hear the *other* side of it? Didn't you know they think it's your class that's made their class what it is?"

She sat straighter. "But I don't *believe* the world owes everybody a living—not unless they earn it. And that man said the factories all ought to be kept running, whether they make any money or not, so everybody'd have a chance to work. Why, *that* wouldn't do any more good than—than hiring half those people to dig a hole in the ground, and the other half to fill it up again. Would it?"

He scowled doubtfully. "That's just what I was thinking about myself. Of course, there's two sides to it. Why *should* they keep running and lose money—and why *shouldn't* they, after all they made in the war?"

SHE sat inspecting him. His forehead was high, his mouth was rather large and sensitive, his eyes were those of a chronic dreamer by the wayside, and his jaw had the contour which is generally supposed to be the trade-mark of a fighter. An uncommon type of boy, she thought—uncommonly fine-grained, uncommonly reasonable, for one of the unemployed platoon—and so much more the pity that he belonged to it. Indeed, it seemed incredible that he *could* belong to it.

"Did you—just stop to listen, as I did?"

"Oh, no," he said. "I was in the parade."

"But you're not one of *that* class!"

"Why—I suppose I'm not. I'm what they call a white-collar man. But I was in the parade, just the same."

The girl was puzzled. "But—if you haven't made up your own mind about what's fair—I shouldn't think you'd have gone *in* it."

He shrugged his shoulders. "A man can want to see justice done, can't he, even if he doesn't know where it's coming from? Most of those fellows were in the war. They came home, and they were heroes one week and bums the next. You've got to admit it was a bit sudden."

"I'm glad you say 'they' instead of 'we'; I like that."

"Well," he said, "I wasn't quite a hero myself, and I'm not quite a bum—yet."

"But you were in the war?"

"Oh, yes."

"And—after *you* came back?"



THEY HAD FORGOTTEN THE CLOCK, CLASS DISTINCTIONS AND THE SHORTNESS OF THEIR ACQUAINTANCE

"Why, things were pretty cheerful for a while, and then the big slump hit us. My plant closed down with the rest. And that's all there is to that."

"But surely there's something *you* could do, isn't there?"

"That's what I came to New York to find out."

"And you haven't found anything? Not *any*thing?"

He shook his head. "Not yet."

"Haven't you any friends you could go to?"

"I haven't any friends this side of the Rocky Mountains."

"Why, it doesn't seem possible—that a man like you——"

He motioned confidentially. "I'll tell you a secret. You can be as sorry as you want to be for the common laborer, but if the worst comes to the worst, he'll take to panhandling or porch-climbing, and then the world'll have to give him a living whether it owes it to him or not. But——"

"I don't see *that*."

"WHY, because," he said tolerantly, "the public pays the bills for Blackwell's Island and Sing Sing. And then, again, that's the kind of man who isn't ashamed to take charity; but the fellow with a little education, with a little ambition beyond three meals a day and a place to sleep, with a little pride—the white-collar man—had you ever thought about *him?*"

His straightforwardness, which had no whine concealed in it, redoubled her interest.

"Yes," she said, "I had. I'd thought about it a lot. And—you're an educated man yourself, aren't you?"

"Why, not in the sense *you* mean. I didn't go to college, but I've read a good deal—and watched people. And that's a pretty fair education all by itself."

"I should have thought you'd have *wanted* to go, though. You're the type. You could have worked your way through, couldn't you?"

"I wish I had gone—now. But it's rather too late."

After a pause, she said: "The reason I stopped at that meeting was just because I wanted to help. I can't do very much, I suppose, but I wanted to do what I could. And then that man on the box—" Even the recollection of it brought the color back to her cheeks. "And I wasn't thinking whose fault it is, or who needs the most sympathy, or what's fair and what isn't. All I cared about was to do something *where* I could and *when* I could. But what can I do? What could I do for *any* of them? What could I do for *you?*"

The young man stopped jingling the coins. "That's funny. Nobody's said that to me for a long, long time."

"Well, what can I do?"

He made a sudden grimace. "There's something you could do for me, all right; but you wouldn't do it, anyway."

"How do you know I wouldn't?"

He was regarding her critically. "I told you how I got my 'education.' I've watched people. And most people think they want to help somebody else when all they really want is to do what they think *ought* to help somebody else. But—oh, I'll tell you. To be perfectly frank, I'm hungry, and this—" he displayed the little pile of silver—"is every cent I've got in my pocket. And for the last two weeks I've been eating in hash-houses with that same gang. I'm not squealing, but this is pretty far down, even for me. What I'd like is a steak and some human society—and the society counts just as much as the steak. So if you're so anxious to help me, personally, the way *I* want to be helped, I'll let you off cheap. Take me over to the Plaza and buy me a lunch."

The girl was thunderstruck. "Take you——"

His grin was broadening. "Oh, of course you wouldn't do it. I knew *that*. You're sorry, but you don't like my clothes, and you don't know how well I handle a fork, and some of your swell friends might see you, so you'll offer to slip me a five-dollar bill instead—in spite of what I said about the society counting as much as the steak. How's that for a good guess?"

IF HIS tone had been more abrasive, she might not have forgiven him; but his whole manner was so amusedly indulgent that it aroused, first, her contrariness, and after that, her pride. Furthermore, although she had asked her question out of sheer womanly feeling, yet his answer opened the road to mild adventure.

It would be a risk, but it would also be a novelty; and she believed, now that she understood him—he wanted her to give back to him, for an hour, the full arrears of his self-respect—a bit of luxury, a bit of irresponsibility. She could imagine how afterward, he might inflate his chest and face the world with multiplied assurance. And he was really an engaging personality—and so few of the platoon would have thought to ask for the pleasure of her company.

She laughed, with a subtle overtone which was nine-tenths humor and a tenth excitement. "No, it isn't a good guess at all. It's only twelve o'clock but, do you want to go over now?"

As they had crossed the threshold of the dining-room, she had almost wavered, almost wondered if the novelty were worth the risk. Once seated, however, she had gathered poise, and she had gathered no small part of it from the nonchalance of her companion.

He had said that he was hungry, and his order bore him out; he held strict allegiance to his steak. This, he said, with a vegetable and coffee, would satisfy him. And then he tossed the menu aside and smiled straight into her eyes.

"If you don't mind my saying so," he told her, "you're a darned good sport."

She smiled back at him and then became serious. "I'm glad you think so. I meant to be. But that wasn't the *only* reason I brought you."

Again he made his amused, boyish grimace. "Then you're going to preach," he said.

"Not very much," she promised. "But there was one thing I did want to tell you. It's this: I've always believed that life won't give us much of anything *free;* but it'll always *sell* us anything we're ready to pay for. I mean—whatever you get out of life, whether it's happiness or wealth or success or power, you have to pay for, one way or another. And you can get practically anything you want if you care enough about it to pay the price. Don't you agree with that?"

HE NODDED. "Of course. Only you don't go far enough; you've got to pay regular instalments—and in advance, too."

"Certainly. Then how are you going to defend yourself?"

"Defend myself?"

Her attitude was charmingly judicial. "Don't you think it's rather remarkable for a man with your brain to be in a fix like this?"

He gestured broadly. "Leave me out of it. I'll get along somehow; I'm not licked yet. And never mind *how* it is that so many people are out of work—never mind who owes who a living—the only point is, what's going to be done about it, and who's going to do it. You were wondering what *you* could do; well, I'm wondering what *I* can do. Not just for me, but for the whole crowd—especially the white-collar men."

Her eyes softened. "And you can think like that—even now?"

Again that boyish grimace! "Wouldn't you have expected it of me?"

"Yes," she said at length. "I would have."

"But just at this minute," he added buoyantly, "just at this minute—when I see that steak coming—my judgment is that the best thing I can possibly do is to eat it—and keep on talking."

In another hour she had totally forgotten that he was a self-invited guest. From the labor problem they had harked back to the war and rebounded to modern fiction; they had taken a fling at Ireland and a passing shot at women's fashions, and with each topic she had become more absorbed in him. He had the rare quality not merely of recognizing that there are two sides to every question, but of actually trying to see them with equal clearness. His ideas were refreshing to her, and the value he put upon her own opinions was all the more flattering because there was no humbug about it, no imitation deference.

ALMOST unconsciously she had begun to compare him, attribute by attribute, with other men she knew, and the comparison was seldom to his disadvantage. To be sure, she knew citizens of the highest social standing and of the greatest financial achievement; and yet, out of the complete list of her acquaintances, she couldn't think of any one who had made so prompt an appeal to her. All commiseration aside, she liked this boy as an individual; and the more she liked him the sorrier she was for his difficulties and the more she appreciated his lack of sorrow for himself.

He had finally begun to confide in her; he had told her how, at seventeen, he had gone into a factory to work with his hands, and how he had built up his philosophy from the ground. He had told her what books had influenced him—and at this stage she had again brought up the subject of college.

At the same moment the waiter, who had been hovering obtrusively near by, deposited the check at the young man's elbow. The young man ignored it, and as for the girl, she was never aware that it had been presented. And neither of them perceived that they were virtually alone in the dining-room.

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THIS FREEDOM

"With a great sum obtained I this freedom"

By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

Author of "If Winter Comes"

Most men who read this keen analysis of masculine and feminine nature get angry; most women smile or sigh and say: "It's truth." There is much for all women to learn in this remarkable novel by Hutchinson, the sympathetic but unprejudiced observation of a man who understands women. If you are honest, you will see yourself somewhere in it; either in the strength and weakness of the old-fashioned woman, or in the wholly different weakness and strength of the new woman: And however devoted you may be to husband or father, to son or brother, you can not fail to recognize here, as Rosalie did, the absurdities that accompany masculine wonderfulness.

THE STORY

The world belonged to her father. Everything and everybody revolved around him—that was Rosalie's first baby impression of life. As she left babyhood for childhood, all her observations confirmed that fact—the world was made for men. Men and boys did the interesting, wonderful things, women and girls all the dull, ordinary things—and did them for men.

Rosalie's father was the lonely, ill-tempered, domineering rector of a country parish upon which he had thrown away his young brilliancy, her mother a sweet, self-effacing, old-fashioned wife. When Rosalie came, her two brothers and three sisters seemed already years ahead, and Rosalie, though in the family circle, was never of it, in interests, age, or importance, Much of her time, therefore, was spent observing her family.

Rosalie saw all the females fluttering about her brother Robert late for school; saw them tremble or smile before her omnipotent father. What a glorious, fearful thing, she thought, was a clash between angry males; what a squeaky, stupid thing a clash between tearful females. Men were wonderful, wonderful—that was her conclusion, but also—and this gave her a queer, half-ashamed feeling for them—men liked to show off their wonderfulness to females.



ROSALIE SOON DISCOVERED THAT MEN INTERFERED WITH LESSONS

PART II

WHEN Rosalie was about nine, she one day was permitted to have Lily Waters in to tea with her. Lily Waters was the doctor's little girl, also nine. For a great treat they had tea together out of Rosalie's doll's tea service in the room called the schoolroom. Robert came home unusually early from school and came into the schoolroom and began to do wonderful things before the two little girls. He spoke in a very loud voice while he did them. He stood on a footstool on his head and clapped his boots together. He held his breath for seventy-five seconds by the clock. He took off his coat and made Lily and Rosalie tie a piece of string round his biceps and then he jerked up his arm and snapped the string. Wonderful Robert! Lily screamed with delight and clapped her hands, and the more she screamed and clapped the louder Robert talked. He did still more wonderful things. He held a cork to the flame of a match and then blacked his nose and blacked a mustache with the cork. He did a most frightfully daring and dangerous thing. He produced the stump of a cigaret from his pocket and lit it and blew smoke through his nose. Wonderful Robert! Lily went into ecstasies of delight. Rosalie also went into ecstasies, but also strongly experienced that funny feeling. While Robert held his breath till his eyes bulged and till his face was crimson, and while he danced about with his nose blacked, and while he held the cigaret in his fingers and puffed smoke through his nose—while he did these things Rosalie glanced at Lily (squealing) and felt that funny feeling of being rather shy, uncomfortable, ashamed; something like that; and blinked. Wonderful though Robert was, she felt somehow rather glad when at last he went.

AND just the same with Harold. At supper one night, Rosalie's father not being present, Harold talked and talked and talked about a call he had paid at the house of some ladies in Ashborough. Wonderful Harold to pay a call all by himself! It appeared that he had been the only man there, and when Rosalie's mother said, "I wonder you didn't feel shy, Harold," he said with a funny sort of "Haw" sound in his voice, "Not in the least. Haw! Why on earth should I feel shy? Haw." He had evidently very much entertained the party. The more he talked about it the more Rosalie noticed the funny "Haw." "They must have been very glad you came," Rosalie's mother said.

Harold put the first and second fingers of his right hand on his collar and gave it a pull up. "I rather—haw—think they were," Harold said. "Haw."

Years afterward, when she was grown up, a grown man boastfully said something in her presence, and in a flash were recalled father dissecting a herring, Robert holding his breath till he nearly burst, Harold hitching up his collar and with the "haw" sound saying, "I rather think they were." In a flash those childhood scenes, and instantly with them interpretation of the funny feeling and the blink that they had caused; they had been the rooting in her of a new perception added to the impregnably rooted impression of the wonder and power of men—the perception that men knew they were wonderful and powerful and liked to show off how wonderful and powerful they were.

They were superior creatures, but they were apt to be rather make-you-blinky creatures—that was the new perception.

On the day after her eighth birthday, the birthday itself being a treat and a holiday, Rosalie began to do lessons with Hilda. Hilda, at sixteen, had "finished her education," as had Anna and Flora at the same age. Harold, who had been a boarder at Ipswich Grammar School, had stayed there till he was eighteen; and Robert ultimately continued at Helmsbury Grammar School till he was eighteen. It was apparent—and it was another manifestation of the greater importance of males—that boys had more education to finish, or were permitted longer to finish it, than girls.

THE school at which Anna, Flora and Hilda thus in the eight years between leaving their mother's knee at eight and completing their education at sixteen learned every thing it was possible to know was kept by two very thin ladies called (ungrammatically) the Miss Pockets. The Miss Pockets were daughters of the former rector of St. Luke's and inhabitant of the rectory, and on their father's dying and Mr. Aubyn coming they established themselves in a prim villa near by and did what they called "took in pupils." They were very thin, they had very long thin noses, they were always very cold, and from the sharp end of the long thin nose of the elder Miss Pocket there always depended, much fascinating Rosalie, a shining bead of moisture.

Rosalie's chief recollection of the Miss Pockets was of being constantly met by them as she approached the age of eight, and of them always on these occasions fondling icy hands about her neck and saying to her father or mother, "And when will our new little pupil be coming to us?"

But no direct reply was ever given to this question, either by Rosalie's mother, who was always made to look uncomfortable when it was asked by the Miss Pockets, or by Rosalie's father, who always seemed to jut out his nose at it and make the Miss Pockets look thinner and colder than ever.

On the morning of her eighth birthday Rosalie received from the Miss Pockets by post an illuminated text provided with a piece of red cord for hanging on the wall and inquiring, rather abruptly,

Who Hath Believed Our Report?

Rosalie thought at first this indignant question was directly from Miss Pockets in their capacity as schoolteachers and, therefore, as licensed makers of reports; but immediately afterward saw "Isaiah" printed under it in discreet characters—

Who Hath Believed Our Report?
—Isaiah.

and concluded that it was Isaiah who had believed it.



AUNT BELLE CAME, A NEW AND SURPRIZING FIGURE TO ROSALIE —AND ENTHRONED HERSELF IN THE SHABBY RECTORY

On the back was written in the tall, thin handwriting of the Miss Pockets, "To our dear little pupil, Rosalie, on her eighth birthday, from Agnes and Lydia Pocket."

In the afternoon the Miss Pockets called at the rectory and there was evidently some high mystery about their visit. Rosalie was in the study looking for a drawing-pin wherewith to affix her illuminated card to the wall. Hilda ran in. "The Miss Pockets. Where's father? Come out," and Rosalie was hurriedly run out and shut into the dining-room, leaving the vindication of Isaiah in the matter of the report on the table. Opening the door to a chink Rosalie saw the Miss Pockets, shivering, the permanent decoration on the nose of the elder Miss Pocket very conspicuous and agitatedly swinging, ushered into the study, and presently her father follow his jutty nose into the study after them, and very shortly after that the Miss Pockets driven out as it were by the jutty nose looking thinner and colder than ever before. Miss Lydia Pocket, who had lost the appendage to her nose and looked curiously undressed and indelicate without it was saying feebly, "But it was *understood*. We always thought it was *understood*."

They shuddered away; and when Rosalie went into the study immediately afterward to recover her card, there was upon the word Isaiah, as though somebody had literally thrown doubt upon his belief of the report, a large damp spot.

On the following day Rosalie began lessons with Hilda.

THE lessons-with-Hilda period lasted till Rosalie was twelve. "Take her off your mother's hands. That's what you've left school for," was her father's instruction to Hilda; and so there Rosalie was, put out from her mother's knee to the schoolroom like a small new ship out from the haven to the bay; and there was that small mind of hers come in to the company of Hilda and of Flora and of Anna with the obsession that men were infinitely more important and much more wonderful than women. She knew now that the world did not belong to men in the literal sense, but belonged, as her mother had instructed her, to God; but she knew with the abundant evidence of all that went on about her that everything in the world was done for men and that women were largely occupied in doing it; and she knew, from the same testimony, that men were much more interesting to watch than women, rather in the way that dogs were much more interesting than cats. Men, like dogs, were much more *satisfactory;* that was it. Her mind was throwing out feelers toward the wonders of the world and this was the feeler that was most developed. She came to her sisters very highly sensitive to the difference between men and women. And her sister showed her the difference.

ANNA was twenty then. Anna had "finished her education" four years ago. She had left school "to help your mother in the house"; and when Flora, two years later, finished her education and left school for the same purpose she found Anna grooved in the business of helping her mother in the house and she was not in the least anxious to help Anna out of the grooves and herself become embedded in them.

This annoyed Anna.

Rosalie used to hear Anna say to Flora a dozen times a day, "I really don't see why you should be the one to do nothing but amuse yourself all day long. I really don't."

Flora used to say, "Well, you've always done it"—whatever the duty in dispute might be—"so why on earth should I?"

Then either Anna's face would give a twitch and she would walk out of the room or her face would get very red and there would be a row.

Or sometimes Flora to Anna's "I really don't see why" would say enticingly, "Don't you?"

"No, I don't."

"Then ask the Pope," and Flora would give a mocking laugh and run away out of the reach of Anna's fury.

The sting in this was that Anna was suspected of having Roman Catholic tendencies.

Flora was very pretty and had a gay, bold way. Anna was not pretty. She had a great habit of compressing her lips, especially in encounters with Flora, and somehow her face gave the impression that her lips always were compressed. That was the expression it normally had; it was only when Rosalie saw Anna actually compress her lips that she realized they had not been compressed before. It was as though she was always annoyed about something, and then, when she compressed her lips, a little more annoyed than usual. She had also a permanent affliction which much puzzled Rosalie. Young men friends of Harold's frequently called at the rectory, and one afternoon when two of them called, Anna was the only one at home to entertain them (except Rosalie). Flora and Hilda rushed into the drawing-room directly they came in and shortly afterward Rosalie saw Anna come out. Anna stood in the hall quite a long time with her lips compressed, and then went into the dining-room and sat down, but almost at once got up again and went back into the drawing-room, and Rosalie heard Flora call out, "You can't join in now, Anna. You can't join in now. We're in the middle of it." Shrieks of laughter were going on. When the young men went, Flora and Hilda, who had their hats on, walked away with them. Anna was left at the door. When the girls came back, Anna said to Flora, "I do think you might have told me you'd arranged to go with them to see it."

Flora said, "Oh, darling, I thought the Pope had told you."

THEY had the worst row Rosalie had ever heard them have. Anna did not come down to supper. After supper, when Rosalie was in the room with only Harold and her father and mother, her mother spoke of the scene there had been between Anna and Flora, and it was then that Rosalie heard for the first time of Anna's most strange affliction. Harold said, "Of course the fact of the matter is that ever since Flora left school Anna's had her nose put out of joint."

Rosalie felt most awfully sorry for Anna. Often after that she used to stare at Anna's nose, and the more so because there was nothing visible the matter with it. Anna's nose was a singularly long and straight nose; now if it had been Flora's nose that was out of joint—for Flora's nose turned up in a very odd way. Rosalie slept in Anna's room that same night. Anna's disjointed nose and every other part of her face and head being covered with the clothes when Rosalie went up to bed, Rosalie, unable to sleep for curiosity and sympathy, got out of bed and lit the candle and went across to look at Anna's nose, and very gently felt it with her finger. Absolutely nothing amiss to be seen or felt! But the lashes of Anna's eyes were wet and there were stains of tears upon the upper side of the mysterious nose. It was true, then, for obviously it hurt. And yet no sign!

Rosalie got back into bed feeling her own nose rather anxiously.

Rosalie used formerly to sleep in Hilda's room and Flora with Anna, but she was changed one day by her sisters (without being consulted or given any reason) and the new arrangement was continued. Anna was very devotional. She used to say enormously long prayers night and morning. She prayed in the middle of the night also, Rosalie used to think at first, awakened and hearing her voice, but later found out that Anna was talking in her sleep, a thing that was mysterious to Rosalie and frightening. The room of Flora and Hilda adjoined Anna's, and often at night, when Rosalie was awakened by Anna undressing and lay watching her at her immense prayers, the chattering voices of Flora and Hilda could be heard through the wall and shrieks of high laughter. At that Anna's shoulders used to shudder beneath her nightgown and she used to twist herself lower on her knees. For some reason this also used rather to frighten Rosalie.

SOMETIMES, but very seldom, Flora and Hilda used to quarrel; sometimes, and more often, Hilda and Anna; nearly every day, as it seemed to Rosalie, Anna and Flora. Rosalie got to dislike these quarrels very much. They went on and on and on, that was the disturbing unpleasantness of them. The parties to them would sit in a room and simply keep it up for ever, not arguing all the time, but between long pauses suddenly coming out with things at one another; or they wouldn't speak to one another sometimes for days together, and all sorts of small enterprises of Rosalie's were interfered with by these ruptures of relations. Innumerable things in Rosalie's life seemed to her to depend on the mutual good-will of two quarrelers; many books, some old toys, walks, combined games with Carlo who was Anna's and Roderigo who was Flora's; innumerable delights with such seemed to be unexpectedly stopped because of "Oh, no; if you prefer to be with Anna, you can stay with Anna;" or, "Oh, no; if you like Flora's paints so much, you can use Flora's brushes; these are my brushes."

A quarrel would in any case produce a strained atmosphere in which everything became unnatural and this strained atmosphere went on and on and on.

And the thing that Rosalie noticed was the complete difference between these quarrels of her sisters and the quarrels between Harold and Robert. Robert was rising between the years of fourteen and eighteen in those days and Harold between twenty-two and twenty-six. Most violent quarrels sometimes sprung up between them; but they were physically violent, that was the point, and after swift and appalling fury and terrible kicks from Robert and horrifying thumps from Harold they were astonishingly soon over and done with and forgotten. On one awful day Rosalie saw Robert and Harold rolling on the floor together. Robert bumped Harold's head three most frightful bumps on the floor and said between his teeth, "There! There! There!" Harold twisted himself up and hurled Robert half across the room and then rushed at him and punched him with punches that made Robert go "Ur! Ur! Ur!"

ROSALIE, at her age, ought to have cried with grief and dismay or to have run away screaming; but instead she only watched with awe—with terrified awe, as with the terrified awe that an encounter of tigers or of elephants at the zoo might arouse; but with awe and no sort of grief as her sole emotion. Men were different. There it was again! They did these fearful things and these fearful things were much more satisfactory to behold, not nearly so disturbing and aggravating to watch as the interminable bickerings of the quarrels of her sisters.

Her brothers' quarrels were entirely different in all their aspects. In the quarrels of her sisters one or the other invariably cried if the bickering went far enough. These two men, though Robert especially might have been excused for bellowing, just solidly and only, with fearful gasps, thumped and clutched and strove. Not a tear! Her sisters' quarrels were always carried by one or the other to her mother or the father. How extraordinarily different Robert and Harold! Their sole anxiety was that neither father nor mother should be told! If any one threatened to tell, the two, sinking their private heat, would immediately band together against the tale-bearer. Extraordinary men! To that particularly ferocious struggle that has been described Anna and Hilda had been attracted by the din, when Robert, overpowered, was receiving terrible chastisement, and with cries and prayers had somehow separated them. Behold, the very first coherent thing these two men did was, while they still panted and glared upon one another, to unite in a mutual threat.

"And look out you don't go telling father or mother," panted Harold to the girls.

"Yes, mind you jolly well don't," panted Robert.

Anna said she certainly would.

Both the extraordinary creatures unitedly rounded on Anna. It might have been thought that the battle had been, not between them, but between them and the sisters who had saved them one from another. Astounding men!

And most astounding of all to Rosalie was that at supper, little more than an hour later, Harold and Robert presented themselves as on exceptionally good terms of friendship. They talked and laughed together. They had a long exchange of views about some football teams. Harold laid down the law about the principle of four three-quarters in Rugby football instead of three and Robert listened as to an oracle. They had not been so friendly for weeks. And an hour before——

Yes, men *were* different.

AND Rosalie found that her sisters, too, knew how different and how superior men were. Flora and Hilda seemed to Rosalie always to be talking about men. Flora used to come into the schoolroom while Rosalie was at her lessons and talk to Hilda. Rosalie was very fond of her lessons and Hilda was an uncommonly good teacher who took a great interest in leading Rosalie along the paths she had herself so recently followed. But directly Flora came in Hilda's interest was entirely diverted to what Flora had to say and to what she had to say to Flora, and it was always about men—boys or men. Rosalie would at once be put to learning passages or working out exercises and Flora and Hilda would go over to the window and talk. They talked mostly in whispers with their heads close together; they laughed a good deal; they showed one another letters; often they came over to the table and wrote letters. And they used to look up from their whisperings and say, "Go on with your lessons, Rosalie."

But it was very difficult to go on while they whispered and laughed and it was also very troublesome to have Hilda's most interesting explanations suddenly cut short by the entrance of Flora. Rosalie began to have the habit of saying "Oh, dear!" and going "Tchk!" with her tongue when Flora came in. Also restlessly to say "Oh, dear!" and go "Tchk!" when the whisperings and



"MY DARLING, YOUR FATHER, HAS DECIDED. YOUR FATHER KNOWS BEST. MEN ALWAYS KNOW BEST"

the laughing about men went on and distracted her attention while she tried to do her exercises.

A new aspect of men began to grow out of this. Rosalie began to feel rather aggrieved against boys and men. They *interfered*.

And this went further. Just as boys and men spoiled lessons, so they began to spoil walks. While Hilda attended the Miss Pockets' school and Rosalie was taught by her mother, it was always her mother with whom Rosalie took walks. Anna "never cared to go out," and Flora, whose position in the house was more like that of Harold and Robert, did much as she liked, and "dragging Rosalie about for walks," as she expressed it, was not one of the things she liked. Rosalie therefore went out with her mother until Hilda took her off her mother's hands when the taking off included not only education but exercise. At the beginning Hilda showed herself as enthusiastic and as entertaining a walker as she was teacher. She was ready for jolly scrambles through woods and over fields, she was as keen as Rosalie on damming little watercourses and exploring woodland tracts and other similar delights, and she had a most splendid knowledge of the names of plants and flowers and birds and insects and delighted to tell them to Rosalie. Rosalie had loved the walks with her mother, always holding her dear hand, but she loved much more, though in a different way, the walks with Hilda.

THEN men began, in Rosalie's private phrase, to "ruin" the walks.

First Flora took to joining the walks and she and Hilda talked and talked together, and always as it seemed about men, and Rosalie just trailed along with them, their heads miles above hers and their conversation equally out of her reach. But even that was not so bad as it became. At least there were only her sisters and sometimes they did talk to her, or sometimes one or other would break off from their chatter and cry, "Oh, poor Rosalie! We've not been taking the least notice of you, have we? Now, what would you like to do?" And perhaps they would run races, or perhaps explore, or perhaps tell her a story, and Rosalie's spirits would come bursting out from their dullness and all would be splendid.

Not so when on the walks men, from being talked of, began to be met.

There were at Robert's grammar school certain young men who were in no way connected with the school, but were the "private pupils" of the head master and were reading for the universities. One day Hilda started for the walk in her church hat and Flora also in her church hat and her church gloves. They walked very fast, Rosalie could hardly keep up. And then at a corner of a lane they suddenly started to walk very slowly indeed, and suddenly again at a stile two of these young men were met.

The young men took off their hats much further than Rosalie had ever seen a man raise his hat, and one of them said, "Well, you *have* come, then?"

Flora said, "Well, we just happened to be strolling along this way." Then she said, "You needn't imagine we came to see you!" which Rosalie thought very rude; but the young men seemed to like it and all of them laughed a great deal.

Presently they all started to walk together, Hilda and Flora in the middle and one of the young men on either side. The walk lasted much later than the walks usually lasted and the whole way Rosalie trailed along behind; and in the whole afternoon the only words addressed to Rosalie by her sisters came just as, the young men having taken their leave a mile away, they were turning in at the rectory gate. Flora then said, "Rosalie, darling, don't tell mother or father or any one that we met any one." And Hilda said, "Yes, remember, Rosalie, you're not to say anything about that."

After that the young men were met, and the four walked and Rosalie trailed, nearly every day.

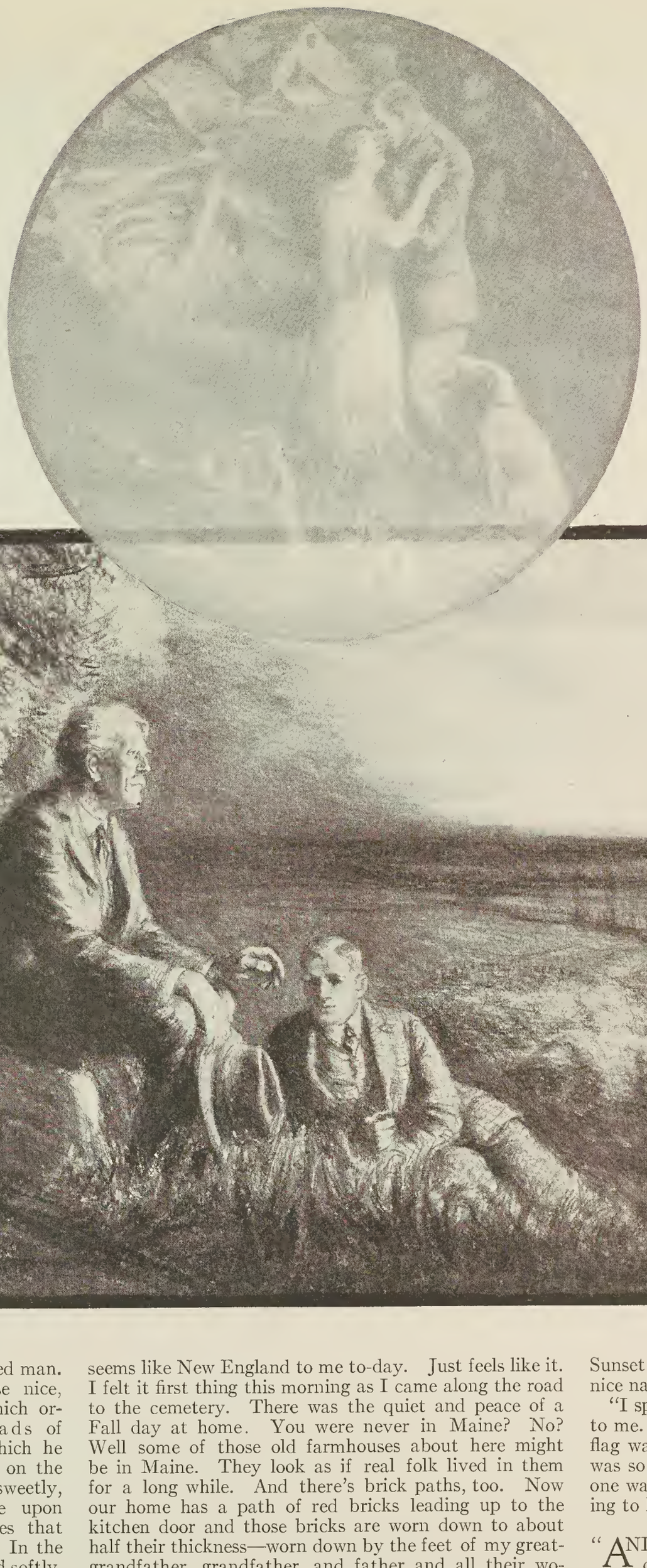
One of these young men was called Mr. Chalton and the other Mr. Ricks. Like all men, and even more so, they were splendid and wonderful. They had silver

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CAMP O' SUNSET GLORY

By

JAMES FRANCIS DWYER



It was the boy's own home and there his father found him

"THEN YOU MARCHED AWAY—
THE GAMEST OF THEM ALL"

"PEACEFUL LOOKING, ISN'T IT?
THAT'S WHY I CALL IT CAMP
O' SUNSET GLORY"

HE WAS a small, sandy-haired man. He sat upon one of those nice, white kilometer-stones which ornament the splendid roads of France. On the valley which he surveyed from his position on the rise the setting sun shone sweetly, throwing a holy radiance upon the rows of white crosses that marked the resting-places of the glorious dead. In the center of the cemetery the Stars and Stripes waved softly, ever so softly.

The sandy-haired man, face turned toward the valley, spoke in a quiet, unemotional tone to a stalwart fellow who sprawled on the green grass. A tourist evidently, dressed in tweeds and gaiters. The two, going in opposite directions, had met at the top of the rise, the little man coming up from the cemetery, the big man going down to it. For a second they had looked at each other with cautious eyes, then, with a curious suddenness, they exchanged greetings and settled down to talk.

After a while the big man became a listener, an intent listener. His pipe was forgotten; his deep-set brown eyes were fixed upon the other.

The small man talked disconnectedly. Sometimes he broke off in the middle of sentences. Often there were long pauses in his story, during which he stared at the sunlit valley.

"It's queer," he murmured. "Awful queer. It seems like New England to me to-day. Just feels like it. I felt it first thing this morning as I came along the road to the cemetery. There was the quiet and peace of a Fall day at home. You were never in Maine? No? Well some of those old farmhouses about here might be in Maine. They look as if real folk lived in them for a long while. And there's brick paths, too. Now our home has a path of red bricks leading up to the kitchen door and those bricks are worn down to about half their thickness—worn down by the feet of my great-grandfather, grandfather, and father and all their womenfolk. Worn red bricks always affect me. They make me see pictures of my mother washing them down, the bricks all smooth and clean and sort of gaspin' under the water she was throwing on 'em. It's curious—that's where I always see him walking. Walking on those smooth red bricks. As a little codger, I mean. He liked 'em under his bare feet. They were as smooth as velvet.

"I SPOKE of the bricks to him to-day. Told him they were still—still there. Nice and red and warm and clean, gaspin' under the buckets of water his mother throws on them. I know he was pleased—pleased a whole lot."

There was a long interval, then the little man nodded toward the valley.

"Peaceful looking, isn't it?" he murmured. "Just before I met you I thought of a name for it. 'Camp o' Sunset Glory,' I called it. Camp o' Sunset Glory. A nice name, don't you think?

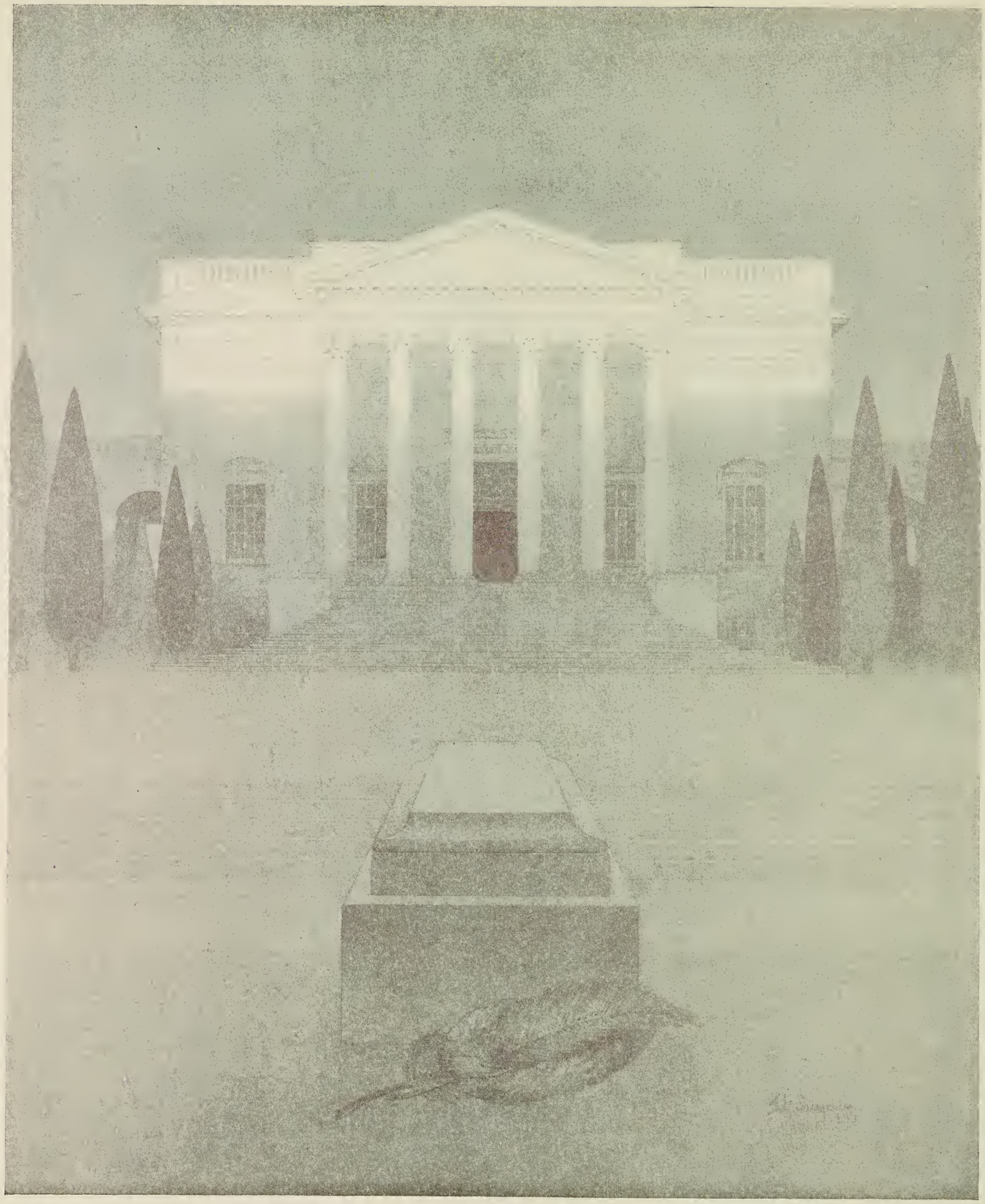
"I spent the whole day there. It seemed like America to me. Like home. It was all quiet and soft. The old flag waving softly, bees droning in the flowers. And it was so awful still that I thought—that I thought some one was wanting to hear me speak. Some one was waiting to hear me speak. Listening for my voice like.

"AND I talked. Talked about Maine and—about another thing I had to tell him. No, his mother didn't come. She couldn't, because she's afeared of the sea. I'm scared of it, too—scared a whole lot of it. Sometimes I wonder why we bred him because—because he was the gamest boy that ever lived. The gamest and cleanest. His mother said, 'You go, Robert'—so I packed up and went down to Boston, and here I am. Here I am with him. It's awful queer.

"I left Maine in the Fall. You've never been there, so I couldn't tell you of its beauty. You wouldn't understand. But he could understand because—because he had been born there.

" 'Why,' I said, speaking soft like to myself as I sat in the cemetery, 'it was real wonderful when I left. Awful sweet and pretty. The day afore I went down to Boston I walked up the path through the pines and down the slope to the lake. It was very quiet, most too quiet. There was that great silence over everything. Seth

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DRAWING BY E. H. SUYDAM

SEEDED GROUND

I

THIS SOIL SO LATELY TURNED, UNVERDURED YET,
MARKED AT GRIM INTERVALS BY SQUARES OF WHITE,
GRIPS AT THE HEART WITH CHOKING TENDERNESS
AND LEAVES US DUMB WITH YEARNING, BLIND WITH TEARS.

II

HERE LIE THE NATION'S YOUNGEST DEAD, SO STILL!
YET ELOQUENT TO ALL THE WAR-SICK WORLD.
AND HERE'S THE CHALLENGE OF SOME PROPHET-GARDENER,
VIBRANT WITH MEANING: "SEEDED GROUND—KEEP OFF!"

III

SEEDED! A MILLION MOTHERS MUTELY NOD.
SEEDED WITH ALL OUR HAPPY HOPES AND SMILES;
WATERED WITH TEARS THAT BRING US CLOSE TO GOD,
FOR COMFORT, WHEN OUR SOWING GRIM IS DONE.

IV

AYE, SEEDED! FROM WHOSE SOIL SHALL RISE IN TIME
FULFILMENT OF A NATION'S POIGNANT HOPE.
SOWN MANHOOD, SACRIFICE, DEVOTION, LOVE;
AND THESE AMERICA SHALL REAP, PLEASE GOD!

V

AYE, KEEP OFF, EVIL! STAY THY STEALTHY TREAD,
AMERICA, DEAR LAND, IS SEEDED GROUND.
THAT COMING GENERATIONS MAY HAVE PEACE,
WE HAVE SOWN MEN. DEAR GOD, SEND HARVEST SOON!

By Mabel Swartz Withoft



"GOOD-BY" HE SAID, "AND SOME DAY YOU'LL SEND FOR ME"

THE COURT END OF TOWN

Where the he-flirt was pricked by a Southern rose

By FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

Wife of the Junior Senator from New Hampshire

ALAN AMES was an unprincipled flirt. Every one said so, and, for once, every one was right. He would pay conspicuous attentions to a girl—attentions which included not only huge boxes of chocolates and enormous bunches of violets and orchestra seats at the best plays in town and long rides in his distinctly "snappy" roadster, with luncheon and tea in sheltered corners of expensive hotels thrown in, but, it was rumored, other even more marked tokens of apparent affection as well, whenever he had, or could create, the chance—and Alan was an adept at creating chances if he wanted them; then suddenly he would stop calling on her: he would even walk past her at a dance with some new vision in tulle by his side, apparently unaware that she existed at all, and never remember that existence again, at least to any degree that counted. He should, of course, have been ostracized for such shocking conduct.

But unfortunately for his own good he was not the type which the female of the species is prone to ostracize. In the first place, he was outrageously good looking, vibrant with perfect health and high spirits, possessed of a smile that flashed wide over snowy teeth, of a peach-like skin, and of a remarkably fine figure; then he had a voice which could be as gay as the song of the lark at sunrise and as tender as the notes of a cooing dove; he was, as all the girls expressed it, "a heavenly dancer"; and, in addition to all this, he rejoiced in a bank-account which was apparently as inexhaustible as the widow's cruse. Under these circumstances it must be confessed that Alan was in a position to give any maiden upon whom he had a "crush," however fleeting, an extremely good time. This was so hard to ignore that, so far as any one knew, it never *was* ignored.

It was while Alan was in his senior year at Yale that he accepted an invitation from Tom Fairfax, a classmate from Washington, to spend the Christmas holidays at the capital; and for the better part of a week the happy philanderer pursued his usual course with the usual results. Then, in the cold gray dawn after a charity ball at the Willard, when the weary Thomas was sinking into a placid slumber, his guest, from the twin bed beside his own, roused him.

"Who was that girl," demanded Alan suddenly, "who came in late with some old codger who looked as if he must be an intimate friend of the family, or a distant cousin, or something like that? I tried two or three times to get introduced to her, and I always seemed to get balked."

"Lots of girls came in late," murmured Tom drowsily. "How the deuce should I know which one you mean?"

"OH, HELL! You'd know this one all right. Couldn't miss her! Little—awfully straight and slim—carried her chin up in the air—had on a queer slinky yellow dress, a corker, cut something like the ones in medieval portraits and stained-glass windows—square low neck, girdle round the hips, you know—all she needed was a lily in her hand, or a roll of vellum, and the idea would have been complete."

"Oh! you must mean Rose-Aimée."

"Rose-Aimée—what?"

"Fairfax. She's a distant cousin of mine. That chap you saw her with is a Senator who's got an awful case on her."

"Well, I like his taste. Why didn't you introduce me?"

"Dunno. Didn't think of it. A fellow doesn't, you know, with cousins. She's only seventeen. This is her first season—girls come out younger here than they do in New England. I hear she's cutting quite a wide swath. S'been down in Virginia for a Christmas house-party, that's why you haven't seen her before. Do let me go to sleep."

"I have a hunch I'd like to meet her."

Thomas emitted a sound that might have been a chuckle, only, as there was no reason why he should chuckle, Alan decided that it must have been a curious kind of yawn.

"All right—you're likely to find the scene rather crowded already, but I'll take you out there to-morrow afternoon. She lives in Georgetown—the old court end of town, you know. That branch of the family located there more than a century ago, and hasn't ever moved with the modern trend of fashion in here. The house is what's called a gem of Colonial architecture, I believe—yellow brick, fine specimen of a doorway, beautiful garden in the rear——"

"I wasn't so specially interested in the *house*——"

"BUT the garden—things have been known to happen in gardens!"

"Not in December, you blithering idiot!"

"December will have flown before anything happens in that quarter," prophesied Alan's host. "You interrupted me; there are also cobblestones in the street, hard on tires, devil of a way out there—she may not be in anyway—probably won't."

"You'll telephone first," observed Alan dryly.

A slight snore was the only answer. But the next afternoon, turning a deaf ear to various other invitations that had been showered upon him, Alan persisted in his determination that he wished to call on Miss Fairfax. In fact, the subject seemed to intrigue him.

"Curious name," he observed as they bumped along the farther end of M Street.

"Fairfax?"

"Of course not, you darned fool. Rose-Aimée."

"Got it from a Creole grandmother. Were you thinking of calling her that, the first thing?"

Alan endeavored to express exactly what he thought of his host.

"Well, I wouldn't, if I were you, that's all," said Rose-Aimée's cousin, emitting again that sound which was so curiously like a chuckle. "The kid's queer. You may come a cropper. If you do, don't blame me. I wash my hands of you, the minute you get into hers."

"What do you mean, cropper?"

"You wait and see."

The cropper that Alan Ames encountered was the fact that, less than an hour later, and for the first time in his life, he was head over heels in love.

There were only a few days left at his disposal before he was obliged to return to the institution of learning which he graced with his presence, and, as Thomas had predicted, the scene was crowded already. In addition to several callow youths like himself and the somewhat seedy-looking and middle-aged Senator who had been Rose-Aimée's escort at the ball, and who was consider-

ably more of a personage than Alan guessed, there was an under-secretary, a foreign attaché, and three or four officers, who all seemed to find something strangely attractive about the old yellow-brick house at the court end of town. Alan had not only been used to less competition, but the little which he had encountered had been of a very different caliber. In spite of the excellent opinion he had of himself, he had sense enough to see that Rose-Aimée, with the flower of Washington chivalry—so to speak—at her feet already, was not likely to be unduly impressed with what he had to offer. Still he was a little piqued when, demure, passive, sedate, she carelessly accepted his overtures without either surprise or elation. However, he was not daunted. He redoubled his efforts—to no avail. He took her in to dinner, and she talked to the man on her left. He bespoke her for dances, and she forgot, and floated off with some one else. He sent her a huge boxful of yellow roses, with a graceful note intimating that he considered the flowers expressive of her own exquisite personality, and when she failed to wear them, or even mention having received them, he questioned her almost desperately about the matter.

"Roses?" inquired Rose-Aimée vaguely. "Yellow roses? I didn't know you could get them at this time of year."

"IT'S VERY hard, but I did it," said Alan with satisfaction. "I thought they'd please you."

"Perhaps they were sent to the wrong address?" she ventured.

"I took them to your house myself."

"Oh! then perhaps my maid forgot! There are so many coming all the time she gets careless—I'll speak to her——"

Alan ground his teeth.

He fished, shamelessly, for an invitation to visit Tom again at Easter—and landed it. And as they swung up Massachusetts Avenue after leaving the Union station, he suggested that they should go straight out to Georgetown.

"I wrote your cousin I was coming down," he said importantly, "and told her I'd be out around five."

"Ah!" said Thomas pleasantly.

"I may as well tell you, I—I—think she's a perfect peach. I've been writing to her ever since I went back at New Year's."

"Oh!" remarked Thomas agreeably.

"She hasn't answered often, of course, and then only little notes. But she's expecting me to-day."

"Yes?" queried Thomas. "Funny then—she went to New Orleans day before yesterday."

That night saw Alan ensconsed in an upper berth of the Southern Express, with a crying baby under him and a man who snored across the aisle. When he reached New Orleans and sought out the address which Thomas had obligingly given him, he was informed that Miss Fairfax had been suddenly called back to Washington.

It was not until late June that she gave him an hour, an hour all to himself in the garden back of the old yellow-brick house. She had refused his invitations to come on to the Senior Prom, to his graduation, to the Harvard-Yale boat-races. But she received him now with a little soft, elusive smile that sent his blood racing, and slipped a little soft, elusive hand into his for the fraction of a minute.

"I'm—I'm awfully glad to see you," he stammered stupidly, devouring her with his eyes, realizing her tantalizing aloofness and sweetness more keenly than ever. "I'm—I'm so glad you've got on a yellow dress. I always like to think of you that way, because you had on a yellow dress that night I first saw you, when you knocked me over straight away."

"NOT really? It's cooler out in the garden—shall we go there? We're going to have a mint julep and some frosted cakes."

"That'll be fine."

It would have taken more than one mint julep, surely, to go to his strong young head. But they had not been in the garden ten minutes before he lost it, for all that. He caught her up, without the warning of word or gesture, pressed his face against hers, and kissed her over and over again.

"Rose-Aimée," he murmured, "you lovely, sweet, precious little flower——"

Suddenly he knew, with sickening certainty, that he had made a fatal mistake. There was no answering flame, and, worse than that, there was a spiritual withdrawal far more isolating than any mere physical shrinking could have been.

"You don't understand," he stammered, releasing her. "I wasn't doing that—just to be fresh. I'm—I'm in love with you."

"Do you think I don't know that?" asked Rose-Aimée evenly.

"I want you to marry me!"



HE STOPPED, CAUGHT BY A THORNY YELLOW ROSE-BUSH, AND TWO CAPABLE HANDS SET HIM FREE

"You have forgotten yourself very far indeed. But, even so, I did not so far insult you in my mind as to suppose anything else."

She was looking him straight in the face, entirely unembarrassed. Crimson, he floundered hopelessly.

"You mean—it doesn't make any difference to you—that I'm not fooling, that I'm awfully in earnest?"

"Not the slightest. You may be in earnest——"

"I *am* in earnest——"

"But that does not alter the fact that you are very presumptuous."

"Presumptuous!"

"Very. A man with a record like yours has no right to assume that no matter how successful he considers himself in the matter of love-affairs every girl he looks at is going to fall into his mouth like a ripe cherry."

"Darling, you've been listening to silly gossip——"

"YOU know my name," said Miss Fairfax crisply, "and I happen to know more than one girl who did get to care for you. I don't know what you said to them—though I can imagine. I don't know whether you ever touched them, or even tried to—though I can imagine that, too. But you made them conspicuous by the attentions you paid them, and you made them *think* you cared too——"

"This time I do care," said Alan hoarsely.

"And then you threw them over!"

"Good God, you don't think I'll throw *you* over!"

"I certainly do not."

Her meaning was unmistakable. Alan winced under it. But, somehow, he managed to ask her a question.

"Are you turning me down because I'm a poor sort, or because you don't like me anyway?"

"I don't like you anyway."

"You lie," said Alan Ames distinctly.

In spite of her self-possession, Rose-Amiée took a step backward and gave a slight gasp.

"YOU wouldn't have bothered," went on Alan, finding his voice, "to run away from me the way you have if you'd been perfectly indifferent to me. You avoided me at first—made it hard for me to see you—just to spur me on. You knew things had been too darned easy for me with girls before, and thought that would attract me. Well, it did. Then you found that you couldn't avoid me, and, what's more, that you didn't want to, and you got scared, so you decided to run. You little coward!"

Rose-Aimée gasped again.

"I love you," said the boy, "and you know it. I'm not good enough, I've been a general ass all around, and worst of all where you were concerned. But for all that, in spite of it, in spite of yourself, you love me, and I know it. I'm going to do better. I'm not going to make a lot of fancy promises, because probably I wouldn't be able to keep them, right off, anyway. But I'm going to try. And I won't bother you, or hurry you, or—disgrace you. If I give you my word of honor on that, will you just say that some time—a long way off—if I

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TO THE PASSER-BY, IT LOOKED LIKE THE LEAVE-TAKING BETWEEN CASUAL ACQUAINTANCES

DANCERS IN THE DARK

The novel of the new youth

By DOROTHY SPEARE

PART V

JERRY'S husband was waiting for them, fierily handsome in evening dress, and at least ten years younger than he had seemed last night. Last night! It seemed so far away. Joy could not even stammer much, but Jerry and Phil did not notice lack of anything, and swept her into the dining-room.

Their words were stupid, inconsequential, in the face of Joy sitting there. Their eyes were speaking to each other, saying so much that Joy dared not look. And just last night——

"I wonder what Mabel will say," she ventured. They paid to her remark the tribute of polite inattention.

"I owe Jerry to you," said Jerry's husband. "But I don't intend to pay you."

Of course Jerry was leaving her now—leaving her and the apartment alone! She considered this bleak fact all through the course. At last, breaking in upon the conversation of eyes, she said: "What will you do with the apartment, Jerry?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Jerry. "The lease will be up in July. Why don't you stay in it till then? Phil and I are going to live in his apartment here until we get a house in the suburbs, so I shan't be moving out my stuff for some time."

TO STAY in the apartment, with the ghost of Sarah in curl-papers and wrapper whining through the kitchenette, and the purple kimono and pink mules gone from everywhere— She did not bring the thought to the surface of the table. "You two in the suburbs!" she exclaimed instead, in faint derision.

Jerry hardly smiled. People in love always lose their sense of humor, but you wouldn't think Jerry——

"Apartment life would be merely existing for us," said Phil. "We are going to live."

Their eyes trembled together in close embrace. Joy hurried through her dessert; the others had made no pretense of eating. All three were regarding the meal as a more or less disagreeable formality to be gone through with as quickly as possible. But when they had finished, they grew embarrassed at their haste and every one tried to be jovial, lingering over the coffee.

They took chances—Joy and Jerry in this story—because they were young. Youth ever laughs at danger. But youth does not always come through unscathed. How many of our feverish young "excitement-eaters" of today will remain spiritual cripples for life? But on they whirl, these careless dancers in the dark. Where are they going? Your girl, your boy—do you know what they think, say, do, when you are not there?

We have published this novel of American young people of today written by one of their own, because we hoped to shock parents into serious thought. Here they are—*your* children. Whatever they are, you, the older generation, have made them.

Do you like the picture?

What are you going to do about it?

"Last night at this time," said Phil, "I was telling our cousin just why I didn't like younger or older women."

"And looking at Jerry," added Joy.

"And looking at Jerry," he said gravely, repeating the performance.

"If you don't like younger or older women, where do I come in?" Jerry demanded.

"You don't," he told her. "You are neither young nor old; you are immortal."

At length, they rose, and Joy went with Jerry while Jerry threw everything into her suitcase and crushed it shut.

"It won't be anything but so-long," said Jerry; "I'll be coming over to Boston soon to get the rest of my stuff. Joy, you've been the only real girl friend I ever had and now you've given me everything that there is to hang on to in this world."

She said good-by to them by the elevator down-stairs and watched them vanish through the revolving doors. They walked together as if they were still in an expectant dream—in a sort of awed breathlessness.

Joy suddenly knew that, of all lots in life, the lot of the looker-on, the passive spectator, was the hardest—to see worlds of glory pass, which she had to tell herself were not for her. She packed her suitcase, checked out and climbed on the midnight as soon as it was open. Félicie came at the last minute, with Greg carrying her suitcase into the train and then stopping for a prolonged farewell while the train was moving. The three girls had engaged a section, one to sleep in the upper and two in the lower, and she was astounded to find Joy alone in the lower with the upper pushed back out of the way.

"Hello!" said Joy sourly. Félicie's but lately kissed beauty was annoying.

"Where's Jerry?" Félicie demanded, crawling inside and emptying her suitcase over Joy in the process.

"Married!" Joy snapped, and turned over to look out of the window at the lights of New York they were leaving behind.

"*Married!*" Félicie sank down in the midst of the outheaval of hairpins and lingerie, cold-cream jars and silk stockings. Then weakly she articulated Jerry's epitaph: "I always said that girl would do *anything!*"

WINTER hung heavily on that year; February dragged itself to a close, choked with December snowfall, and Spring seemed bleak and far away. Traveling even from New York to Boston was terrible, and Jerry did not come for a long time.

Joy was alone in the apartment.

As she had foreseen, Sarah's querulous voice wavered in the halls, and in the kitchenette, her kimono and curl-papers tinted the atmosphere. And everywhere the tap of the pink mules or the sound of the rough plush of Jerry's voice seemed to be trembling in echo's echo.

She did not see Jim Dalton for a long time. When he had called her up, she had put him off with the excuse of work. She could not see him because she felt that she wanted to see him too much. But she told herself with easy surety that she was not in love with him; once back with Pa Graham she had fallen into the magic of music once more, magic that left no room for sentimentality, and that, she told herself, was all that her lapse had been; sheer sentimentality. But since it had occurred to



SLOWLY HAL FREED HIMSELF AND CRAWLED WITH AGONIZING LURCHES TOWARD THE STILL UNCONSCIOUS FÉLICIE

her that she might suspect herself of being in love with him, she was uneasy about seeing him. And surely preventive methods were best!

Yet she longed to see him, to tell him every little detail of that epoch-making trip to New York. Looking back, she clung to her part in it, and wanted Jim—wanted him to exult with her over the great one's approval. Who was it who said, "He travels fastest who travels alone?" There had to be some one to spur on the traveler—sometimes! And Jerry had gone, and there was no one. Félicie was frankly bored with music. And Jim of her own exclusion stayed away, although his telephone calls did not diminish in number.

One afternoon in March as she was walking down Boylston Street she saw Grant. He passed driving a car, the Grays' runabout; and by his side was a girl whose peach-bloom face, even at a distance, was vaguely familiar. As she stared, the girl waved, smiling, and said something to Grant, whose eyes were on the traffic. He swerved and brought the car in to the curb, and Joy came to them as Miss Dalrymple, the Bryn Mawr girl, leaned out expectantly.

"Miss Nelson!" she hailed her. "I didn't know you were in Boston!"

Joy interrupted, as she started to present Grant. "We've already met. I didn't know *you* were in Boston, Miss Dalrymple."

THE college girl explained that she was visiting a friend in her vacation, that it was her first visit to Boston, and she liked it *very much*. Her eyes dwelt on Grant in naive compliment at this last, and Grant smiled appreciatively in return.

Joy nearly smiled herself. Six months ago and one would have thought she had ruined a life. Now Grant was looking better and happier than she had ever seen him; and he was regarding her with offhand friendliness. The girl at his side was really an exquisite thing, with clear, eager eyes like his own. Joy knew that her once-radiant eyes had been dulled, first by the experience of disillusionment and then by monotonous routine. She knew that she was thin and pale from a life of irregular restaurant eating; she knew that the young thing at Grant's side gained color by comparison; and she was glad. This could be a last picture that would wipe out all regret in dreams of what might have been.

Miss Dalrymple was all exclamations over Jerry's marriage. "To think that it happened the very next day, and there we sat never suspecting what was going on! It's the most romantic thing I ever knew!"

Mabel had written Joy twice; at first when she was upset over the unconventionality that marked this Lancaster marriage, then later when she had seen them together and lost her shock in joy at finding her brother in the heights she was beginning to fear would never be his.

Miss Dalrymple turned to Grant. "You know, Miss Nelson's cousin had her brother all picked out for me—when Miss Nelson walked in with the most fascinating girl you ever saw, who walked right off with him."

"Then I owe Miss Nelson a very great debt!" said Grant with a smile that broke in the middle as he looked at Joy and saw her amusement shrieking from beneath the sheathed surface of polite friendliness. The air was tingling with omissions as Joy said her good-bys and left them. Their status was plain—an affair well along in interest and momentum.

THE girl with the skin of peach-down and the wide, untroubled eyes was the logical mate for Grant Gray. Each could give the other as nearly all that the other desired as was possible in an earthly union. It would be one of those unions that seemed eminently *right*—and it would even seem so to Mrs. Gray! Joy laughed aloud at that last thought. The heart-caught-on-the-rebound sneer upon which so many girls inwardly feed while apparently they are smilingly urbane to their former suitor's flames never even occurred to her. It was a perfect union, while the union of her nature and Grant's would always have been imperfect at best.

Inexplicably it made her feel the more lonely.

It was soon after that, one afternoon while she was hesitating over a letter to her father about her future plans, that Jim called her on the phone.

"Do you realize how long it's been since I've seen you, Joy?" he asked.

She did. "I've been so busy—" she faltered. "And now that Jerry is gone, I can't very well entertain in the apartment alone."

"Then we can meet somewhere and go to dinner. Meet me at the Touraine, at seven. I must see you, Joy."

When she drifted into the Touraine exactly five minutes late—Jerry and Sarah had taught her that system—men hate to wait and yet one must never be on time—Jim came forward to meet her, and she found herself clinging to his hand for a longer space of time than is allotted to the usual formal clasp. All her past loneliness rose about her and seemed to choke her utterance, with something else that left her without speech.

The order given, Joy told the complete story of the New York trip, with the loneliness Jerry's leaving her had brought. "What shall I do?" she concluded. "If father comes down here, he'll find me living alone in the apartment, which he certainly would not like."

Jim shook his head. "This Félicie Durant you speak of, who lives in Brighton with her great-aunt—perhaps she could persuade her aunt to rent Jerry's apartment, and then keep you as a boarder. If you suggest that scheme to her, she might think of offering to take you in with them even if they didn't care to move."

"That is a good suggestion," she said uncertainly. She was in that state of mind where she hated to take any steps, make any plans.

"If that fails, you'll have to apply to the Students' Union for lists of recommended places," he said with quiet finality.

Joy felt an embracing peace, the peace of decision in which Jim always enveloped her. "Jim," she said suddenly, "what have I ever done—or been, except a foolish girl—that you should be so good to me? At the very first you did more than I can ever repay, and then you went on always helping me, in ways that really were help—and understanding so well—sometimes better than I understand myself."

Jim looked at her across the table, and the keen friendliness dropped from his eyes all at once. Involuntarily Joy turned away her face. When his voice came, it was quiet, with a new current bearing it along.

"It is because I have understood so well that I've never told you what I must tell you now. The brakes won't hold. I think I have loved you, Joy, from the time your lip quivered when you told me to take you back to Tom."

A pause while the waiter took away their dishes. Of all moments to bring in his tardy self!

Joy started to speak, to falter her way with lips suddenly tender, but he was looking away from her now and beyond.

"I think you ought to know, Joy, that I love you more than any one else in this world. You—you mean life to me."

THERE was no wild heart-beat trembling in her being as she heard his words—nothing but peace and a great contentment. "Oh, Jim!" she said in a little voice, then waited for his eyes to meet hers. It had not come within the halo of dreams nor in the area of the disturbing thrills of youth—it came in a golden calm. Jim was the perfect knight of whom she had dreamed in the days when she supposed one had but to wait and the knight would come ariding—the perfect knight, with spotless shield and shining armor. The shield was his spotless life, making him more than worthy of her; the armor was the white strength of his soul and his body with which he had defended her at all times since the very first.

Then weirdly, unaccountably, across the even rhapsody of her meditation came a voice from the chapels of memory; a voice full, perfectly poised, with each word as flawless as if it had been engraved on a cameo:

"Love comes down to a hearth-fire after marriage; and we who sing are not content with hearth-fires. Remember that always, little one; *we who sing are not content with hearth-fires.*"

Only that second of recollection before Jim's eyes met hers, and Joy chose her fate. She urged her eyes away from him, with a sick little shiver, and keeping them fixed on some distant point, she said in a voice so slight it almost slipped away before it struck the hearing: "Jim—please—don't!"

"I won't," he said, in a voice that did not alter. "I—

I knew it was hopeless, Joy, before I spoke; and I shall not bother you about it again; but I wanted you to know, while I was able to see you—you have not let me see you for so long."

"Jim, I'm so sorry!" she cried, against the destruction that was descending upon her soul so lately filled with peace.

"Sorry! Sorry is an awful little word. I didn't want to make you sorry. I just wanted you to know. I would have been a conceited ass indeed if I had thought you could care for me."

"It's not that."

The words were clipped out in an even glassy tone, as hard as a window-pane and as easy to break or see through. But the shutters were down behind for the one who most wanted to see.

Jim did not bring the subject up again until they were at the door of the apartment.

"Please don't let anything I've said worry you, Joy. And we still are friends, aren't we?"

"Oh, yes, Jim!" she cried, and then fell silent, ashamed. "This world would indeed be an empty place for me if anything should happen to that friendship."

He took her hand, and she knew in a bitter little rush how much she wanted to have his arms around her—to feel again encompassing her the peace that she had destroyed. Pale as the novice who goes to her vows, she took her hand away and left him.

ON HEARING Joy's proposition, Félicie consulted her great-aunt, but neither of them wished to leave their eminently satisfactory lodgings in Brighton.

"It's awful for you to be alone, though, Joy," she said. "Auntie suggested that you come and stay with us—she's deaf, you know, so she won't mind your practising, if you don't mind living in the little room off the kitchen. I'd take you in with me, but there's really no room, the way everything's fixed."

Having decided to accept this enthusiastic invitation before it had been issued, Joy surprised Félicie by being pleased with the offer of the little room near the kitchen. "Of course I'd pay board," she said, "and take my meals out."

"Well, all right," said Félicie, "only auntie will be annoyed if you don't eat with her. She's lonely, now that I go out so much of the time."

They left the situation to be fought out with "auntie," and Joy wrote Jerry of her decision to leave the apartment as soon as she could get her things together.

Jerry replied by bursting in upon Joy one morning in the first chill days of April while Joy was poaching a dejected egg in the kitchenette. A new radiant Jerry, all softnesses of winsome, assured charm that is the gain of those who are exorbitantly loved in return for their own great love. She danced over the apartment in pretended high spirits at being back, and then packed her clothes in a rush of concentration that betrayed her haste.

"This is the first time I've been away from him—and I didn't know I was going to feel like this!" she confessed. "There's just one thing, though. You have no use for the wine-closet, I take it?"

Joy had not taken a drink since the night she had watched the effect of it from the sofa with Wigs and Davy babbling in her ear.

"Then," said Jerry briskly, "we might just as well do a little government-agent work." At Joy's look of astonishment: "Oh, I never drink now. There's too much else to think about. Seems funny when I think in idle moments how I've taken it down all my life and now how I've just dropped it off without much effort. But somehow you don't feel like the good old stuff when you're in love. There's something about it——"

THEY took the liquor case by case to the bathroom, where they became carried away by an orgy of opening bottles and watching their contents gurgle into the tub.

"We could bathe in champagne now, if we felt like it," said Jerry reflectively. "I've often thought I would, but I guess I was pretty well doused on the inside when I had the little idea."

Joy watched it gurgle down the pipe and thought of the inferno that innocent-looking liquid could cause—what it had caused in her own experience. In the lights and shades of the mixture tumbling to the sewers where it belonged she saw Jack Barnett's face for a fleeting horror, that shifted to Packy's, quite as terrible. And she saw Sarah. And then they all blended together in a whirling mass, and flickered away. The bathtub was empty.

"I've got to admit," Jerry was saying in rather an artificial voice, "that in spite of everything it makes me feel sort of ill to see all that joy-getter spilling itself away in such a casual fashion."

That Jerry could have stopped drinking altogether! Even to Joy's inexperienced knowledge it seemed an impossibility. Jerry was staring into the bathtub again, with the hungry look of the street-gamin. Joy turned away, and with her old-time quick sensitiveness Jerry laughed and joined her.

"I don't deny it isn't hard at times and harder at others, old girl," she said; "but there are things in every one's life that are hard not to do, and all the same one simply can't do 'em!"

The day was unlike their old times together. On the surface both girls were affectionate and delighted to be with one another again; but below the surface everywhere intruded the man who had come between their friendship, changing everything irrevocably. Jerry was changed—for the better, one could not doubt; but nevertheless she was not the Jerry that Joy had known and loved. She was softer, with that new glow within her lighting everything she did or said. Her speech already showed meditation, her manner was more reposeful. Content and love were fast enfolding her into serenity.

They telephoned Félicie, and Jerry took them both to the Copley for dinner, over which they lingered. Félicie was wearing her usual look of unbroken loveliness and was arrayed for a Sixty Club dance in Brookline. Her attitude toward Jerry was frankly pitying.

"It's all right to act as if you'd pulled the moon down to earth, for a while," she said tolerantly. "I know how these things come out. Pretty soon this one-man stuff will get monotonous. Monotony! Sooner or later you see it in all married life! And you'll get monotonous to him, too! Husbands always get so *husband-like* when their wives begin getting always the same!"

Jerry laughed. "Better take the plunge like a shot the way I did, Félicie. Then you'll have no time to think up objections. Monotony! The way I used to live—the way you're living now—is the real monotony. Continually seeing one side only of large numbers of young men—one party after another—oh, well, there's no use wasting my flow of English on the subject."

THERE was no use. A youth with an attitude of cultivated boredom and repressed correctness came in for her, and she left them "wishing she could stay, but you see how it is."

"She never looks eager," said Joy. "You wouldn't think she valued a good time so highly."

"No, not eager, just smug," said Jerry tersely, and they talked of other things.

Jerry the excitement-eater was dead, that was plain. Joy had always wished to see that side of her dispensed with. Then why did this change, this miraculous, softening change, stir irritation within her, throw a breach between them?



PEACE SHE HAD NEVER KNOWN WAS SIGHING ITS WAY INTO HER BEING

She could not fathom the reason until she took Jerry to the eleven o'clock and told her good-by. There, with a farewell look at Jerry's brilliant face, enhanced by the beloved freckles, it came to her in a rush. She was jealous—jealous both ways! Before, she had been jealous of Phil Lancaster only for taking Jerry from her; now she was jealous of Jerry herself, for the world in which she lived, the world upon which Joy turned her back.

She did not sleep well that night. Disturbing thoughts pressed urgently about her and would not postpone their hearing.

It was a powerful force that had led Jerry to stop drinking, to drop her excitement-eating ways without regret. To pit oneself against such a force—to eliminate it from one's life—was an undertaking at the mysterious door of which Joy paused and shivered.

"Oh, dear! What if it should rain? Can you imagine anything worse than organdy in the rain? And yet if it doesn't rain, can you imagine anything worse than to have on dark silk, at Harvard Class Day, with every one else in organdy?"

Thus Félicie, flattening her imperial nose against the window-pane, a scowl menacing her untrodden brow, as the few clouds in the skies were menacing the calm of the June day.

JOY had been with Félicie and her aunt throughout the Spring, a troubled Spring of work and restlessness. The old wild longings that had once shaken her did not return. There was instead a dull, sick emptiness, which engulfed her work rather than allowing itself to be engulfed.

Few events had marked Joy's calendar. Her father had made his long-anticipated visit, and found himself pleased with her environment as well as charmed by Pa Graham. Under Pa's guidance Joy had worked herself into a position from which she could map out her progress for the next few years. "Nothing but death can stop me," she told herself; and the words grew into a sort of refrain that twinkled into her mind at regular intervals, generally putting to rout some unwarranted flight of fancy.

Félicie had taken the Spring at a pace that left faint smudges beneath her eyes and an ever-so-little receding of the tide of color on the cheeks that she boasted had never known a rouge-puff. It seemed as though she had been wound up and could not stop. Now Félicie was chafing between a watermelon-colored organdy and a dark-blue taffeta, both laid challengingly upon the bed.

"If every one usually wears organdy, why not chance it? They'll all be in the same boat if it rains."

This from Joy, as she combed her hair preparatory to donning organdy herself. Hal Jennings, the Harvardite who was taking Félicie to Class Day, had given her two tickets for the Stadium exercises and his club spread, and Joy had accepted Felicie's invitation to share the tickets. She had never seen Harvard Class Day, and her anticipation was not dimmed by Félicie's grumping. Félicie was always like that if she had to decide anything.

"Oh, I suppose so," said Félicie, and retired to the closet to change; "but you *know* how it *looks* in the rain!"

When they were starting out of the door, the penetrating voice that deaf people often acquire recalled them. Those little light coats weren't enough, Madame Durant said. They must take long, dark coats and umbrellas. Félicie started to crumple, then remembered her starched dress and compressed her emotion into a waver.

"IT'S bad enough to go not knowing how the weather's going to act, but to go dressed *piebald!*"

But they muffled themselves up properly, and with a final interlude of feeding the dog so that Madame Durant would not have to do it later, they were off. Félicie had refused to enter a street-car in light things. "They'll think we're shop-girls just back from the park, you *know* they will!" And so they had indulged in the formal luxury of a taxi.

"I've never been able to figure out why Harvard always gives such pepless parties compared to other colleges," said Félicie. "I'd never mention it to a Harvard man, because you know it's just as bad as discussing religion, you never get *anywhere*—but why do you suppose it is?"

"Never having been to a Harvard affair——"

"I shall die to-night, simply pass out, that's all. I'm sunk when I think of it. I just will make Hal take me somewhere else, that's all. In the first place, every one brings a girl, and you know that's wrong. It leaves absolutely no stags. That ruins everything right there."

Before Félicie had finished her complaint, the taxi man drew up and informed them that they would have to walk from there.

Continued on page 77



SHE FLED AWAY FROM FARRANT THROUGH THE DARK WOODS

FAITH

"They were used to her and had faith in her"

By M. L. C. PICKTHALL

"I'LL BE starting with them the minute it's light, Yetta. That means I'll want breakfast at four o'clock."

Simon dropped in his chair with a grunt, too tired to want his supper very much; too tired to change his boots or wash his hands before it. Yetta's long brown eyes turned to him a moment with an inscrutable glance, then she looked again at the frying-pan, whose sizzle added a heat of sound to the already superheated shack. But she had seen—seen the foul of the sheep-pens on his feet, the tufts of dirty wool sticking to his soiled shirt. As she stooped over him to tilt the hot gravy into his plate, she fancied he smelt of the sheep. And she sickened at the thought in a sudden desperate revolt of mind and sense.

Outside in the heat the sheep moaned like a sea, the wind was tainted with them, she could not get away from them and their necessities. For months and months she seemed to have heard, smelt, talked of, and seen nothing but Simon's sheep. And she hated them with the intent, silent, violent concentration of the woman whose life affords her no emotional balance; looking now at Simon, the grease of the pens on his heavy-featured face, the reek of the pens on his clothing, she felt in a black moment of illusion or revelation that she had come to hate him.

"D'YOU hear, Yetta?" Simon's yellowish-brown eyes looked up at her wearily. "Breakfast at four."

The woman was silent. A minute before, she had wanted to cry—cry her hate and rebellion away on Sim's shoulder; now, something in his voice made her want to laugh, laugh crazily. She began to tremble. Steadying her voice, she asked him, "How long will you be gone this time?"

"Eighteen or twenty days, I guess. I'll be back as soon as I can. Farrant will be over to help you twice a week. There won't be much to do."

"Sim," said Yetta suddenly, "don't go."

He was so tired that it took a minute for her words to reach his understanding. Then he laid down his knife and fork and again looked up at her in amazement. "Why, Yetta," he said heavily, "why, Yetta, I got to take the sheep in!"

"NEVER mind the sheep, Sim," Yetta answered, almost in a whisper, "never mind the sheep. Stop with me."

He frowned. "You crazy, Yetta?"

"No. Not yet."

"Those 're the first sheep I've had to sell, Yetta. The first of the first little flock in all this part of the country. Yetta, I'm the sheep pioneer in the Koosah. You want me to give up my first sale?" His face reddened slowly. Suddenly he was angry, with a hard man's lasting anger. He stared and asked harshly, "What's got you? Why, there's nothing in the world I wouldn't lose rather than that!"

"Are you sure?" said the woman softly.

"Sure? Of course I'm sure. After the way I've worked—" He broke off. Eying her, he asked more gently, "What is it? Farrant and Koosah George have the main flock. You won't even see 'em. There's only those few ewes and late lambs in the upper corral for you to tend. There's nothin' in a hundred miles to hurt you. You got the dogs——"

She broke in contemptuously, "I'm not *scared*."

"Well, what is it, then?"

"Sim, for five long years I've kept faith with you."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"I've kept faith. I've washed and cooked and toiled and waited for you. Every year it was harder. Every year, when you left me alone here, I'd think, 'I can only stand it once more.' All this time I've never asked you for anything. Now I do. Sim, don't you go with the sheep. Don't you quit me this year."

"Yetta, I got to. You don't know what you're saying. I've promised to ship them out at the end of the month. Allowing for wastage, the flock's sold already. The railway's running two stock cars to Koosah Siding on purpose."

"The first time I've ever asked for anything. You going to refuse, Sim?"

He said roughly, "Ask for something it's possible for me to do!"

She looked at him a minute, then turned away. "Breakfast'll be ready on time, Sim," she said indifferently.

"See here, Yetta——"

"Oh, it's all right. But there's other things to keep faith about besides sheep."

She said no more; and in a little while Simon Durand had forgotten her impossible request in the sodden sleep of an overworked man.

HE REMEMBERED it again in the morning as he set out behind his slow bleating flock for the long fifty-mile walk to the nearest railway, a pony and two dogs for company. Looking back at the house, so small at the head of the long natural meadow-lands of the Koosah Valley, under the shadow of the buttressing hills of the Coast Range, he thought for the first time that it was a lonesome place to leave a woman in. For the first time he set his strong, work-dulled mind to ponder what she had meant about keeping faith. Faith with what? With whom? Looking at her still figure in the doorway, he was minded to go back—to call to her. He sought for something to say. But he was of an inarticulate class in an inarticulate race. For five years his thoughts had run in one single channel. And now he could find nothing to shout but "Mind you look after them old ewes, Yetta! You got to water them! The pool's gone dry."

She raised one hand in acknowledgment. The turn of the trail hid him and his creeping flock from sight. Only the dust drifted back and back for half an hour.

In the middle of the morning Yetta came out of the house carrying two pails and went to the upper corral. At first it seemed to be empty. Then she saw a huddle of woolly backs in the shade and caught the detested smell on the warm air, heard the detested continual murmur and moan. What did they moan that way for? They had everything. They counted for more than she did. She looked over the fence. A trough of timber stood beneath it, and round this the sheep huddled, watching her with mild relentless eyes—ewes and late-born lambs. She went to the tank sunken in the ground and carried water till the trough was full. She flung the last pailful in as if she flung a curse. "There," she said, "make the most of it! I'm through with you!" The lambs, which had scattered from the splash, came back bleating. The sound followed her up to the house; it seemed to beat through the hot log walls; it seemed to be the only voice of that silent land, a voice of monotonous regret.

SHE did not stir out of the house again. She sat quite still inside the door, as if she were waiting for somethng she knew would come; her dark eyes appeared to see the approach of fate.

The warm hours passed, reckoning their passage on the Coast Range as on a dial, changing the sleeping shadows. In the afternoon a hot wind began to blow. Far-off forests added a long moaning to the ceaseless complaint of the sheep in the corral. The whole sunny earth seemed to send up the intolerable murmur to the sky. Listening, Yetta shivered, though it was so hot. The wind was tainted with wood-smoke. The forests were burning somewhere, helpless, as much surrendered to their fate as she to hers. It was coming on her. She could not escape. She had lost even the wish to escape. Her appeal to Sim had been her last struggle against it. The day passed.

With the long shadows a man rode up to the house.

Yetta saw him coming from the very head of the valley. She did not move. He was a fair man wearing a scarlet handkerchief at his neck and sitting a rough-gaited pony easily. He rode straight up to the door before he dismounted. Yetta made one blind movement then, as though she would run. But in a moment she was still again; waiting for him.

He stood just outside the door and said softly, "Yetta."

Something in her revolted against the softness of his voice, the suggestion of stealthiness. She answered loudly, "I'm here, Farrant."

"Is he——"

"Gone? Yes, he's gone. At daylight."

The man did not speak for a little. He seemed to be

lingering, not from doubt, but from assurance. He asked then, tenderly, as to a child, "What you been doin' all day?"

Yetta said so loudly her voice was almost violent, "I been waiting for you to come, Farrant!"

A spark leaped into Farrant's blue eyes, he drew his breath hard. He said, a little unsteadily, "I come over as soon as I could."

"You were some hours about it."

"I couldn't quit the sheep earlier."

"Oh," cried Yetta wildly, "the sheep, the sheep!"

There was such desperation, such rebellion in her cry that the man's pulses jumped. He stammered, "Why, Yetta, I'm in charge. I—I couldn't let Sim down over the sheep."

The fierceness died out of her. She stood in the dusk of the house, a still tired woman, looking at him coldly, curiously. She said in a toneless voice, "You've kep' faith with Simon."

"Yes," answered Farrant quietly.

"And *I*'ve kept faith with him."

"YES," the man whispered, his bright eyes on hers. He took a step toward her. But she put up both hands as if she would keep him away.

"Wait," she said harshly. "Wait till I tell you. I've kept faith with Simon. Through thick and thin. I've never asked him for anythin' back. To-day I did ask him. I asked him to stop with me. I asked him not to go with the sheep."

They were both very still.

"I asked him," said Yetta steadily, "not to leave me alone here. With you. But he went. He didn't keep faith with *me*. He went."

"Did you tell him," asked Farrant, "*why* you didn't want to be left here with me?"

"No."

"You didn't tell him——"

"What?"

"That I love you?"

Again a long stillness. Then the woman laughed harshly. "Why," she said, "why would I tell him that? You never told me before, Farrant! You've been too busy with the sheep!"

"I guess you knew, though."

"Yes. I knew."

"You! Girl, you wasn't afraid of me?"

"Not of you. Only of myself."

"Yetta! Girl!"

"Well?" she asked.

"What about it—now?"

"Anything at all, Farrant," answered Yetta Durand without hesitation. "Anything at all—so long as you take me right away from here, right away from the sheep!"

"I'd take you to the ends of the earth," said Farrant brokenly, and took her in his arms.

She suffered him without response or resistance. She felt nothing, nothing at all. His hands and his lips were nothing to her. She heard his broken words. "Yetta—loveliest—dearest—trust me, an' I'll keep better faith with you than he has. I'll be yours forever 'n' ever, an' you'll be mine—mine." His. Allard Farrant's. Even the strangeness of that thought did not stir Yetta. When she could she whispered, "You'll take me away?"

"Yes."

"And never mind the sheep?"

If there was hesitation before he said, "Yes," it was almost imperceptible. She released herself quietly from his arms. She was very white and quiet, though her brilliant eyes and disheveled hair went ill with quietness and gave to her cold expression something of the disproportion, the abnormality of fever or sickness. She repeated again, "You'll take me away?"

"Yes."

SHE seized his wrist and shook it. "Take me away—down to the town, Farrant, where there's a noise all the time—gramophones and bands and people talking and walking—where there's not a sheep from street to street."

"I'll take you now," said Farrant, very low, his young lips set in a reckless line, his eyes bright as hers. "When will you be ready to start?"

She measured him. It was a goodly thing she was taking—she who had no right to it. Suddenly she softened. She stepped up to him and kissed him; with no trace of shame or of passion; gently and sweetly, as a sister might have done. "You're a good boy, Al," she said, "a good boy—and faithful. I'll be ready in an hour."

All the good in Allard Farrant had gone into his love for Durand's wife. At the quiet touch of her lips he was on fire, but he held himself hard. There was perhaps as much pity as passion in what he felt for her. One pang of regret he knew—that he must leave the flock with which he had been trusted to Koosah George. Then he was entirely hers; and being so, her master.

"Listen," he said curtly. "I got to go back and get my other pony for you to ride. Take what you want to take and meet me at the top of the old south burning in two hours. Yetta——"

"Well?"

He glanced round the place, his face whitening with a swift distaste. "Don't bring along more'n you can help—of *his*."



YETTA LIFTED ONE OF THE WEAK, NEGLECTED CREATURES IN HER ARMS AND, BLEATING FAINTLY, IT SETTLED IN THEIR WARMTH

AS IF she watched something a long way off, Yetta Durand recognized the possibility of intense dismay and shame. That he should take that tone with her—as if she, too, were a stolen thing—but it was only a possibility—she felt nothing. She was surprised to hear her own voice shake wildly as she answered, "You needn't be scared. I'll come to you, all my own."

The young man looked at her and went out.

When he was gone, she began to move feverishly about the little house which had come to seem like a prison, picking out the things that were entirely hers. There were very few of them. The dresses which she made before she was married were nearly all worn out; nothing much remained but her "best dress," which she had never had the opportunity of wearing—a white muslin dotted with pink. She took it out from the box under the bunks. It was crumpled and stained here and there with damp. She put it on. Looking at herself in the greenish-flawed mirror, she knew it looked ridiculous with her somber sunburned face and strong thin throat. But it was the only thing she had left which she had bought with her own money. She hooked the pink belt round her waist, pulled on an old raincoat, took the small bundle she had made ready, and went out, shutting the door behind her.

So much time seemed to have passed that she could hardly believe it was evening yet, with long hours of the clear northern twilight to come before the night. In this strange half-light things seemed to be clearer than the sun. As if in one instantaneous vision, her mind was impressed with the grazing levels of the long, long valley, the great slopes leading upward to the range, the fencing forest, the trail, the watering places, and the hushed house behind her.

She passed along the fence of the corral and looked over by habit. She saw that the trough had fallen down at one end. It was a hollowed log raised a little on blocks. The sheep had pushed one block away. By habit she put down her bundle, climbed the fence, and managed to push the block back again. All the water had run out of the trough. By habit she thought wearily, "I'll have to fill it again." Then she remembered. She began to tremble. In a moment she was angry and exultant. She looked at the ewes, lying down in the dew, the lambs beside them. She imagined their stupid insistent eyes. She shook her fist at them. "That's all you'll get from me," she shouted. "I'm through with you!" She stamped her foot at them crazily and yelled. She wanted to scare them, to see them run, but they wouldn't. They were used to her and had faith in her. She climbed back over the fence, trembling, picked up her bundle, and went on to meet Farrant.

The trail led through light forest. Durand had cut ten miles of the trail himself, driving it south to join up with the government one at Kilisut. That first year when he was cutting it she used to take his dinner out to him, and share it, sitting there in the bush. His talk of the sheep had seemed to her then fine and interesting. He told her that there were only some sixty thousand sheep in the whole vast Pacific province, and that a great future waited for those men who started sheep-raising even in a small way. She remembered that she had been proud then to share in that small beginning and the far future. It all seemed a very long while ago.

SHE walked on steadily. Her muslin skirts were cold with dew. The heat and desperation were gone from her spirit; she was conscious of an enormous blank, a great foreignness in all familiar thoughts and things, and a loneliness beyond anything she had ever known. She said to herself, "This is the way a wicked woman feels. I'm a wicked woman," but the words meant nothing to her.

She walked about four miles. Then she saw a great green open sky ahead of her, cut with the black shapes of burned stumps. Among the stumps showed the shape of a man on horseback, sharp and still, as if cut out of black paper and pasted on the luminous sky. When Farrant saw her, he rode forward to meet her. Even then she felt nothing, nor when he said in a troubled voice, "I thought you wasn't coming after all."
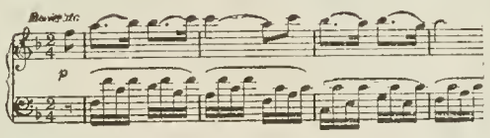
Continued on page 93



BETTY GOES TO NORWAY AND SWEDEN

HERE'S BETTY in the Land of the Midnight Sun. In the top picture she is talking to Swedish peasants in their pretty little peasant home, and in the bottom picture Betty is playing out-door games with Swedish boys and girls. Do you notice the big turnip the boy in the top picture is holding? Betty tells about it in her letter. Then you see the queer haystacks in Norway that look like queer trolls, and an old, old Norwegian house. How do you like Betty in her bright, new Swedish sweater?









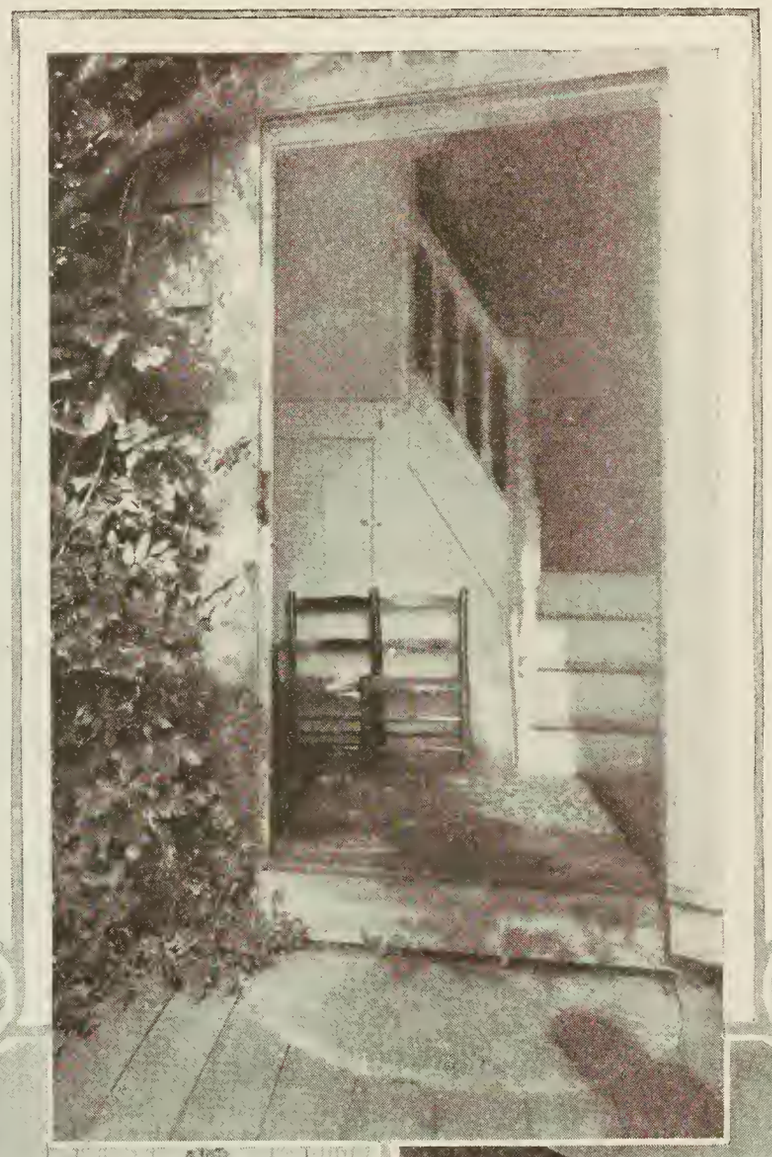
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE AND THE COTTAGE THAT INSPIRED HIS SONG. ON ANOTHER PAGE ARE BUILDING PLANS FOR ADAPTING THIS HOUSE TO MODERN NEEDS. THIS IS THE FIRST OF A SERIES ON OLD AMERICAN HOMES

THE HOME OF "HOME, SWEET HOME"

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

LESS than a hundred miles from the teeming city of New York there is an old village that dreams away its days in the sun and rain—the lovely village of Easthampton, on the south shore of Long Island. Through its softly beating heart runs one of the most beautiful shadowy streets you could imagine—a broad highway, with overarching elms and oaks; and behind these giant trees may be caught glimpses of houses that are really homes.

Near by, so unpretentious that you would probably not notice it, there stands a shingled cottage, with a roof that slants abruptly—a tiny house, only a few steps from the sidewalk. If you pause to look at it—and perhaps you would, instinctively, for it is a house that any one would love—you would see that it wears, in all seasons, a most hospitable smile. Its old Georgian-paned windows seem as young as the eyes of a girl; and its gray cheeks, though swept by winds and storms, are beautiful with the beauty of your grandmother's face; and out of its chimney there curls sometimes, like a great purple plume, the smoke from the big fireplace within. The willows and elms whisper to the old roof, and in Spring the first swallows come to build nests hereabout, and the grass creeping to the door in green battalions is like an army of friends shouting "Welcome!"



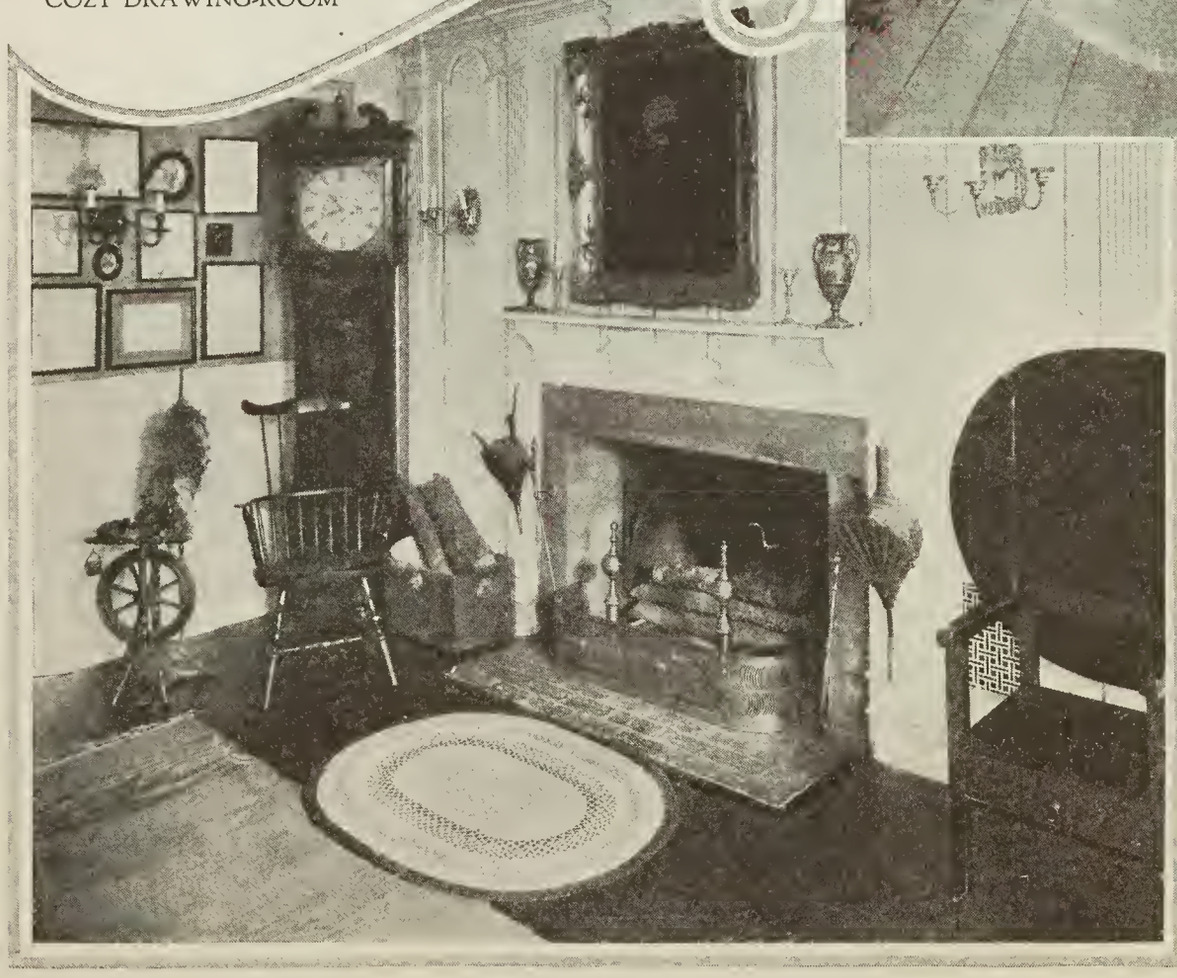
This is the simple house where John Howard Payne once dwelt; and this is the house he dreamed of and never forgot, when he wrote that song which has gone round the world, and which will live forever in the hearts of men—"Home, Sweet Home."

Yet fourteen years ago it was about to be demolished!—this little shrine, this jewel set in the velvet grass and amid his well-loved trees! The property contiguous to it was purchased by some church people, and a stone edifice was erected—a chapel said to bear some resemblance to that at Maidstone, England (Easthampton was originally settled by folk from that far-off town, and it was called after it for a brief period). Payne's house seemed "in the way," and unthinkingly it might have been razed to the ground, had not a charming gentleman come along, quite by accident, and induced the church trustees to sell the place to him. He wanted to live in it, to preserve it, not as a mere museum, but as a heavenly spot in which to end his peaceful days.

Let all Americans be glad that Mr. G. H. Buek purchased it, a thrilling memorial of the wandering man who thought of it constantly, and, finally, in a flood of homesickness, wrote of it in his deathless song.

Continued on page 53

MANUSCRIPTS AND RELICS OF THE POET ORNAMENT THE COZY DRAWING-ROOM



IN EVERY DETAIL THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ATMOSPHERE HAS BEEN PRESERVED





The "robes de style" as the French call them go back to the eighteenth century fitted bodice and pannier skirts, puff sleeves and fichus such as those charming little sisters, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, wear so delightfully in "Orphans of the Storm"

THE NEW IN NEW YORK

By

EVELYN DODGE

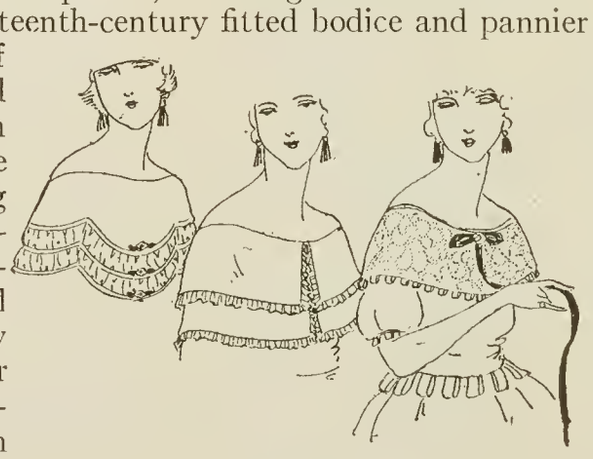


MAY in New York is a month of motion—children in their gay little peasant smocks cross-stitched into a blur of brilliant reds and blues and yellows as the children bound up and down industriously on their pogo-sticks like animated sidewalk toys, horses waiting with impatient pawings and snortings inside the half-circle of the park entrance for youthful riders in smartly cut coats of blue or black or brown cloth and tremendously swagger checked breeches, the flowering trees along the aqueduct tossing their blossom-starred branches against the pale-blue sky, women fluttering along the avenue in capes and flying panels, and everywhere a feeling of gaiety and freshness and buoyancy that is part of the month itself.

THIS year the month of May is made particularly vivid by the tremendous vogue of red. On the street one sees it, of course, only in accessories, in hand-bags of lacquer-red leather, in hats of scarlet silk or crêpe with sash ends knotted at the right side, or with their diadem brims or draped crowns covered with crushed scarlet roses, red in narrow leather belts on blue serge dresses and in the heels or pipings of dainty little patent-leather sandals. It is the successful evening color of the Spring for the silk crêpes and Georgettes, unless indeed you would call white a color which is used so much for the new vogue of white moiré evening dresses that it is almost a style in itself. The dress is all white, but sometimes there are panels of silver lace and silver flowers at the hips, black velvet grapes, a rosette of black monkey fur, white-and-gold arum lilies or a girdle and ornament of silver pearls.



ONE notices in the windows of smart shops on the avenue many *robes de style*, as the French call them, dresses that are copied quite faithfully from the off-the-shoulder bodice and spreading skirt of the Eugénie period, or that go back even further to the eighteenth-century fitted bodice and pannier skirts, puff sleeves and fichus such as those charming little sisters, Lillian and Dorothy Gish wear so delightfully in "Orphans of the Storm." The fichu is to have a great success, partly because of the vogue of organdy and swiss, but mostly because it is really quaint and pretty.



A very exquisite version of the fichu dress appeared recently in a Fifth Avenue window, made of a clear shade of violet-blue with the edge of the fichu and side tunics finished with a thread-width of silver braid, and with a great cluster of rose-colored flowers at the corsage. Lemon yellow is enchanting in these clear organdy dresses and is often trimmed with royal-blue flowers, and the brilliant hibiscus red is being shown a great deal in both organdy and swiss. In these materials the sleeve is always short, for the long, wide sleeve is awkward if it is stiff and it breaks very badly at the bend of the arm. The short sleeve is used in many Summer dresses, a sleeve that ends far above the elbow.



THE long close sleeve is being worn a great deal for smartly cut street dresses of serge, and there is a new leg-o'-mutton sleeve very wide at the shoulder and close-fitting at the wrist. The street dresses are worn with gauntlet gloves with the gauntlets lined with gray or beige or trimmed in some fanciful manner with black. An eight-button glove of fine suède in white, very pale biscuit or very pale gray is worn over the long serge, satin or silk-crêpe sleeve, and a slightly longer glove of the same type with the long wide sleeve. Long, black kid gloves are worn a great deal with the very short sleeves, and one sees them occasionally at night with black dresses, though few women wear evening gloves nowadays.

WITH the coming of Spring and the Spring suit the separate blouse has met with a revival of interest. Shirt-like blouses of pale straw-colored or white silk jersey are very smart with the classical tailored suit. The peasant blouses are made a great deal in crêpe de Chine or cotton crêpe and trimmed brilliantly with Roumanian cross-stitch embroidery. Heavy white satin blouses of the shirt cut are trimmed with jet nail-heads and many blouses are trimmed with fabric. A flame-red Georgette blouse seen recently was trimmed with motifs and handcuff bands of cut steel, and a black Georgette blouse was embroidered with Empire-green and antique gold.



FRENCH MODES FOR MAY SKETCHED BY SOULIÉ AND SENT BY THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS ESTABLISHMENT



This is to be another suit season for the Parisienne, who has discovered that one suit, well chosen, can cover the ground of many dresses. Soulié has sketched a costume of gray fillaine with a rose-colored blouse under a short sack coat and a wrapped-around skirt folded into plaits at the left side

Paris clings to the gray suit, but it is not the inevitable classical tailor-made à l'amazon of last year. The straight short coat is frequently used, as in this costume of gray rep trimmed with stitched bands



A bacchante evening gown follows the law of the low draped waistline in a gown of blue metal cloth veiled with blue tulle and festooned with dull, purplish-blue grapes. The transparent tunic is longer than the skirt itself, giving the new length without displacing the old brevity

Paris was the first to make use of the stitched or embroidered jacket with an untrimmed skirt, and many houses have adopted the same mode. In a suit sketched by Soulié the kasha jacket is embroidered with raised motifs and the skirt trimmed with stand-away folds of the cloth

Spring in Paris is often a hope deferred by many cold bleak days, and a coat dress of woolen cloth can be worn during the greater part of May. A tailored dress of checked cotelisse has the characteristic uneven hem and the new long close-fitting sleeve that many houses are using for satin as well as serge



Brilliant colors are used for evening gowns, as well as the black of silk crêpe and the white of moire and satin. A sharp peppermint green was used for this dress of crêpe de Chine with heavy pearl embroidery on the long wing sleeves and on the fabric flowers at the waist

PARIS KEEPS THE COAT AS WELL AS THE CAPE AND DALLIES WITH THE LONG SLEEVE



Coats hold their own in spite of the onward, all-conquering sweep of the cape. A new coat recently designed in Paris is of black "foulonne" with the long body and sleeves of linen blue cloth striped in black and trimmed with braid

Under a cape of kashavella the Parisienne wears a suit of the same material with a blouse closed at the left side and a rather narrow braid-bound skirt. The colors are beige and chamois, and the cire braid trimming is repeated on the inside of the cape

Breaking the endless chain of all-black dresses is a frock sketched by Soulié, of which the fabric is black crêpe de Chine trimmed with velvet ruches picoted with silver and sewed to king's blue chiffon. The full sleeve is drawn into a narrow cuff at the wrist and the transparent hem is of black net

The neckline gives itself new interest by varying its treatment with bands, narrow flat or standing collars, a trimming that is part of the dress. In a French dinner gown very fine black Chantilly lace was used at the neck and hem of a straight black chiffon robe belted with a string girdle at the hips

3705—Tucks are the way many a Summer frock solves its trimming problem. Here they are graduated and the hem gives the effect of the last and the widest of the three. This frock has a straight skirt and a slightly low waistline. The sleeve gathered into a band at the wrist is smart, but the short sleeve will be used a great deal in warm weather. The tuxedo line of the front with a long collar and vest is good. And this season the simplest frock may boast that really feminine accessory, a sash. Select cotton voile, dimity, lawn, batiste, mull or cotton crêpe for the frock. Georgette, silk voile, silk crêpes and crêpe de Chine are the suitable silk fabrics.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards of 40-inch embroidered voile for the dress and 1 yard of 44-inch organdy for the collar, vest and sash. The lower edge is 1¾ yard in width.

This dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 48 inches bust measure.



Dress 3705

3701—Frocks reflect the season. So now they are light and lovely. This one, with its pretty fichu collar, sash and flower trimming, slips over the head and closes at the left underarm. The straight skirt is joined at a low waistline, and the long body lining may be finished in camisole outline at the top. The short sleeves are edged with the dainty frills. Use organdy or taffeta, or cotton voile with organdy fichu, sash and flowers. Organdy, fine lawn, net, Georgette, taffeta picoted in self or contrasting colors are attractive or cotton voile with organdy fichu and frills. Taffeta, silk crêpe and cotton crêpe are suggested with organdy fichu, or colored organdy or lawn with white organdy or lawn fichu.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards of 44-inch organdy for dress with flowers and frills. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

Dress 3701



Dress 3699

TUCKS AND NEW FABRIC FLOWERS SHARE FASHION HONORS

3699—A single fabric flower gives an original touch to this most attractive frock. Like so many of the new fashions, this is a slip-over dress with a left underarm closing. However, it differs from many, for it is tucked, and that makes it especially new and fashionable this season. The straight tunic and skirt keep to the low waistline that the season favors, and the lining adopts the camisole outline. Organdy, batiste, cotton voile, Georgette, silk voile, chiffon and crêpe de Chine may be used in one color or two, or a color with white. Georgette, silk voile, chiffon and net are effective over crêpe de Chine or satin.

36 bust requires 4 yards of 40-inch Georgette cut crosswise for overblouse and tunic, and 2⅜ yards of 36-inch satin for the camisole lining, skirt and belt. The lower edge is 54 inches wide.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 40 inches bust measure.

3695—Fashion's morning-glories have one advantage over Nature's. They display their beauty during the entire day instead of closing their pretty bells when the sun is high. Their simplicity makes them an ideal ornament for this graceful frock with no other trimming. It is a slip-over fashion and adjusts its waistline with an elastic drawn through a casing. The straight skirt is tucked. The soft fulness at the neck is new and the short sleeve in one with the waist becoming. However, one may have a longer sleeve or one gathered in at the wrist. Cotton crêpe, cotton voile, batiste, net, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, chiffon cloth and silk voile are especially suitable materials.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards of cotton voile 36 or 40 inches in width. Lower edge 62 inches.

This is a lovely dress for ladies 32 to 42 inches bust measure.



Dress 3695

3673—Rosettes and loose side panels add their charm to the simplicity of this one-piece frock. It slips over the head and the blouse body lining is a matter of choice. The panels extend effectively below the skirt. Use silk crêpes or crêpe de Chine in one or two colors, or with figured Paisley or lace. Crêpe meteor, crêpe satin and charmeuse are suitable alone or combining the dull and shiny sides or with Georgette or lace. Cotton voile, crêpe voile and fine cotton crêpes may be used in one or two colors or combining figured with plain.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe for the dress. The lower edge is 54 inches wide.

This is an attractive dress for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3709—10858—A smart simplicity distinguishes this one-piece dress. It is a slip-over style of the raglan type and may have a blouse body lining. There is fulness at the sides of the skirt and the lower edge is straight. A triangular monogram is embroidered at the front. This may be worked in satin-stitch or outline embroidery. Use wool jersey, wool crêpe, serge, crêpe jersey, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, sports silks, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, pongee, linen, linen-finished cottons, cotton ratine and plain cotton.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards of 54-inch wool jersey for the dress and ⅜ yard of 54-inch wool jersey of a contrasting color for the collar, vestee and cuffs. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This is a becoming dress for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust.

3674—3481—The one-piece dress throws a straight cape with scarf collar over its shoulders and walks abroad as one of the season's smartest costumes. The dress chooses a Russian closing, wide shoulder, a deep armhole and may have a blouse body lining. Use silk crêpes, satin, soft serge, soft twills or tricotine for the cape. Heavy silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, stripes and pongee are also suitable for the dress costume.

36 bust requires 4⅝ yards of 54-inch striped cloth for the dress and cape (cut crosswise) and 1¾ yard of 36-inch silk for cape lining. Lower edge of dress 53 inches.

The cape is for ladies 32 to 44 bust measure. It is also suitable for misses. The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 40 bust, and also for misses.

3685—3520—In town and out one will have many occasions for a suit like this. The coat is new and blouses softly under the narrow tie-belt. The slash pockets make it additionally smart. The two-piece skirt is a straight style with the waistline raised 1¼ inch. A trimming band may be used at the hem line. Wool crêpes, soft twills, homespun, silk crêpes, sports silks, and crêpe de Chine are suitable materials for the suit.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3 yards of 54-inch homespun for the suit and ¼ yard of 54-inch broadcloth for the cuffs. Lower edge of skirt 52½ inches.

This coat is smart for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust, and also for misses. The skirt is for ladies 35 to 47½ inches hip measure.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 101

3649—10954—The contrast of two colors emphasizes the individuality of this frock with the peasant neck and raglan sleeve. The straight skirt joins the long body in a fancy outline and a new embroidered design trims the dress. It is worked in a combination of cross-stitch and beading. One may omit the blouse body lining. Select silk crêpes or crêpe de Chine in one or two colors, crêpe meteor and crêpe satin or cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe with cotton ratine.

36 bust requires 1½ yard of 40-inch silk crêpe for the body of the dress with the sleeves cut crosswise, and 1½ yard of 40-inch contrasting silk crêpe for the skirt cut crosswise. The lower edge measures 54 inches.

This dress is suited to ladies of 32 to 40 inches bust measure.

3681—Gingham is one of fashion's perennials and here is a new version with collar and cuffs of crisp organdy. This one-piece frock slips over the head. The lower edge is straight and the blouse body lining may be omitted. The wide folds piped with organdy trim the dress smartly. Use gingham, tissues, dimity, cotton voile, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, foulard and sports silks. Fine cotton crêpe or crêpe jersey in one or two colors would be attractive.

36 bust requires 4¾ yards of 32-inch gingham for the dress and ⅝ yard of 40-inch organdy for the collar and cuffs. The lower edge measures 53 inches.

This is a suitable dress for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure, and also for misses.

Dress 3673

Dress 3709
Embroidery
design 10858

Coat 3685
Skirt 3520

Cape 3674
Dress 3481

Dress 3649
Embroidery
design 10954

Dress 3681

Other views of these garments are shown on page 101

Dress 3663
Embroidery
design 10917

Dress 3661
Embroidery
design 10812

Cape 3678
Dress 3690
Embroidery design 10832

Dress 3683
Embroidery
design 10857

Dress 3690

Dress 3713
Guimpe 3561

Other views of these garments are on page 102

3718—In a season of fabric fruits as well as flowers, May is the month of strawberries, vivid, generous ones worn on the new Spring frocks. They are a gay and ornamental trimming for this frock of silk voile, and mark a low waistline where the tucked, straight skirt joins the blouse. The dress has a bateau neckline and slips on over the head. The inserts of wide lace at the front, on the short sleeves and between the tucks on the soft skirt are new. This frock is a Summery forerunner of dresses for warm-weather months. Appropriate materials for such a dress are cotton voile, cotton crêpe, dimity, lawn, batiste, mull, tissues, Georgette, silk voile, silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards of silk voile 40 inches wide and lace insertion. Lower edge of dress measures 1¾ yard.

The dress is particularly adapted to ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.



Dress 3718

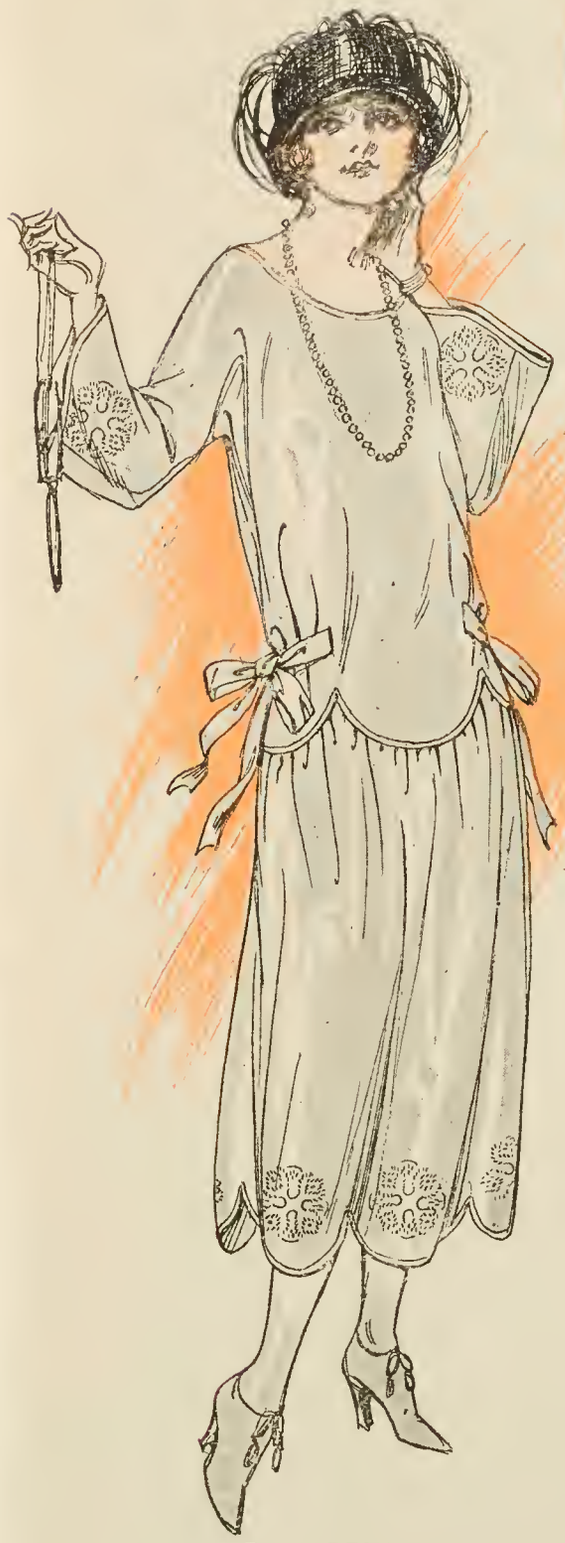


Dress 3697

3697—Quaint frocks are in vogue once more and are made on fanciful designs of gay-printed organdies or flowered crêpes. An elbow sleeve appears from under the shelter of the wide fichu collar of this dress and a side-tying sash is made of the same material as her frock. This dress has an elastic in a casing at a low waistline and slips on over the head. The straight skirt and tunic are joined to the waist at the low waistline. The dress has a long body lining marked for a camisole top. Make the dress of dotted swiss, cotton crêpe, cotton voile, or organdy combined with organdy.

36 bust requires 3 yards of figured organdy 44 inches wide for the blouse and tunic and 2¾ yards of plain organdy 44 inches wide for the collar and skirt. Lower edge of dress measures about 54 inches.

The dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.



Dress 3724
Embroidery design 10940

FROCKS MARK THE LOW WAIST WITH FRUITS OR GIRDLES

3724—10940—The scalloped dress is a popular interpretation of the Spring mode. This dress slips on over the head and the skirt is straight despite its scallops. It joins on to the long body in a scalloped outline. The dress may have a blouse body lining. The motifs are particularly well disposed. Embroider them in a combination of one-stitch or bugle-bead embroidery and outlining. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse, taffeta, Georgette, cotton voile, crêpe voile, fine cotton crêpe in one or two colors or figured with plain, or of satin or serge all one material or with a body of silk crêpe.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards of crêpe satin 40 inches wide and 4¼ yards of 3-inch ribbon for sashes. Lower edge of dress 1¾ yard.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3711—10955—The soft-looking Tuxedo collar, the vestee with rows of tiny tassels, and a new design for fabric trimming make this an original frock. It closes at the left side of the front and may have a long body lining marked for a camisole top. The straight skirt and loose panels meet the blouse at a slightly low waistline. The motifs are easily done. They are made by working in outline, machine-hemstitching, braiding or cut-outs. Use cotton crêpe, silk crêpe, or wool crêpe in one or two colors, crêpe de Chine all one material, or linen in one or two colors, or serge, tricotine, soft twills, camel's-hair suiting all of one material or over satin.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, with 1⅛ yard of ribbon for the sash. Lower edge of dress 1½ yard.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 50 inches bust measure.



Dress 3711
Embroidery design 10955

3663—10917—This frock goes a long way toward proving the adaptablity of crêpe de Chine for more tailored lines. It slips on over the head and has a closing at the left underarm. The straight skirt and loose panels meet the blouse at a low waistline. Brilliant embroidery in Turkish designs allow no somberness. Work these crescents and triangles in satin-stitch, outline or chain-stitch embroidery. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile, etc., all one material or in two colors or figured with plain.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine and ⅜ yard of 40-inch contrasting color for vestee, half girdle and ornament. Lower edge of dress 54 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3678—3690—10832—The straight cape of this costume varies a bit and adopts loose straps. The slip-over dress has a straight skirt joining a long body. It may have a blouse body lining. Embroidered motifs are a gay decoration. Work them in a combination of outline, one-stitch or French-knot embroidery. For the cape use silk crêpe, crêpe meteor, crêpe jersey, etc. For dress use crêpe jersey in two colors or with silk crêpe. Lower edge of dress 63 inches.

36 bust requires 4½ yards of 40-inch crêpe satin for cape and skirt of the dress, 3⅝ yards of 40-inch contrasting color for the dress body, belt and lining of the cape, collar and straps.

The cape is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust and suitable for misses. The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3661—10812—Summer zephyrs will waft in cool, graceful gowns of silk crêpe in vivid colors on the style of this frock which slips on over the head. The dress closes at the left underarm and has a straight skirt joined to the blouse at a low waistline. It may be made without the long body lining. Tiny rose-and-leaf motifs are embroidered here and there. Work them in outline, satin-stitch embroidery or braiding. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, fine cotton crêpe in two colors, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor with Georgette, etc.

36 bust requires 3½ yard of 40-inch silk crêpe and 1⅛ yard of 40-inch contrasting color for sleeves, wristbands and sash facing. Lower edge of skirt 1¾ yard.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3683—10857—Strap panels are a most effective and economical sort of trimming for this frock. This dress, with a straight skirt joined to a long body, slips on over the head and may have a blouse body lining. Make the dress of wool jersey, crêpe jersey, sports silks in plain colors, silk crêpes, or crêpe de Chine all one color or in two colors, or of crêpe jersey with body of silk crêpe, etc. The panels are covered with embroidery. Work the design in a combination of outline or chain-stitch and one-stitch embroidery.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe and ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting color silk crêpe for binding and lining the strap panels. Lower edge of dress 54 inches.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

Other views are on page 102

3690—Ginghams never grow old but each year blossom forth in prettier patterns and livelier colorings than ever before. They make smart morning costumes in this style frock which slips on over the head. The graceful straight lines with fresh white collar and cuffs add to its crisp appearance. It has a straight skirt which joins on to a long body and it may have a blouse body lining. Suitable material for this frock are gingham, silk crêpe, or for a dress with long sleeves wool jersey, crêpe jersey, wool crêpe, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin or charmeuse. Lower edge about 63 inches.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards of gingham 32 inches wide and ½ yard of organdy 40 inches wide for collar and cuffs.

The dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust measure.

3713—3561—Any girl wearing this one-piece frock in jumper style can come off victor of the match. The dress slips over the head and the guimpe with detachable collars has a normal or low waistline. It can be made without sleeves and worn with bright sweaters, suits or dresses. Use homespun, tweed, sports flannel, gingham, etc., for the dress. For the guimpe use crêpe de Chine, plain net, etc., with body of net.

36 bust requires 2 yards of 54-inch wool jersey and ¼ yard of 54-inch contrasting for binding, ¾ yard of 32-inch dimity for collar, sleeves, cuffs and bosom of guimpe, and ⅝ yard of 36-inch material for guimpe body. Lower edge 54½ inches.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 48 bust and nice for misses. The guimpe is nice for ladies 32 to 46 bust and good for misses.

Blouse 3547
Dress 3715
Embroidery
design 10823

Blouse 3710

Blouse 3729

Blouse 3698
Embroidery design 10954

Dress 3722
Embroidery design 10952

Dress 3726

SPRINGTIME BLOUSES ARE ON PEASANT OR SPORTS LINES, WHILE DRESSES, IF NOT JUMPERS, HAVE SIDE DRAPERIES OR THE NEW LEG-O'-MUTTON SLEEVE

3547—3715—10823—This will be the Spring for the dress in jumper style and it will be worn with blouses of the peasant type. This blouse may be smocked, tucked, shirred or gathered. It slips on over the head and has a normal or a low waistline. The straight skirt of the dress joins a long body. The flowers at the scallops are attractive. Work them in outline and one-stitch. For the blouse use cotton voile, etc. Use cotton prints, etc., for dress. Lower edge 63 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards of 32-inch checked gingham, with ⅜ yard of 32-inch contrasting color chambray for binding. For the blouse use 1⅛ yard of 40-inch cotton voile.

The blouse is good for ladies 32 to 40 bust and nice for misses. The dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



3547



3729



3722



3722

3698—10954—A blouse these days is almost obligated to do something unusual, and this surprise comes either at the neck, sleeve or lower edge. This one has a peasant character from its raglan sleeve. The seam of the sleeve is marked with a simple cross-stitching and at the lower edge a smart cross-stitch design is done in bright colors. Work this design in a combination of cross-stitch and beading. For this blouse use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, chiffon cloth, silk voile, pongee, China silk, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, batiste or net.

A 36 bust requires 2⅝ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide and a ribbon sash.

The blouse is good for ladies 32 to 40 inches bust measure and nice for misses.

3710—There's a quiet simplicity to the new lattice trimming suggesting Grecian lines. You will want at least one of these new blouses in your Summer wardrobe and the trimming is quite simple to make. This blouse slips on over the head and may have elastic in a casing at the low waistline or, as in this, a narrow string belt holds. Crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, crêpe jersey, crêpe meteor, satin, pongee, cotton crêpe or cotton eponge are suitable materials. Wool jersey is smart with the new flat collar.

A 36 bust will require 2 yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide including the fabric trimming and a belt.

The blouse is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure. It is also good for misses.



3715



3698



3710



3726

3729—For the sports girl the blouse on straight lines is well cut, for it has no confining waistband to pull when one reaches up to throw that scoring ball, and if made of pongee is cool enough for the hottest game. This blouse slips on over the head and has the popular collar for sports clothes. The arrangement of pockets and buttons is unusual, and to complete the neat appearance a narrow ribbon tie is at the neck. Make the blouse of crêpe jersey, crêpe satin, heavy crêpe de Chine, pongee, habutai silk, or of cotton homespun, cotton eponge, heavy cotton crêpe, wool homespun, wool jersey, etc.

A 36 bust size will require 3 yards of pongee 33 inches wide. (Cut crosswise to avoid piecing.)

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

3722—10952—For the gay informal tea dance at home or the club on Spring or Summer afternoons, a beaded gown is just the thing. The side-tying sash of this one-piece dress gives it a distinctive air. The dress slips on over the head and has the leg-o'-mutton sleeve. It may be made with a blouse body lining and have elastic in a casing at the low waistline. The beading design is dazzling in color. Work this design in large wooden or wash beads or in French-knot embroidery. Use silk crêpe with Georgette sleeves, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, or charmeuse with Georgette or lace, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe and 1⅛ yard of 40-inch Georgette. Lower edge of dress 54 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust measure.

3726—Fabric roses make a wonderful girdle to mark the low waistline of this soft Summery dress. The cascade draperies at the sides are becoming to any age and the bateau neckline is an accepted style. This dress slips on over the head and closes under the left arm. The straight front and back tunics and the skirt are joined to the blouse at a low waistline. There may be a long body lining marked for a camisole top. Silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse, Georgette, foulard, etc., are the most suitable materials and lace is lovely with Georgette.

A 36 bust will require 6⅛ yards of Georgette 40 inches wide. Lower edge of dress 50 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3733—3735—10950—A hint of other days comes in the collar of this straight cape, a collar which stands up on a round yoke. This one-piece dress, slips on over the head, and has a straight lower edge and may have an elastic in a casing at the low waistline or a blouse body lining. The embroidered motifs are a smart decoration. Work them in outline or chain-stitch embroidery. Make the cape of silk crêpes, crêpe jersey, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, satin, silk poplin, wool jersey, etc. For the dress use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, etc. Lower edge of cape in longer length 1⅞ yard.

36 bust requires 5½ yards of 40-inch Canton crêpe and ⅞ yard of 40-inch Georgette (cut crosswise). Lower edge of dress 54 inches.

The cape is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust and nice for misses. The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Cape 3733
Dress 3735
Embroidery design 10950

3733



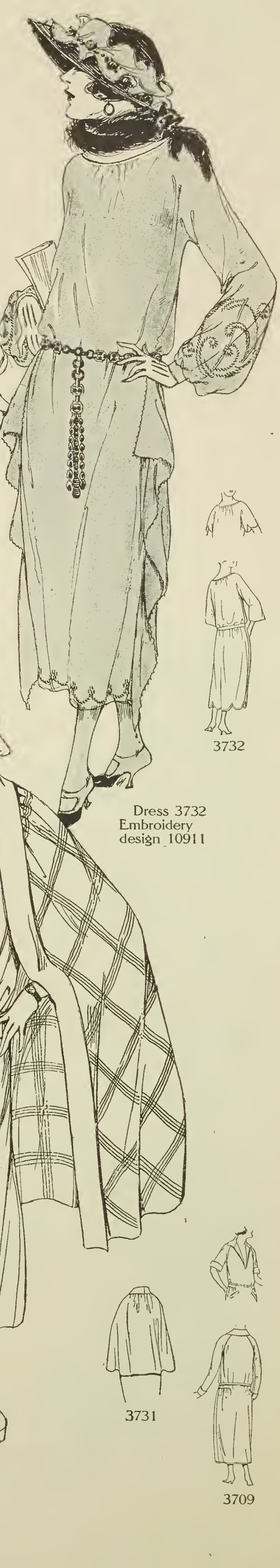
Dress 3735



3735



Coat 3734
Dress 3713
Blouse 3547
Hat 3422
Smocking 10610



Dress 3732
Embroidery design 10911

3732

3735—All necklines of the new Spring frocks are not boat shaped; some frocks are boasting a square-cut neckline. Pointed side panels and loose sleeves are of sheer lace or chiffon cloth. The dress slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. It may be made with a blouse body lining or an elastic in a casing at a low waistline. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, or cotton crêpe, all one material in two colors or figured with plain, or use crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, with sleeves and panels of lace dyed to match the fabric, etc. Foulard can be used with sleeves of Georgette.

36 bust requires 3 yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine and 1⅝ yard of 40-inch lace. Lower edge of dress 54 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3732—10911—The new frock has adopted some of the peasant characteristics seen in clothes this Spring, the round soft neck with its becoming fulness and the new sleeve. This dress slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. It is one-piece and may be made with elastic in a casing at a low waistline or a blouse body lining. Embroidered motifs on the sleeves are effective. Work the design in one-stitch embroidery or bugle beads. Suitable materials are Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, foulard, or wool crêpes, cotton crêpe, cotton voile, crêpe voile, etc. Lower edge of dress 55½ inches.

A 36 bust size requires 4¼ yards of 40-inch Georgette.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 46 inches bust measure and nice for misses.

3731—3709—3665—A cape and dress costume is as serviceable as it is smart. You may prefer the shorter cape. The one-piece dress is a slip-over fashion with raglan sleeves. The lower edge is straight and the blouse body lining a matter of choice. The fabric hat is becoming. Use wool jersey, tweed, homespun, soft twills, serge, crêpe jersey, silk crêpes, etc. Lower edge of dress 1½ yard.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards of 50-inch check cloth (cut crosswise) for cape, ⅜ yard of 50-inch plain cloth (cut crosswise) for collar, and 2⅛ yards of 54-inch wool jersey for dress. 21⅞ inches head measure requires ⅞ yard of 36-inch taffeta for the hat.

The cape is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses, the dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 46 bust and the hat for ladies and misses.

3734—3713—3547—3422—10610—A coat for Summer is often sleeveless, also the dress when it is a one-piece slip-over style of the jumper variety. So one wears a peasant blouse smocked, tucked, shirred or gathered at the neckline with a normal or low waistline. The hat has a stitched bias brim and rolls becomingly. Use flannel, tweeds, homespun, for coat, and chintz, cotton prints, etc., for dress and taffeta for hat.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch flannel for coat and hat in 22-inch head size, 2⅞ yards of 36-inch cretonne for dress 1¾ yard of 36-inch batiste for blouse. Lower edge of dress 54½ inches.

The coat is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust, also for misses. The dress is smart for ladies, 32 to 48 inches bust, and for misses. The blouse is attractive for ladies 32 to 40 inches bust, also for misses, and the hat is for ladies, misses, girls and children.

3734



3547



3713



Cape 3731
Dress 3709
Hat 3665

3731

3709

SOFT FROCKS IN WHITE TO WEAR WHEN ONE SAYS "AU REVOIR" TO SCHOOL DAYS



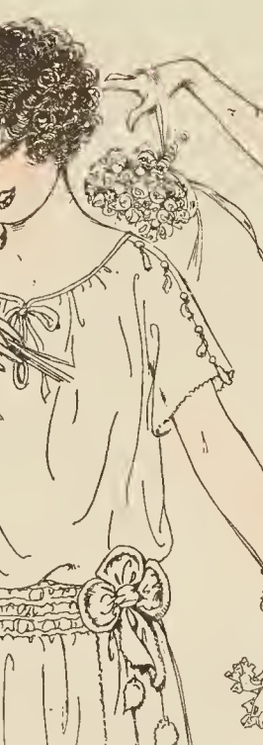
Dress 3686
Embroidery design 10899



Dress
3720



Dress 3540
Embroidery design
10734



Dress
3653



Dress 3693
Embroidery design 10900

3686—10899—June-time brings roses and gala days for young girls, garden parties and evening fêtes and, most awaited of all—her graduation day. This soft dress slips on over the head and has elastic in a casing at a low waistline. It has a straight tucked skirt and a kimono body. Make the dress of cotton crêpe, cotton voile, batiste, net, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, chiffon cloth, or of silk voile. A thistle-down design decorates the dress. Work this design in one-stitch embroidery. Or you can use the new fabric corsage flowers at the low waistline.

A 16-year size will require 3⅜ yards of cotton voile 36 inches wide and ribbon for sash. Lower edge of dress 63 inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years.

3720—A frock with a fichu collar makes graduation day doubly impressive. This style slips over the head and closes under the left arm. The straight skirt is joined at a low waistline. The long body lining may be finished in camisole outline. Use organdy or taffeta, or cotton voile with organdy fichu and trimmings, or make the dress of organdy, fine lawn, net, Georgette or taffeta, trimmed with ruffles in the same or a contrasting color. Silk crêpe or cotton crêpe with organdy are suitable, also colored organdy or lawn with white.

A 16-year size requires 3½ yards of organdy 44 inches wide. Lower edge 58½ inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years, also for small women.

3540—10734—The long-looked for occasion of graduation has come at last and this girl graduate is proud of her diploma and her new frock. It is a slip-over fashion closing at the left underarm. The loose front and back panels are arranged with sash effects at the sides. The straight skirt is tucked and attached to a komono body at low wasitline. The blouse body lining may be omitted. An embroidered flower design is used. It is worked in satin-stitch, eyelets and French stemming. Organdy, swiss, batiste, dimity, handkerchief linen, cotton voile, lawn, crêpe de Chine and Georgette are suitable materials.

A 16-year size requires 4½ yards of batiste 36 inches wide. Lower edge of dress 63 inches.

The dress is attractive for the miss of 15 to 20 years.



3686



3720



3716



Dress 3716

3653—A frock with flying panels and of white crêpe de Chine may be used for a great many occasions during the Summer. This dress slips on over the head and closes at the left underarm. The straight skirt and panels join the blouse at a low waistline. There is a long body lining which is marked for a camisole top. The waistline has a fabric flower for a distinctive trimming and the low shoulder and peasant fulness at the neck are new. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe voile, cotton voile in one or two colors or figured with plain.

A 17-year size requires 3⅝ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide for the dress and flower. Lower edge of dress 54 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years and also for small women.

3693—10900—Fashion honors this special occasion with a fichu collar and puff sleeves. The dress has a straight skirt and a tunic which are joined to the blouse at a low waistline. There is a long body lining which may have a camisole top. The embroidered sprays between the rows of insertion are dainty. Work them in eyelets, satin-stitch, lazy-daisy stitch, outline, French stemming and buttonholing. Materials like dotted swiss, organdy, cotton voile or batiste with collar, sash, sleeve puff and bindings of organdy, or taffeta, silk crêpe or foulard with collar and puff of organdy are appropriate.

A 17-year size requires 4⅝ yards of organdy 44 inches wide and lace insertion and edging. Lower edge of dress 54 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also for small women.

3716—Charming in its simplicity is this frock with a trio of tucks repeated twice on the straight skirt and its fabric flowers in corsage fashion to emphasize the low waistline. It is a slip-over dress with soft fulness at the shoulders and short sleeves which for any other occasion may be longer. Wide insertion adds a very attractive finish to the front and sleeves of the dress.

Cotton crêpe, cotton voile, lawn, batiste, mull, Georgette, silk voile, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine are the materials especially adapted to this style.

A 17-year size will require 3¾ yards of 36-inch mull trimmed with lace insertion. Lower edge of dress 58 inches.

This dress is nice for misses 16 to 20 years.



3540



3653



3693

Dress 3707

Dress 3676
Hat 3596

Dress 3693
Embroidery design 10947

Dress 3671
Hat 3422

Dress 3703
Hat 3665

Dress 3671
Embroidery design 10951

Dress 3689

Dress 3666

Descriptions and other views of these garments are on page 100

Coat 3667
Hat 3332
Smocking design 10610

Dress 3659
Embroidery
design 10890

Cape 3654
Dress 3656

Dress 3688

Suit 3712

Dress 3664
Embroidery
design 10954

Dress 3717
Hat 3422

Dress 3688

Dress 3714

Rompers 3682
Sun bonnet 3727
Embroidery design 10934

Descriptions and other views on page 103



MAY QUEENS AND GIRL GRADUATES IN FROCKS OF RUFFLES AND FRILLS

3708—The age of importance begins with teens and one goes to parties in a tucked and ruffled dress. This dainty dress has the low waistline, the boat-shaped neck, and a soft sash of the same material as the dress to add to its partified air. It slips on over the head and the straight skirt joins the tucked waist at a low waistline. It is such a simple dress to make and so easy to launder that mother can be persuaded to include it in her sewing list. The best materials to use for this dress are organdy, batiste, cotton voile, fine lawn, net, point d'esprit, Georgette, taffeta, or crêpe de Chine.

A 13-year size will require 2⅝ yards of organdy 44 inches in width.

The dress is becoming to girls and juniors 8 to 15 years.

3702—One says a happy farewell to grammar-school days, partly because she doesn't realize the loss and very much because graduation offers an opportunity to wear a new frock. The panels of this little dress give the effect of a tunic, and the short sleeves are cut in a pretty way. There is soft fulness at the shoulders and also at the back. The dress slips on over the head and the straight skirt and loose panels join the blouse at a low waistline. Make the dress of organdy, swiss, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, batiste, taffeta, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette or of net.

A 14-year size will require 3½ yards of voile 36 inches wide and lace insertion and a ribbon sash.

The dress is becoming to girls and juniors 8 to 15 years.

3696—Summer frocks in all their attractive simplicity add to the charm of youth. This fashion slips on over the head and has soft fulness at the front and back of the neck and the sleeves are cut kimono style. The straight skirt is tucked and joins the long body at a low waistline with an elastic arranged through a casing. Flowers made of the dress fabric trim the waist and the sleeves. Make the dress of cotton voile, cotton crêpe, batiste, net, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, chiffon cloth, silk voile, and soft taffeta. These materials are particularly adapted to the style.

A 12-year size will require 2½ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide.

The dress is smart for juniors and girls of 8 to 15 years.

3556—Surely for the "flower of the flock" no dress could be more appropriate than the petal frock of soft voile. Although white is the only suitable color for graduation, the new tones of primrose yellow, morning-glory blue, or blush rose may be used for a party dress. It slips on over the head and the ruffled straight skirt joins the body at a low waistline. The tucks at the shoulders are becoming. An elastic in a casing draws in the fulness at the sides. Make the dress of organdy, swiss, batiste, fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile, crêpe de Chine, silk-crêpe fabrics, taffeta, or of Georgette.

A 14-year size will require 3 yards of voile 40 inches wide and ribbon flowers.

The dress is pretty for girls and juniors 8 to 15 years.

3721—Flowers, frills and narrow sashes appeal to the young follower of fashion. The frock has a jumper in slip-over style. The straight skirt is joined to the underbody at a low waistline. Use cotton voile, cotton crêpe, organdy, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, and silk crêpes for the frock with flowers. Make the jumper of taffeta with a ruffle-trimmed skirt of net, point d'esprit, Georgette or crêpe de Chine, or colored cotton with white. Organdy, sheer lawn, cotton voile, pin-dot swiss, taffeta or Georgette are suitable for a dress all of one material.

A 13-year size will require 2⅝ yards of organdy 44 inches wide for the dress with flower and frills with narrow ribbon sashes.

This dress is becoming to juniors and girls of 6 to 15 years.

3692—Fashion loves the wee girl and delights in dainty frocks to make her even more adorable. This lovely little dress brings its straight skirt up to an Empire waistline, which is particularly becoming to this age and adorns it with the season's fabric flowers in a diminutive corsage effect. The Bertha collar has a deep point at the front and two smaller ones at the back. The short puff sleeves are attractive and tiny ruffles at even intervals add effectively to this little frock. Organdy, sheer lawn, pin-dot swiss, cotton voile, taffeta, Georgette, net, and point d'esprit are suitable materials for the dress.

A 4-year size will require 2 yards of dotted swiss 36 inches wide and narrow ribbon for sash.

This dress is becoming to little girls of 1 to 8 years.

3643—She wears her wreath of roses at her waistline, lovely shaded flowers made of chiffon or of ribbon. The frock is an especially flower-like fashion with the flounces shaped like pretty petals. The sleeves are cut in a very good way to distribute the fulness at the shoulder line and the neck is in the boat-shaped fashion. The ruffled straight skirt joins the body at a low waistline and the dress slips on over the head. Organdy, swiss, batiste, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, taffeta, or Georgette are appropriate materials to use for this dress.

A 13-year size will require 3⅜ yards of silk crêpe 40 inches in width.

The dress is good for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.





3728—3727—One has ample excuse for vanity when her coat is shining new and she wears a little hat to match, with ribbon rosebuds all around the crown. There's an easy swing to this coat and the sleeve is comfortable because it is a kimono cut. Make the coat of colored tweeds, homespun, camel's-hair cloaking, cheviot, serge, taffeta, silk faille, or pongee. For Summer wear make the hat of cotton prints, chintz, cretonne, nursery cloth, sateen, pin-checked gingham, chambray, piqué, lawn or dimity.

An 8-year-old size will require 2¼ yards of faille silk 40 inches wide for coat. The lace collar and cuffs are separate. The hat for a child or 20 inches head measure requires ½ yard of faille silk 40 inches wide.

The coat is nice for girls 4 to 8 years and the hat is becoming to children, girls, misses and ladies.

3723 — 3727 — 10865 — That budding feeling of importance is abetted by a new rippled and raglan coat like this. Perhaps it is the set-in pockets which please her. The collar and cuffs are finished with a one-stitch embroidery. This design may also be worked in bugle beads. Use tweeds, homespun, camel's-hair cloaking, polo cloth, wool velours, ratine, cheviot, serge, checks or pongee for this little coat. The little hat is easily made of sateen or of cotton prints, etc., for Summer wear.

A 7-year size will require 1⅜ yard of camel's-hair cloth 54 inches wide. The hat for children or 20 inches head measure will require ½ yard of sateen 36 inches wide.

The coat is good for girls 2 to 12 years. The hat is nice for girls, children, misses and ladies.



CHILDREN'S CLOTHES FOR MANY A DAY IN MAY, AND A WEE BABY'S OUTFIT





3706—10948—"Over the garden wall" are all sorts of bright, gay happenings, birds building new homes and gardens in the making. There isn't a minute in the day that small girls are not to be found out there and a play set of apron, hat, and bag is a necessity. The apron covers the dress beneath almost completely protecting it from the ravages of sand piles and doll tea-parties. Bluebells and morning-glories are an appropriate trimming. Work them in appliqué or outline embroidery. Use chambray, unbleached muslin, or sateen trimmed with appliqué or embroidery in bright colors, or Mother Goose cloth, chintz, cretonne, or cotton prints.

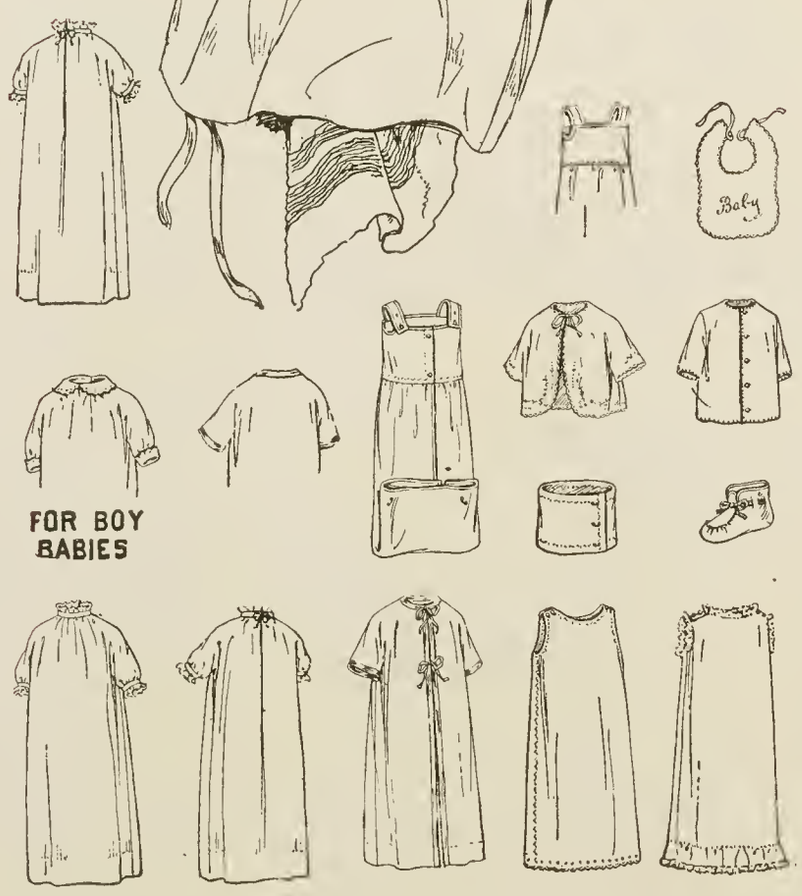
A 4-year size will require 1⅜ yard of chambray 32 inches wide.

The play set is good for children 2 to 6 years.

3535—3687—When you are a boy and eager to be off to school to get in a game of ball before classes, then who wants to fuss over his clothes? He wants an easy blouse to get into, like this one. It may have a permanent one-piece collar or low turn-down collar, or a neckband, and the cuff in regulation or French style is attached. The straight trousers with an underwaist may have a fly. Use madras, galatea, flannel, percale, khaki, shirtings or pongee for the blouse, and flannel, serge, mixtures, cheviot, duck, khaki, etc., for the trousers.

A 6-year size requires 1½ yard of striped madras 32 inches wide for blouse and ¼ yard of plain madras for collar. The trousers require ¾ yard of linen 36 inches wide.

The blouse is nice for boys of 4 to 16 years. The trousers are suitable for boys 3 to 12 years.



3725—'Tis never too early to learn the joy of possession, for wee girls at least, and a new coat is a wonderful thing to the age of three. Perhaps her monitors are telling her that this little ripple coat is especially appropriate for early Spring wear and even at this period she feels a thrill of being approved by the "older set." The coat is in kimono style with turn-back cuffs, a collar, and the nicest of set-in pockets. Odd oblong buttons in a bright color make an attractive finish. Colored tweeds, camel's-hair cloaking, éponge, serge, cashmere, henrietta, wool taffeta, silk faille, taffeta, piqué, etc., are the most suitable materials for this coat.

A 3-year size will require 1½ yard of cashmere 36 inches wide.

The coat is good for children ½ to 5 years.

3684—May is a happy month for birthdays and lucky is the baby who is born in this month. This is a time of year when the young mother can prepare for the event in a leisurely way, a month of bright days not too warm for sewing. The outfit which contains this little dress is so simple that any one can make it and has everything in it a baby needs indoors until the time when it can be taken outside. The set is in 25-inch length and consists of a dress, a slip for day or night, a kimono or sack, petticoat, pinning blanket or barriecoat, bib, moccasin, shirt and band. Make the dress of nainsook, lawn, batiste, handkerchief linen, or dimity. The neck and sleeves may be finished with a delicate lace edging.

The dress for infants requires 1¾ yard of 36-inch batiste.

The dress as well as the rest of the outfit is in one size.





Union suit 3691



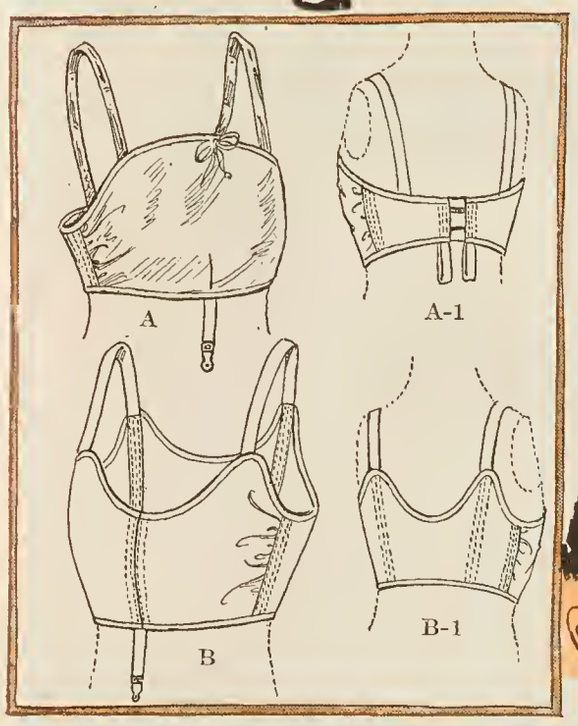
Apron 3700



Apron 3704
Sun bonnet 3727
Embroidery design 10890



Pajamas 3680



Brassières 3694



Rompers 3719; hat 3727
Embroidery design 10833



Embroidery design 10812

BRIGHT APRONS AND SUN BONNETS FOR OUT-OF-DOOR WORK OR PLAY AND PAJAMAS FOR BEDTIME

3691—Any boy who has a healthy liking for sports and strives heartily for the athletic frame will vote for this union suit. And mother will welcome it because it is a very practical garment and easy to make at home. The braces at each side of the front will please the boy because they look just like daddy's suspenders! Suitable materials to use for such a suit are muslin, linen, long-cloth, cross-bar, nainsook or madras. A growing boy needs underwear which does not bind nor hinder his growth and is loose enough to allow plenty of muscular activity.

An 8-year size will require 1½ yard of cross-bar 32 inches wide.

The union suit is good for boys 2 to 12 years of age.

3700—If we could look attractive, hardly one of us could resist at times the lure of domesticity. This apron, which slips on over the head, is pretty. Use chambray for the body and skirt of gingham, cretonne, chintz or cotton prints, or the body of Japanese crêpe or cotton prints and a chambray skirt, or body of flowered sateen or cretonne with a black sateen skirt. Unbleached muslin combined with fancy percale makes a useful apron.

36 bust will require 1¼ yard of chambray 32 inches wide and 2⅝ yards of cotton print 36 inches wide. Lower edge measures about 1¾ yard.

The apron is attractive for ladies 32 to 48 inches bust measure.

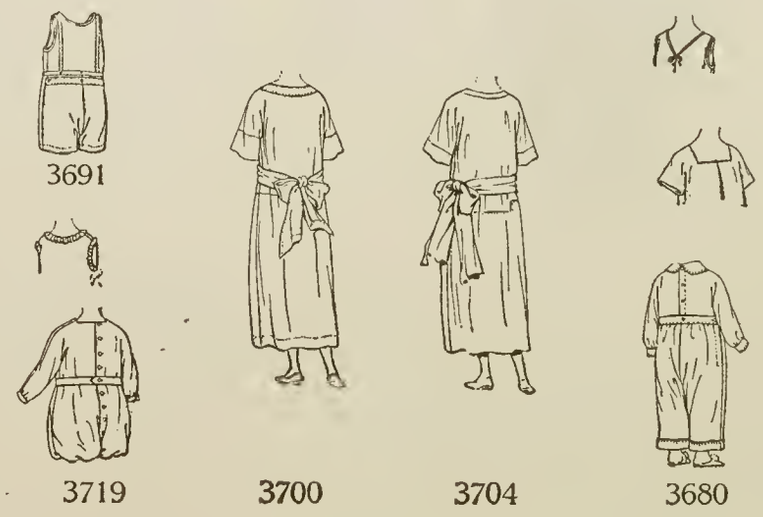
3704—3727—10890—Aprons have come into their own as real fashions of the slip-over type with a wide sash and in the garden one wears a becoming sun bonnet. Flower motifs are used as trimming. These may be worked in appliqué or outline embroidery. Use colored sateen trimmed with appliqué or embroidery with black sateen, unbleached muslin with fancy percale, or chambray with gingham, cretonne or cotton prints.

36 bust requires 1½ yard of 36-inch colored sateen for the body of the apron and pockets, and 2⅜ yards of 36-inch contrasting sateen for the skirt and sash. 22-inch head measure requires ½ yard of 36-inch sateen for the sun bonnet. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The apron is practical for ladies 32 to 48 bust. The sunbonnet is suitable for ladies, misses, girls, and children.

3727—10812—The season of sunbonnets is at hand and they are a very practical fashion for work or play in the garden and out-of-doors. However, one may choose a hat with a soft crown and this is a becoming style for the country or beach. An embroidered flower design is used. This may be worked in outline or satin stitch. Cotton prints, chintz, cretonne, nursery cloth, sateen, pin-check gingham, chambray, piqué, lawn and dimity are suitable materials.

For girls of 21 inches head measure view A requires ⅝ yard of 32-inch material and ¼ yard of 40-inch material for turnback and tie. For ladies of 22 inches head measure view A-1 requires ⅝ yard of 32-inch material and ¼ yard of 40-inch material for frill and tie. View A-2 requires ½ yard of 32-inch material for top and ⅝ yard of 32-inch material for brim and tie. For misses of 21½ inches head measure view B requires ⅝ yard of 36-inch material. View B-1 requires ½ yard of 32-inch material for top and ⅝ yard of 32-inch material for brim and tie. The sun bonnets and hat are attractive for ladies, misses, girls and children.



3680—Who wouldn't love to be "tucked in" at night in these pretty pajamas? Surely they will bring pleasant dreams to the small wearer. The front is in one piece and the round neckline and short sleeves will make them a comfortable night garment for warm weather. The ribbon arrangement through narrow slashes at the waistline and ankles is attractive. The pockets are useful as well as ornamental. Figured material with a white, pink or blue background makes up attractively and a narrow lace edging adds a dainty finish to neck, sleeves, pockets and legs. Nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, cotton crêpe and dimity may be used for Summer.

8 years requires 2⅜ yards of 32-inch figured cotton crêpe.

These pajamas are for girls and children of 2 to 14 years.

3694—Fashion depends very often on the brassière one wears under the new frock. It is most essential to select a style that fits properly and allows a soft fulness. These bandeau brassières give a choice of front and back closings and two outlines at the top. The straps over the shoulders may be made of ribbon. Use mercerized cotton brocade, heavy batiste, novelty cottons, cotton poplin, wash satin, crêpe de Chine, silk tricot, silk poplin and silk tricotine.

36 bust requires ¼ yard of 36-inch wash satin for view A, ½ yard of 36-inch silk tricot for view B, ¼ yard of 36-inch cotton poplin for view A-1 and ½ yard of 36-inch wash satin for view B-1.

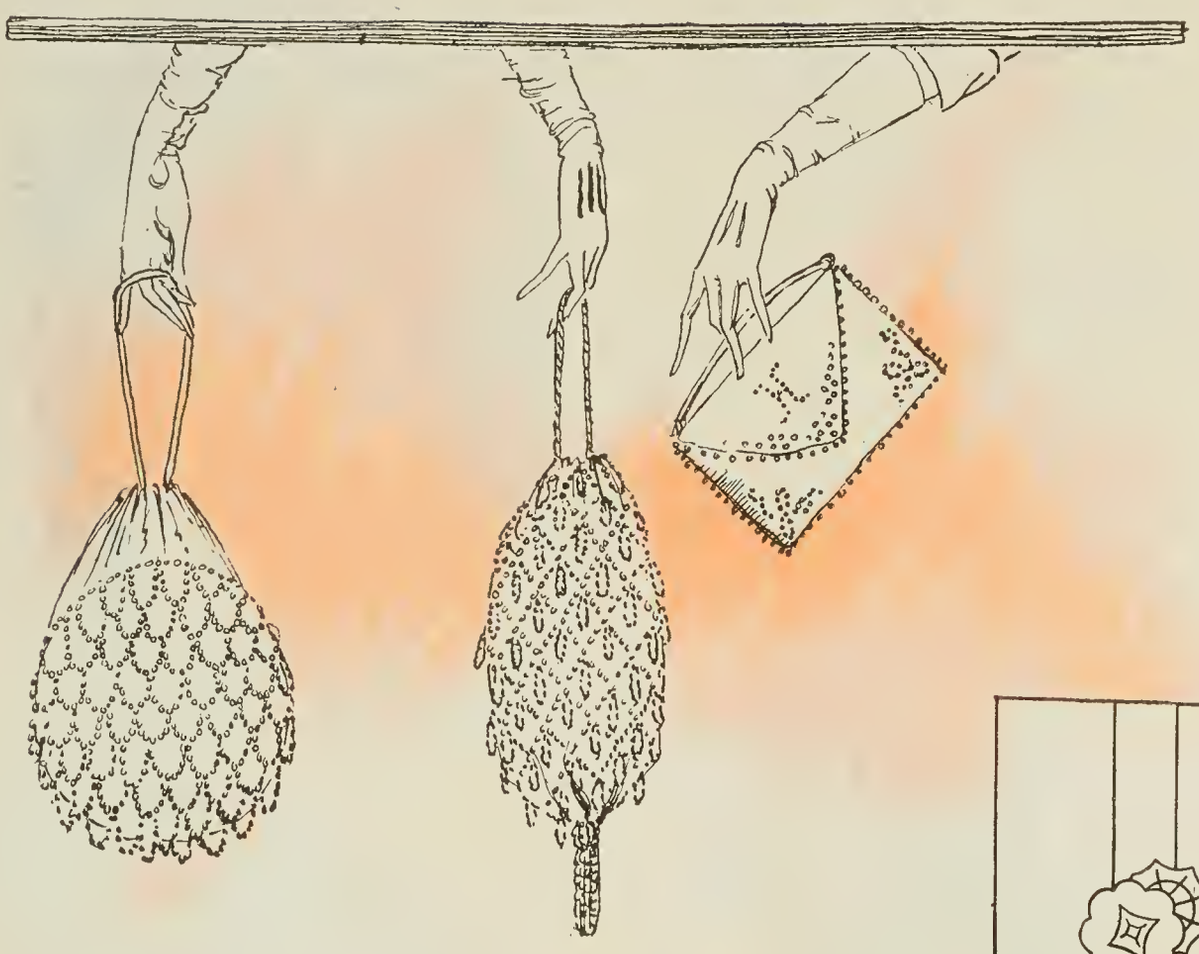
These brassières are for ladies 32 to 48 inches bust measure.

3719—3727—10833—Tiny tots need lots of romper suits for play. Mud pies and sand piles work havoc with baby dresses, and sunbonnets will often be mislaid in the garden. This little romper suit is opened or closed at the bottom. The little hat is described on this page elsewhere. Downy chicks can be used for trimming tiny pockets. Work this design in outline embroidery or appliqué. Make the rompers of chambray, gingham, dimity, heavy cotton crêpe, seersucker, madras, and linen-finished cottons, cotton poplin.

A 3-year size will require 1¾ yard of 32-inch cotton crêpe for the rompers and ½ yard of 36-inch piqué for the hat.

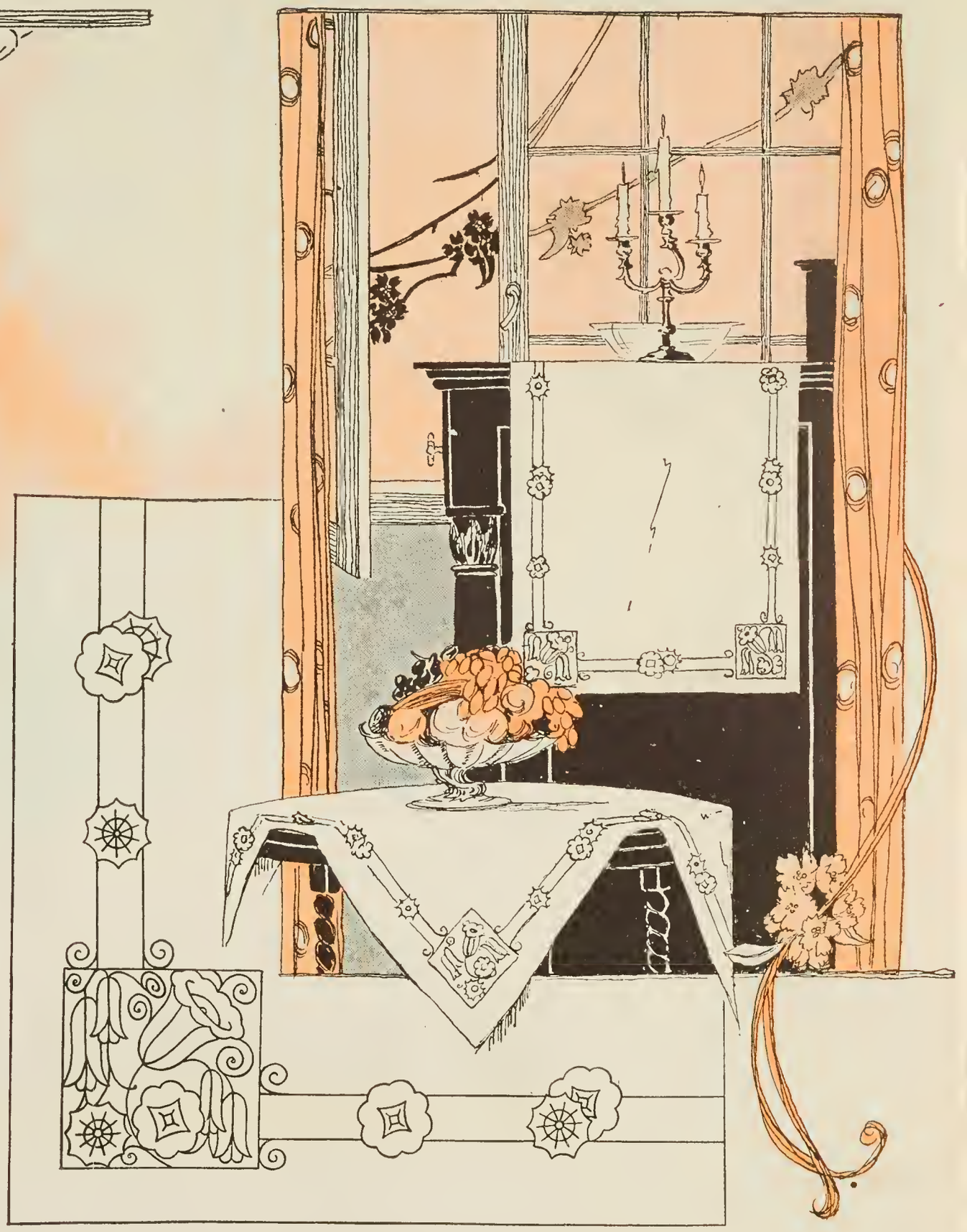
The rompers are good for children 1 to 5 years. The hat is suitable for children, girls, misses and ladies.

BEADS AND APPLIQUÉ LAVISH THEMSELVES UPON HAND-BAGS, HATS AND HOUSE LINENS



Embroidery design 10962

10962—What costume these days is considered complete without a hand-bag, and what hand-bag worthy of the name that is not beaded or embroidered? Some are much more elaborate than others, but all are attractive. A bag is a bit of needlework that any woman may attempt successfully, and it is an accessory that every woman finds most useful. The new bags vary in shape, and this design gives a choice of three smart styles to wear with the Summer dress or suit. The beading on the one at the left confines itself to a circular design, showing the unbeaded fabric where the bag is drawn together at the top. The beads are used for a loop fringe on the bag. The second is beaded in a diamond-shaped design that covers the entire bag, and small bead loops appear at each intersection. This style has a tassel of beads, which adds a decorative finish. The flat envelope bag that one often finds more convenient to carry is simpler in design with beading around the edges. A small design is in each of the two lower corners and an individual initial of beads on the flap. This is a unique idea in embroidery. French-knot embroidery may be used also for these bags if one desires and gives much the same effect as the beads. This design is suitable for three hand-bags.



Embroidery design 10965

10965—Though embroidery may wander far on the costumes it is chosen to adorn, it always returns with new beauty for home decoration. For the home is a first love of needlework, and embroidered household linens are the dearest possession of the woman who has her own home and the girl who is stowing them away for the future fulfilment of her happiest dream. At this season a new suggestion for house linens is especially welcome, for every housewife is putting her house in order for the Summer, when doors and windows are wide open and the warm sunshine lingers on each fresh cover throughout the house. This design in the form of banding and corners is unusaully attractive for centerpieces, scarfs and other house linens, where a border effect is always smart. The simplicity of the design also makes it easy to work. The very popular appliqué could be used and gives the contrast of bright colors on a white or colored background. The design may also be worked in outline embroidery and satin-stitch. This design is suitable for 8 corners 6⅞ inches by 6⅞ inches, and 5⅜ yards of banding 3⅛ inches in width.



Embroidery design 10964

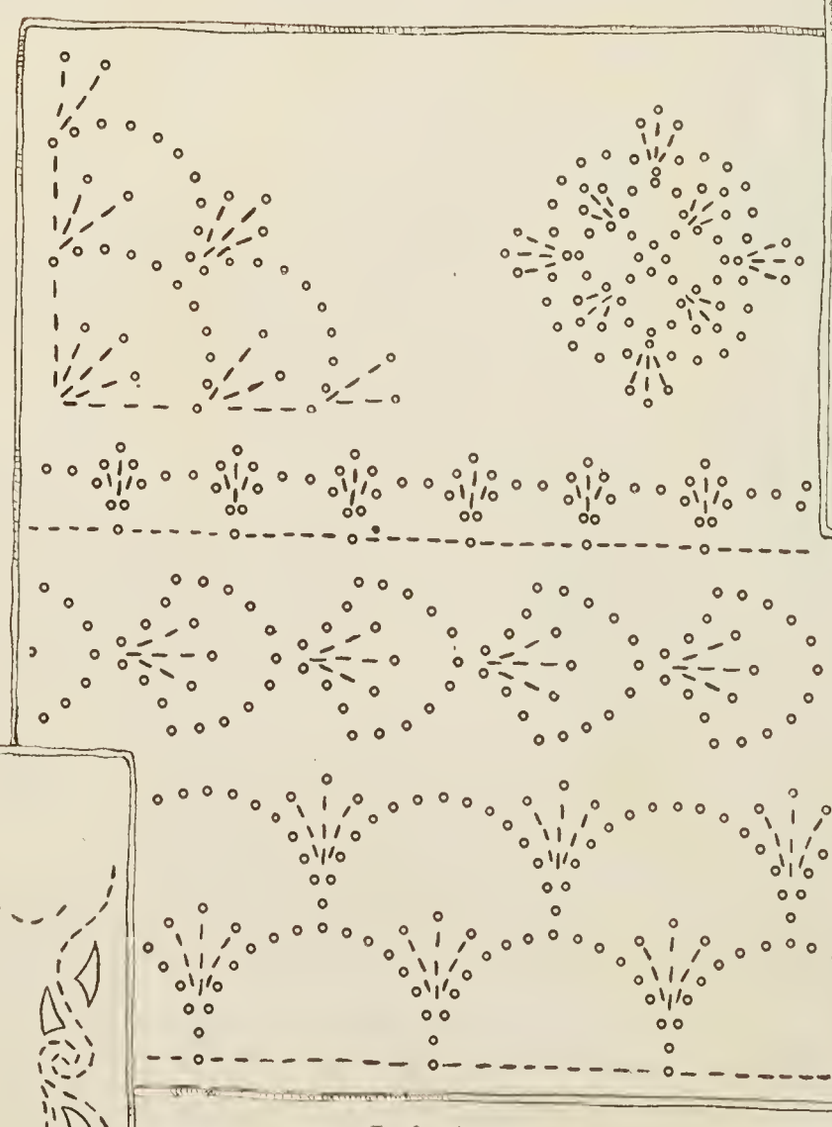
10964—Hats have always been Fashion's flower-gardens, and there is scarcely a blossom in nature, whether of humble wayside origin or hothouse cultivation, that has not at one time or another been artificially reproduced to adorn a hat. Summer hats especially take most naturally to flower trimming, as particularly designed for their own need. At present flowers of embroidered beauty are favored. These are worked in appliqué, outline embroidery and one-stitch, and adapt themselves to the smart small shapes or the large picture hats so lovely at this season. Then there is a new suggestion for homespun shopping-bags and baskets that make such delightful pockets on the gay aprons of unbleached muslin. Dresses, blouses and household linens also have a share in this design. It is adapted to 2⅜ yards of banding 2⅝ inches wide, 6 motifs 9½ by 4 inches, 4 motifs 8 by 4 inches, 4 motifs 5½ by 2⅜ inches, 4 motifs 9⅜ by 5 inches, 4 baskets 5½ by 5½ inches, 6 baskets 2⅜ by 2⅜ inches, 4 pockets 7 by 5¾ inches, 4 pockets 3⅞ by 5¼ inches and 2 panels 13½ by 4¼ inches.

MAYTIME FINDS DELIGHTFUL NEW WAYS OF EMBROIDERING ONE'S FROCK, BLOUSE OR HAT

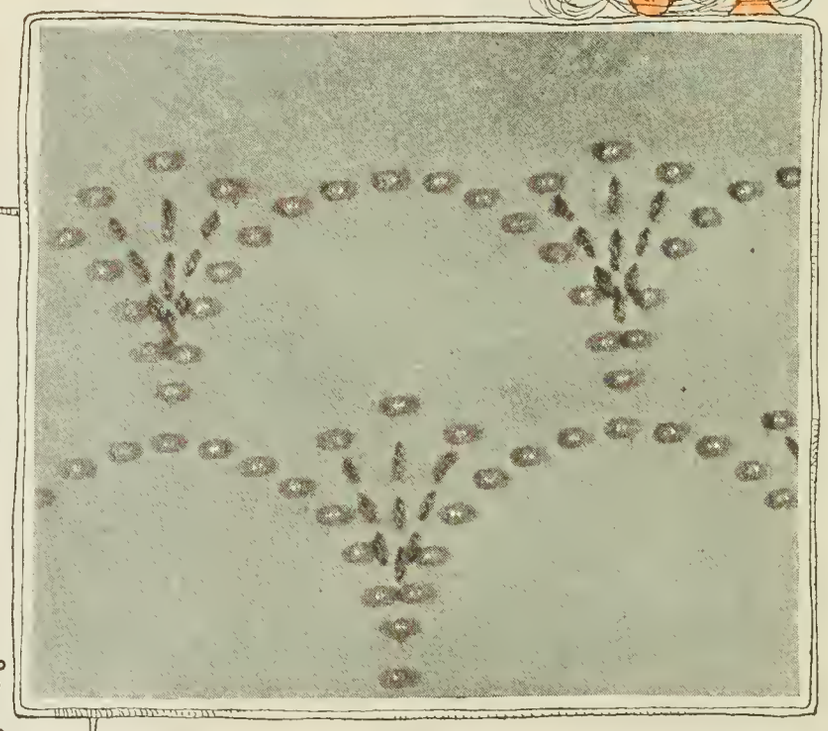


Embroidery design 10960

10960—The fashion world is "so full of a number of things" and not least among these are our collars and cuffs. The secret of being well-dressed frequently depends on the small accessories and the woman who fails to gain this distinction is usually one who overlooks the importance of these little things in her costume. Here are three collar sets, two of them with cuffs to match and one even includes a vest. These styles are designed for different necklines—the boat-shaped, the long Tuxedo line and the becoming little Peter Pan, and may be used on your Summer frocks as well as on separate blouses. Variety in materials and embroidery is possible, and white or colors is a matter of choice. White embroidered in colors or colors with colored embroidery is equally smart. The embroidery may be worked in French knots and drawn threads, scalloping and French stemming. Appliqué is used on the Peter Pan set and bright colors are most effective for this. Satin-stitch and outline embroidery are also suggested. This design is adapted to three collars in three assorted designs, two sets of cuffs and one vest.



Embroidery design 10961



Embroidery design 10963

10963—Beads are the jewels of embroidery and French knots are the semiprecious substitutes that come to the rescue when beads fail. This new design for beading or French-knot embroidery with one-stitch or bugle beads is adapted to banding and motifs. It also includes a special bit of embroidered brightness to fit into the corners, which otherwise might go unadorned. Beading is always lovely on Georgette and soft silks while the French knots are attractive on the Summer frocks of fine cotton voile. One could use this design on a dress, a blouse, an overdress, or panels, and it may also be attractively used on hats, for nowadays millinery has adopted embroidery as one of its favored forms of trimming. This design is suited to 2½ yards of banding 3 inches wide, 2¼ yards of edging 1½ inch wide, 2½ yards of banding 5⅜ inches wide, 9 motifs 3⅝ by 3⅝ inches, 6 motifs 4½ by 4½ inches and 3 corners 6½ by 9 inches.

10961—A stitch at a time certainly works magic in the realm of embroidery. And how quickly the new embroideries may be worked into elaborate effects. This design is essentially simple, and in the form of banding and motifs, is suitable for blouses, dresses, and skirts. Even one's hat may appropriate one or more of the motifs to match one's frock. The wide banding may be used on the skirt or tunic with the narrow banding around the neckline and sleeves. Motifs may be introduced on the blouse and often supply the spots of color that fashion is so partial to. A combination of one-stitch or bugle beads with satin-stitch or outline embroidery is suggested as the most effective way of working this embroidery, and self or contrasting colors may be selected. This design is adapted to 4¼ yards of banding 4⅞ inches in width, 7¾ yards of banding 1 inch in width, 6 motifs 10⅛ by 7¾ inches, 12 motifs 5½ by 2½ inches and 9 motifs 12⅝ by 4⅛ inches.

SUCH THINGS AS THE LATE SPRING STYLES ARE MADE OF

By ELEANOR CHALMERS

THERE is a curious thing about the insatiable feminine demand for "something new" in fashion and it is this: When the new thing comes women rarely take it. Not at first. Not when it is too unfamiliar. The eye must become accustomed to it first. Take the new waistline, for example, which just isn't, as far as an actual line goes. It isn't a princess effect, for there is always a flower or an ornament or a drapery that seems to clutch the dress to the figure and indicates the low waistline. This style is really new and charming, but for this season at least most women will cling to the perfectly delightful girdles made of fabric flowers or braided fabric or of a soft material trimmed with a corsage of fabric fruit or flowers. One can hardly blame them for refusing to give up a fashion that lends itself to so many fresh and delightful forms—strawberries of scarlet swiss with seed dots of white, morning-glories of gingham, and rosettes of Valenciennes lace that rest lightly on cool, transparent frocks. Moreover, the new ungirdled waistline suits a rather more formal type of dress than women choose for the late Spring and Summer, but it is a style that will bear watching if Autumn brings back the cult of draped dresses.

In the meantime we can enjoy our Summer fruits and flowers to our hearts' content, for the Deltor gives the swift inimitable French way of making them. They lend character to the present excessively simple styles and also save one a pretty penny on trimmings.



THE Summer coat settles the question of whether the sleeve is to be long or short, wide or glove-fitting by the process of elimination which ends in a sleeveless jacket. It is only a subterfuge, however, for the sleeveless coatee substitutes a dress sleeve, preferably a little full and gathered into a band at the wrist. In crêpe de Chine especially, these costumes are very nice, something more than a dress, yet without the practical business-bent look of a suit. The long close-fitting sleeve, by the way, is looked upon in certain fashion quarters as the incoming sleeve. Its success is likely to be postponed until Autumn since for warm weather the very short sleeve just covering the top of the arm will be the favorite, the large wide sleeve a second choice and the long close sleeve practically nil in the face of the rising temperature. The sleeveless styles are really a warm-weather triumph, for in dresses particularly one can wear the uncrushable wool jersey, even light tweeds and homespuns with thin blouses until one forsakes the woolens for the same styles in cretonnes and printed linens and that gay charmer, checked gingham.

THE Summer cape is what our best fiction writers would call "a splendid gesture." You can't claim that you really need that scrap of nothing fluttering from your shoulders when the weather is warm enough for cotton ratine and the cape is short enough to be merely decorative. But we have been inspired with such a passion for capes that we can't quite consider ourselves dressed without them in certain types of costumes. The flat-collared sports dress calls for cotton homespun and a cape to match the dress; the silk crêpes roll their own flowers for the capes which are worn over dresses of the same material and color, the bright little dresses of foulard silks and Paisley and cashmere prints have a plain-colored cape lined with the dress material. It is rarely a separate cape except in the evening. It must have the air of belonging to the dress it covers.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE DELTOR

TOO GOOD FOR HIM

HE WAS an English tailor whose extraordinarily good work had given him quite a reputation among smart women. He came to the Butterick pattern department for a pattern of a new French jacket which one of his customers had seen in THE DELINEATOR and with which he was unfamiliar.

The saleswoman finding him keen and intelligent showed him the Deltor and explained what it did. He took and read it thoughtfully, a frown deepening on his face as he did so.

"You don't like it?" asked the saleswoman, dismayed, for this was a customer whose opinion had weight.

"No, *I* don't," he answered smiling a little ruefully. "Why should I? Here you are showing women how to make their coats, exactly as I learned to make them from one of the great tailors in London. A woman can get so much help from the pattern and Deltor that very soon she will not need a tailor except to press the garment. Would a piano manufacturer like it if you gave a woman a pattern for a piano? No, I don't like it, but it is very good, entirely too good for my business."

"You can always make men's clothes," said the saleswoman consolingly, but he went away shaking his head and looking very serious.

ANY KIND

A WOMAN came very apologetically to a Butterick pattern department bringing with her a dress pattern of another make.

"Now I didn't buy this," she explained hastily, "you know I buy all my patterns here and I wouldn't take one of these things as a gift. But my daughter sent this down from her boarding-school and asked me to make her a dress. It gives no list of materials and when I asked Dolly what material to make it of she didn't know and said, 'Oh just any kind,' but you know you can't make a kimono dress of just any material. I think she really wants dotted swiss, but can you use fine tucks with dots? The new Deltor pattern has made me perfectly helpless, or rather I know now that I can't get along without the help it gives."

"Why don't you buy a pattern with the Deltor?" asked the saleswoman. "We have the new French version of that very style, and you'll save more on your material than the price of the pattern. Besides the Deltor will show you how to make a smart little corsage bouquet of fabric flowers so that you won't have to buy any other trimming."

"I will," said the woman, "and the next time my daughter comes home I'm going to give her a little pattern lesson. She won't buy an old-fashioned pattern again."



THE PROFESSIONAL INTEREST

SHE was a new saleswoman or she would have recognized the quiet, smartly dressed woman who spent some time looking over the catalogs and Butterick Quarterly and finally selected some eighteen or twenty dress patterns. As they were for different sizes and obviously not all intended for the woman herself, the saleswoman hazarded an interested comment.

"I am a dressmaker," said the woman, "and I have been using the Butterick pattern ever since they put the Deltor in it. You see, it saves all the time that I used to spend on my cutting. Now I can turn it over to an assistant and know it will be done right. Those layouts are miracles of accuracy. Besides, I can save something on the material, quite a little in fact, for I couldn't spend an hour or two on close planning when I did the cutting myself. The little economy pleases my customers and sometimes when they've ordered an expensive material it's more than a little. Don't you make a mistake and give me one without the Deltor. I'm afraid I wouldn't be at all nice about it."

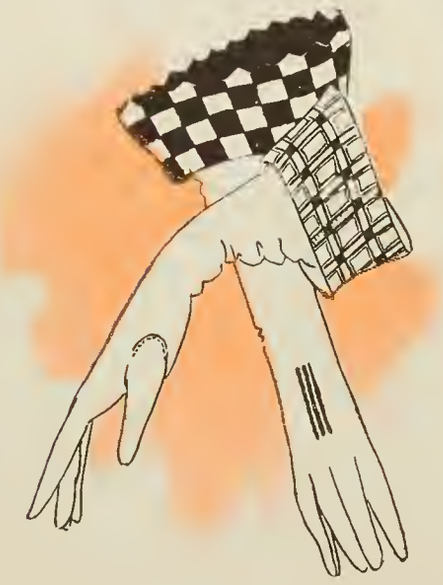
QUESTIONS OTHER WOMEN ASK ME

MY DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: The Deltor helps me wonderfully in making my clothes, but I have a good deal of trouble with the pattern. I get the right size, but it is too tight for me across the back. Can you tell me what is the matter?
R. G.

YOUR figure is the type that is broad across the back in comparison to the bust and chest. Your patterns can be altered very easily to fit your figure. You will find the necessary alteration explained and illustrated on page 24 of "The New Dressmaker." If you make your own clothes, you ought to keep a copy of this book in your sewing-room. It will answer any question that comes up in regard to your work.

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I have a two-piece gored skirt of lavender tweed. Can I fray out the lower edge to make the new fringe?
M. C.

NO, NOT on a gored skirt. You can fray out the lower edge of any straight skirt or any dress or cape made with a straight lower edge, if the material is suitable. You can do it on tweed, wool or cotton homespun, basket cloth or any loosely woven material. On flannel and broadcloth the material can be cut in a fringe. On other materials that won't fray a separate fringe is sewed on. After fraying out a fringe overcast the lower thread to the threads above.



DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I have always made my own blouses and lingerie, but with the Deltor and the present simple styles I feel sure that I can make my wraps and dresses. I can sew very neatly and with the Deltor to tell me just what to do I feel perfectly confident of my own ability. I have no one to help me with my fitting, however. Do you think I will need a dress form?
F. L. K.

YES, you will find it the greatest possible help. There is very little fitting to bother you with the present styles, but a dress form will be most useful in working on your clothes. The dress form should be the exact duplicate of your figure. "The New Dressmaker" will tell you just how to take an ordinary dress form and cover and pad it so that it is an exact replica of your figure. In the same chapter you will also find very helpful suggestions as to the proper equipment for home dressmaking.

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: Are white sweaters and colored waists or sweaters to be as much the rage this Summer as last? Is Baronet satin washable and would it be overdoing the matter to embroider the white satin sports skirt in white silk or to use a lattice trimming? Will henna color be as good this year as last for sports wear?
H. M. W.

White skirts and colored sweaters and blouses will be just as smart this Summer as last. Baronet satin is sold as a washable silk, but I would not advise embroidering it or using the lattice trimming. Henna is not one of the new sports colors. Scarlet is used a great deal, but henna is a little dull for sports clothes.

PARIS CONCENTRATES ITS COLOR IN ITS BRILLIANT MILLINERY, WHICH INTRODUCES A NEW NOTE OF FLOWER TRIMMING AND A DISCREET USE OF OSTRICH FEATHER

Photographs by Underwood and Underwood



Neither wind-storms nor brainstorms affect the poise of the small, close-fitting hat, and for that reason it is assured of a permanent place in the wardrobe. Jane Blanchot uses fine straw for the hat with flattened straw flowers and the curled ribs of two well-plucked feathers

Hats go more than half way when they decide to grow large. The present vogue is for a hat wide from side to side. The use of flowers is new, and Marguerite et Léonie have employed scarlet camellias crushed against black straw



Transparent horsehair is meeting the demand for lighter hats, which was the result of the great vogue of felt last Summer, for the felt hat was hot though not heavy. A wreath of well-disposed ostrich tips in French blue circle a black horsehair hat from Jane Blanchot





The Napoleonic era will never pass in millinery, for there is no type of hat more becoming to the average woman. Marthe Yerlès has used a typical First Consul cockade on a hat of black satin. A hat of this type may be used with a suit or with a silk or satin afternoon dress



A small hat of lace and pearls calls for the three unities of the right time, the right place and the right costume. Such a hat is worn with semi-formal evening dress for a restaurant dinner or supper, and is a comfortable size for dancing. From Marthe Yerlès



The exaggeration of the willow plume spun the length and breadth of ostrich feathers to a breaking-point from which they have never totally recovered. Uncurled ostrich, however, is smart for pompons and ornaments and, like all trimming to-day, is placed at the right side. From Verlaine



Dress 3616 Dress 3552 Guimpe 3547 Dress 3537

GIRLS GRADUATE WITH FLYING PANELS, BATEAU NECKS, PEASANT BLOUSES AND THE LACE-TRIMMED LINGERIE FROCK

3616—May is the month of miracles when maids as well as butterflies discard their Winter chrysalises. If you are going to graduate, you will love the dainty frills on this white frock. The panels which fall below the hem and the straight skirt join the blouse at a low waistline. This dress, which slips on over the head, may have a long body lining marked for a camisole top. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, swiss, organdy, fine cotton crêpe all one color, in two colors or figured with plain, or crêpe satins. crêpe meteor all one side of the material or combining the dull and shiny surfaces, or taffeta all one material, or Georgette, plain silk voile all one material or over taffeta, foulard or satin. The closing is at the left underarm.

A 17-year size requires 3¾ yards of voile 36 inches wide, 16½ yards of lace edging for frills. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years. It is suitable for small women.

3547—3537—A jumper is a useful thing; one can change the guimpe or blouse under it and accomplish a whole new effect, for a blouse may do a number of things even under the restrictions of a jumper dress. This blouse in peasant style may be smocked, tucked, shirred or gathered. It slips on over the head and may have a normal or low waistline. The tucked straight skirt of the dress joins on to the upper part at a low waistline. Make the dress of dimity, dotted swiss, organdy, lawn, cotton voile, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, etc., and the blouse of cotton voile, batiste, net or fine cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, China silk, chiffon cloth or silk voile.

A 16-year size requires 4⅛ yards of 40-inch voile and lace insertion for dress and blouse. Lower edge 58 inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years. The blouse is pretty for misses 15 to 18 or 32 to 34 bust. It is also suitable for ladies.



Dress 3605
Embroidery design 10900

3605—10900—When one graduates she should wear something fitting the dignity of her advance into the high-school period, and so the girl of thirteen Junes wears this distinctive frock. It has a low waistline where a straight skirt is joined to the blouse and slips on over the head. A pretty lace edging outlines the bateau neckline and trims the wide sleeves and bottom of the dress. Circles of dots and flowers are a gay decoration for the skirt. They may be worked in eyelets, satin-stitch, lazy-daisy stitch, outline, French stemming and buttonholing. Silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, organdy, swiss, batiste, cotton voile, dimity, fine cotton crêpe, etc., are suitable materials for such a dress.

A 13-year size will require 2¾ yards of organdy 44 inches wide with Irish lace insertion and edging.

The dress is suitable for girls and juniors 8 to 15 years.

3544—10677—"Roses in her cheeks and her lips a rose"—and to complete the picture a simple, dainty frock. The dress slips on over the head and has a lace-edged collar and cuff to finish the boat-shaped neck and sleeves. The closing of the dress comes at the back and the straight skirt meets the blouse at a slightly low waistline. The flower sprays are dainty. Work them in eyelets, satin-stitch, French stemming and buttonholing. Make the dress of organdy, swiss, batiste, dimity, handkerchief linen, cotton voile, lawn, crêpe de Chine or Georgette.

A 14-year size requires 2⅞ yards of batiste and 4½ yards of 5-inch ribbon for the sash.

The dress is pretty for juniors and for girls of 8 to 15 years.



Dress 3544
Embroidery design 10677

3552—Girl graduates are most appealing in simple frocks of fresh sweet daintiness and modern mothers at last realize that the loveliest are the simplest. This dress is so very becoming to the young girl with its soft sash of the dress fabric. The long collar and set-in short sleeves offer ample opportunity to use the lace trimming characteristic of graduation dresses. The dress has a straight skirt which joins on to the waist at a low waistline. It may be made without the blouse body lining. Make the dress of organdy, swiss, batiste, cotton voile, lawn, mull, dimity, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk voile, etc. Lower edge of dress 63 inches.

A 17-year size will require 4 yards of voile 36 inches wide and lace insertion and edging.

The dress is good for misses 15 to 20 years.



Dress 3546

3546—What an utter impossibility not to believe in fairies, at least the curly-haired, bright-eyed ones in graceful party dresses! The side-tying ribbon sashes on this tucked dress remind the one-piece front of its relationship with the back. This little frock is an inspiration of tucks, for there are very fine tucks at the waistline. The soft gathers at the neck are an added grace. The straight skirt is joined to a kimono side body of the dress at a low waistline. Suitable materials for this little dress are organdy, swiss, batiste, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, dimity, handkerchief linen, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, taffeta, etc.

A 12-year size will require 2⅛ yards of organdy 44 inches wide, with 4⅛ yards of 1½-inch ribbon for ribbon sashes. Narrow ribbon may be used for the rosettes.

The dress is appropriate for girls and juniors 8 to 15 years.



3605 3544 3616

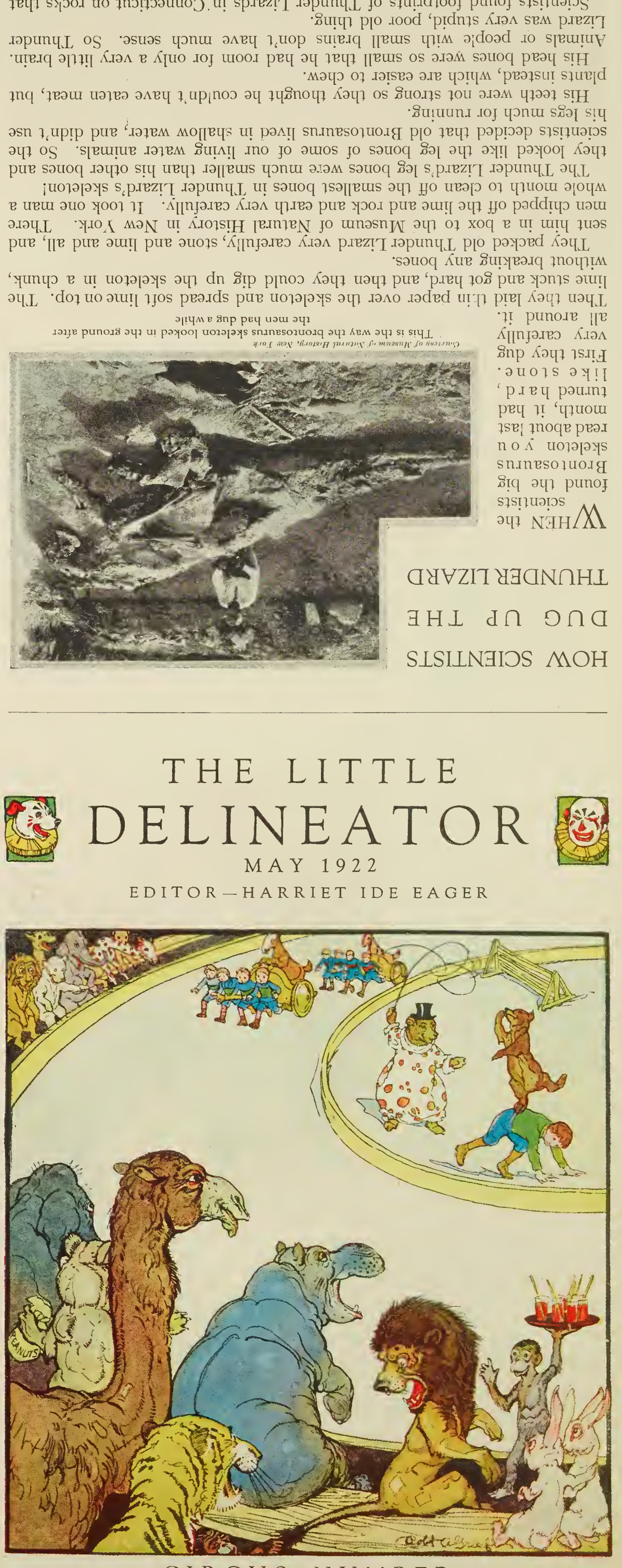


3552 3547 3546 3537

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

MAY 1922

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER



CIRCUS NUMBER



MY LITTLE PAGE

DEAR children:

Some grown people have asked me not to call you "kiddoes," because that is slang. So what shall I say? "Dear children," or "Dear child-friends," or "Dear nieces-and-nephews," or "Dear little D. R.'s" (that stands for "LITTLE DELINEATOR Readers"), or "Dear little What-You-May-Call-Its"?

Please write and help me to choose a name for you, so I won't lie awake nights worrying.

O me, O my, I have so much to say to you this month, that I wish a fairy would come along and wave a magic wand and stre-e-e-e-etch this page one hundred times bigger.

O me, O my, you do write me such *nice* letters!

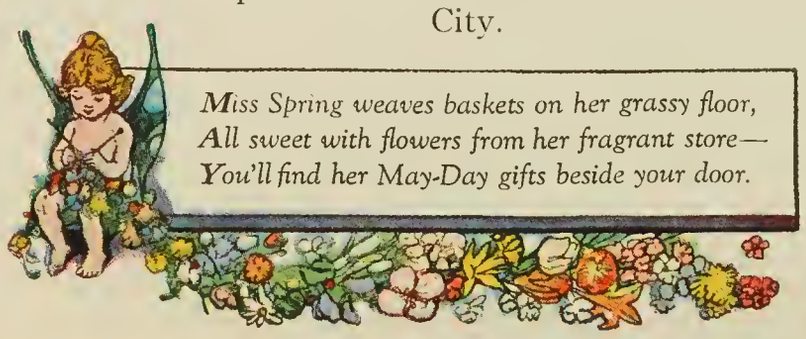
Some of you wrote: "I hope I'm not too old!" O me, O my, but that did make me laugh! Listen. If you were ninety-nine years and eleven months and thirty days and twenty-three hours and fifty-nine minutes and fifty-nine-and-a-half seconds old you would still be young enough to read THE LITTLE DELINEATOR! So be sure to tell that to your father and your grandfather.



You can win this picture!

PLEASE DO ME A FAVOR

PLEASE write me a nice letter, telling me what page you like *best* in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR this month, and *why*. The letter that helps me most will win a big framed picture, just like our circus cover. Send your letter by the twentieth of May. Address: Miss Harriet Eager, Editor, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York City.



Miss Spring weaves baskets on her grassy floor,
All sweet with flowers from her fragrant store—
You'll find her May-Day gifts beside your door.

HOW SCIENTISTS DUG UP THE THUNDER LIZARD

WHEN the scientists found the big Brontosaurus skeleton you read about last month, it had turned hard, like stone. First they dug very carefully all around it. Then they laid tl.in paper over the skeleton and spread soft lime on top. The lime stuck and got hard, and then they could dig up the skeleton in a chunk, without breaking any bones.

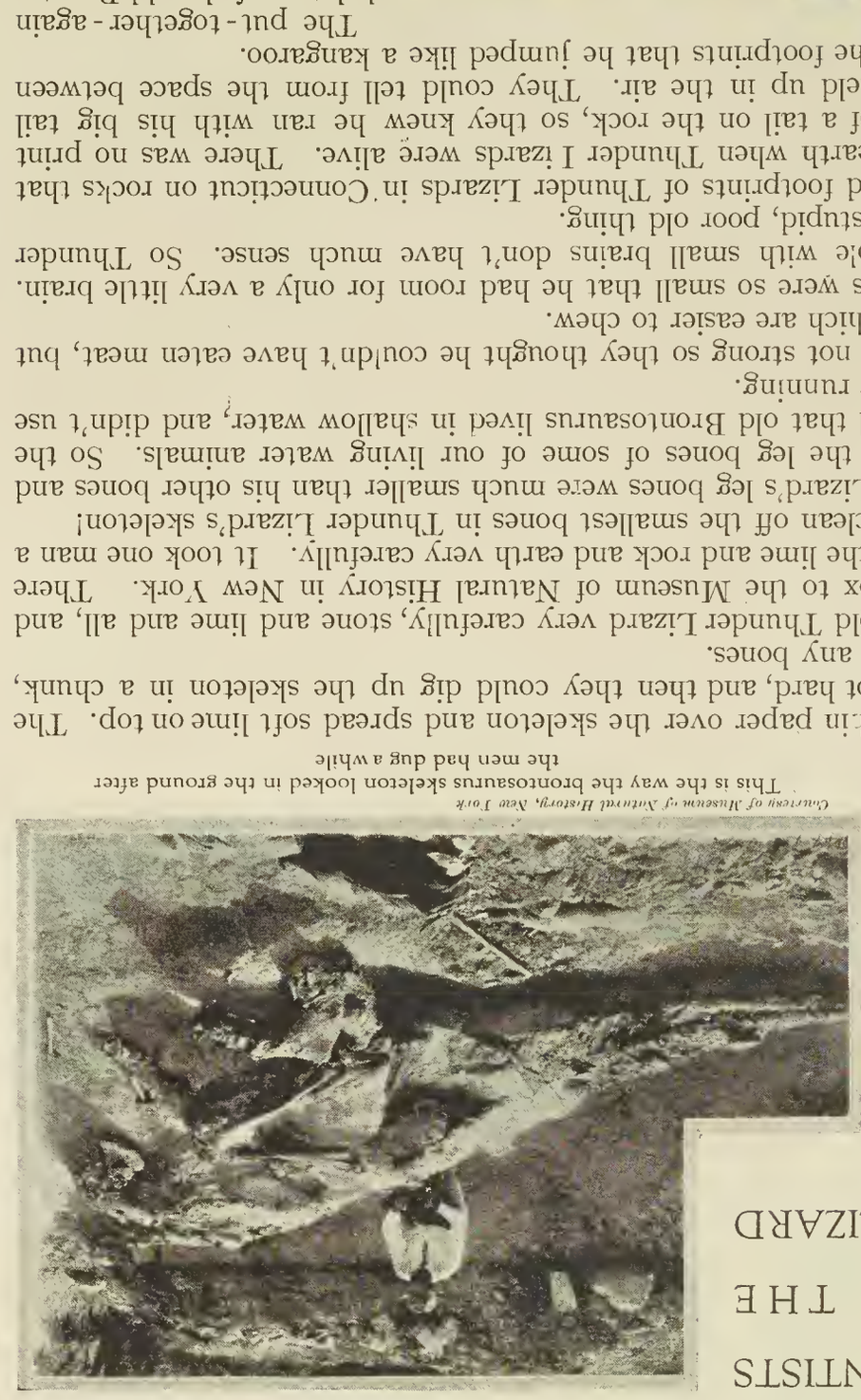
They packed old Thunder Lizard very carefully, stone and lime and all, and sent him in a box to the Museum of Natural History in New York. There men chipped off the lime and rock and earth very carefully. It took one man a whole month to clean off the smallest bones in Thunder Lizard's skeleton!

The Thunder Lizard's leg bones were much smaller than his other bones and they looked like the leg bones of some of our living water animals. So the scientists decided that old Brontosaurus lived in shallow water, and didn't use his legs much for running.

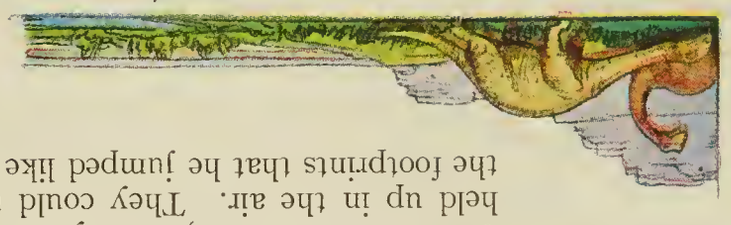
His teeth were not strong so they thought he couldn't have eaten meat, but plants instead, which are easier to chew.

His head bones were so small that he had room for only a very little brain. Animals or people with small brains don't have much sense. So Thunder Lizard was very stupid, poor old thing.

Scientists found footprints of Thunder Lizards in Connecticut on rocks that used to be soft earth when Thunder Lizards were alive. There was no print of a tail on the rock, so they knew he ran with his big tail held up in the air. They could tell from the space between the footprints that he jumped like a kangaroo.



Courtesy of Museum of Natural History, New York
This is the way the brontosaurus skeleton looked in the ground after the men had dug a while



The put-together-again skeleton of the old Brontosaurus is in the Museum of Natural History now.

4

WIN A FINE CIRCUS BOOK!

THE boy or girl, who sends in the most interesting letter on "What I'd like best to be in the circus," will win a prize of a fine book, with big colored pictures, called "The Circus Book."

What would you like best to be in the circus? And why? Would you rather be the tight-rope walker or the bare-back rider or the clown or an elephant or a monkey or what? And why?

Write a letter to your editor on "What I'd like best to be in the circus." The funniest, most interesting, most natural letter (that means that it sounds as if you were talking and that you really mean what you say) will win the Circus Book. Contest closes May 20th. Address Circus Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, care of the Big Delineator, New York City.

5

THE GR-R-EAT GR-R-AND CRUNCHABLE PEANUT PARADE

DON'T wait for the circus to come to town. Make a Peanut Circus. It's such fun!

All you need is a bag of peanuts, some toothpicks, some spools, bits of tissue-paper, a few wire hairpins—and your own two hands with five fingers on each hand.

To make a chariot like the one in the picture, bend a wire hairpin straight and stick it through the hole in a spool, then bend the two ends back as you see in the picture. Fasten the ends through a piece of cardboard, bent as the one in the picture is. Use ribbon or string for harness.

Peanut men and peanut ladies are easy to make, with toothpick arms and legs. Draw funny faces on them and dress them in tissue-paper. Stick the dancers in a lemon and a potato to hold them steady.

You can make all the animals, too, with toothpicks for legs and tails, bits of paper glued on for ears and black-headed pins for eyes. Bits of bright-colored tissue-paper make good saddle-blankets.

When you have finished playing with your circus, then you can turn cannibal and eat it up! Won't that be a circus? (But first take off legs and ears!)

THE DAUGHTER OF ROBERTO STROZZI

A PAINTING BY AN ITALIAN ARTIST NAMED TITIAN

THIS is a picture painted by an Italian artist named Titian, of a little Italian girl who lived almost four hundred years ago. She lived with her father and mother in Venice, the beautiful city in Italy that has water instead of streets, and boats called "gondolas" instead of wagons.

Her mother put on the little girl's best dress and her pearl necklace to have her picture painted by Titian. The little girl's father was a very rich man, so her best dress was white satin, and her belt was made of jewels, with a heavy little tassel of jewels at the end.

Perhaps the little girl didn't want to stand still so long, so her mother said: "Now, if you'll be good, you can have your little lap-dog's picture painted too." So there he is!

The thing the little dog is sitting on is called a "console." That means a sort of little table sticking out from the wall. Do you see the little cupids on it? I think the artist chose this console on purpose, because the cupids were little and round and cute like the little girl.

She has one hand on her pet's back. Do you see what she is holding in the other? It is a piece of cake. Probably her mother gave it to her to make her keep still. Perhaps whenever the little dog wouldn't keep still, he got some cake, too.

Through the window you can see a lake with swans in it. When the picture was finished I think the little girl and the little dog ran outdoors and stretched themselves and jumped because they were so glad to be free. But first I think the little girl changed that long white satin dress. The little dog was lucky—he didn't have to change his!



THE LITTLEST ACROBAT



LITTLE Rosaline was the littlest acrobat in the circus. Her father was a man acrobat and her mother was a woman acrobat. Ever since Rosaline was a little baby girl, Father and Mother had been teaching her acrobat tricks. Rosaline could bend backward and touch her head to the floor. She could turn somersaults in the air. She could hang from a trapeze by her little feet.

But Father had never let Rosaline do tricks in the real circus. He promised that on her seventh birthday she could put on her little pink tights, and he would take her up to the big trapeze and swing her through the air to Mother on the other trapeze.

The morning of her seventh birthday Rosaline heard a funny little noise. "Mieow," it said. "Mieow-w, mieow-w, m-i-ee ow-w!" Up Rosaline jumped in her little white night-gown and opened the door. There was a poor, little, skinny brown kitty!

Rosaline fed him a nice saucer of cream and named him Wild-Kitty because he reminded her of the big wildcat in the circus. Just before supper, Rosaline let Wild-Kitty outdoors to play. Then she was so excited she forgot all about him.

Oh, how crowded the circus was that night! When Rosaline ran out in her little pink tights and little white slippers, oh, how everybody clapped!

Up Rosaline hopped on her Father's shoulders and up, up, up Father climbed, like a pink monkey, up to the trapeze near the ceiling of the big circus tent.

Wild-Kitty was out in the thunderstorm! Wild-Kitty was getting wetter and colder and shiveryer——

The next thing Rosaline knew she was falling, down, down, down, faster, faster, *faster, faster!* The people were screaming. The clowns were running.

Then all of a sudden Rosaline hit something. She was lying in the big circus net. The clowns had run and held it under her.

Down raced Father and Mother, down their rope ladders like two big pink monkeys. Their faces were as white as the clown's faces.

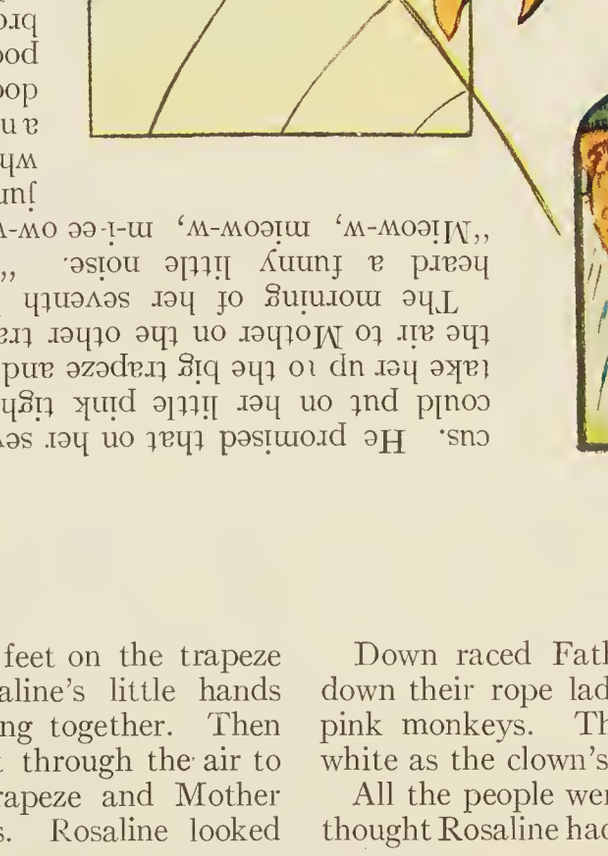
All the people were laughing. They thought Rosaline had fallen on purpose. They thought she had been practising it that way with Father and Mother. They thought the clowns had been practising running to hold the net under Rosaline. They thought it was all part of the trick!

All of a sudden, something little and skinny and brown and wet hopped into the net with Rosaline.

It was Wild-Kitty. Oh, how glad he was to find his warm little Rosaline again! And oh, how Rosaline hugged poor little wet Wild-Kitty! And oh, how the people laughed! They thought Wild-Kitty was part of the trick, too.

"What a smart kitty," the people said to each other. "Wasn't he cute to know just the right time to run in?"

And all the little boys and girls clapped and clapped for Rosaline, the littlest acrobat, and her little Wild-Kitty.



It was Wild-Kitty. Oh, how the people laughed!



THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT

Edited by MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

HONORING MOTHERHOOD

THE second Sunday in May has been appointed Mothers' day. The pretty custom of wearing on this day a white carnation or some other white flower as a public declaration of love for our mothers, is growing.

The heart of many a mother will be gladdened by receiving a card, note or small gift from her children in token of their gratitude for her years of care. Suitable cards may be bought in almost any stationer's store. This is a particularly appropriate time for a family reunion, with the mother, of course, as guest of honor.

HONORING YOUTH

IN THE large cities every Saturday in May, the parks are awhirl with thousands of white-clad school children dancing around May-poles, singing in honor of the new youth of growing things. These May parties are simple to get up and they add greatly to the joy of childhood and the beauty of our community life. The queen should be chosen by a vote of the children in accordance with the quaint old English lines:

"Who shall be the Queen of May?
Not the prettiest one, not the wittiest one
Nor she with the gown most gay—
But she who is pleasantest all day through
With the pleasantest things to say and do
She shall be the Queen of May."

Programs may vary, from a simple dance and song about a May-pole, to masques and pageants. There are many lovely Spring poems that children can recite: Shakespeare's "Hark, Hark the Lark," "I Know a Bank Where the Wild Thyme Grows," both of which are set to music; Milton's lines "On a May Morning," and Herrick's "To Corinna Going a-Maying" are a few that may be recited. A Robin Hood masque or pageant is often given on May-day with shepherds and foresters. If you care to have other suggestions for May-day parties, write to the Home-Makers' Department for further information.

SALUTE THE FLAG WITH A FLY-SWATTER

KILLING flies is not as picturesque an act of patriotism as saluting the flag, but it has taught the children in one school that the truest expression of love for country is service. Without prizes of any kind, inspired only by a desire to be of use to their community, the children of the Lincoln Street School in Auburn, New York, waged such a successful war on flies that by the middle of the Summer their parents abandoned window-screens as unnecessary.

The Parent-Teachers Association planned the campaign and supplied money for expenses. During the Winter the children were taught the menace of flies through motion-picture films, lectures and essay contests. The manual training teacher designed a fly-trap and the boys in their classes made enough to give one to every child in the school, and to sell at cost to all others who wanted them. Every day all Summer the children baited their traps with sugar and water, sweets and meat; every day thousands of imprisoned flies were destroyed. Enthusiasm spread; people with dirty, fly-breeding back yards were shamed into cleaning them. Stables, cellars, rubbish heaps and garbage shelters were cleaned—until the district became such a spotless town that a fly had no dirty place in which to hide his head.

The campaign did more than rid the community of flies and teach it the value of sanitation; it brought teachers, children and parents closer together through working for a common end, and taught them all the value of public service.

Other suggestions for getting rid of flies will be found in Professor Herrick's article on another page.

Why not follow Auburn's lead in your town?

THE CORNERSTONE THAT SMASHED A WINDOW

WHEN a bad boy threw a stone through a girls'-club window, he did not know that he was laying the cornerstone for the largest boys' club in the world. Once when E. H. Harriman was visiting a girls' club in an old mission house in a poor district of New York, a stone smashed through the window and dropped at his feet.

"The boys of this neighborhood seem to hate this girls' club," explained the club director. "They persecute the girls and do everything they can to ruin the club rooms."

"I know what is the matter with those young gentlemen," said Mr. Harriman. "They want a club of their own; let's get together and give them one."

As a result the largest, best equipped boys' club in the world, with a membership of over seven thousand boys, now stands in a congested district of New York at Tenth Street and Avenue A.

This recognition that what makes a bad boy bad is more often the lack of a proper outlet for his energies, than it is any innate wickedness, will reform more bad boys than all the punishments and arrests in the world.

SICK FOR WANT OF GREEN FOODS

A MAN came to a stomach specialist in despair over his digestive troubles. Every remedy had failed. The doctor asked him what he ate. "Doctor," the patient replied "it can't possibly be my diet that upsets me, for about all I've et for years is flour vittles."

This man had ruined his stomach, not by eating indigestible foods, but by a one-sided diet.

His cure was comparatively simple: He was given, besides "flour vittles" plenty of salads, green vegetables, fruit, milk and eggs.

In planning your family's meals remember that their digestions and their general health demand plenty of green foods, fruits, and dairy foods. On another page you will find ways to introduce more milk into your family's meals and so add one of the articles of food most important to health.

POLITENESS TO CHILDREN

THE Home-Making Editor recently dined in a family where there are four boys and two girls, all under eighteen. They all entered into the conversation; yet the talk was so quiet and courteous, so free from interruptions or boisterousness, that we afterward asked the mother the secret of her children's good manners.

"I suppose," said she, "it is because their father and I try to be as polite to them as we expect them to be to us.

"We always try to live up to Thomas Jefferson's ideal of courtesy. A foreign minister once expressed surprise because Jefferson lifted his hat to an old negro who had bowed to him. 'Why,' replied Jefferson, I should not like to have a slave more polite than I.

"We try never to snub our children or be rude to them, because we demand that they be polite to us."

PLAY—AN ICE-BREAKER

ONCE get a community playing together and the barriers of bashfulness, snobbishness and inertia that often keep the members of a community from being real friends are broken.

Muskogee, Oklahoma, lacked community spirit until one Spring an athletic man suggested a neighborhood tennis-court. Several other men who had thought for some time that the community needed some common interest, offered to share the expense. A site was chosen, the ground cleared and rolled, the court laid out and benches for onlookers built.

Now, the court, besides being a playground for tennis lovers, has become the evening gathering place for the families of the neighborhood. Instead of each staying aloof on its front porch the families sit on the benches or the grass and chat and sing.

So successful has the venture been that the neighborhood is planning to add a croquet ground for those who consider tennis too strenuous but who take delight in the new community spirit.

HOW MANY MILES DO YOU WALK ABOUT THE HOUSE?

DID you ever find out how far you travel in the course of a day's housework? There is a little instrument called the pedometer which counts your steps and adds them up to measure the miles you travel. Try wearing one for a day. You will be amazed to find how far you go, and, perhaps, inspired to look with a critical eye at the arrangement of your furniture for convenience.

On another page is the story of a housewife who by wearing one of these little step-counting instruments was moved to rearrange every room in her house to save steps. The article this month tells how she planned a model kitchen.

In reading this article and in planning your own kitchen remember that the work shelf or table is the center of activities in the kitchen, and that the cabinet, sink, stove, cupboard, and if possible, the ice-box should be within easy reach of this. The dining-room cupboard should be on the wall nearest to the door from the kitchen and as close as possible to this door.

Articles will follow in the Summer months telling how the housewife arranged her dining-room and baby's room and planned her house cleaning so that her daily work was cut in half.

Things to Do in May

Home-making is a seasonal job. The Home-Makers' Department tells you what to do and when to do it. This is the Month—

To plan appropriate Decoration Day services in your town.

To set yourself the task of making at least one man or woman write home to mother on Mothers' Day.

To arrange to celebrate Mothers' Day in your home.

To organize a May Day Movement for the children in your neighborhood.

To realize the importance of milk at this time of the year. See "Milk and How to Use It," elsewhere in this issue.

To organize a fight against flies and other insects and to put away Winter garments. See "Some Household Pests," elsewhere in this issue.

To think of celebrating graduation day and to prepare to make graduation clothes.

To plan building your home. There is an important article this month. See "Home, Sweet Home."

To lighten housework for the Summer months.

To prepare your window-boxes and hanging baskets. See "Flowers for the Porch and Window," elsewhere in this issue.

To take care of your skin in the Spring winds. See "Faces of Women," elsewhere in this issue.

To plan a vacation for all members of the family, including the housekeeper.

To determine whether the vegetable-garden is planned to correspond with the canning budget.

To plan the porch for outdoor living.

SAVE A DOLLAR

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department



"Help us to help others, that others may help you." Here is a new Department that will appear each month. THE DELINEATOR will pay fifty dollars each month for the best suggestion for saving the housekeeper's time, money, labor, fuel or food. We will pay five dollars for any suggestion we print on this page. Send in the idea that saved you a dollar to the *Home-Makers' Department*



SAVE THE FAT

LATER years have shown the value of fat, whether in the form of butter, lard or meat drippings. The drip, drip, drip from the cooking fat on to the flame only to be consumed is shown to be a wasteful practise. One manufacturer has, for the benefit of those who haven't a good broiler on their stoves, manufactured a dripless broiler to be used on any kind of stove or range. The broiling process continues and the fat is gathered underneath the broiling meat to be used as desired. The housekeeper who has learned the value of turkey, chicken, bacon and beef fat has made a valuable addition to her store of cooking supplies.

SAVE CLEANING BILLS

RUGS can be cleaned in the home at almost no expense and with very little work.

A perfect compound for cleaning rugs is made by boiling in a quart of rain-water, till dissolved, two tablespoons of soap chips and a like amount of powdered borax. Remove from the stove and let the mixture cool, then add two tablespoons of ordinary washing ammonia.

Spread the rug on the porch-floor or other smooth surface and rub the entire surface with the mixture, using any sort of brush for this purpose, then wipe off with a wet sponge or cloth, and let the rug dry flat. After the rug has become thoroughly dry, sweep vigorously with clean broom to raise the nap.

This compound can also be used for taking out grease or soiled spots from clothing, and in fact in any place where plain water could be used.

SAVE ON SHOES

A PAIR of light-colored or tan suède shoes, when soiled beyond cleaning, may be stained black with a commercial shoe dye at a cost of twenty-five cents.

Black or tan leather shoes that have become rusty may be made a good, fresh black in the same way. This is often very valuable to people going into mourning.

SAVE WITH HOME REMEDIES

THE emergency-shelf should contain a remedy for burns. Home-made carron-oil is a standby for good old-fashioned stove burns. This may be bought at a drug-store or it may be made at home by combining equal parts of olive-oil and lime-water, which, when thoroughly mixed, forms an emulsion. Mixed at home, carron-oil may be produced at about half the cost of the product as purchased.

It is applied by means of absorbent cotton placed directly upon the affected part and bound with a cloth. It should be in readiness for the accident rather than mixed after the burn occurs.

SAVE FOOD

MUCH food is wasted because it is cooked at wrong temperatures. A candy thermometer is a labor-saving device in making icings. It is well to test the thermometer before using each time by putting it in boiling water and testing it. If the thermometer says that water boils at 99 degrees instead of 100 degrees, you will cook your icing to 115 degrees instead of 116 degrees or to 114 degrees instead of 115 degrees. In making icing the degree to which the sugar-sirup is cooked varies with the amount of egg-white to be used. When using one egg-white, cook the sirup to 115 degrees; if two are used, cook it to 116 degrees; and if three are used, to a still higher temperature. The texture varies with the number of eggs used. A much fluffier icing results with three egg-whites than when only one is used.

If the icing does not harden properly, it may be put in the top of a double boiler over hot water and stirred until it does not settle back into the surrounding liquid when it is piled up with a spoon. If it is too hard, add a teaspoon or more of hot water and beat it into the icing.

SAVE LABOR

IT IS difficult to keep floors clean when the boards are badly matched. For a home-made crack-filler take equal parts of plaster of Paris and whiting mixed to putty-like consistency with raw oil, turpentine and a little paint to color it to match the rest of the floor.

SAVE TIME ON WASH DAY

IT TAKES too much time to hunt for directions for removing stains when the laundering process is in operation. One housekeeper has pasted on a heavy piece of carboard the various directions for removing stains. This card is hung above the laundry-tubs. The result is that no stains escape her at the time when they should be cared for, as they certainly would if she were obliged to look up directions each time.

SAVE THE COLLAR

THE white trimming on a collar is difficult to keep clean. To keep the color from running into the trimming, the garment should be so hung on the line immediately after washing that the colored part does not fold over the white trimming. The same is true in rolling down the garment for ironing. If it is impossible to roll down the garment without rolling the colored cloth on top of the white part, then a piece of white cloth should be placed over the collar and rolled down in this way. Garments of this kind should be rolled down as short a time as possible.

SAVE THE COLOR

SALT is a good mordant (as a substance used to set colors is called) and of course easily used. In most cases two cups of salt to one gallon of cold water will be enough. More may be used until the bleeding of the color stops. Salt is most effective for browns, blacks and pinks. Vinegar should be used for blues—use one-half cup to one gallon of water—and sugar of lead (POISON) for lavenders—use one tablespoon to one gallon of water.

SAVE LEFT-OVER EGGS

ONCE successfully cooked, the left-over egg lends itself gracefully to any number of tasty dishes. Poached or boiled eggs may be combined with cream or cheese and served on slices of toast or toasted muffins for breakfast or luncheon. With left-over meat, peas or asparagus and white sauce they make a substantial scallop or creamed dish.

Fried eggs may be chopped, mixed with potato, fish or meat and made into small cakes to be browned in drippings. Scrambled eggs may be used in meat stuffings or in sandwiches.

The flavor of eggs combines well with other foods and as a Spring dish is particularly delicate combined with mushrooms.

SAVE THE RIBBONS

TAFFETA ribbon may be renewed by squeezing it through a suds of good soap and soft water and rinsing it thoroughly in clear water. It is then rinsed in a solution of two teaspoons of sugar in one pint of soft water. It should then be pressed between two cloths until dry.

SAVING SILK FROM MILDEW

FOR removing mildew from silk use one of the following reagents:

1. Soap and water, as in ordinary laundering. Very fresh stains can be washed out. Drying in the sun helps to bleach the spots.
2. Sour milk. Soak the stains overnight in sour milk and then place in the sun without rinsing. Repeat the treatment several times if necessary. Light stains can be removed in this way.
3. Lemon-juice. Moisten the stains with lemon-juice and allow them to remain in the sun. This is effective in removing slight stains.
4. Javelle water. Use this agent for bleaching old stains.
5. Potassium permanganate. Use this agent upon old and persistent stains.

The problem of removing mildew from dyed material, such as pink crêpe de Chine, is very difficult as almost any reagent used will take the color out of the silk. If the color is lost, the whole piece of material or garment may be dipped in a weak dye-bath or in a bath of any of the commercial tinting powders.

SAVE LAUNDRY BILLS

LAUNDRY bills will mount, and time is not always available to the housewife who "does out" the surplus towels and small articles at home—especially the towels where a number of children give a lick of water and a promise of rubbing—to the towel. In such cases, a roll of standard absorbent paper towels will save many a dollar. Small hands can snatch a square of the paper and scrub off that worst first layer of grime. The motor-car owner will find the paper towels valuable and saving of laundry, too.

SAVE THE SOAP

MANY a dollar is wasted by careless use of soap-powder. We mean to measure it, but a spoon is lacking, or time presses. Too much powder does not do the work as well as just enough and the clothes suffer too. Take time to measure. It will pay. It pays, too, to buy laundry soap in quantities and cut each bar in three pieces, then set in a dry place to become quite hard. The supply will last much longer and do better work.

SAVE THE PAPER

THE public schools have tried to induce the pupils to conserve paper by refusing them all but the barest necessities in the way of scratch-paper—sometimes none at all is issued. Parents can take the hint by providing the children with pads of brown wrapping-paper. Wrapping-paper is seldom soiled, and often not wrinkled. It is criminal waste to throw it away and send the children to the stationer's for scratch-pads of paper not a bit smoother.

SAVE THE GAS

WHEN preparing cereal for breakfast, occasionally cook a double quantity, especially if it happens to be oatmeal or one of the long-cooking varieties. The second morning the food will need but a few minutes of reheating in a double boiler. Not only is an appreciable amount of gas saved, but the cereal goes almost twice as far.

SAVE BY VARNISHING

SPEND a dollar to save several. Keep paint renewed and varnished surfaces clear with fresh varnish. It is not necessary to hire a painter at eight dollars a day to renew the woodwork's youth. Buy a paint-brush and paint or varnish and do it yourself. Remember a coat of paint or varnish in time saves much more than nine. It preserves the wood, not only on the surface, but from warping.

SAVE FATHER'S WORN SHIRTS

MAKE jumper-dresses for little daughter from father's shirts which have that worn bit around the neck. Good work aprons may also be made from men's shirts.

SAVE THE SLEEPING HOURS

LIGHT prevents some persons from sleeping. In homes where the light in the hall burns all night it is difficult to darken the room. A dark-blue cap with the flap turned down over the eyes will give relief. The light from the street lamp or the early morning dawn wakens many persons who do not know the cause for the sleeplessness. This will help them.

SAVE CLOSET SPACE

STOP and figure a minute. Wouldn't it be convenient to have your closet space doubled?

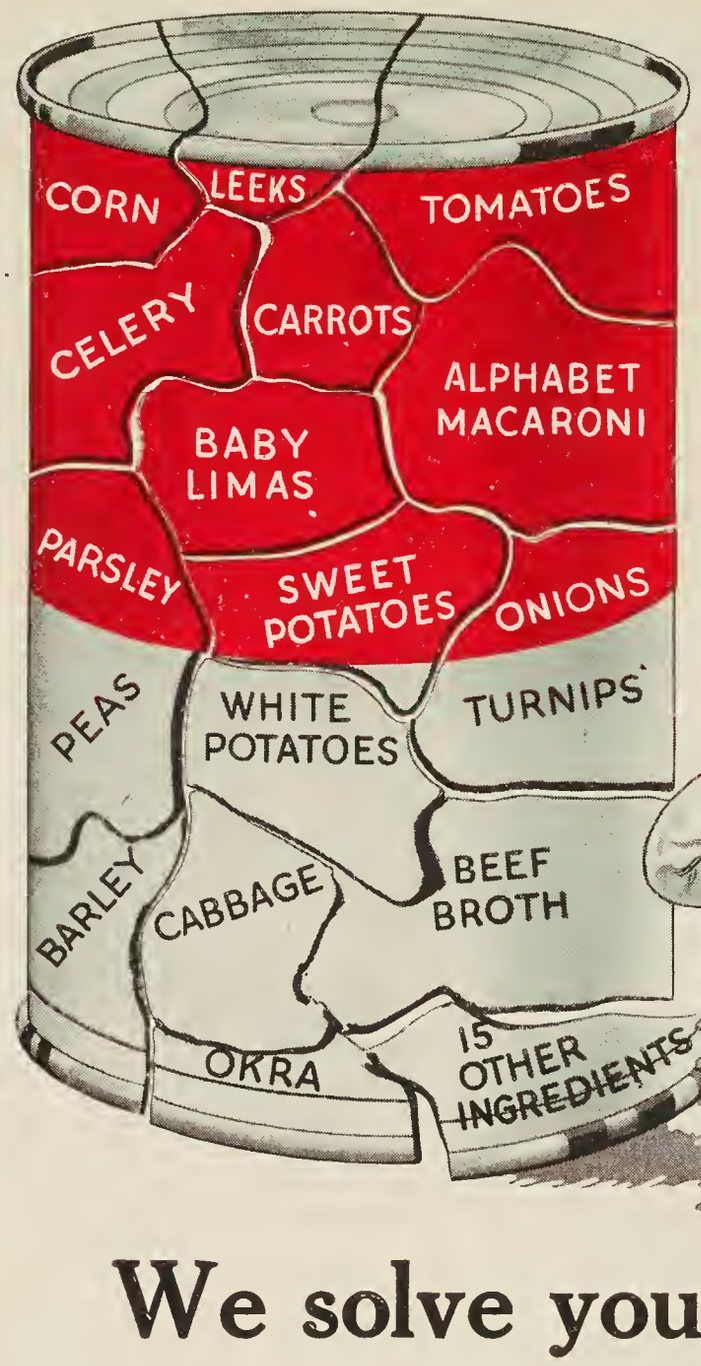
You can have double the present closet space at small expense by running an extra clothes-rod lengthwise of the closet. Instead of hanging this at the usual six feet from the floor, hang it within six inches of the ceiling. The hangers are lifted down with a long-handled window-hook. Any type of hanger can be lifted down this way.

In a closet with ceilings of the ordinary height the bottoms of coats or skirts come to about five-and-a-half feet from the floor. This leaves nearly the amount that is ordinarily used to put in another bar if desired, making two closets in one. Or a set of shelves or drawers can be placed in the lower space. With high ceilings it is possible to hang up a long overcoat or a full-length dress and still have ample room to walk in without bending the head. If you ever remodel an old house, do not lower the ceiling in the closets. The space up there is too valuable to shut up.

PROTECT THE SHARP EDGE

KEEPING sharp kitchen knives in a knife-drawer has proved dangerous, for many times I have blindly searched for a particular knife only to be cut by one while my hand was groping for it. I have found that a long strip of leather, about two inches wide, nailed on the wall beside my sink-shelf, has proved to be most satisfactory. Nails placed about two inches apart along the strip make a separate compartment for each knife to slip into. This eliminates the blind search for a knife, and it is convenient to have knives plainly visible when one is in a hurry.

HAVE SOUP EVERY DAY FOR LUNCHEON



Youngsters, cut this puzzle out—
It surely is a winner!
Mothers, cut your trouble out—
Just serve this soup for dinner!



We solve your problem!

Combining thirty-two separate and distinct ingredients into one delicious soup is a problem you would find both irksome and expensive. Yet such a hearty, nourishing, full-flavored soup is just the kind you desire for many a meal. Almost without lifting a finger, you can enjoy it in

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

To rich meat broth, made from selected beef, are added choice baby lima beans, dainty peas, golden turnips, Chantenay carrots, diced white and sweet potatoes, chopped cabbage, luscious tomatoes, sugary corn, crisp celery, alphabet macaroni, barley, small onions, French leeks, okra, fresh parsley and other herbs and spices. Here is solid satisfaction for the hungriest!

Have a different Campbell's Soup every day

—for the next two or three weeks and see what a delightful variety they offer! See how much easier they make the daily planning of the meals! Order from your grocer this very day. Remember our guarantee: your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds
12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



FACES OF WOMEN

"My mother's prettier than yours, isn't she?"

By Celia Caroline Cole

Charm is every woman's birthright. The people who work for things are the people who win. You owe it to yourself to make the most of your looks. A few minutes spared each day will do as much for you as any beauty salon. In this article Celia Caroline Cole discusses some of the secrets of famous beauty shops. Let her tell you how to invest fifteen minutes a day for charm. She will answer other questions about beauty, if you will write her in care of THE DELINEATOR'S Beauty Department, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope

"MY MOTHER'S prettier than yours, isn't she?" Have you ever heard your young son say that and given yourself a little squeeze of joy at the swagger in his voice? Does your small daughter declare, "I'm going to look like my mummy when I grow up!"

Does your husband find it restful and renewing to look at you when he comes home at night, marveling with secret delight on how you do it—keep that young, alive, charming look through all the stress of living?

Does the passer-by—that person in street-car and bus and on the walk—pull himself up a notch or two because the attractiveness of you makes him remember that life can be beautiful?

Faces of women! The mysterious, waiting, undefeated, strange faces of women!

Why do some of us get so much out of life and others of us so little? We never look at our cat but we think of a pretty woman. She doesn't do a single thing for us, guard the house, or "bring home the bacon," or anything, but she's so utterly charming to look at, so graceful to watch, that we steal cream from the cook for her and buy liver with the money we should spend on prunes for the family, and feel gloriously repaid to have her throw us a purr in between laps. That's because she's beautiful. And we are all so starving hungry for beauty—whether we know it or not—a beautiful something to look at, beautiful feeling—beauty.

You really must know what method will protect you from the roughness of the Spring winds.

Scattered all over this country are certain little shops one calls *salons*—they used to be called beauty parlors—they had tarlatan curtains then and messy, hit-or-miss methods. Now they are beautiful living-rooms with heaps of personality and charming, clean little treatment-rooms running off in every direction, with white-capped nurses or other white-linen pretty girls to administer the magic. And sitting at the top of each of these scientific shrines to beauty—at least, at the top of the four we are going to tell you about—is a woman of refinement, breeding and intelligence. She is also a trained diagnostician, an artist, and a perfectly crackling good business woman.

And you never pop in on them—which we do every week—without thinking of that little girl on the lower East Side staggering along under the weight of a great heavy baby carried in her arms.

"My dear, you are too little to be carrying that great heavy baby!" exclaimed a woman meeting her.

"Why, he isn't heavy—he's my brother!" came the answer.

THAT'S the way these women feel about their work, though they put in from twelve to fourteen hours a day in study and research and the constant making of or testing out new remedies for old evils.

"But it's getting at the very source," they cry. "We change whole lives in here by freeing women from that awful depression of being unattractive. We teach them how to bring out their good points and how to befriend or erase their bad ones. We aren't just building faces and bodies, we are building lives!"

And this is what they do. They are all pretty much alike in the fundamentals: Cleanse the face with a very soft cream, soft as melting ice-cream—for stiff ones stretch the skin and do tremendous harm—or with a cleansing liquid; never with water unless you use with the warm water some kind of pack that counteracts the drying of the skin and the enlargement of the pores.

Most of them will not object to dashing very cold water on the face in the morning; it's good for the eyes and is a good general stimulant.

Never, never *rub* creams on the skin. Put them on with absorbent cotton wrung out in cold water and tonic, if your skin needs toning; or if the fingers alone are used, use the circular upward motion.

Never dry your face with anything harsh—use soft old linen hankies or Japanese tissue. Never leave creams on the face when going to bed. It not only spoils the bed-linen, but it is very bad for the skin. The creams should be wiped off with soft tissue or cheese-cloth, so that the pores may "breathe" during the night.

Provide yourself with face-cream towels. Buy ten yards of cheese-cloth. Cut it into yard lengths and hem them. Every woman should have a set of these cleansing-towels. They are soft and easily washed, and they will save you many wrinkles. It will cost you less than a dollar, and you can't invest a dollar in good looks in a better way.

In using face creams remember you must *never* get any of the cream in your eyes. Nearly all creams irritate the eyes.

Pat the cream very carefully under the eyes and on the lids, but do not touch the eyelashes or the corners of the eyes. In wiping off the creams be sure not to rub any of it into the eyes.

If you haven't an eye-cup, buy one to-day. All drug-stores sell them.

After cleansing the face, wash your eyes with a mild solution of boric acid or a salt solution. Use a scant teaspoon of table-salt to a half-pint of boiled water.

Make it your habit to wash your eyes after driving or walking in the wind. Your sight will be better and your eyes brighter and lovelier.

Next, they take a pair of tweezers to pluck out any little wild hairs that grow on the chin or about the mouth; that intense grooming of eyebrows is quite *passé* now, but of course if you have wild hairs about the eyebrows they must be plucked. Each *salon* has a preparation to use on your upper lip if you show so much as a suggestion of a mustache. It is possible to remove superfluous hair—and it must be done. The bearded lady belongs in a circus. No woman can be lovely if her lip or chin is marred with hair.

THEN begins the process of giving you a new face for your old.

The whole purpose is to firm up muscles, feed tissues, and give you once more that new elastic contour that worry and late hours and not enough joy have robbed you of. Delicious, rich skin food is spread all over your face.

One *salon* pats you back into shape—spank, spank, spank, with a heavenly smelling astringent over the thick cream.

Another molds you, as the first sculptor molded the first face, coaxing it into firm and lovely lines.

At another place, a mask of prepared linen is spread smoothly over your face and left until the substance in it hardens; then it is taken gently off and laid on the table, and there is your face done in linen staring up at you, line for line, only the sagging is removed.

If the muscles of your cheeks have gone lax, they are patted or molded into activity and firmness; and that frightful little double chin is strapped up with a strong astringent.

YOU never see an actress or a famous society beauty, no matter what her age, with a double chin. And yet there is no physiological difference between actresses and other women. The point is that they intelligently and systematically defend themselves against this disfiguration. The two most important methods of fighting double chins are: First, the correct carriage of the head, and second, chin-straps.

Only very young girls can afford to draw in their chins and tilt the head downward. Even very young girls should not do this, for it is cultivating a habit which leads inevitably to the ruin of the chin.

Acquire the practise of holding your head high and your chin out. It will give you a more attractive appearance, and it will, if you persist, assure you, even in middle life and close up to old age, a beautiful throat line.

There are chin-straps made for this; but if you do it yourself, father's old linen hankie will do the work. Tie it up around your head as if you had the mumps.

If your neck is thin and hungry, thick, rich foods and oils should be rubbed into it. Then gently manipulate to get the circulation up. Special oil creams have been made to put around the eyes to chase away all crows'-feet, even if your skin is oily, because the skin around the eyes is always too dry.

There are always masks for bleaching the skin and taking off the dead particles of skin; there is a delectable eye treatment to brighten the eye by bringing up the lazy circulation—a sort of mad fairy dance of the fingers around the eye, with the thick cream spread over it, and then an eye-bath of tonic and little tonic pads of cotton put under each eye if you have any puffiness there.

The whole point of "taking care" is to keep the muscles from sagging as we grow older, the pores from coarsening, the skin from stretching into wrinkles, to bring up the circulation and make it do its work, to feed and tone the skin, to keep it thin so that we can paint from the inside instead of from the outside.

You have only to go into one of these *salons* and sit there fifteen minutes to feel stirred and excited by the power of beauty; charming, lovely faces drift past you, all with that beautiful look of grooming that gives beauty, charm, where nature neglected to.

You are amazed at this great solid business that is, in the last analysis, a wayside shrine where the beauty of women is worshiped. If you sit there half an hour and watch and think, you decide to pawn the piano, if that's the only way you can get some extra money to take care of your attractiveness.

It is a real thing, *mes amies*—this little matter of being what the Lord intended you to be—the poetry in the prose of living, the note of beauty in the human symphony. Where are we going to get it if woman doesn't give it? Isn't it worth fifteen minutes a day to you?

ALL OF these nice best *salons* want you to do it at home. "There are always new people to fill the *salons*," they cry. "You can get so much more wonderful results if you do it at home, every day, for a little fifteen minutes."

Decide to-day to get a patter or a molder, or just a roll of absorbent cotton out of which you'll make your own kind of a patter.

Tear off a piece of it about five inches square, double it, then catch the two upper corners down into your fingers—you have a sort of puff-ball. Dip it into ice-cold water, wring it out, douse some good astringent on it, and after covering your face and neck with good skin food put on lightly with an up-and-out movement, now spank with your cotton. Begin by spanking softly all over the neck, then under the chin. If you have a double chin, spank hard; if you have a thin one, spank softly to keep it firm and yet not reduce it.

Then begin at the point of the chin and spank up over the cheek to the top of the ear; then again from the point of the chin to the top of the temple, lifting the corners of the mouth with a spank as you go by; then from the base of each nostril up the face to the top of the temple.

All of this spanking should be light and flexible and firm. Put a generous supply of cream on the forehead and spank all over it, but most of all right in the center where it is apt to have a little sinking place as we grow older.

Now the eyes. Look up, and pat with the astringent underneath softly. If you use a very strong astringent, don't use it around the eyes. After patting the eyes, close them and pat lightly at each outer corner where the crows'-feet and the laugh wrinkles come. Then all above the closed lids. Don't neglect the eyes. They are so lovely and most of us treat them so badly.

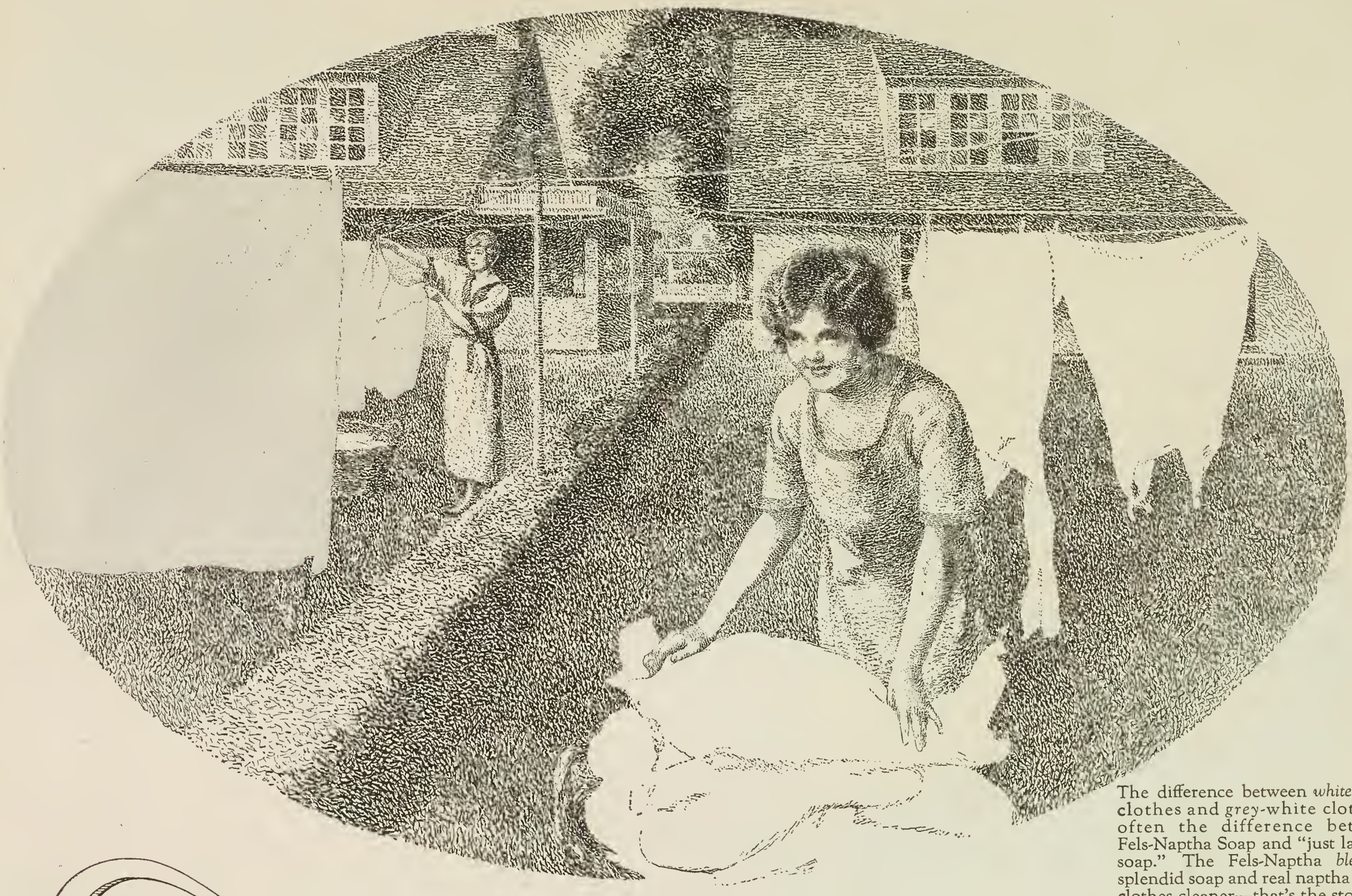
Now wipe off whatever cream is left. You'll feel as fresh and firm as an early morning in June!

IF YOU don't want to use astringents or a patter, put the cream on your face, take your two middle fingers and use them as a patter; hold them firm, and pat sharply and lightly. When you've got your face all glowing and alive, run a piece of ice wrapped in gauze or old thin linen over it quickly. Then wipe the face, using gentle strokes. Never rub the face.

Another way to firm up the face is to spread a little of the white of egg over it, always spreading up and out. Let it dry, keeping the face perfectly still. Then rinse off with very cold water.

If you want to "make up"—if you really do—write in to us and we'll send you directions how to do it and not look artificial. But we believe in painting from the inside instead of on the outside, and fifteen minutes a day will make that possible.

But whatever you do, don't be resigned to plainness. Don't be resigned to the depression of being unattractive. Learn how to defeat it. Seek a wayside shrine—*or its ways*—and be saved! It takes only fifteen minutes a day and you achieve your womanly birthright—charm.



The difference between *white*-white clothes and *grey*-white clothes is often the difference between Fels-Naptha Soap and "just laundry soap." The Fels-Naptha *blend* of splendid soap and real naptha cleans clothes cleaner—that's the story.

The story the clothes-line tells



Real Naptha! You can tell by the smell

Two women. Two washes. Two soaps. Two *results!* The woman at your left *tried* to get her clothes clean. She did the best she could with the soap she had. But the clothes-line is impartial. It must tell the truth. And the truth is—*grey*-white clothes for *this* woman's labors!

Her neighbor used Fels-Naptha Soap, in this way: She wet the clothes; then rubbed Fels-Naptha on them; rolled them; let them soak for a half-hour in lukewarm water; rubbed such extra-soiled places as wristbands; rinsed them. The clothes-line shows *white*-white clothes for *this* woman! And with *less* labor.

The difference in the clothes is the difference in the soaps. One is "just laundry soap." Fels-Naptha is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners—a way that has never been successfully imitated!

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha wades clean through each thread, breaking dirt's grip so the soapy water can flush it away. Having done its work, the naptha vanishes, leaving the clothes sweet and clean. Clothes are whiter because cleaner, and more *sanitary* for the same reason. Say "Fels-Naptha" to your store-man—and *mean* it! Directions for using are printed inside every wrapper.

The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper.



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FREE If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately, send for free sample. Write "Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia."

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

WHAT TO DO *NOW* IN YOUR GARDEN

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE DUST MULCH

By G. T. Huntington

ONE of the most important factors in the success of a vegetable-garden—and of flower plantings, too, to a certain extent—is the maintenance of what experienced gardeners know as a "dust mulch." This is nothing more or less than a coating of dry, very fine earth covering the soil of the planted area to a depth of from one to two inches. It is created and maintained by frequent cultivation with a rake or wheel-hoe, especially as soon as the water has soaked in after every rain or watering.

The principles of the dust mulch are simple enough. Normally, there is a constant evaporation of soil moisture during dry weather, the moisture working upward to the surface by means of capillary attraction (one particle of water drawing the next up after it, and so on down into the soil). This, of course, exhausts the moisture supply around the roots of the plants, depriving them of the medium which carries the food elements up into the stems and leaves and flowers.

Now, the dust mulch checks this evaporation by breaking up these innumerable little columns of moisture before they reach the surface and escape. Hence it acts as a most effective conserver of soil moisture and benefits the plants immeasurably. A garden that is well dust-mulched may look dry on the surface, but dig down a few inches and you will be surprised at the dampness you will find, even on the hottest day—proof that the roots are well nourished.

Another advantage of the dust mulch is that the cultivation necessary to make it is bound to hold the weeds in check, besides loosening up any caked soil and admitting needful air to the plant roots.



Every vegetable garden needs some spraying with insecticides. An adjustable sprayer that hangs comfortably by a strap from the shoulder ond operates by compressed oir is most satisfactory

The scuffle-hoe is of double benefit to the gorden. It kills the weeds and helps moterially in creating and maintaining the dust mulch. Use it once a week during the active growing season



Fairly deep cultivotion of the spacc between the rows is needed to keep the soil from packing and to admit air to the plant roots. Incidentolly it does much to hold the weed crop in check

Dwarf apples and pears make possible fruit growing on small places. This photograph gives an idea of the size of the trees. The fruit is equal in size and quality to that of standard size trees

A CALENDAR OF MAY GARDEN WORK

"Who would have a fine garden must look well to the soil thereof, that it be not cumbered with tares and other greedy weeds that do rob the worthy flowers."

The dates given for these garden activities are based on the growing conditions normally found in the latitude of New York City. As one goes north or south from this point the season becomes later or earlier, requiring corresponding variations in the dates. Approximately five days should be added or substracted, as the case may be, for each one hundred miles distance from the latitude described here.

TUESDAY

2. The early sowings of vegetables should be well up by this time, and probably need thinning out. That is, they are growing so close together in each row that they are crowded and in danger of getting spindly. The thing to do is pull out and discard enough of the weakest ones to give the others a chance.

9. As you look over the vegetable-garden you may find that in parts of some rows the plants are not doing as well as they should. Possibly the soil there is not as rich as elsewhere. Anyhow, it will be worth trying some special stimulation—nitrate of soda or other strong forcing element applied in liquid form.

16. Seeds of the late vegetable crops, such as cabbage, kale and Brussels sprouts should be planted now. It is a good plan to start them in a small, finely prepared bed in some out-of-the-way corner of the garden. When they come up, transplant as you did the indoors crops and set out in the garden later.

23. Successive plantings of the seed of those vegetables you like best will lengthen the season of productiveness. Two or three weeks apart will be about right for these. Spinach, beans, corn, radishes, carrots, peas, cucumbers, beets, lettuce and kohlrabi are things which can be treated this way if you have space.

30. Most of us do not think of late May as the time to do any shrub pruning. But now, right after they have finished blooming, is the time to do the necessary trimming and cutting out of dead wood on the early Spring-flowering sorts. If you wait until Fall, you will cut off the buds for next year's flowers.

THURSDAY

4. Potato-planting time usually comes about now—late planting will mean a poor yield, as potatoes are not a hot-weather crop. A fertilizer containing about one per cent. of potash is advisable for most soils. Use for seed good potatoes with plenty of eyes from which the new plants will start.

11. At first glance it may seem strange that frequent cutting during the growing season should improve the quality of the lawn grass. What it really accomplishes is the admission of plenty of light and air to the roots and lower blades, making the whole growth sturdier and thicker. Cut twice a week, usually.

18. About this time you had better watch out for the first of the destructive beetles and caterpillars on the stems and leaves of the plants. Gooseberries and other bush-fruits, apples, cherries and elms are most likely to be attacked. For all the insects which chew, the standard remedy is arsenate of lead spray.

25. If the weather has become thoroughly settled and warm you can plant your dahlia roots now. A rich, light soil is best for them. Put the crowns of the root-clumps about three inches below the surface, and before the stalks are too high, stake each of them securely to prevent breakage by the wind.

SATURDAY

6. Most of the annual flowers may be started now from seed sown out-of-doors. It will pay to have the ground where they are to go well prepared by digging, raking and generally pulverizing the soil until it is uniformly light and fine. Of course, every weed and stone should be removed before sowing.

13. Weeds are an endless source of annoyance, and only constant vigilance will keep the garden and flower-beds clear of them. Along driveways and gravel or paved walks, where nothing else is growing, they can be eliminated for the season by one application of liquid weedkiller. Weedkillers destroy all plants.

20. The perennial flower garden will soon be starting its blossoming season, and you will do well to see that the plants are provided with enough nourishment to enable them to do their best. Finely ground bone-meal sprinkled over the surface of the soil around them and raked in will supply the needed food.

27. Have you thought about celery for next Winter? This is the time to start preparations. If seed is sown broadcast in a finely prepared bed it will yield little plants which, while still very small, can be transplanted into another bed. Let them stay until five inches high, and then set in the garden.

What a garden of surprise
Out beyond my window lies!
Fancy, when the night is there,
Gentle trees with drooping hair
Rocking, rocking cradle-wise,
Little stars with yellow eyes!—GEORGE CRONYN.



Sweet peas may need assistance during the earlier stoges of establishing themselves on the string trellis, though in the main they will be able to manage quite well. If aphids appear, spray with whale-oil soap



If brush or wire netting is not available as supports for the sweet pea vines, a trellis can be made by lacing heavy twine up and down between horizontal wires strung two feet part on heavy posts five feet high



Let the children help in the garden, even if you have to supervise their work. They may not have had real gardening experience, but they can manage such essential operations as watering and hoeing



All out-doors invites your

KODAK

Autographic Kodaks *$6.50 up*

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*



TRAILING GERMAN IVY, FERNS AND TALL PINK BEGONIAS MAKE EFFECTIVE BOXES FOR NORTHERN OR EASTERN EXPOSURES



THE CONCRETE HOUSE WITH ITS TRIM DETAIL MAKES AN EXCELLENT BACKGROUND FOR THESE WINDOW-GARDENS



THE SOMBER SHINGLE HOUSE IS BRIGHTENED BY THE COLORFUL PLANTS AND TRAILING VINES OF THE MINIATURE GARDENS

FLOWERS *for the* PORCH OR WINDOW

By Robert S. Lemmon

THE house whose charm can not be enhanced by suitable window and veranda boxes is about as rare as the dodo. No matter how delightful the architecture may be, or how perfect the detail of the trim and exterior wall finish, a touch of growing flowers will speak the final word in the creation of a perfect whole. And when the house as a house is in any way disappointing to the eye, reliance can always be placed on these miniature gardens to brighten and better its effect.

Such are the architectural facts of the case, so to speak. Quite apart from them, and yet not at all to be disregarded on that account, are the horticultural pleasures of window-box gardening. Many a person whose home for one reason or another makes impossible the maintenance of a regular flower-garden finds in the little plantings on the ledge a wealth of pleasure. No laborious digging, no battle against weeds, no moles to tunnel and upheave the choicest plants. And yet, within the tiny limits of the window-box are the beauty and fragrance of real flowers, perhaps the more appreciated because they are so intimately close at hand. No window need be without its plants, no porch-rail barren of green growing things. Alike in city and country, yours can be a house literally decked out with flowers from May to frost.

THE points to be decided are the style and size and number of the boxes. For brick, stone and stucco houses the manufactured boxes of "artificial stone," which is really about the same as fine-grade concrete, are excellent. They harmonize well with such houses, especially where they are left in their natural gray-white color. Some of them are rather overdecorated, but the majority are simple enough in shape and design to be in thoroughly good taste.

There is no necessity, however, of going to the expense of buying these plant-containers, which of course come in many sizes to fit all ordinary railings, pillar tops and ledges. Boxes made of wood by a carpenter, or at home if you are a bit handy with hammer and saw, will serve the purpose admirably. Indeed, for shingle and clapboard houses they are to be preferred, as they will look more in keeping with the outside material of the house. They should have two or three coats of good paint inside and out to protect them from the weather and the rotting effect of the soil within them. A rather dark, dull green is an excellent color which will look well with any flower hue and against all shades of house wall. If they are of large size, it will be a good plan to reinforce them with extra strips on the bottom, sides and at the corners, as the inside pressure after they are filled will be considerable.

Whatever type of box is decided upon, it should have a number of drainage-holes in the bottom to carry off any excess of water. As to size, the minimum that is really practical for growing plants is about six inches by six inches by six inches. Except for the largest flowers—hydrangeas, for example—there is no need in having a soil depth greater than ten inches. The wider and longer the box is the larger the number and variety of plants which can be grown in it, naturally.

THERE will be no necessity of fastening the boxes in place if the ledges or railings on which they stand are level and as wide as they are, for their own weight will anchor them solidly after they are planted. Should there be the slightest chance of their tipping over, however, counteract it by bracket supports underneath or perhaps stout copper wires fastened to the outer upper corners and led up at an angle of forty-five degrees to screw hooks set solidly in the casing of the window. There is small consolation in realizing that such simple precautions would have obviated a broken box and plants ruined by a fall to the ground below.

So much for the ledge boxes proper. Before passing on to what you can grow in them and how, I want to say just a few words about another class of container, the hanging box, basket or jar.

In these literally aerial gardens we find the solution of many problems of decorating the house with growing plants. For example, on covered porches where there are no ledges or other space for regular boxes, pots of ferns, ivy, nasturtiums or vinca may be hung from the ceiling where they will be out of the way of passing heads. Again, plant-holders may be hung directly against the walls, or perhaps supported there on brackets. Inside the house, a particularly effective arrangement for a sunny window consists of a large green or yellow pottery jar suspended from a heavy bracket and filled with the cascading pale-green leaves and pink blossoms of oxalis. A little consideration of whatever particular situation may confront you will surely disclose some way in which such ideas may be applied.

Last, but by no means least, in the list of containers is the familiar red-clay flower-pot. Don't laugh—perhaps you have never seen the marvelous effective way in which the Italians use them around their houses and along their garden walks. If the outsides of the pots are kept free of dirt and other discoloration, they will add effectively to certain color schemes. And unlike those in regular window-boxes, plants in pots can be moved from place to place at will, changing the whole effect on a few minutes' notice. Besides, if one of them should sicken, it is a simple matter to replace it, pot and all, without disturbing the rest of the arrangement.

And now, what flowers can you grow in your little on-the-house gardens? Well, that depends very largely upon the amount of sunlight which will reach them. Perhaps the best way of getting at the facts will be to set down a list of plants according to the side of the house on which the boxes are to be.

For southeast, south, southwest and west exposures, where during Spring and Summer there will be direct sun for a large part of the day, the planting may include:

LOW growing, for the front edge of the box, sweet alyssum, "Carpet of Snow," white, about four inches high; ageratum, "Dwarf White," "Little Dorrit Blue," and "Little Blue Star," all under six inches high; portulaca, white, pink, scarlet, yellow or bronze, creeping; annual candytuft, white, lavender, purple or cardinal, from eight inches to twelve inches high. Taller growing, for the middle or back of the box, geraniums, in variety; dwarf nasturtiums, in variety, twelve inches high; gaillardia in variety, one foot to two feet high; coleus, red, yellow and variegated foliage, no flowers, twelve inches to eighteen inches; petunias, in variety, twelve inches to twenty inches; pot marigolds, yellow and orange, twelve inches high. To droop down from the front of the box; balcony petunias, white, pink, dark red or violet; nasturtiums, in variety.

The planting arrangement, you see, is on the same principle as that in the garden flower border—as you look at the box from the front the plants grade up toward the tallest ones at the back.

The list for eastern and northern exposures, and others where direct sunlight is absent or nearly so, is less varied. Here vincas and German ivy will be good to trail over the edge of the box. Low growing, for the front, verbenas, blue, white, pink and scarlet, six inches; pansies, in wide variety of colors, especially the newer varieties, which are larger and finer than the old-fashioned ones. Taller, for the middle and back, begonias, pinks and reds, six inches to twelve inches high; feverfew, white or gold, ten inches high; and of course a number of different ferns, especially the well-known Boston variety. In addition to these, most of the plants in the first list will do fairly well unless the situation is particularly dark and shady.

Hanging baskets and other such containers usually call for plants which will droop down well over their edges. Ivy and vincas are good for this, and the more loosely spreading ferns will give a pleasing effect. Lobelia *Erinus gracilla* is a good trailing plant with blue flowers, and alyssum (*Benthami*) is often used in such places. You will find, too, that the oxalis is splendid for hanging containers. It is a bulbous-rooted plant which can be kept year after year, whereas most of those which have been mentioned in this article are annuals which live but one season.

The best way to obtain the ivy and ferns will be to buy them at the florist's, though, if opportunity offers, you can gather some of the ferns out in the woods. Practically all of the other plants you can grow yourself from seed, as described in an earlier article of this series.

COMING now to the sort of soil in which to plant, there is really not much that need be said. A good rich garden loam, light rather than heavy, will be right for all but the ferns, which need more fibrous, well-aerated surroundings for their roots. If you will take some soil from your regular garden, remove all stones and lumps and mix it with about one-third its bulk of rotted leaf mold from the woods, you will have the right consistency for nine boxes out of ten. Finely ground bone meal will enrich it sufficiently, and the addition of a sprinkling of liquid plant fertilizer every two or three weeks will help keep the flowers in the pink of condition. The drainage-holes in the bottoms of the boxes should be covered with pieces of broken crock before the earth is put in, to keep the soil from working down and clogging them.

As to watering, never let the soil become either powder-dry or muddy. Avoid these extremes, watch the response of the plants to the treatment you accord them, and there will be no reason why your window and veranda boxes, hanging baskets and wall receptacles should not yield pleasure far in excess of the thought and time you expend in providing for them.



Raisin Coffee Cake

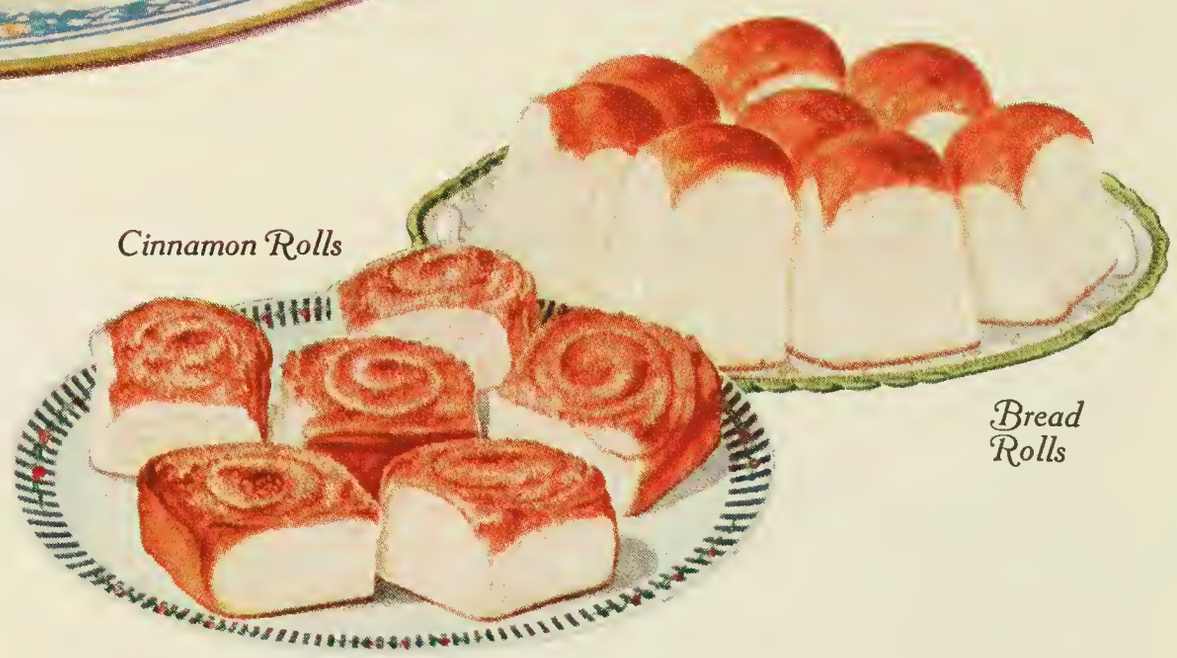
Do you make only bread on bake day?

When baking do you use a little bread dough for delightful sweet breads?

Many mothers find that plenty of sweet rolls and bread reduce the craving for cake and candy. Children love every kind of sweet loaf; after you begin to have them the "sweets" problem in your home will not be nearly so perplexing.

And it is so easy to make them when you have bread dough on hand. Just add sugar, eggs and shortening, according to the recipe you like best.

Northwestern Yeast Co., 1732 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago



Cinnamon Rolls

Bread Rolls

Raisin Coffee Cake

with bread dough

In the morning to 1 pound regular bread dough, when first made, add ½ teaspoon shortening, 3 tablespoons sugar and 1 egg. Knead 5 minutes; let rise 2½ hours; knead down and let rise about 1 hour. Roll into a sheet about 1 inch thick, sprinkle with small seedless raisins and shape into a roll. Twist the roll and form into a ring, joining the ends. Place in pan; let rise for 1½ hours. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven. When done and while still warm, ice with frosting made by beating together 1 cup powdered sugar, 1 tablespoon milk or water and ¼ teaspoon vanilla extract.

Parker House Rolls

with bread dough

Two and one-half dozen

Take 4 cups (2 pounds) bread dough, when ready to shape into loaves. Roll out to ½ inch thickness. Shape with a biscuit cutter, brush each shape with melted butter, crease through the center, fold over and press edges together. Place in a buttered pan 1 inch apart and let rise until fully twice their bulk. Bake in a quick oven 20 to 25 minutes. Sweeter and richer rolls may be made by creaming together 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon butter or lard, 1 egg, and adding to the regular bread dough, together with enough extra flour to make a medium dough.

Cinnamon Rolls

with bread dough

One and one-half dozen

Take 4 cups (2 pounds) bread dough, when ready to shape into loaves. Roll out to ½ inch thickness. Sprinkle with ½ tablespoon sugar and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Make into a long even roll and cut into 18 pieces. Set close together, with cut surface down, in a buttered pan, and let rise until fully twice their bulk. Butter tops and sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar Bake in a quick oven 20 to 25 minutes.

Sweeter and richer rolls may be made by creaming together 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon butter or lard, 1 egg, and adding to regular dough, together with ¼ cup raisins and enough extra flour to make a medium dough.

Bread Rolls

One dozen large or two dozen small

Take 4 cups (2 pounds) bread dough, when ready to shape into loaves. Mold into a long even roll and cut into twelfths. Shape into round balls. Set close together in a buttered pan, brush with melted butter, cover and let rise until fully twice their bulk. Bake in a quick oven 20 to 25 minutes.



Raisin Bread

Parker House Rolls



HANNAH L. WESSLING
Formerly Bread Expert Department of Agriculture

Ask our expert what you want to know about bread making

Miss Wessling is an authority on bread making and will be glad to answer any question about flour, yeast, temperature, mixing, kneading, rising, molding, baking, etc. If you are making some delightful new bread with a delicious flavor, write to Miss Wessling and tell her about it.

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Magic Yeast—Yeast Foam—*just the same except in name. Package of 5 cakes—at your grocer—10c package*

"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES



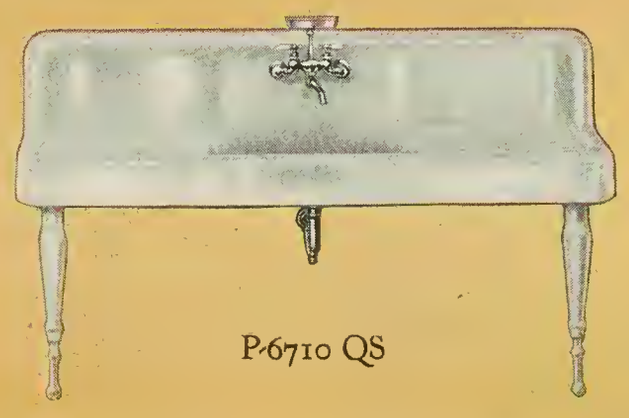
"Standard" kitchen sinks, "yard stick high," provide comfort and prevent back-strain. How high is yours?

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh

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THE FOUR-POST BEDS WITH THEIR FRINGED SPREADS ARE CORRECT AND IN KEEPING WITH THE RAG CARPET AND ROUND BRAIDED RUGS



THIS OLD-TIME LIVING-ROOM, WITH ITS COMFORTABLE RUSH-BOTTOMED CHAIRS, PROVIDES A FAMILY GATHERING-PLACE

THE HOME OF "HOME, SWEET HOME"

By Charles Hanson Towne



Continued from page 20

WE NEED, in this changing land, men of such beautiful sentiment as Mr. Buek. The knocker on his door bears the haunting phrase that Payne wrote so long ago, and he has sought out all the manuscripts and relics of the poet, and put them on the walls in frames; and he has kept a portrait of him, by Willard—the same Willard who painted "The Spirit of '76"—and has it over the fireplace of the cozy drawing-room.

The house has been standing since 1660—so architects who have carefully examined it report; and after the thatched cottages of 1649, when Easthampton was settled, this was doubtless one of the first buildings of another type to be built. There is plenty of evidence that young Payne was born here, though the city of New York claims the honor of being his birthplace. John H. Hunt, editor of the Sag Harbor *Express* since 1859, and the oldest living editor in New York State, says that William Payne, the father of John Howard Payne, lived in Easthampton, and used to drive to New York once or twice a year in his chaise—a journey which took three days—and stop over with Dr. John Howard, of Smithtown, the maternal grandfather of Hunt. The latter, from his mother, learned that on one trip Payne announced the birth of a child just a few days before he had left Easthampton, and asked Doctor Howard to name him—which he did—John Howard.

The Hon. Henry P. Hedges, who was a lifelong friend of Payne, wrote, in 1907, in his ninety-first year, this remarkable pen-portrait of the celebrated poet: "I can see him now, as I saw him then, short, some five feet and a half high, compactly built, well set, active, sprightly, of sanguine, nervous temperament, blue-eyed, fair and florid in countenance, nose large with Romanic curve, hair dark, forehead high and white, features strongly marked, but mobile, expression intellectual, rapid in conception and thought, elastic in step, imitative in capacity, in penetration far-seeing, a reader of human nature, genial, impulsive, sympathetic, humorous, kind-hearted, social, in some practical affairs a child, in the world of imagination a genius."

Payne adapted many works for the theater, some of them from the French—a language with which he was well acquainted; but it was not until the night of May 8, 1823, in the Theater Royal, at Covent Garden, London, that a beautiful and popular English actress, Marie Tree, sang for the first time those words which other singers have repeated thousands of times—words in which all the heartbreak of the world is compressed.

"Clari" was the opera which Payne had adapted; and a song was needed for the protagonist in the simple drama. Henry Rowling Bishop had written the air we know to-day to fill an order given him by a publishing house for an "International Songbook," but there can be no disputing the fact that never were words and music more happily wedded. Each seems to have been made for the other, and it is difficult to think of them apart.

When Payne was but a lad of fourteen, he edited a paper in New York called the *Thespian Mirror*, and a year later, in Schenectady, we find him getting out *The Pastime;* and copies of these Mr. Buek preserves on the walls of the tiny Easthampton house, next to some priceless old yellow Staffordshire ware, shining all day in those hallowed rooms.

While still very young, Payne toured both America and England, appearing in many romantic rôles, notably as *Norval*, in "Douglas," a popular play of the time. He even undertook *Hamlet*, adventurous young man that he was; and it is said that the house on one occasion sold out for $1400—a vast sum in those conservative days. His triumph was complete. But he was doomed to face disaster, later. For some unexplained reason the histrionic talent that promised so much in his extreme youth failed to burst into flower; and he wisely left the stage and turned his attention to playwriting.

His friendship in Paris with Washington Irving is well known. They shared the expenses of a flat in the French capital, and it was a blow to Payne when he realized that Mary Wollstonecraft, the widow of the poet Shelley, had attached herself to him only that she might meet his debonair and distinguished friend. One of his temperament would be bound to suffer through such disillusionment. Though he had many affairs of the heart, he never married; but the legend runs that the original manuscript of his famous song is buried in the casket of a Miss Hardin who lived in Athens, Georgia. She had loved Payne; but there is reason to believe that he also had a romantic attachment for a young lady in the Long Island village where he lived; and when he died, in Tunis, on April 9, 1852, the news of this girl's death was speeding to him, while strangely enough word of his was on its way to her.

In other ways Payne's life was a stormy one. While still an ambitious actor-manager, in England, he was imprisoned for debt, and during the period when he was lodged in jail he received from Paris a play called "Theresa, Orphan of Geneva." He adapted it and hurriedly forwarded it to the Drury Lane Theater. Wallack immediately accepted it, and with the proceeds the dramatist paid his creditors and was released.

Though Payne remained in Paris and prospered somewhat, his letters reveal the nostalgia he often felt for America. To his brother he once unburdened his heart: "My yearnings toward home become stronger as the term of my exile lengthens. I long to see all your faces and to hear all your voices. . . . I feel the want of you—parts of myself in this strange world—for though reconciled to vagabondism, I long for home."

THUS we hear the first cry of the lonely wanderer; and when he was appointed consul at Tunis, later, he must have longed for his native land with all that passion which was so definitely a part of him. He felt that he was a failure in his part; and he really died a disappointed man.

His body was brought back to America in 1883, by W. W. Corcoran, and later given a permanent resting place in Oak Hill Cemetery, near Washington. The President and the Cabinet and a military escort accompanied the casket to the grave.

As I read the words of that piercingly beautiful poem of his, I think I know why it has endured, and why it will always endure. It is because, like all great works of art, it is simple; and there is so much heart hunger in this world of ours. Poets are the bringers of spiritual bread to meet that constant need. And "Home, Sweet Home" is filled with life-giving beauty—the perfect poem, matched with perfect music.

John Howard Payne, you who wandered so far from that little cottage haunted by memories of you and your song, I hope you are resting in peace in that better Home where God so tenderly called you at last!

Concluded on page 54



A COLONIAL MIRROR HANGING IN THE CORNER REFLECTS THE WOOD PANELING WHICH GIVES DISTINCTION TO THIS ROOM



From a drawing by LUCILE PATTERSON MARSH. © ARCO 1922

Have the children had colds this winter?

Send for this Free Book

MANY colds are due to the fact that homes are *heated* instead of *warmed.*

Sensitive flowers—like sensitive throats—suffer in dry super-heated air. Moist even warmth is best for both. That is why green-houses are steam or hot-water warmed—and why your home ought to be.

Best of all, the cost of steam or hot-water warmth comes back to you. If your house is large, the IDEAL TYPE A HEAT MACHINE and CORTO RADIATORS will reduce your fuel bills one-third. If your house is small, ARCOLA and American Radiators will pay for themselves in the same way, by the fuel they save.

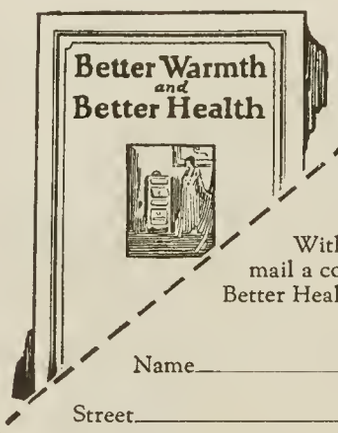
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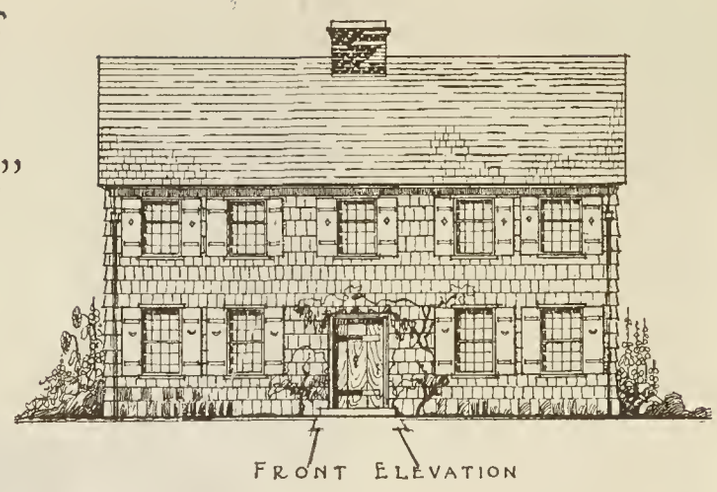
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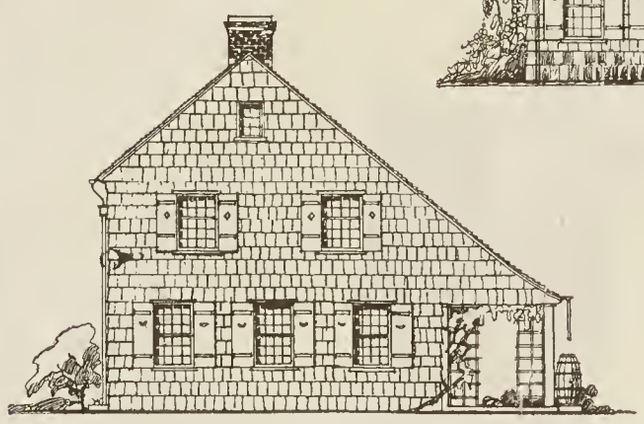
If you plan to build put an X here ( ).

The HOME *of* "HOME, SWEET HOME"

By Harriet Sisson Gillespie



FRONT ELEVATION



SIDE ELEVATION

THE floor-plans reproduced on this page have been adapted from the "Home, Sweet Home" house, retaining as far as possible the beauty and simplicity of the original. These plans have been passed upon and approved by Mr. Donn Barber, an architect who has made his reputation on gigantic modern structures such as the Hall of Justice, and who has also designed some of the most beautiful homes in America.

Mr. Barber is interested in the development of good homes in this country. With his guidance we hope to give the readers of THE DELINEATOR constructive and important home-building assistance.

The Payne house is long and narrow. If possible, it should be built facing the southeast. From an ancient mill-stone before the door it is one short step across the threshold into the home. One enters a square hall eight by nine feet. Opposite the front door is the winding staircase. Under the staircase is a coat closet. Every inch of space is used to advantage.

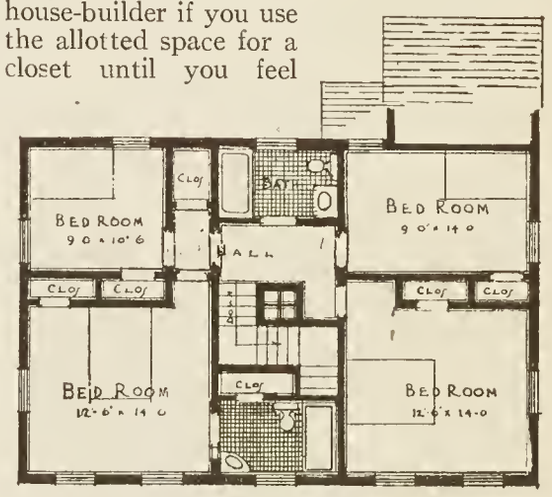
The Payne home has the unexpected charm of most old houses. To the left of the square wood-paneled hall is the living-room, which is fourteen by twenty-four feet. This room, one of the finest examples of early American architecture, is lighted by three windows, twelve panes to a sash. In many respects its treatment bears a close resemblance to the fine manor houses of old England. Slender fluted pillars reach from floor to ceiling on the south side of the room, which is paneled. The other sides are plastered.

THE simple mantel shelf is supported by four brackets built in over the broad, low fireplace. The windows and doors are framed by slender pilasters. Pilasters may seem an extravagance to you, but they are a permanent and very beautiful investment. An old-fashioned corner shelf cupboard is an interesting feature which may be duplicated in your home. If you have not invested in dining-room furniture, plan one of these beautiful shelf closets and save on a china-closet.

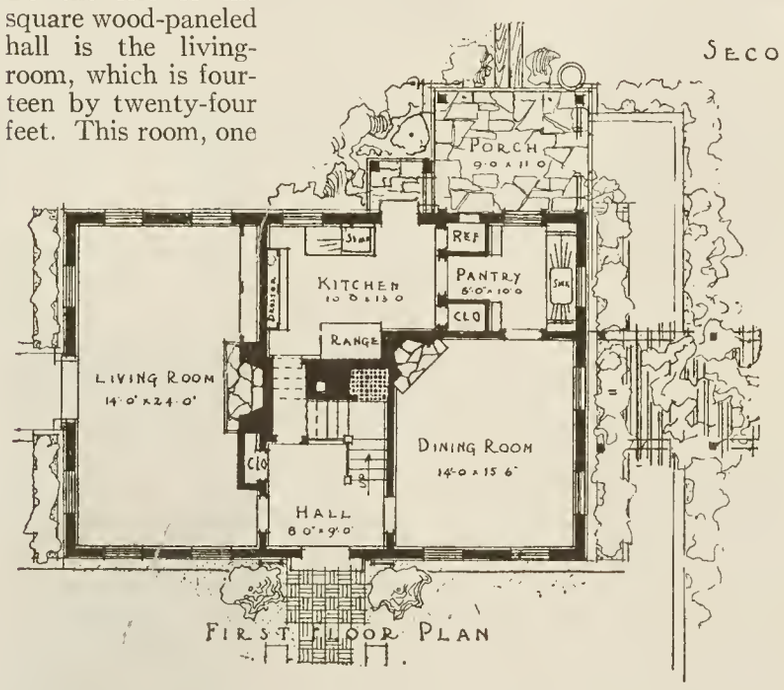
On the opposite side of the house the dining-room, which is fourteen by fifteen and one-half feet in our house plans, while much more economically planned, has a charm enhanced by the finely proportioned doors. The placid lines of the Colonial mantel with its shelf reservation is a replica of that in the living-room of the famous homestead.

The original kitchen of the Payne house is used as a den by the present owner. In the adapted plans the kitchen is back of the dining-room, but separated from it by a pantry, which is six by ten feet. The kitchen, ten by thirteen feet, allows space for laundry tubs and a washing-machine.

Following the winding stairs to the second floor, we find in the modernized plan four bedrooms and two baths. In the original house there were just two rooms on the second floor and an attic, but for comfortable use to-day this should be divided and bathrooms provided. If you feel that one bathroom is sufficient, you can save on building cost, but the additional bathroom is a great luxury, and even if you do not equip it, you will be a wise house-builder if you use the allotted space for a closet until you feel financially able to turn it into a bathroom.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

PERHAPS the most interesting feature of the restoration of the Payne home, apart from its Colonial aspect, is the new addition, an "L" that stretches east from the old fire-room back some twenty-four feet. The narrow passageway, lighted by rows of shallow, many-paned windows, widens at the end into a spacious kitchen, with a servant's room and bath adjoining and, in order that the new addition should conform with the rest of the house, the owner scoured the countryside until he found an abandoned structure of the same period, and used the ancient weathered shingles to cover its walls. It is this faithful adherence to type, even to the identical hand-wrought hardware, the key-hole escutcheons, cock's-head hinges, and latches, that makes the Payne home both architecturally and historically valuable.

The cost of building this house will of course vary according to the part of the country in which you live. It is safest to take it to a builder and get an estimate.

THE DELINEATOR *has planned a series of articles and building plans—modernized adaptations of old American homes. If you are interested in home-building and wish to have a copy of the plans—the "Home, Sweet Home" house, or any of the others which will follow—they may be purchased separately. For information, address Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Home Building Department,* THE DELINEATOR.

It's EASY to Get Thin *to music!*

To show you how easy it is, I'll reduce you five pounds FREE. I will do it in five-days' time; in your home—and with your own phonograph.



MY reducing records make *any* figure normal, in surprisingly short space of time. In five thousand cases, *I have not had one, single failure.*

This method works hand in hand with Nature. That's why it brings such instant results and such a joyous state of health. No drastic denial of nourishment. No punishment of any kind.

The first day will bring results you can *feel*. The first week will tell *on the scales*. Before your second lesson, improvements your friends can *see*. All this I will *prove*—before you pay a penny. But first, read how I do it.

Food Does Not Cause Fat

—or we would not see so many stout persons who eat less than a child of ten. What I give you to do causes what you *do* eat to make only blood, bone and sinew. *Nothing is left from which Nature can make fat.* Now you have the whole secret.

And realize this: reducing the Wallace way is *play*. It's downright *fun* getting thin *to music!* I tell you just what to do each day—on phonograph records clear as a bell. Easy to understand, easier to do.

My Method Lets You Eat

I employ nothing so crude as starvation; my way of reducing is *natural*. And when Nature makes you thin, neither face nor figure suffers. Remaining flesh is firm and smooth, the skin clears wonderfully; eyes are bright; hair takes on lustre. As you reduce by my method, watch the mirror as well as the scales.



Both Are Mrs. Horchler

The difference these photographs plainly show was wrought by Wallace reduction records. See her letter below.

4625 INDIANA AVENUE
CHICAGO

August 14, 1921

Wallace, Chicago:

Dear sir:—

Having reduced by your wonderful music method in just four months' time, it is but fair to tell you what you have done for me.

I reduced sixty pounds. My friends pass me on the street without recognizing who it is. I feel better. I appear at least ten years younger. Gratefully,

Grace Horchler

Mrs. Horchler's reduction was accomplished solely through my records, sent by mail. Her pictures above show what was accomplished—in a little less than four months. Since this letter was written, she has removed about ten pounds more, making her weight what it should be for her height.

Ten or fifteen pounds reduction is *nothing*—one lesson can do that. If you are fifty, sixty, seventy-five pounds too heavy—I require more time. But the results will be just the same, just as sure. Mrs. Esta Arbaugh of Mandamin, Iowa, reports that I reduced her 15 pounds in just two lessons.

I have *hundreds* of such letters.

Mrs. Mildred M. Sykes, 300 North Florida Ave., Atlantic City, N. J., took off 12 pounds with the first lesson, and says she "eats anything she likes."

Mrs. N. E. Wiersum, 721 Hogan, S. W., Grand Rapids, Mich., has written me and said she would not take one hundred dollars for her Wallace records.

A lady whose husband is a doctor has stated in a letter that he regards my course not alone a successful weight reducer, but a splendid health builder.

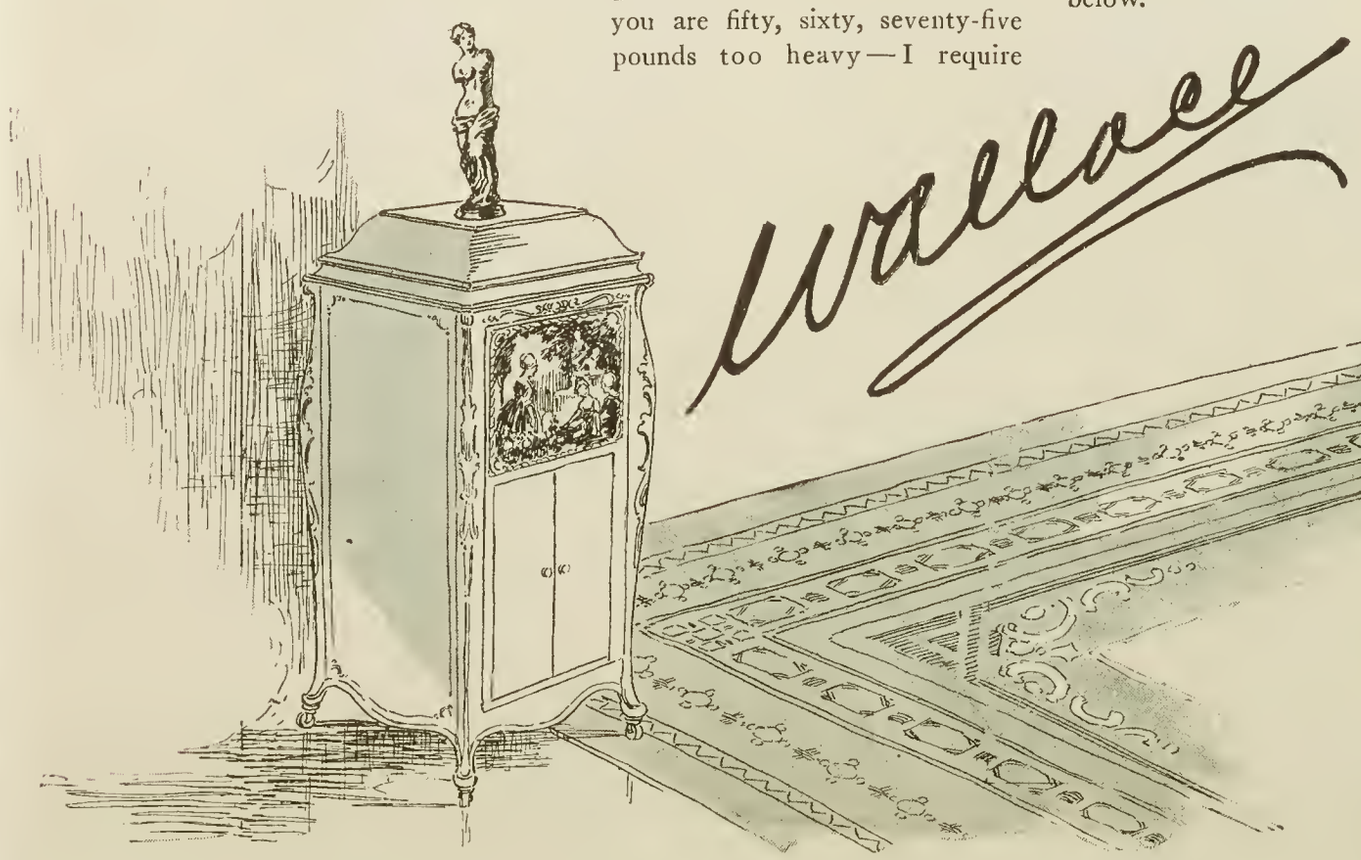
Any names I have published appear by special permission.

FREE Proof

Accept my five-day offer of proof; you can soon start your actual reduction. I will send you at once my first lesson free, prepaid and plainly wrapped. Try this full-sized, double-faced record five days. That's all I ask.

I wish no payment now, no promise to pay anything later. Just an out-and-out free test, as the coupon states. Why not fill it in now, and mail it today? The coupon is below.





Wallace

WALLACE 630 S. Wabash Avenue **Chicago**

Please send record for first reducing lesson; free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or mail back your record at the end of a five-day trial. This does not obligate me in any way.

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Dresses you have never dared attempt you can now make like a professional

A year ago you would have laughed at the idea of re-creating a Paris gown at home—today you can calmly do it



Butterick Design 3651. *The bateau neck, the spring version of the moyen-âge waist, and the new fabric trimming, lend fresh interest to the simple frock.*

DRESS after dress a triumphant success. This is the experience thousands of women who sew at home are having now.

Now you can know the joy of starting to sew, certain that your dress will turn out a success. You can give it the style, the lines, the perfection of finish of an expensive imported frock.

With the Deltor, now included in every new Butterick pattern, home sewing becomes for you an entirely new thing. The Deltor enables you to recreate an imported dress as perfectly as a professional.

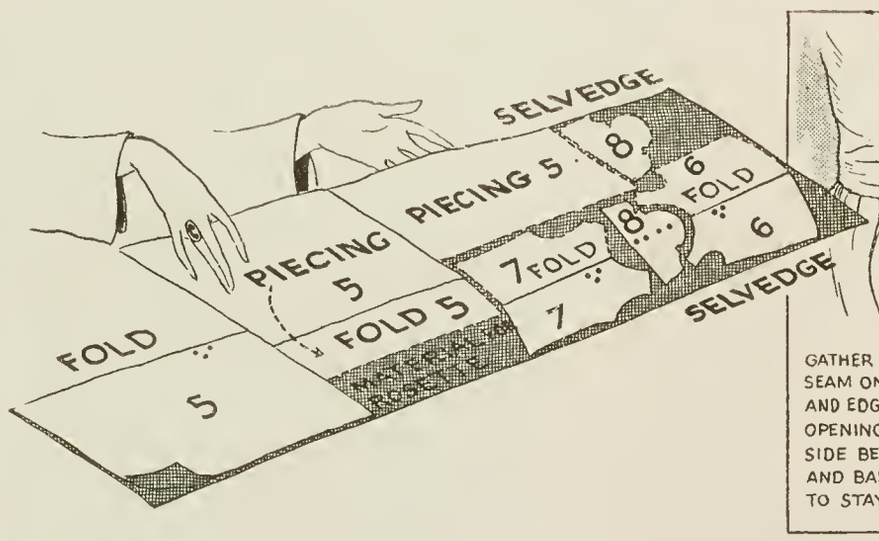
It gives to you the skilled economy in cutting of an expert, the deft putting together of a great dressmaker, the clever finish that spells Paris.

First of all you have a list of just what fashionable materials are best suited to the pattern you have bought, so that you choose your material like an expert. The lines of a pattern cut for a cloth like Kasha may not look right in a material like the fashionable canton crêpe, because of the greater softness of the goods.

Then when you start to cut, the Deltor gives you a picture of the pattern in *your* size laid out on the width material *you* are using. For the first time you are assured of getting a cutting layout that exactly fits *your* case. The Deltor gives you pictures of the pattern in every size laid on every width of suitable material.

You just select the picture of *your* size laid on *your* width material, pin and cut accordingly. You will find you have cut your frock out of from ¼ to 1⅜ yards less material than you ever used before and saved money and time.

Your dress goes together so easily! A glance tells you just where and how everything goes—no puzzling over where to begin gathering, or start taking in

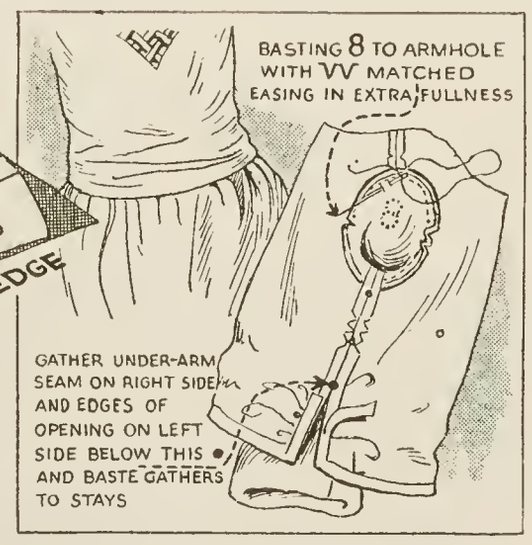


An *individual* cutting chart—for your size and your width material

When the designer has made the pattern, men who specialize only in cutting make your Deltor cutting layouts. Not one person in a thousand, however talented, has their skill and experience. You make it your own when you use the Deltor cutting layout. Each Deltor shows a separate layout for every size the pattern comes in, laid on every suitable width of material. You just select *your* size laid on *your* width—and go ahead. You will find your new way of cutting saves you from ¼ to 1⅜ yards of material.

"I bought my material first, then when I got my pattern with the Deltor I had 1⅜ of a yard more material than I needed if I followed the Deltor cutting layout. Fortunately, I was able to return my piece of goods and get the smaller amount, so I saved $7.50 as my material cost $5.50 a yard."

So now Butterick patterns specify only enough material to cut the economical Deltor way.

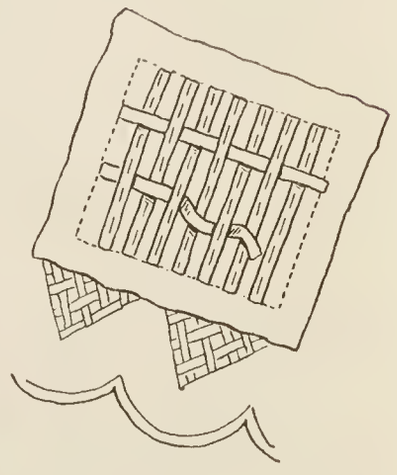


The exact lines of the original model

This modern version of the long moyen-âge waist is characteristic of the spring frocks. To keep it slim, yet have that necessary and subtle fullness, might be a pretty problem even for a professional. But, no matter how inexperienced in sewing you are, the Deltor shows you how you can easily handle it just as an expert would.

If you follow the Deltor exactly you are amazed how simply it all goes and how successfully it turns out.

With the Deltor you will find you can make clothes you never dared attempt before.



The professional finish that "makes" a dress

When the great couturier came to the finishing of the model after which this pattern was cut, he selected one of the new fabric trimmings.

No matter how new a method of finishing is, if your frock calls for it, the Deltor shows you exactly how to make and apply it. It is all there for you in pictures and clear directions.

Your frock when done has that intangible something that implies the hand of a master.

500 Designs for the new Spring Season — BUTTERICK

a dart — the Deltor puts it there before your eyes in graphic and accurate pictures.

One enthusiastic woman writes, "I am not a very experienced sewer — I bought a dress pattern with the Deltor. I never imagined sewing was so easy. The dress turned out perfect. Now I am going to make another for myself."

You know how women sewing at home have despaired of ever being able to give a professional finish to their work. Every method of finishing and trimming that made the model you selected so charming, is carefully described in the Deltor. You just follow along, stitch by stitch, and suddenly there is your dress finished, professional in its perfection.

Every bit of the Deltor applies specifically to just that garment on which you are working. It is really a complete, illustrated dressmaking course for that particular garment.

That is why, just as Butterick's fashion service has always been the most complete in the world, now the Deltor dressmaking service is so complete, that with it you sew into your dress all the lines of the original model, the very spirit of the Rue de la Paix, that fashion center of the world.

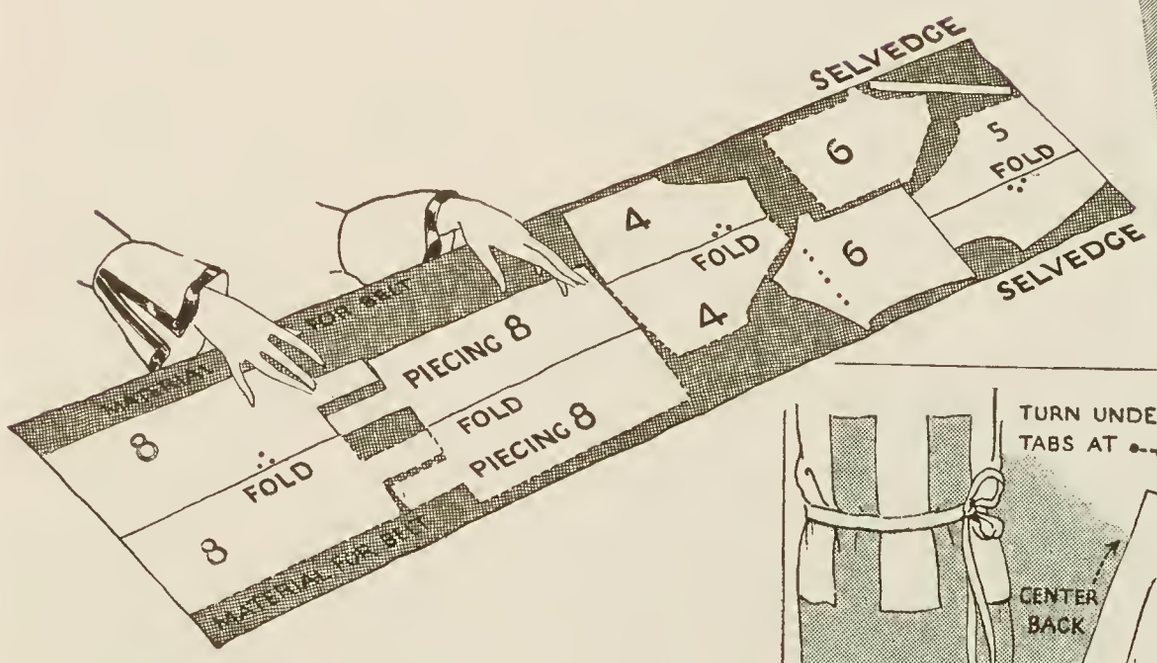
When you buy a Butterick pattern you will find its Deltor in the envelope. Every new Butterick pattern (30c to 50c) now gives you this complete service. It is the greatest dressmaking help to women since the paper pattern itself.

Butterick, New York, Paris, London.





Butterick Designs 3649 and 3602. *Two things say at a glance this costume is new. The cape to which the Parisienne clings even when spring has come to the Bois, with its great flower-like ornaments, and the exaggeratedly low waist-line effect.*



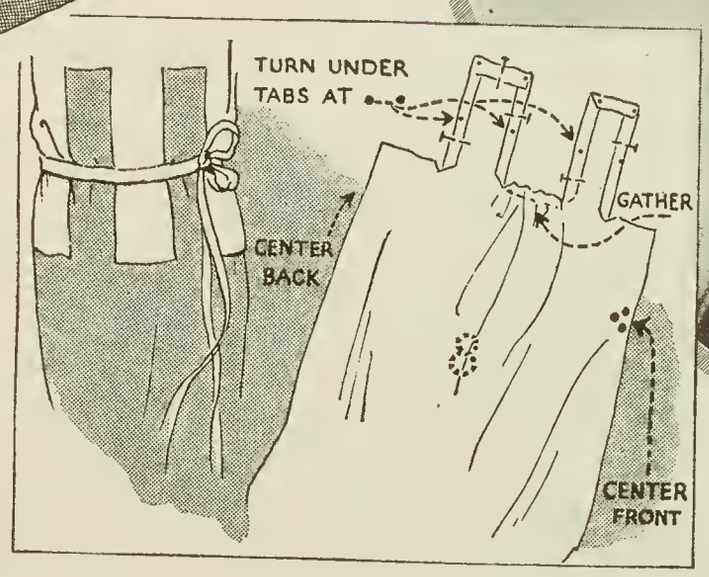
You save ¼ to 1⅜ yards—multiply that by the price per yard and see how much money you save

New York dressmakers, without the Deltor cutting layout, have tried again and again to get the pattern out of the amount of material specified on the pattern envelope. Time and again they have failed.

With the Deltor cutting layout before her, an inexperienced girl pinned and cut the pattern in seven minutes.

When the designer has made the pattern, men trained by years of experience who specialize in cutting, make the Deltor cutting layouts. Not one person in a thousand, however talented, can cut as economically. Their expert experience, their careful planning, their skill, becomes yours with the Deltor. Gone is all the old time fussing, and trying the pieces, first one way and then another, to be sure you were not wasting goods. The quickest, most economical way is there, charted for you. With the Deltor you cut even more cleverly than ever before.

There is a Deltor cutting layout for every size of the pattern on every width of appropriate material. No other pattern gives you this. Select the one made for *your* size and *your* width material and you will save from ¼ to 1⅜ yards of material and time and money.

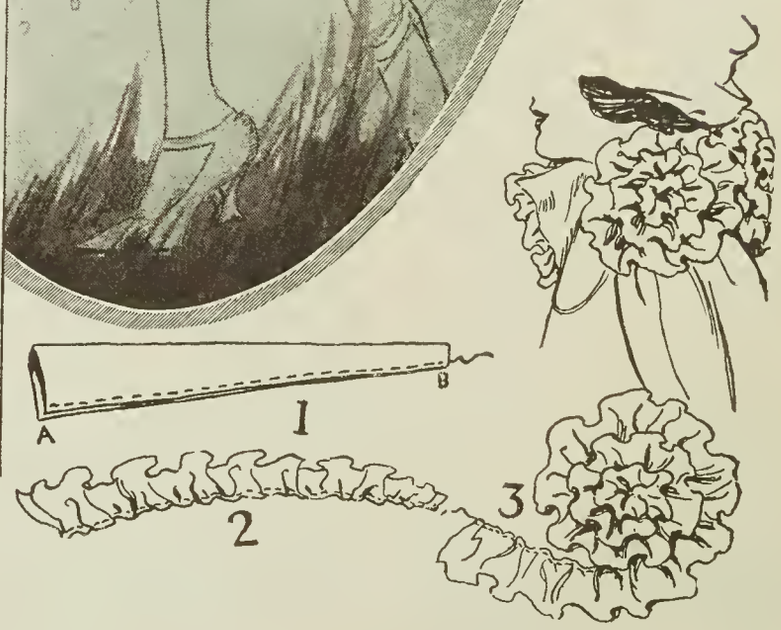


Swiftly, easily, you re-create the lines and grace of the original model

What to do first, what next, is all important in putting together a dress if its lines are to be really perfect.

A professional knows instantly how each dress demands to be put together. This expert's decision for *your* dress and the exact way in which he carries it out is what the Deltor gives you. You know just what pieces to put together first, at what point setting in the sleeve will be simplest and most successful—it is all in pictures before you.

This frock, for example, is so exquisitely simple that even whether you turn in the tabs before or after sewing on the skirt, makes a difference in its lines. The Deltor tells you just how to put it together correctly, step by step. You just follow along stitch by stitch, and sew into your dress the very lines of the original.

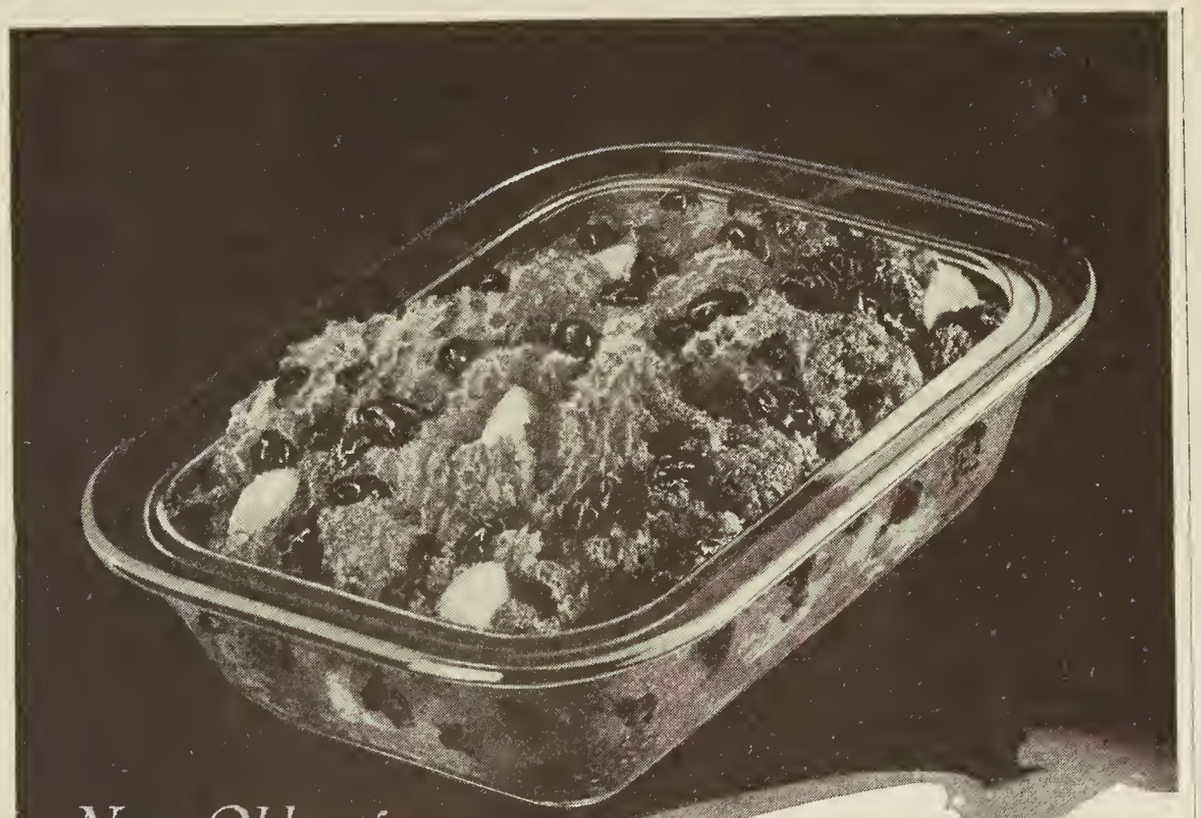


You "finish" your frock as cleverly as an expert

No one in the world is as clever at finishing and trimming as the French. This ability is yours when you use the Deltor. If your costume is the type on which Paris is using one of the entrancing ribbon devices that are so stylish this spring, the Deltor tells you exactly how to make it, shows you in pictures any unusual twist. You can trim and finish your dress as modishly as though it were imported.

When your frock is done, no wonder no one believes you made it yourself—there is the atmosphere of an atelier about it.

PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR — *now on sale*



Oh, What a Pudding!

AMONG the 50 New Designs in Pyrex, is this oblong Pudding Dish. It will bake and serve a bread and raisin or any other pudding with a perfection you never dreamed of with the old pudding pan. It may also be used for baking and serving vegetables, meats and "baked stews" without end.

PYREX

The Original Transparent Ovenware

Lasts a Lifetime

Pyrex not only bakes all foods better, but serves them on the table hot and unmussed without leaving any crusty pans in the sink to be scoured.

Five of the essential Pyrex dishes (shown below), comprising a Pie Plate, Utility Dish, Bread Pan, Casserole and Pudding Dish, are the selection of thousands of women as the right beginning of a Pyrex equipment—useful every meal, every day. A royal gift for any occasion or season.

Your dealer's stock now comprises 100 shapes and sizes. New 1922 prices are back to 1918 standards.

Pyrex will not break from oven heat.

This trade mark identifies the genuine Pyrex → THIS IS PYREX TRANSPARENT OVEN-WARE

Pyrex Sales Division

CORNING GLASS WORKS, Corning, New York

Originators and Patentees of Oven Glassware

5 of the Essential Pyrex dishes for every home



NEW WAYS TO SERVE SPRING FOODS

By Winifred Moses

WHEN I was a little girl, my grandmother used to gather great bunches of herbs. I can see them now, huge feathery bunches of Summer savory, sage, sweet marjoram, spearmint, balmony, boneset, red clover and wormwood—ah, the wormwood—hanging along the walls behind the kitchen stove. The Summer savory, the sage, the sweet marjoram were ground fine and put away in bottles and used to make delicious the stuffings of turkeys and ducks for the Thanksgiving feasts; but the balmony, the spearmint, the boneset and the clover were put to no such pleasant use. They were the Spring tonic. But those days are past.

Mayhap we still need our Spring tonic; but if we do, we have learned to take it in a form much more delectable. How? In fresh fruits and vegetables, for they have begun already to appear with the first warm days of May.

DELICIOUS WAYS TO SERVE STRAWBERRIES

FIRST and foremost there are the strawberries. To quote Sir Izaak Walton, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did." Strawberries are at their best when fresh picked and served at once. Those coming earlier from the South have lost much of their characteristic flavor and fine looks.

Delicious desserts can be made by mixing sliced oranges, grapefruit and pineapple with strawberries, sprinkling with powdered sugar, chilling and serving very cold. Crushed strawberries well sweetened with sugar make sauces that can be served with ice-cream, with cottage pudding, or they may be mixed with sirup or custard and frozen into ices or ice-creams. They also may serve as a very attractive garnish.

DELICIOUS WAYS TO SERVE RHUBARB

RHUBARB is another fruit that is now in season. A good sauce is prepared in the following manner: Wash the rhubarb, cut in pieces about an inch long, put it into a baking-dish, add sufficient sugar to suit the taste, a dash of cinnamon if desired and a little butter. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) until the sauce is of a deep red color.

The flavor of rhubarb sauce is improved if it is combined with either pineapple or strawberries. Rhubarb makes a delicious sherbet and the juice combines well with that of other fruits to make cooling drinks.

Other fruits that are coming in toward the end of the month are cherries and the early melons. The melons combine well with pineapple and strawberries in making desserts and salads.

DELICIOUS WAYS TO SERVE ASPARAGUS

THEN there are the vegetables that begin to put in their appearance. Asparagus, one of the most prized of all our early vegetables, is at its best in May. Probably the most popular way of preparing asparagus is to cream it and serve it on toast. This may be varied by adding beaten egg-yolks to the sauce just before serving, allowing two egg-yolks to one and one-half cup of sauce. This is known as asparagus with golden sauce, Or, instead of dressing it with a cream sauce it may be served with a sauce Hollandaise. Another variation is to toss the cooked asparagus in melted butter in a hot frying-pan, then to spread it with a mixture of creamed butter and grated cheese. It is then put under the broiling flame long enough to brown the cheese.

Asparagus also makes very desirable and attractive salads as well as most delicious soups.

THE PROPER WAY TO COOK GREENS

THE cultivated greens, spinach and chard, are now plentiful and if properly cooked make a valuable addition to the menu. Spinach, like all greens should be thoroughly washed in warm (not hot) water, put into a pot and cooked. The water clinging to the leaves is sufficient to cook it. It should be thoroughly drained and finely chopped and well seasoned with butter, salt and pepper. An accompaniment to this is a triangle of fried bread and a slice of broiled bacon.

The wild greens, such as the dandelion, mustard and the cowslip are much improved by boiling them with a piece of salt pork striped lean and fat. A slice of the pork cut very thin should be served with each dish of greens. Beet greens also may be prepared in this way. One of the most appetizing meals I can think of is made of hot sliced boiled ham or corned beef—a piece of corned brisket is suitable for this—a dish of greens, new potatoes boiled in their jackets with the greens and ham, and rhubarb pie for dessert.

FIVE WAYS TO SERVE ONIONS

THE month of May is also the season of the onion—little new onions that, served with salt, pepper, and vinegar if desired, or with a little French dressing, not only take the place of a salad but form an attractive garnish as well. Chives that are chopped fine make a welcome variation to a French dressing or a meat sauce, or mild-flavored Bermuda onions that may be sliced very thin and served with French dressing on lettuce leaves, or varied by combining with cucumber or with thinly sliced radishes or with watercress.

Another combination is Spanish onion and rings of green or red pepper or both. Any of these salads served with cold tongue or other cold meats and brown bread or nut-bread sandwiches make a very appetizing luncheon dish which only needs a fruit dessert and a beverage to make a well-balanced meal.

The radishes and watercress, which appear at this time, lend themselves to garnishing and also add variety to the salads of the month.

SPRING FISH

ONE of the most universally popular fish —the salmon—appears on the market at this time. A most appetizing method of serving salmon is to broil or boil it and serve it with a mayonnaise sauce enlivened with horseradish—two tablespoons horseradish to one cup of mayonnaise. Cucumber sauce also blends well with salmon. As salmon is one of the rich or oily fish and has little bone, only one-fourth to one-third of a pound should be allowed for one serving. However, if any of the salmon is left over it may be used in croquettes and served with the above sauces or shredded and reheated in a creole sauce and served on toast as a luncheon dish.

Other fish now in season are the bluefish and the mackerel, both of which are excellent baked or broiled, served either with tomato sauce or sauce tartare.

Soft-shelled crabs may be obtaincd in May. They may be dipped in crums, then in egg, then in crums, fried in deep fat and served with sauce tartare; or they may be served à la Newburg, as a cocktail, or in a salad.

NEW WAYS TO SERVE LAMB

THIS, too, is the season for lamb. As a variation of roasted lamb, it may be roasted with macaroni. Just before the lamb has finished cooking it is removed from the pan and the bottom covered with slightly underdone macaroni. The lamb is returned to the pan, pricked with a fork so that the juices will drip and flavor the macaroni. Lamb-chops may be broiled and served around a mound of mashed potato. Another way is to serve each chop on a slice of fried eggplant and pour around the whole a brown sauce flavored with chopped ham.

Mint in some form, either as a sauce or in the salad or cooked with the peas, should be one of the accessories served with roast lamb. Another is orange salad in some form. Any leftovers of either veal or lamb may be made into croquettes or diced and served either with cream, tomato, brown or creole sauce on toast; or combined with well-seasoned potatoes, carrots, celery, onions, rice, macaroni or spaghetti and made into scallops, stews or casserole dishes.



Send fifty cents
for two sample towels similar to those which you can make by buying Boott Toweling by the bolt.

BOOTT MILLS, LOWELL, MASS.
DEPT. DMY

"Gee, Mother, have a heart!"

In homes where there are children, one of Mother's trying tasks is teaching the habit of personal cleanliness. An ample supply of Boott Towels makes this so much easier.

Boott Toweling is bright-white in appearance. It is soft and soothing to the skin. It absorbs moisture quickly. It is a sturdy towel and wonderful for rubbing where any grime is left by a careless use of soap and water—boys and girls will be careless.

A 25-yard bolt of Boott Toweling will make 24 full-size towels for less than six dollars. Wherever you need an absorbent material for household and personal uses—bath and face towels, roller towels, bibs, table runners, aprons—use Boott Toweling.

BOOTT MILLS
Lowell, Mass.

When buying, look for this label in blue and gold on every bolt



WATCH YOUR STEPS *in the* KITCHEN

How a step-counting machine recorded for one housewife how many steps she was wasting and inspired her to plan a model kitchen

By Martha Van Rensselaer



THE PEDOMETER IS ADJUSTED TO THE LENGTH OF YOUR STRIDE AND IS HOOKED TO THE BELT. IT REGISTERS EACH STEP AND MEASURES THE DISTANCE YOU WALK ABOUT THE HOUSE

"YOU have nothing to do but housework. I don't see why you should always be so fagged at night," her husband complained.

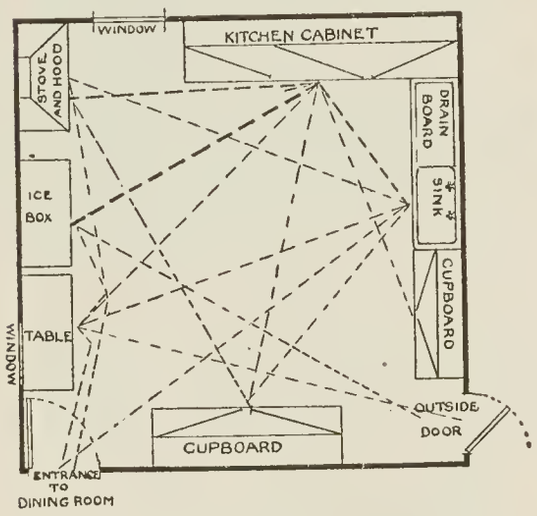
Her overtaxed patience snapped. "I'll show you how many steps I take!" she cried. "I'll prove to you how hard 'nothing but the housework' can be."

That was how the Tired Housewife came to buy her pedometer.

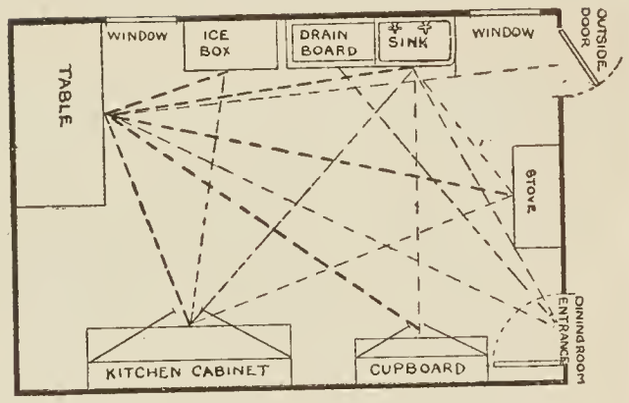
A pedometer is a little watch-like machine that measures the distance you walk just as a speedometer shows the distance an automobile goes. You adjust it to the length of your stride, hook it to your belt and it registers the jolt of each step.

The Tired Housewife found that in one average day's work about her house she had taken twenty-seven thousand eight hundred and forty steps—or had walked nearly eight miles! This of course did not count the hours of standing or the labor done with her hands. At that rate she could have gone around the world in less than ten years.

This pedometer test called the Tired Housewife's attention to the fact that she was taking a great many steps unnecessarily.



IN THIS MODEL KITCHEN FLOOR PLAN THE FURNITURE IS COMPACTLY ARRANGED SO AS TO SAVE THE HOUSEKEEPER'S STEPS



THE HEAVY LINES IN THIS FLOOR PLAN OF THE BADLY ARRANGED KITCHEN INDICATE THE GREAT DISTANCES BETWEEN IMPORTANT POINTS



IN THIS BADLY PLANNED KITCHEN THE PEDOMETER SHOWED THAT THE HOUSEWIFE TOOK ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY STEPS, EIGHTY OF WHICH WERE UNNECESSARY, IN MAKING A JOHNNY-CAKE. COMPARE THIS WITH THE STEPS TAKEN IN THE PICTURE BELOW. NOTICE THE DISTANCES BETWEEN THE TABLE, CUPBOARD, STOVE, SINK AND CABINET

A great proportion of these steps were taken in a large badly arranged kitchen.

And so, when her husband built the long-planned addition to the house, he turned the old kitchen into a living-room and built his wife a brand-new model kitchen, arranged to save steps.

It was small, with no more wall space than is necessary to hold the furniture. This is important in planning a kitchen. If you can not have a small one, at least have your sink, stove, table, cabinet and cupboard as close together as possible.

The cabinet, with a good-sized work-shelf, is between the stove and the sink, so that she does the mixing within easy reach of both water and raw materials; the mixture, ready for cooking, is carried to the stove in two or three steps; and the soiled bowls and utensils are left close to the sink for washing.

Under the sink is a sanitary garbage-pail that opens with a foot-lever. An ample shelf is at the right. The housewife stands at the sink, opens her garbage-pail without stooping, scrapes the dishes into it and piles them on the shelf to her right, ready for washing.

The sink is large enough to hold two dish-pans; one for soapy water and one for rinse water. She reaches to her right for a pile of dishes, puts them into the nearest dish-pan, washes them with soap and water, lifts them into the left-hand dish-pan, full of clear water, rinses and lifts them into the dish-drainer on the left.

The drainer stands on a drain-board at the left of the sink. This enables the dish-washer to hold her dish-cloth or mop in her right hand and put the dishes into the drainer with her left, without laying down the dish-cloth.

In putting away her dishes she need only take a step to reach the cupboard for the more frequently used utensils and bowls at her right. The kitchen silver goes into a drawer in the cabinet at her left. The rest of the dishes she piles on the wheel-tray and carries all at once to the dining-room cupboard, which is against the wall nearest the kitchen.

In this kitchen the ice-box stands next the range, a great convenience, as it enables the housewife to lift food out of the ice-box and into the oven with scarcely a step. This ice-box is unusually solid and effectively shuts out the warm air from the fire; the stove is a gas-range which heats the room very little. With a coal or wood range or an ordinary ice-box this arrangement would not be practical.

Between the ice-box and the dining-room door stands a table. This enables the worker to lift a cold dish out of the ice-box and put it on the table in readiness to go into the dining-room with no wasted steps.

Here, too, the housewife can sit and prepare her salad, fruit or vegetables just taken from the ice-box. (Of course she has a kitchen stool.)

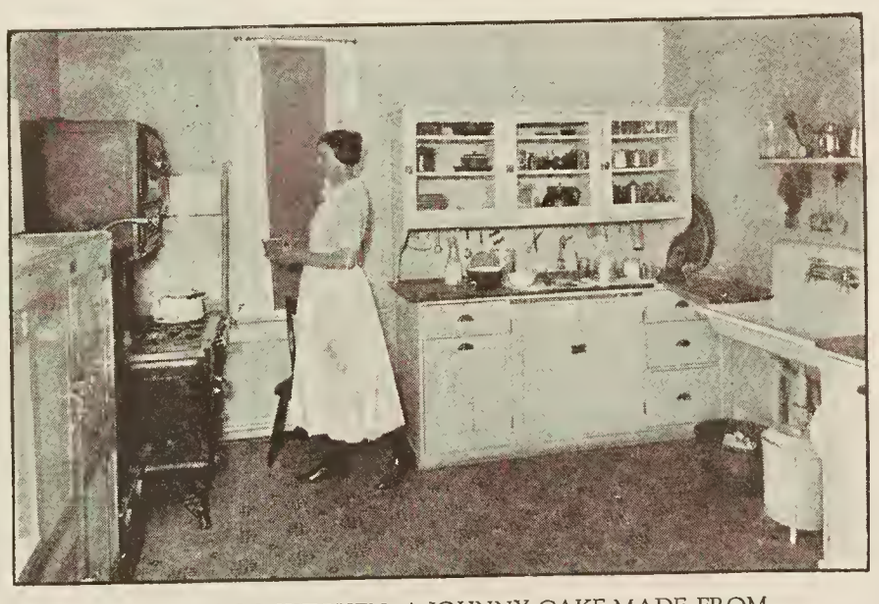
A cupboard for less frequently used utensils stands against the wall farthest from stove, cabinet and sink.

You can readily see what an improvement this arrangement is over the old kitchen where the housewife had to walk all the way across the room to the table for mixing her foods, since the kitchen cabinet work-shelf was too small to hold the bowls and utensils needed to prepare a whole meal. With only one shelf beside her sink, she had to stack soiled and clean dishes at her left. She had to walk across the kitchen from sink to cupboard to put away her utensils; walk across from sink to cupboard to work-shelf, to get water and materials to mix in foods; walk from stove to table to set down her pans. In fact her life was a sort of long-distance-walking race.

The new kitchen cut the Tired Housewife's work in two; its success inspired her to work out with her pedometer the best way to arrange the furniture of her whole house to save steps. Articles will follow telling how she worked out the ideal arrangement of dining-room and baby's room and planned her housecleaning so successfully that she cut the steps taken in a day's work in half—and reduced the time and effort.



AN AMPLE SHELF IS AT THE RIGHT OF THE SINK. THE HOUSEWIFE OPENS HER GARBAGE PAIL WITH A FOOT LEVER, SCRAPES THE DISHES INTO IT AND PILES THEM ON THE SHELF AT THE RIGHT READY FOR WASHING



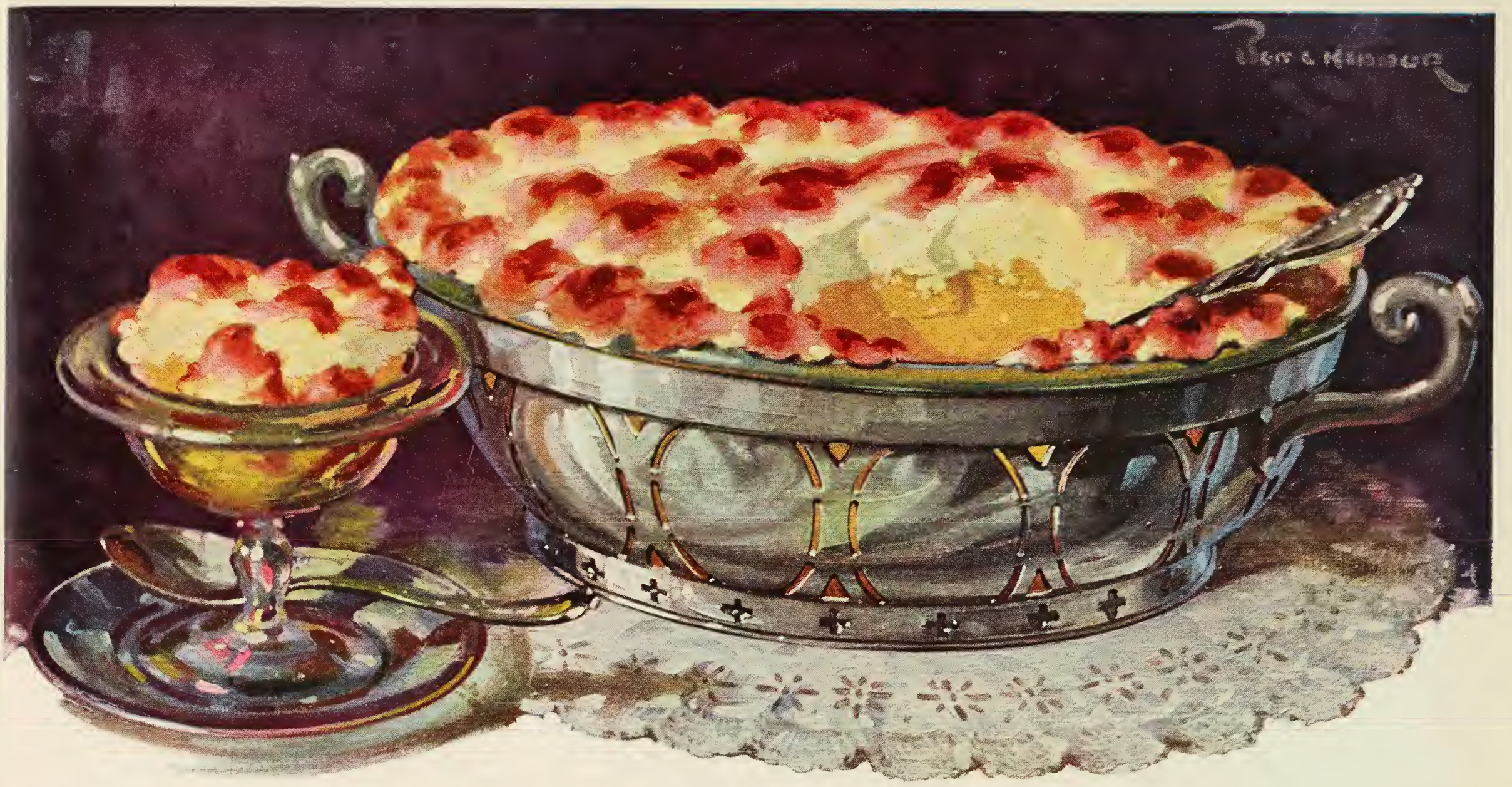
IN THE GOOD KITCHEN, A JOHNNY-CAKE MADE FROM THE SAME RECIPE REQUIRED ONLY SIXTY STEPS. NOTICE THE SHORT DISTANCES BETWEEN THE STOVE, WORK-SHELF, DRY MATERIALS, ICE-BOX AND SINK



MOST UTENSILS GO INTO THE CABINET NEAR THE SINK. THE REST OF THE DISHES ARE CARRIED ALL AT ONCE TO THE DINING-ROOM CUPBOARD, WHICH IS AGAINST THE WALL NEAREST THE KITCHEN



BETWEEN THE ICE-BOX AND THE DINING-ROOM DOOR STANDS A TABLE. HERE THE HOUSEWIFE CAN SIT ON HER KITCHEN STOOL AND PREPARE SALADS, FRUIT OR VEGETABLES JUST TAKEN FROM THE ICE-BOX



GOLDEN PUDDING — A Crisco puff pastry shell makes this orange custard dessert a cookery triumph. Follow the recipe in "A Calendar of Dinners" offered below.

Do you know how to make puff pastry?

—it is the basis for many unusual desserts

PUFF pastry is that in which shortening and flour are mixed and rolled together in layers separated by cold air. The air enclosed in the paste expands in the heat of the oven so that the pastry bakes in crisp, puffy layers.

The trick in making puff pastry is to keep the flour and shortening from combining in a dense airless mass. This happens if the mixture is handled heavily, if too much water is used, or if there is moisture in the shortening.

Formerly, puff pastry was difficult to make because butter was the only shortening of sufficient delicacy and it had to be "washed" — a long, tedious process—to remove the salt, moisture, and curd. If this "washing" was not done properly, the pastry was tough.

Today, expert cooks eliminate this difficult part of puff pastry making by using Crisco—a pure white shortening as delicate as butter and with the additional advantage of being 100% rich — free from salt and moisture.

The flavor of some shortenings makes them unsuitable for delicate desserts. Crisco is a strictly vegetable product, —tasteless and odorless. It makes pastry that is crisp, flaky, and tender, and as digestible as it is good. The fact that Crisco is ideal for puff pastry is the best proof that no finer shortening or cooking fat for any purpose can be made.

The cookbook offered at the left tells you the expert way to use Crisco in making puff pastry and in doing all kinds of better cooking. Send for it, and see how easy and economical it is to cook things that are as good as the magazine pictures look.

Do you know the *right* way to roll out pie crust?

You can learn this cookery trick and all the other knacks by which professional cooks insure successful results in their baking from "A Calendar of Dinners", the big, interesting cookbook written by Marion Harris Neil, formerly cookery editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal". This cloth-bound book covers all branches of cookery, contains tables of weights and measures, cookery time tables, 615 exclusive recipes, and 365 dinner menus — one for every day in the year. Each copy of this book costs us almost 50c to print. You can obtain one copy for 10c in stamps, mailed with your address to Section F-5, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, O.



Get Crisco at your grocer's. It is sold the right way, by *net weight*, in sanitary cans holding 1, 3, 6, or 9 pounds. It costs less per pound in the larger sizes. *It never is sold in bulk.*

CRISCO

For Frying - For Shortening
For Cake Making

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS - EST. 1837

ARMAND
COLD CREAM POWDER
In The LITTLE PINK & WHITE BOXES

For trial we invite you to send 15c, and we will be glad to mail you three guest-room packages of Armand Cold Cream Powder, Talcum and Vanishing Cream.



THERE is no other face powder made like Armand Cold Cream Powder! For it contains a touch —just a tiny bit—of delicate cold cream. Because of this, Armand *stays on* till you wash it off.

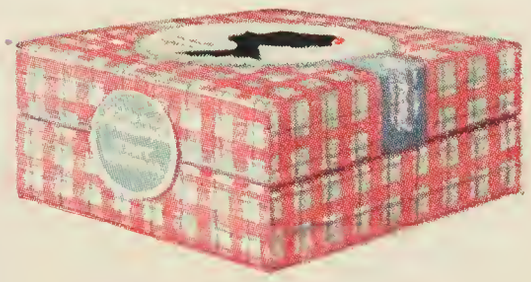
Armand Cold Cream Powder is a dry powder—not a paste or cake! Its exceptional density makes it spread smoothly and perfectly, and blend naturally into the skin.

No matter where you buy it, Armand Cold Cream Powder, in the little pink-and-white hat-box, is always $1.

Just try it once for yourself. That is the only real test of a face powder. And if you are not absolutely satisfied with it, you can take it back and your money will be returned.

ARMAND—Des Moines

Canadian customers should address
Armand, Ltd., St. Thomas, Ont.

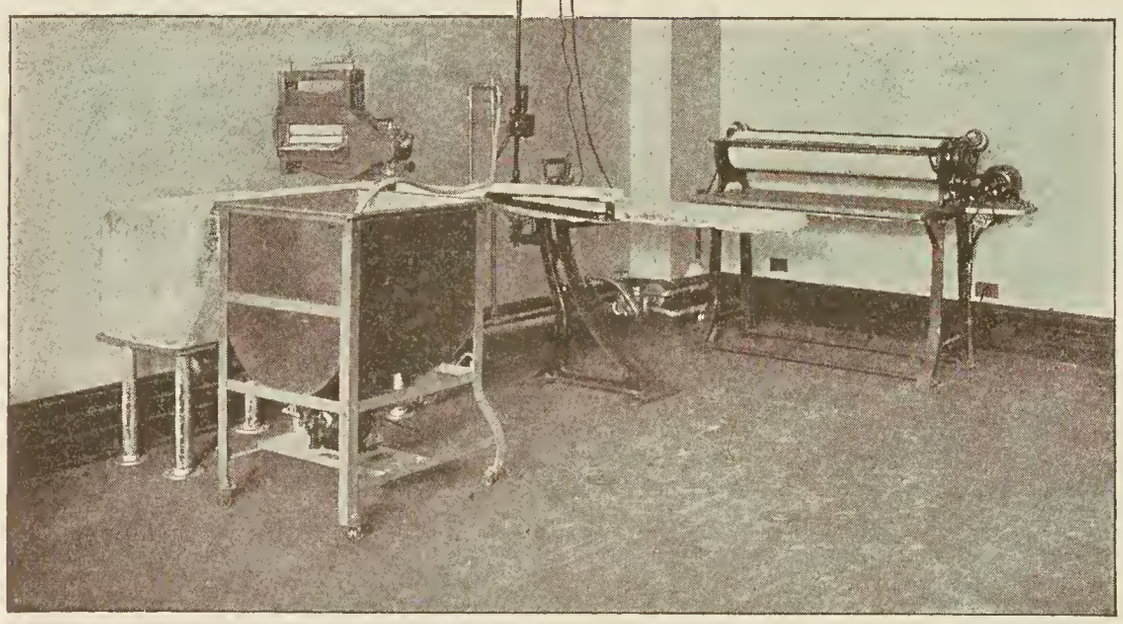


Armand Bouquet, a less dense powder, in the square box, is 50c everywhere.

THE GOOD MAGICIAN OF MODERN HOMES

Once bought, electrical helps are your cheapest and most satisfactory servants

By Estelle Ries and Louise Fox Connell



ELECTRICITY HAS TAKEN THE BACKACHE OUT OF WASH DAY. ELECTRIC WASHER, IRON AND MANGLE MAKE LAUNDRY WORK AN EASY TASK

IF THE housewives of America were asked to say what one gift they want more than any other, a mighty unanimous chorus would arise: "Time—time to think and read and play, time for comradeship with family and friends, time to be an influence in my town."

To-day more women have this priceless gift than have ever enjoyed it since the beginning of the world. Running water in the house, the sewing-machine, gas and now electricity are shortening the long hours of the home-maker's toil.

No matter how long you may have to save up before you can buy electrical labor-savers, it is wise to decide just what things would help you most and to price those things. Some of the most labor-saving of electrical equipment are so moderate in price that almost any one can afford them. Others you can save for, buy on the instalment plan, induce your family to give you for a birthday, anniversary or Christmas present.

One beauty of most electrical conveniences is that they are not expensive to operate.

Electricity is a cheap power for driving machines. This means that cleaners, washing machines, sewing-machines, fans, coffee-grinders—all the things that move by electricity are inexpensive to run.

THE weekly cost of electric light in the average family is somewhere around seventy-five cents. The average cost of doing the ironing, figured at five hours, the sewing, also five hours, the cleaning, say six hours, the family laundry and washing dishes for twenty-one meals has been estimated at about fifty cents a week!

This, of course, is only a rough estimate, as rates for electricity vary in different parts of the country. Wherever the cost of current consumed is estimated in this article, it is based on an average for the country in general. In judging how much it will cost you to run the electric conveniences discussed, find out whether the rate for electricity in your community is high or low.

One of the most labor-saving electrical conveniences within the means of almost every one is the electric iron. It heats quickly and stays hot as long as it is in use and saves your strength by eliminating the trip between stove and ironing-board. It also permits you to work in a cool and stoveless room—even on the back porch if there is a lamp-socket available. The current consumed costs between two and a half and four cents an hour. This is more than current costs for most electrical conveniences because the electricity is here being used for heat, not power. However, an electric iron is used so few hours a week that the cost does not add up to enough to make much difference on the bill.

IF YOU have no gas-range, perhaps the most useful things you can have are an electric percolator, a toaster and a grill. They not only save a great deal of work in getting breakfast, but they make it possible in warm weather to cool the kitchen fire early in the day and yet have something hot for supper. If you can not buy both a toaster and a grill, get the grill. It is more expensive than the toaster and it toasts more slowly, but it has so many other uses that you will find it invaluable. Without waiting for your coal fire to come up, you can cook the breakfast eggs and bacon on the grill. A grill also enables you to cook a light lunch or supper on the porch table, provided you have a porch plug. A grill does not cook as quickly as a gas-stove. In fact all electric stoves that are attached only to the comparatively weak current of your lighting system are slow compared with gas. However, they are so much quicker than coal, wood or most oil stoves that they are a blessing.

Even the cares of motherhood can be lightened by electricity. There is an electrical bottle-heater which you can keep up-stairs to warm baby's milk. If you keep the bottles up-stairs in a little nursery ice-box—the kind that holds fifteen pounds of ice is inexpensive and adequate—the bottles can be kept cold and warmed as they are needed without traveling up and down stairs

Concluded on page 98



BREAKFAST OR TEA, OR SUNDAY SUPPER, BECOME QUICK, SIMPLE MEALS THROUGH ELECTRICITY



A Clog in The Carbureter— A Lonely Road— And a Dark Night

A very little thing can paralyze the mechanics of an engine, and bring annoyance and hardship.

Everyone realizes the necessity of taking care of a machine, and of taking warning when it "knocks."

Yet some people expect the body to take care of itself, though its mechanism is far more delicate and complicated than that of any mechanical device.

Carelessness in selecting food, and neglect of warnings has stalled many a human machine when the trip was far from finished.

Grape-Nuts feeds the body scientifically, and it has a wonderful charm for the appetite. The full richness of wheat and malted barley, together with the vital mineral salts which the blood corpuscles and bone structure must have are in this food; and Grape-Nuts is so processed in the making, that it digests quickly and completely.

Try Grape-Nuts with cream or good milk for breakfast, or in place of a heavy, starchy meal for lunch. You'll greatly relish the delicious crispness and flavor of this splendid food, and you will be helping yourself to better health—away from the danger of accidents along the road.

Grape-Nuts—the Body-Builder

"There's a Reason"

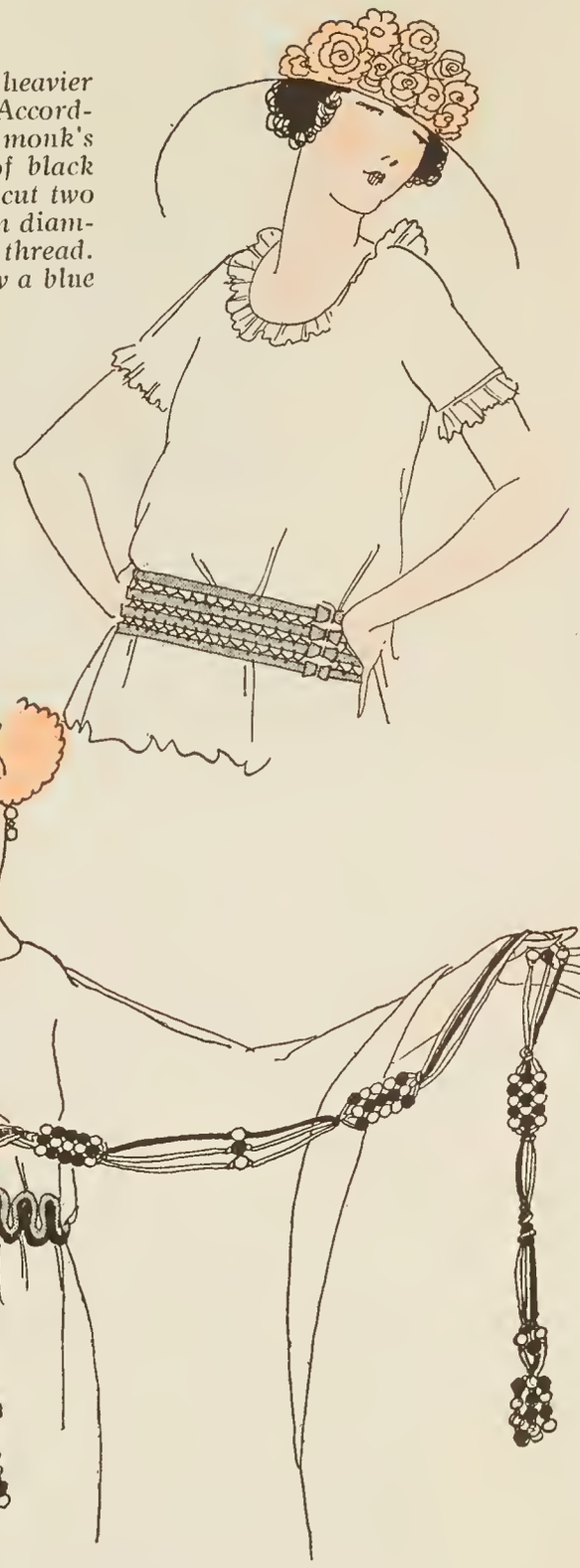
Made by
Postum Cereal Co., Inc.
Battle Creek, Mich.



LOW WAISTLINES CALL FOR GAY GIRDLES AND LATE SPRING CLOTHES BELT THEMSELVES WITH COLORED WOODEN BEADS OR DELICATE-TONED RIBBON LACINGS



New Spring frocks of kasha ask for heavier girdles to simulate the low waistline. Accordingly, a frock like this one chooses a monk's girdle of old blue with weighty tassels of black and old blue. To make this cord girdle, cut two pieces of old-blue silk cord half an inch in diameter. Wind both ends together with a thread. Sew a long black tassel to each end. Sew a blue tassel on each side of the black tassels. Sew 12 large wooden black beads at 1 inch intervals between the 2 cords at one end, then skip 5 inches of cords, and sew 22 more beads at 1 inch intervals. Skip 18 inches of cords, and sew 5 more beads 1 inch apart. Skip 2 inches and knot cords together



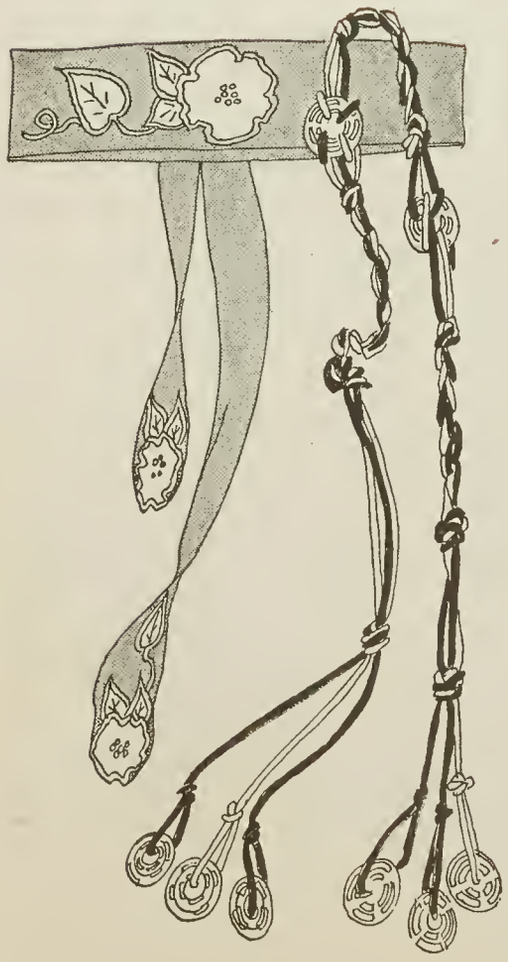
THE girl at the top of this page wears a flesh-colored organdy girdle trimmed with old-blue bias binding. To make it cut 4 pieces of ½-inch bias binding the length of your waist measure. With blue mercerized embroidery cotton join the bias strips with fagot-stitch as follows: Take a stitch at the right end of the first strip, with the thread in front of needle. Skip ¼ inch on next strip below and take a stitch with the thread in front of the needle. Skip ¼ inch on upper strip, and take a stitch. Continue in this manner all the way across, always keeping thread in front of the needle. When all 4 strips are joined, cut a strip of flesh-colored organdy as long and as wide as the girdle and sew to the wrong side. Bind ends with bias binding. Make 4 bows of bias binding and sew to one end of girdle.

To make the cord girdle on the maid below, get 4½ yards each of black and red silk cord ¼ inch in diameter. Knot ends of each cord loosely several times to form a large knot. Hold the 2 cords together. Knot them together 8 inches from ends. Measure 8 inches and tie another knot. Hold the 2 cords together and make a series of 2-inch loops, tacking them together as you go. When looped section is long enough to extend around the waistline, knot the cords together. Skip 8 inches, tie another knot, skip 7 inches and tie another knot.

The long girdle she holds is a wonderful bead affair. To make it cut a piece of fine purple silk cord 3¼ yards long. Knot the end. String 1 large wooden purple bead, tie a knot, then string 1 yellow bead and tie a knot, string 1 green bead, tie a knot, string 1 purple bead, tie a knot. Skip 1 inch on cord, tie a knot, string 1 yellow bead, tie a knot. Skip 18 inches and tie a knot. (String 1 green bead, 1 red bead, 1 yellow bead, 1 red bead, 1 green bead, tie a knot.) Skip 3 inches, 1 orange bead, skip 3 inches and tie a knot. Repeat directions in parenthesis once, skip 3 inches, string 1 orange bead, skip 3 inches. Repeat between parenthesis once more. Skip 12 inches, tie a knot, string 1 yellow bead and tie a knot. Skip 2 inches, string 1 orange bead, tie a knot, string 1 yellow bead, tie a knot, string 1 green bead, tie a knot, string 1 orange bead. Make 2 more cords in same manner, one yellow cord and one red cord, using a different selection of colors in the beads, Knot all 3 cords together in first space. Knot them just above next 3 beads. Knot them in center of next space. Knot them at both ends of each large group of beads. Knot end same as opposite end.

The sophisticated lass with the flower bouquet chooses a girdle of woven ribbon. For this cut 3 pieces of ¾-inch orchid grosgrain ribbon 1½ inches longer than your waist measure. Cut 6 pieces of ¾-inch pale-blue grosgrain ribbon 10½ inches long, and 20 pieces 4½ inches long. Lay the orchid pieces on a table and weave the blue pieces in and out, beginning at one end. Weave 10 short pieces. Now weave 3 of the longer pieces, allowing them to extend below girdle 7½ inches. Weave 10 short pieces, 3 long pieces and finish with 1 short piece. Stitch along upper and lower edges of girdle. Gather a 4-inch piece of orchid ribbon, draw it up in the center and insert a ball of blue ribbon filled with cotton. Sew a flower to each long ribbon strip.

At the extreme left is a ribbon girdle. To make it cut a piece of 2½-inch pink grosgrain ribbon 3 inches longer than waist measure. Appliqué the motif illustrated from embroidery design 10890 in center of ribbon, using orchid taffeta for the flower and green for the leaves. Outline the entire design with silver cord. Cut a piece of the pink ribbon 18¼ inches long and another piece 15 inches long. Appliqué the same motif as on waistband at the end of the longer piece in blue, and appliqué just the flower and small leaves on the shorter piece in yellow, turning up the lower edges to conform to the outline of the flower. Outline designs with silver cord. The 2 shorter pieces are sewed at end of waistband, with the shorter piece over the long one.



For directions on making the cord girdle above see page 66



For directions for making girdle at the right see page 66



HAS YOUR CHILD A HEALTHY HEART?

By Mary E. Bayley, R.N.

Approved by T. Stuart Hart, M.D.

Heart disease is increasing in America. Four per cent. of one group of school children were found to have defective hearts. A weak heart means a poor chance in life. Are you protecting your child?

IF ASKED with what disease mankind is most disastrously affected, we believe nine out of ten people would answer tuberculosis or cancer. And why are we sure of these answers?

Because for the last twenty years the medical profession and public-health workers have impressed upon the public mind the importance of waging constant warfare against the white plague, and more recently we have become better acquainted with preventive measures against the other monster—cancer. And yet these two generally known enemies of the human race are by no means the greatest.

There is towering above these another foe, and this is chronic disease of the heart, the cause of more deaths in New York City than resulted from tuberculosis and more than double those due to cancer.

Chronic heart disease prior to 1916 had but little consideration as the subject of administrative control by health authorities. At this time the statistics set forth were hardly short of startling. For there loomed chronic heart disease which had claimed more than ten thousand victims. The exact figures for 1919 as taken from the Board of Health bulletin are:

Organic heart disease	10,421
Tuberculosis	7,396
Cancer	5,141

BUT this was not the whole story. Physical examinations conducted by the Bureau of Child Hygiene disclosed the fact that more than twenty thousand public-school children were already handicapped by permanently damaged hearts. And also there was, without doubt, a much greater number of children suffering from other diseases which, if left uncontrolled, would result in permanently damaged hearts.

From this evidence it became clear that the prevalence of heart disease among school children and young people constituted a public-health problem of the first magnitude. It presented in all its phases a problem both medical and social. For not only must some way be found to aid those already handicapped but there was the big question of prevention.

And now what are the causes of so much heart trouble, especially among children?

The causes may be grouped under infectious diseases and improper methods of living. Infectious diseases such as scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, syphilis, and particularly rheumatism, seem to offer the most immediate point of attack.

In early life rheumatism of the acute inflammatory type often leaves a damaged heart. In children it is preeminently the great destroyer; in fact it may be mentioned as one of the chief causes of permanent heart damage.

MOST people think of rheumatism as a disease affecting only the joints. This is a mistake. It effects nearly every organ of the body. In childhood, rheumatism attacks in particular the heart—producing heart disease—and the nervous system—producing chorea (St. Vitus's dance). While heart disease and chorea are recognized as diseases of the greatest importance, there are few who realize how frequently they occur as a result of rheumatism. Chorea is very frequently associated with rheumatism of the heart. In other words, a child with chorea very frequently also has heart disease.

The heart diseases found among the children is generally divided into two classes:

First: Organic heart disease—that is to say, permanent disease of the heart valves or muscles.

Second: The functional type. This is a type from which under the best possible conditions for improvement the child may be expected to recover.

Unfortunately, most of the heart disease in early life caused by rheumatism persists through life. And why is this?

It is because rheumatism leaves scars. And these scars damage the delicate valvular mechanism of the heart. Then it is the tendency of rheumatism to recur. Thus it may again and again attack the heart. We have said that rheumatism was preeminently the great destroyer. The natural question would be: What is the cause of so much rheumatism?

The causes of rheumatism or how it invades the body are not definitely known. It is, however, undoubtedly a germ disease, in which the infection enters the body through various avenues, such as diseased tonsils, adenoids or decayed teeth. It is probable also that infectious material may be swallowed

Concluded on page 97

FREE 2 Gifts for Baby
Simply Mail the Coupon

What I learned about babies

New principles now applied to overcoming baby rash and skin irritations

By the Head of the Research Laboratories of Bauer & Black

SCIENCE has lately made astonishing advancements in infant hygiene.

Recent investigations show that three babies in five suffer with diaper rash, urine scald or other form of skin irritation.

Hence, when baby is cross and trying, modern baby specialists are now directing mothers to look first for one of those conditions, rather than for a more serious disorder.

The purpose of the following is to explain, in simple terms, the *cause* of irritations and to offer mothers, free and postpaid, liberal test packages of a new and radically different way to overcome them.

The Cause of Irritation

The pores of the skin constantly exude moisture. It is nature expelling impurities from the body. *Upon exposure, this perspiration becomes a semi-acid irritant.* So does urine, but more intensely so.

These acids make the skin raw, tender, susceptible to rash. Infection often follows. Urine scald is sheer torture—yet it is common among babies.

Hence, as your doctor will tell you, the problem is to combat these acids—to make them harmless to the skin. Old methods failed to do this. They aimed merely to *dry* the moisture—failed to combat the acids.

Now We Combat It

After extensive research work in our laboratories, new principles were discovered—principles based upon the experiences, in daily practice, of 112 baby doctors, dermatologists and specialists in infant hygiene. Results are quick—and amazing.

These principles are now embodied in an important new requisite for the nursery—B & B Baby Talc. It strikes at the cause of irritation—*overcomes the irritant acids of perspiration and urine.* Highest authorities approve it. All mothers, they urge, should employ it. Use it after baby's bath. Sprinkle it on diaper cloths. It is gently healing—*a scientific preventive of rash and irritation.*

It establishes a new era in infant hygiene—an era of babies who laugh more often than they cry.

A Soap Too!

A mother's zeal in keeping her baby sweet and clean frequently finds expression in an unfortunate choice of soap. B & B Baby Soap is made of edible fats. It lathers freely, dries slowly and rinses off readily. It contains a slight percentage of zinc oxide, hence is mildly healing. Bland and soothing, it provides a *safe soap* for your baby.



Mail Coupon for Free Samples

We want all mothers to try this new way of making babies happy. So we invite them to mail the coupon for liberal trial packages of B & B Baby Talc and B & B Baby Soap, free and postpaid. Simply mail the coupon, that is all.

BAUER & BLACK

Chicago New York Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

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B&B Baby Talc
B&B Baby Soap

B&B Products

Your druggist offers you, in all Bauer & Black products, the results of 28 years of ethical service to the medical profession and the public.

MAIL THIS Del. 5-22

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, U. S. A.

If you live in Canada, address Bauer & Black, Canadian Laboratories, Toronto, Canada

Please send me a trial package of B & B Baby Talc and B & B Baby Soap—these without charge or obligation on my part.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

THE SOFT PEASANT BLOUSES FOR SPRING OR SUMMER TURN A GAY CROSS-STITCHED SHOULDER ON A SOMBER WORLD, AND CHILDREN'S PLAY CLOTHES ARE BRIGHTER WITH THIS TRANSFORMING TOUCH OF EMBROIDERY

COINCIDENT with the fall of the continental aristocracy has been the sudden ascent of the peasant influence in the clothes we wear. Since those exiles from disintegrated monarchies have been forced even to embroider for their living, the most fashionable of Europeans appear in these soft but simple peasant blouses with the full sleeves caught in at the wrist. And what gay designs they sometimes are, in bright scarlets, greens, mauves or blues! The cross-stitch embroidered on this blouse is a real old Russian design used by Russian women. A soft white voile is used for the blouse and it is made from design 3613. It is a raglan blouse gathered or tucked in peasant style and slips on over the head. It comes in a three-quarter length and may have an elastic in a casing at the low waistline to hold in the soft fulness. To be different, the seams of the sleeves were finished with a fine French seam on the right side of the blouse and then cross-stitched in red. In the Detail 3, illustrated below, one can see how easily this is done. It is necessary to embroider the sleeves before you make the underarm seam. To work the design, first baste a piece of medium-sized cross-stitch canvas 9 inches square on the sleeve about 5 inches from the neck edge. You will need single-strand mercerized embroidery cotton. Begin at the top of Diagram 3, working one red cross-stitch for every square on the diagram marked with a cross, and one black cross for every darker square. Then outline the red squares with black. When the design is complete, one by one draw out the threads of the canvas. The cuffs are embroidered in the same manner, following Diagram 4. Work a row of black outline along the lower edge of the design. The lower edges of the apron panels of this blouse and the neck are finished in a unique manner. A double blanket-stitching is worked as illustrated in Detail 2, first with half-inch stitches in black, then with a row of short stitches in red which are taken between the black stitches.



Blouse 3613

Play frocks for Russian children are finished with cross-stitch and their own names embroidered in front. The romper dress below for little girls is a dress easily kept clean. The bloomers are separate and the dress slips on over the head. White cotton voile or unbleached muslin may be used and design 2804 is an easy design to use. You will need single-strand mercerized embroidery cotton in black, green and red. Finish the neck edge, the edge of the sleeves and the lower edge of the bloomers with a rolled hem. Then cross-stitch these hems in black, using three strands of the embroidery cotton. (See Illustration 1.) Baste strips of medium-sized cross-stitch canvas all along these edges and embroider the design, following Diagram 2. Work a red cross-stitch for every square on the diagram marked with a cross, and a black cross-stitch for every darkest square on the diagram.

Baste a strip of cross-stitch canvas 1¼ inch wide along the top of the hem of the dress. Then following the hem, embroider the design, following Diagram 1. The darkest squares in the center may be worked in green cross-stitch. The little groups of four strokes above and below the solid squares are made with only one stitch and may be alternately in red and black. When you have finished embroidering the design, draw out the threads of the canvas. Make twisted cords of the black cotton and finish them with tassels. These make a pretty finish to tie at the neck. (See Illustration 1).

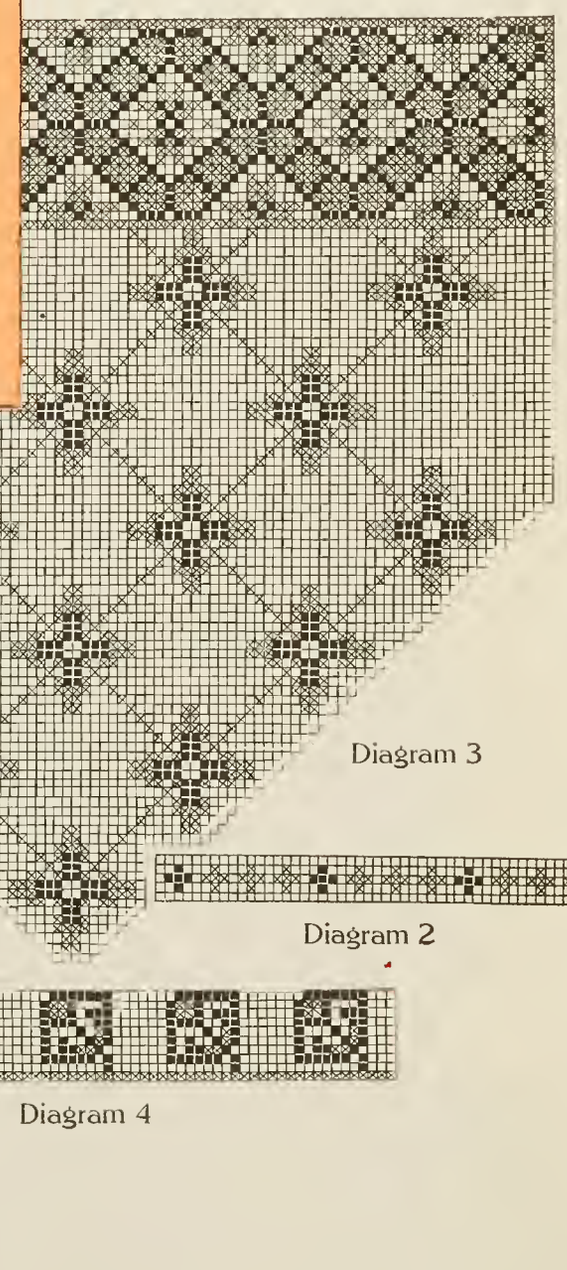


Diagram 3

Diagram 1

Diagram 2

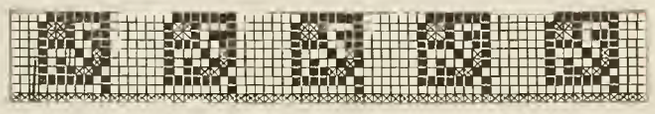
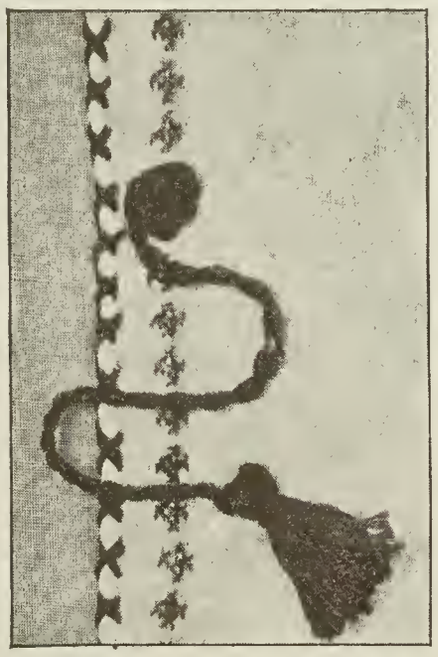


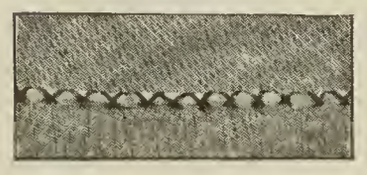
Diagram 4



Detail of cord and finish at neck edge of child's dress



Detail of double blanket-stitching in blouse



Detail of seam in sleeve of blouse

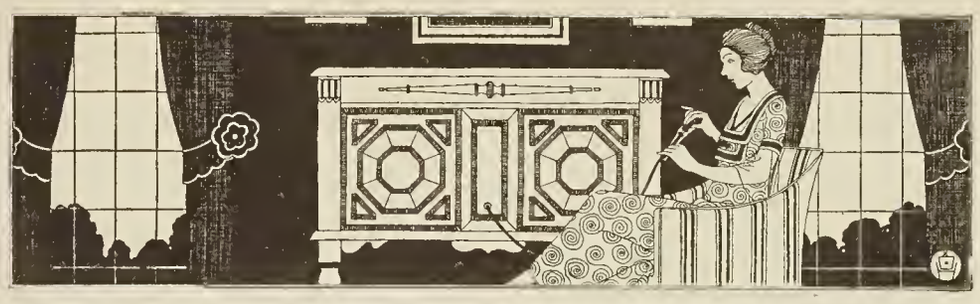
Dress 2804

LOW WAISTLINES CALL FOR GIRDLES

Continued from page 64

At the right of page 64, the bobbed-haired "lass" wears a becoming girdle of orchid-and-green organdy. This is a girdle which will be suitable to wear with the crisp organdy Summer dresses in vivid colors, or with soft cotton crêpe or voile frocks. One can make this girdle at home very easily by following these simple directions. First cut a piece of orchid organdy, 5 inches wide and the length of your waist measure. Cut 24 pieces of pale-green bias binding 6 inches long. Place 12 of these pieces diagonally across the organdy at 2-inch intervals. Cross these strips with the remaining 12 pieces placed in the same manner. Bind the girdle all around with green bias binding. Then fold a piece of the binding in half and stitch it through the center of the girdle over the crossings. Finish the end of the girdle with five tiny bows of orchid organdy and you have an attractive finish for your frock at a very minimum expenditure of time and money.

The blue-and-gold cord girdle achieves something different in the choice of its colors and is a very pleasing color combination. You will need navy silk cord and old-gold cord and 8 jade-green celluloid rings to make this girdle. Cut 2 pieces of ¼-inch navy cord and 1 gold cord 2½ yards long. Measure 12 inches from one end of all cords. Knot them together and measure 3 inches from the knot. Tie another knot. Braid the 3 cords together loosely for 5 inches. Tie another knot. String a green celluloid ring 1½ inch in diameter on the cords 2½ inches from the last knot, slipping the navy cord over the ring twice. Measure 2 inches from the ring and tie a knot. Braid loosely for 5 inches and make another knot. Two inches from the knot place another ring. Skip 2 inches, tie a knot, braid 5 inches, tie a knot, skip 10 inches, tie a knot. String a ring on the end of every cord, sliding it up enough to loop the end of cord up over the ring, and knot it.



CHOOSING THE NEW RECORD

By Horace Johnson

IF YOU WANT more information about the records mentioned in this article or about records suitable for some particular recreational or educational need, Mr. Johnson will be glad to send it to you on receipt of a request accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope directed to him in care of THE DELINEATOR

MEMORIAL DAY, in the last few years, has become a more important national holiday. Its meaning has come home more closely to America, too, because the years of the great war are still vivid memories. Men and women who celebrate Memorial Day this year are honoring the dead of this very generation, as well as the remote heroes of the past. The day means something even to young people now.

There are records singularly appropriate which will enrich and give significance to Memorial Day if you have them in your home. First among them is a record of Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, which he delivered at the consecration as a cemetery of the great Civil War battle-field.

The reproduction made by Leonard G. Spencer is not a new publication, but it is an accurate reading, intelligently and sympathetically rendered. Every American boy and girl should be required to learn this memorable speech by heart, for the thought it expresses is the essence of American ideal.

It may be too soon to consider any of the songs which were popular during the World War as permanent contributions to the musical literature of America, but many of the songs of the Civil War are sung as wholeheartedly to-day as they were fifty years ago.

First and foremost among these songs is "Dixie," sometimes called the national anthem of the South. This song is perhaps more typically American than any other patriotic tune. It has an irresistible and sweeping charm. "Dixie" was written by Dan Emmett, a Pittsburgh actor and musician, as a "walk around" for a minstrel performance in New York in 1859. The tune was afterward used as a march at New Orleans and at Montgomery, Alabama, and with the outbreak of the Civil War became the battle-song of the Confederate Army. An excellent reproduction of it has been made by the Criterion Quartette, who sing it with precision and splendid diction. A banjo accompaniment gives a happy background for the voices.

"JOHN BROWN'S BODY" was a song which began to be sung among the men in army camps in 1861. The melody became immortalized when Julia Ward Howe wrote her illustrious poem of freedom, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," during the last year of the war. Charles Harrison, assisted by the Columbia Stellar Quartette, has made a stirring record of the song. His enunciation is particularly clean and clear, an accomplishment beset with difficulties in a lyric which moves as rapidly as the words of this song.

"Marching Through Georgia," a song sung by General Sherman's men on the famous march from Atlanta to the sea, has also been recreated for the phonograph. It is sung in the swinging care-free manner suited to the rhythm and the character of this song. Beginning pianissimo, the troops seem approaching from the distance to the music, increases in volume, with accompanying fife and drum, as they pass, the song finally dies away and the voices are lost in the distance. It is a very effective record and worthy of your attention.

It is interesting to note how many of our popular songs of the day are based on melodies of the past generation, particularly hymn tunes, negro spirituals and other melodies of the South. Such a song is "Dear Old Southland," which William Lowe has sung for recent publication. The verse of this song is almost identical with the air of "Deep River," one of the best-known of the negro spirituals. It has been altered rhythmically to embrace correct fox-trot tempo, but it has not suffered melodically with the transcription as many of the other familiar classical tunes have suffered. Mr. Lowe sings with a clarity of tone which is truly delightful. The use of the bassoon as the basic instrument for accompaniment is an original and most satisfacory achievement.

ABOUT ten years ago a little ballad entitled "Dearie" was one of the most popular songs of the season, and deservedly so. It had an irresistible and catchy melody and it was original in construction. The composer of "Dearie" is Clare Kummer, since become one of the most successful among American playwrights, and numbering among her successes "Good Gracious Annabel," "Be Calm Camilla," "Rollo's Wild Oat," and the play "The Mountain Man," which is one of the season's latest offerings. "Dearie" was Miss Kummer's first published composition, and Anna Case has placed it on the list of her inimitable reproductions. As usual, her voice has registered with the purity and scintillance of sparkling spring water.

A double-faced disk of Irish songs played for dancing by Selvin's Dance Orchestra appears on one of the Spring bulletins. Tunes such as "Killarney" and "The Jaunting Car" are included in the medley and have been arranged admirably. Though it is strange to hear a most familiar air played in unfamiliar rhythm, the general contour of each song has been carefully preserved. The songs are played with great variety of orchestration, holding the attention of the listener throughout the entire selection.

There have been many piano records published, but there are only a few of the many which have any semblance of the tone and color of a piano. There appears, however, a record which, by all odds, is the finest piano reproduction of a popular selection yet put on the market. It is "Roll on, Silvery Moon," played in duet form by Frank Banta and Cliff Hess. The artists have succeeded in registering a resonant and vibrant tone in a very effective manner.

Speaking of pianistic achievements, there are two rolls for reproducing pianos which have exceptional merit. They are the first movement of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherezade" and Carl von Weber's "Perpetual Motion."

"SCHEHEREZADE" is probably the greatest ballet ever written. It is a musical setting of a condensed version of the Arabian Nights and was first performed in America by the Ballet Russe of the Royal Opera of Petrograd when they came to his country in 1911. The music is based on Hindu themes which are superlatively beautiful. The roll published of the first movement of this monumental work is one of the finest yet produced. It depicts with great clarity many of the orchestral effects of the instrumental score.

"Perpetual Motion," as played by Rudolph Ganz, the conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, is spirited, delicate and iridescent, yet controlled by firm sure tone. This rondo typifies the best of its composer's writings for the piano. There are but few compositions by Weber for this instrument, as he wrote almost entirely for orchestra.



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The Royal Baking Service

from The Royal Educational Department

EDITOR'S NOTE—Did you know that the entire staff of the Royal Educational Department is continually busy making home cooking easier and more attractive for you? Whether you are an expert or an inexperienced cook and housekeeper you will undoubtedly find some little hint or 'short cut' suggested on these pages of interest and help to you. Write today if your questions are not answered here.

More Cake Questions!

OF the hundreds of queries on every phase of baking received in this department daily, the majority emphasize "cake troubles". Space does not permit our answering all questions on these pages, so only a few of the commonest difficulties follow:

***Question:* How can I cream shortening easily and quickly?**

Answer: When getting ready to make a cake and before measuring materials, pour a little boiling water into the mixing bowl. Let stand until ready to begin cake, then rinse and dry out bowl before measuring the butter or other shortening. This will soften it without melting it too much.

***Question:* Can sour milk be used with baking powder with good results?**

Answer: Yes, if just sufficient soda is used to neutralize the acid of the sour milk and then the usual amount of baking powder added for leavening purposes; for example, a recipe calling for one cup of milk, two teaspoons baking powder, use one cup sour milk, one-third teaspoon soda, and two teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, sifting the soda and baking powder in with the flour as usual. Buttermilk can also be used in same manner as sour milk.

Now that the warm weather is approaching, many women, and especially those in the country, will undoubtedly have sour milk on hand. Do not hesitate to make cakes and other baking powder foods because you have only sour milk, for when properly used it will give you excellent results. Many sour milk recipes are unsatisfactory because too much soda or a poor grade of baking powder has been used. One-third of a teaspoon of soda to a cup of thick sour milk, plus the standard amount of Royal Baking Powder for the flour called for, will give you as good results as if sweet milk were used. While the question of sour milk is taken up here in connection with cakes, it applies equally well to biscuits, muffins, and other breads.

***Question:* My cakes rise beautifully and after removal from the oven fall in the center. Can you tell me the trouble?**

Answer: You have probably used too much sugar and shortening in proportion to the flour and baking powder, or else you have taken the cake from the oven before thoroughly baked. Use level measurements for all materials and follow carefully recipes on these pages.

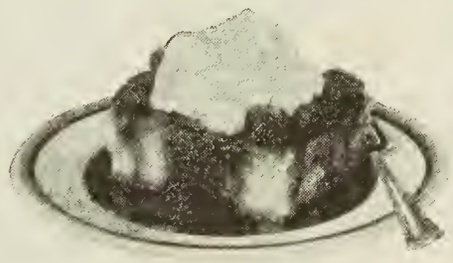
Try One of these for Dinner Today!



Luncheon Cakes
With Chocolate Sauce
(Recipe below)

Light, feathery cake is so easy to make, and with a sauce or whipped cream makes such delicious and tempting desserts. When you have tried the recipes on this page and others that the Royal Educational Department will send you for the asking, you will want to serve one in your household every day.

Have you ever stopped to think of the great food value in cake—good home-made cake—the kind you make yourself with good, pure, wholesome materials? Perhaps you have been accustomed to regard cake merely as a dainty addition to serve with fruit or ice cream, but in reality it is a dessert in itself and a valuable, important article of food deserving of a prominent place in the diet.



Butter Cake with Strawberry Sauce
(Recipe below)

These delectable desserts take a very short time to prepare, and are delicious with or without whipped cream.

Send today for additional recipes "Cakes for Delicious Desserts", and the New Royal Cook Book—they're free. Address—

ROYAL EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT
Royal Baking Powder Company, 133E William Street, New York

This is the sixth of the Royal Baking Service

Cut these out and put in your cook book.

Luncheon Cakes
With Chocolate Sauce

⅓ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
¾ cup milk
1¾ cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Cream shortening; add sugar gradually, beating well; add egg yolk, vanilla and half the milk; then half the flour sifted with the baking powder and cinnamon; add remainder of milk and flour and fold in beaten egg white. Bake in greased small tins in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Serve hot with following sauce, topped with whipped cream:—

1 ounce unsweetened chocolate
2 tablespoons butter
½ cup boiling water
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla extract

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add butter, and when mixed pour boiling water on slowly, stirring constantly; then, add sugar. Bring to boiling point and boil 5 minutes without stirring; add vanilla and few grains salt. Serve hot.

Butter Cake with Strawberry Sauce

⅓ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup milk
1¾ cups flour
¼ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Cream shortening; add sugar gradually, beating well; add beaten egg, one-half the milk, and mix well; add one-half the flour, which has been sifted with salt and baking powder; add remainder of milk then remainder of flour and flavoring; beat after each addition. Bake in greased shallow pan in hot oven about 20 minutes. Cut into squares and serve hot with strawberry sauce, with or without whipped cream, as desired.

Strawberry Sauce

2 cups strawberries
¾ cup granulated sugar

Pick over strawberries; put in dish; cover with sugar and allow to stand for about half an hour. Remove half the berries to serve whole and crush the remainder, mixing well with sugar. Add whole berries and serve.



MILK IS THE KEYSTONE OF GOOD CHILD FEEDING. WITH WHOLE GRAINS, FRUIT VEGETABLES AND FRESH AIR IT MAKES FOR SOUND BODIES AND SOUND MINDS

MILK AND HOW TO USE IT

Tempting and economical recipes, tested by the Home-Makers' Department

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

IN PLANNING the amount of milk for family use, it must be remembered that children are no longer to be considered as pocket editions of grown-ups and that their diet must be planned especially to meet the needs of the growing years and not simply a smaller slice of the family ration. For them a larger amount of milk is necessary than for the adult, but a diet that will not support growth in the young will not support well-being in the adult. Keep in mind also that an ounce of prevention is worth pounds of cure, and profit by observation of the established practise of the use of milk in feeding tubercular and convalescent patients where a general "building-up" food is needed. Authorities on nutrition are generally agreed that a safety ration of milk is a quart of milk a day for every child under six, at least a pint a day for every child from six to sixteen and at least a half pint for every adult.

No difficulty need be anticipated in using this ration. The uses for milk are so many and so varied that a generous quantity may be included in each day's menu without repeating a dish for thirty days at least. The first essential is to grasp the idea that milk is a food as well as a beverage, that it is to be eaten as well as drunk and that variety and ingenuity will often overcome family dislikes for milk. An "if at first you don't succeed" frame of mind may be necessary at first, but after a few attempts it will be found easy to use even more than a safety allowance.

There's no time like the early Summer months when the cows transfer their activities to the fresh green pastures and the milk season is at its flush to begin using an adequate amount of milk. The milk dishes then make a pleasant change from the heavier diet of Winter and are particularly welcome.

The successful use of milk in the diet depends to a large degree upon the ability to make satisfactory white sauces upon which soups, scalloped dishes, creamed dishes, croquettes and soufflés depend. Recipes for these and other simple milk dishes follow:

WHITE SAUCES AND DISHES MADE FROM THEM

To make White Sauce—to each cup of milk use:

One to four tablespoons of flour—the amount of flour depends on the thickness of the sauce. One to three tablespoons fat—the amount of fat depends on the desired richness of the sauce. It improves the flavor greatly. Salt and pepper to taste. Melt the butter or fat, add the flour and let bubble, being careful not to scorch. Add the milk gradually and cook until smooth and creamy. The milk may be either hot or cold.

For Thin White Sauce:
Use one tablespoon flour and one tablespoon fat to each cup of milk.

For Medium White Sauce:
Use two tablespoons flour and two tablespoons fat to each cup of milk.

For Thick White Sauce:
Use four tablespoons flour and three tab espoons fat to each cup of milk.

CREAM SOUPS

DELICIOUS cream-of-vegetable soups can be made from almost all of the common vegetables by combining two-thirds of a cup of vegetable-pulp with a cup of thin white sauce.

Mash the vegetable, cooked until soft, through a strainer, heat and pour it into the hot thin white sauce. Let the mixture come to the boiling-point, remove the pan from the heat and whip up the soup for a minute with an egg-beater and serve at once.

Left-over bits of vegetables, meats, fish or chicken can be used for cream soups by running the material through a meat-grinder and heating it in a little liquid before straining and adding it to the white sauce. (In making a cream tomato soup, a cup of the tomato-pulp needs to have one-eighth teaspoon of soda added to it to keep the soup from curdling.)

CREAMED DISHES

TWO to three cups diced cooked vegetables, one to two cups medium-thick white sauce. Add the white sauce to the vegetables, fish or meat. Season the mixture and bring it to the boiling-point. Keep it hot over hot water before serving.

CROQUETTES

MIX one-half cup of vegetables or meat-pulp, which is quite dry, into a cup of thick white sauce and cool before shaping. Roll in crums, egg and milk, and crums and fry in deep fat.

SCALLOPED DISHES

SCALLOPED dishes of many vegetables may be made by pouring a cup of medium white sauce over two cups of cooked vegetables, usually arranged in two layers. Sprinkle buttered crums over the top and brown in a medium oven.

SOUFFLES

SOUFFLÉS are made by combining thick white sauce, ground meat, vegetables or fruit and egg-yolks and folding in the beaten

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Concluded from page 68

MILK AND HOW TO USE IT

whites. A soufflé must be very light and fluffy to be good and this can be secured only by slow cooking. Set the baking-dish in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (350-450° Fahrenheit) for forty-five minutes. Serve at once.

CREAM-OF-PEANUT SOUP

3 tablespoons flour
½ cup water
6 tablespoons peanut butter
5 cups milk, scalded
Salt
Pepper

MAKE a paste by mixing one-half cup of water with the flour, rubbing it free from lumps. Add the peanut butter. When the mixture is rubbed smooth, add the scalded milk and cook the soup in a double boiler for thirty minutes. Stir it frequently to prevent lumping. Season it with salt, pepper and paprika. Chopped green pepper or red pimiento may be added.

CREAMED VEGETABLES

1 pint potatoes cut in cubes
1 cup carrots cut in cubes
1 cup turnips cut in cubes
1 cup celery cut in cubes
3 small onions
1 cup Lima beans (dried, canned, or fresh)
1 pint sliced cabbage

COOK in boiling, salted water until tender. Drain, combine with thin white sauce. Serve with croutons or toasted crackers.

Do not discard the stock drained from the vegetables. Mix it with an equal measure of medium white sauce for a cream-of-vegetable soup.

POTATO CHOWDER

1 quart potatoes diced
1 small turnip diced
1 cup carrots diced
1 medium onion minced
1 cup celery minced or 1 tablespoon dried celery leaves or celery-salt to taste
1 pimiento
⅓ cup diced salt pork or 3 tablespoons fat

FRY the pork and brown the vegetables in the fat. Cover with boiling water. Add 1 teaspoon salt, cook until tender. Add one quart medium white sauce; salt and paprika to taste. There are many good chowders of fish and vegetables. The haddock, the cod and the clam are all suitable for this purpose and all in season in the merry month of May. Chowders are really more than soups; they are so nutritive that they may form the chief dish of the meal. A good chowder, with either sandwiches or plenty of toasted cheese crackers, and a salad form the basis of a very good luncheon or supper. The salad may be omitted if the dessert is ample.

SCALLOPED ONIONS AND PEANUTS

CUT the onions in quarters; cook in boiling, salted water until tender.

Drain and reserve broth for soup. Butter a baking-dish and put into it a layer of onions. If a richer dish is desired, sprinkle over them some ground peanuts. Add another layer of onions and peanuts. Pour over all a white sauce well seasoned. Cover with buttered crums and brown in the oven. Any vegetable may be scalloped in this way. Cheese may be used in place of peanuts if desired.

ALL-AMERICAN BUNNY

½ cup corn-meal
2 cups milk
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups cheese, grated or cut fine
2 tablespoons fat
¼ teaspoon mustard
Paprika

HEAT the milk and when hot add the meal gradually. Cook in a double boiler for thirty minutes. Add the grated cheese, the fat, the mustard mixed with a little water or milk, and the paprika to the hot mush. When the cheese is thoroughly melted, serve the mixture on toasted bread. Small pieces of pimiento or sweet red pepper may be added.

OATMEAL BREAD

½ cake compressed yeast
2 cups milk
1 cup rolled oats.
Flour
2 teaspoons salt
2 tablespoons fat
¼ cup sugar or molasses

DISSOLVE the yeast in one-quarter cup tepid water. Heat the milk and, when boiling, pour it over the oatmeal. Add the sugar, salt, and fat and mix well. Cool and add yeast and flour enough to make a firm dough. Set in a warm place to rise. When it has doubled in size, shape in two loaves. When light, bake one hour.

BROWN BREAD WITH CARAMEL SAUCE

1 cup Graham flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking-powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup sour milk
½ cup molasses
¼ cup fat
1 cup brown bread-crums
½ cup raisins

SIFT the dry ingredients, add the sour milk, molasses and melted fat. Stir in the bread-crums and raisins. Mix well and bake in a rather shallow pan and serve at once with caramel sauce.

CARAMEL SAUCE

½ cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup water or whey
2 tablespoons butter
Vanilla

MIX the sugar and flour and add to the boiling whey, stirring constantly. When thick, add the butter and flavoring.

RICE PUDDING

4 cups milk
⅓ cup rice
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
Nutmeg
Grated rind of ½ lemon

WASH the rice, mix it with the other ingredients, and pour the mixture into a buttered pudding-dish. Bake it for three hours in a very slow oven, stirring it three times during the first hour of baking to prevent sticking.

VANILLA ICE-CREAM

2 cups scalded milk
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup sugar
1 egg
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 quart thin cream
2 tablespoon vanilla

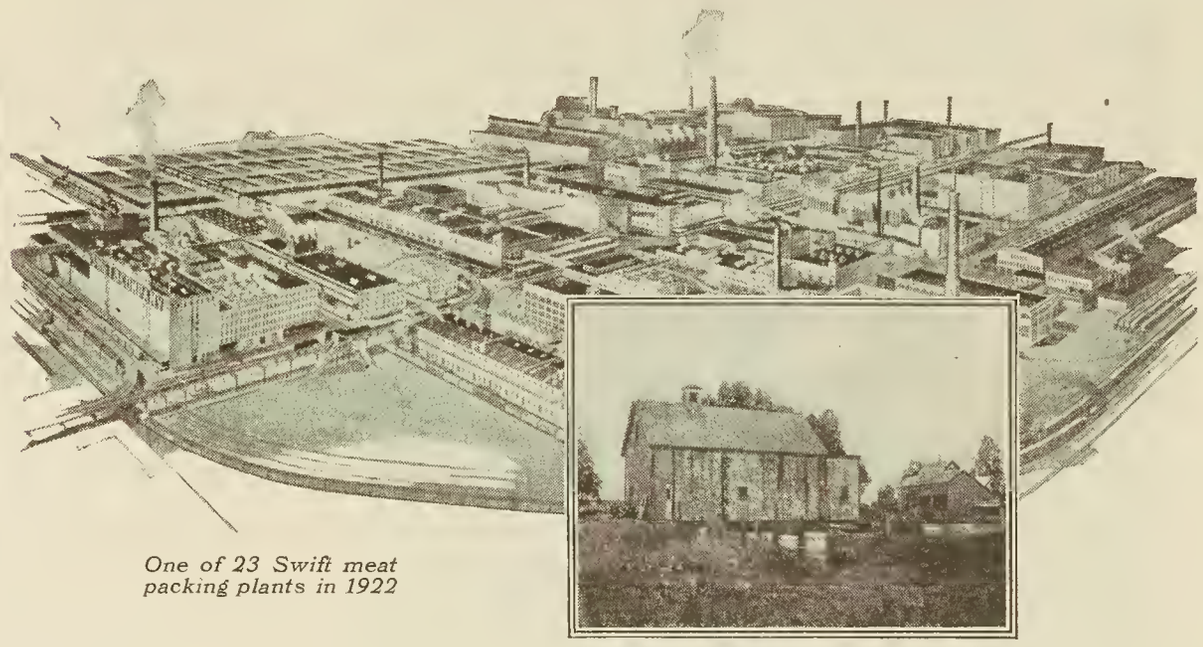
MIX the flour, sugar, and salt; add the egg slightly beaten, and the milk gradually; cook over hot water twenty minutes, stirring constantly at first. When cool, add cream and flavoring; strain and freeze.

Should custard have a curdled appearance, it will disappear in freezing.

FROZEN CUSTARD

1 pint milk
1 egg
1 cup sugar
2 teaspoons corn-starch
2 teaspoons cold milk
1½ teaspoons vanilla
⅛ teaspoon salt

SCALD milk, and add corn-starch and sugar mixed with the cold milk or water. Cook over hot water for fifteen minutes. Add the egg slightly beaten, and cook the mixture for five minutes. Add the salt and stir the mixture well. Strain, and cool. Add the vanilla and freeze the custard in same way as ice-cream.



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BETTY'S LETTERS FROM NORWAY AND SWEDEN

By Harriet Ide Eager

Write Betty what part you like best in her letter and she will send you a pretty post-card from Norway. Address Miss Betty Butterick, THE DELINEATOR, New York City.

ON THE BOAT, NORWAY.

DEAR DOTS,

I'm on a little steamboat going along fjords. (You pronounce that fyords.) I never understood before what fjords are. Why, it's easy. Why, they're just water all around the bottom of mountains. Sometimes the water gets so narrow you think sure the boat's going to bump bang into the side of the mountain. So I go and stand close to Brother. But you never bump and afterward you laugh.

Oh, it's so pretty! You see lots of waterfalls. The water drops from way high up and it looks so soft and white because the mountain is so dark. When our steamboat stops making a noise, you hear a waterfall somewhere saying: "Sh-h-h-h-h-h-h! Sh-h-h-h-h-h-h!"

There's a nice Norwegian man on our boat. He speaks English and he lives in Kristiania. That's the biggest city in Norway.

I had to stop there because we got out. I forgot to tell you, while you're on the boat you see little houses way up on top of the mountain and you see little specks moving around and they are people. The houses are called eagle's nests because they're so high.

Well, we climbed up to one. Whew! you get out of breath!

I saw two little children playing and there was a rope around their waists and the rope was tied to the house! That's because the mountain's so steep they might fall down and their mother hasn't time to watch them.

We went inside the hut and the mother and a big girl were making cheese. They got awful red and excited because not many people come way up there.

We sat down and they made us sandwiches. The bread was dark and awful tough. I nearly bit a tooth out on it—honest! And there was cheese inside that looked like that brown soap your cook washes clothes with. But I had to be polite. So I shut my eyes and took a bite. And goodness! it tasted fine! So I took another sandwich. Brother ate six. The mother and the big girl were just as pleased! The Norwegian man said the cheese was made from goats' milk. He ate three and a half.

The hut people told him they have a farm further down the mountain where they live in Winter. But as soon as it's Spring they move up here, so the goats and cows can eat grass on the mountain. There was a big boy but he was out watching the cows and goats. So his sister went after him and stayed so he could come down and see us.

The boy brought his pet goat. It's called Fagerkin. He was awful red and shy, the boy I mean. He put a pail under the goat and jumped on its back like horseback, only his face was looking at the goat's tail and he milked into the pail. We all laughed. We drank the milk.

The boy told the Norwegian man that he and his father climb around and pull up grass and tie it together and send it down the side of the mountain to the farm-house on a wire. That's so the cows and goats will have something to eat in Winter because it's so cold nothing grows. The boy smiled and patted Fagerkin and said something and the Norwegian man said he said he always saved the nicest bundles for his pet goat. I patted Fagerkin, too, but don't tell Snippie because he might be jealous.

They tie branches of trees, too, and stand them up so funny. They look like little old men. They make haystacks that way too, only we didn't see any because this isn't hay-time.

When we were going I noticed a funny kind of circle painted on the door outside and a cross inside the circle, so I asked what it meant. And the boy said it was a magic sign to scare trolls away so they won't play tricks on Fagerkin or the other goats and make them sick or fall down the mountain or anything.

You know trolls are ugly little funny magic men. There's a picture of one in your fairy-book, I think.

I'll tell you a joke on me if you promise cross your heart and hope to die you'll never tell Jack.

You know, in books they call Norway the Land of the Midnight Sun. So I thought the sun shone all night. And I was so surprised the first evening when it began to get dark. So I begged Brother to let me sit up until midnight because I had a very special reason. So he let me if I'd take a nap to-day.

Oh, I got so sleepy! After a *long* time it was midnight. I looked out the window. It was still dark and there wasn't any sun. And I was tired. So I cried. Brother didn't tease me a bit. He explained it's only way up North where the Lapps live that you see the midnight sun. In Winter there isn't any sun at all and it's dark all day and all night. And then in Summer there's sun all day and all night, only not so bright at night.

I wanted to go where the Lapps are, but it takes almost a week by boat and Brother hasn't got time.

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

I'M IN the biggest city in Sweden. Only we're a little way outside the city with a Swedish family. The house is red and it's painted pretty colors inside and has writing over the doors that says "Welcome" and things like that.

There's a little boy four years old named Ole and he always asks the blessing. We stand behind our chairs and the men bow their heads and the ladies make a little curtsy. And after dessert, Ole and Elsa (that's his sister my age) both say: "Tak för maten" to their father and mother. That means "Thanks for food."

Some of the streets in Stockholm are canals, like Holland, so instead of a street-car you take a little boat. There are some real streets where only bicycles can go and goodness! you ought to see the old ladies and old men and little boys and *everybody* riding wheels!

There are wooden things standing up on the street like a big box, and there's a shelf around it and tin cups tied to a chain and you drop a penny in the slot and hold a cup under the faucet and hot milk comes out to drink.

Brother visited a public school. He told me there's one big room with slats for a floor and a row of little tubs real close together next to the wall all around the room. And every two weeks all the kids have to take a bath. Brother watched the boys' turn and he said every boy had a scrubbing-brush and sat in the tub and scrubbed the boy in front and splashed and had more fun!

There's a Royal Palace here. Did you know there's a queen and a king and he's king of Norway and Sweden both? Part of the time he lives here and part of the time he lives in Norway. Swedish people and Norwegian people don't talk the same language but lots of them can understand what the other one says. Isn't that funny?

FALUN, DALECARLIA.

WE WENT to a peasant farmhouse. It had dirt on the roof and the people grow things up there! Honest! I climbed up a ladder and saw little cabbages myself. All their plates and cups and pitchers are wood and painted pretty colors, even spoons. There are long poles standing up to the ceiling, with bread strung on them. The mother only bakes four times a year and they keep the bread that way.

The old grandmother was spinning. We all drank coffee and she held a lump of sugar between her teeth and drank through that! The children danced the cutest folk-dance for us outdoors. And the boy gave me a GREAT big turnip. You know the Spring and Summer are so short here that the plants try to make up for lost time and they grow lots bigger than ours. The dandelions are as big as chrysanthemums, almost!

Good-by now. I mean "Farvel,"

BETTY.

P. S.—Scratch Snippie's back for me right where he likes it best.



START YOUR HOPE CHEST NOW

By Mabel Lamourceaux Booth

DON'T wait, as I did, until you are engaged to be married, to start your hope chest. The first day that a girl begins to dream of having a home of her own is the day to start collecting her linens; for, of course, the more time you have, the less work and expense it will seem. Even the girl who does not marry seldom regrets having a chest full of beautiful house linen, for the chances are that, married or single, she will some day have her own home.

I collected my materials a few at a time, watching every day for bargains and buying as my earnings would allow. This enabled me to buy at much lower prices than would otherwise have been possible.

Here is a list of my things; subsequent use has proved this to be exactly right:

1 unbleached linen table-cloth.
12 unbleached linen napkins.
2 square luncheon-cloths, one 36 inches and one 45 inches square.
6 napkins to match each luncheon-cloth.
2 luncheon table-runners.
6 napkins to match each table-runner.
2 doily luncheon-sets, 1 of Madeira, 1 of filet and linen.
2 54-inch round cloths, 1 of filet linen and 1 of Cluny and linen.
1 tray-cloth with 4 napkins to match.
2 embroidered centerpieces 36 inches and 45 inches respectively.
9 buffet and bureau scarfs.
2 embroidered pincushion covers.
26 kitchen towels, 6 for glass, 15 for dishes and 5 hand-towels.
4 dish-cloths.
9 sheets, 3 linen and 6 muslin.
7 pairs, or 14 pillow-cases.
3 counterpanes, 2 pairs woolen blankets, 2 comforters, 2 quilts.
1 bath mat and 14 face-cloths.
39 towels, 10 Turkish bath, 8 Turkish hand, 15 linen hand, 6 linen guest.

I set my heart on having as much as possible of my outfit of linen. In spite of the greater cost I believe this is wise, not only because linen is so much more beautiful and pleasant to the touch than cotton, but also because it wears so much longer. The consequence is I have only linen towels and table napery. Good bleached linen table-cloths were so frightfully expensive that I could not afford one. But I found at a sale a two-yard cloth of heavy unbleached linen of a very pretty pattern, and two-half dozens of unbleached linen napkins for a fraction of the cost of bleached linen. These in time will be white.

I BOUGHT a couple of yards of two-yard width plain damask linen and out of this made two luncheon-cloths, one thirty-six inches square and the other forty-five inches square and half a dozen twelve-inch napkins to match each cloth. On one of these sets I crocheted corners of a pretty rose design and a simple filet edge all around; on the other I embroidered small Japanese corner designs in Delft blue and added a simple filet edge of the same shade. This latter set is very quaint and attractive. Napkins were made to match both sets.

For one luncheon set, I bought medium-weight linen and cut two runners each fifty-four inches long. I had the edges hemstitched by machine and then crocheted a simple edging in white into the holes made by the hemstitching. At both ends of the runners I cross-stitched baskets of flowers in colors; the effect is like a bit of old sampler work. I made a half-dozen napkins to match each runner, cross-stitching different baskets in a corner of each.

Thanks to my constant search for bargains I found a lovely fifty-four inch round luncheon-cloth of filet lace and linen for a great bargain. This serves beautifully as a good table-cloth. I received as gifts a similar cloth of Cluny lace and linen and my two doily sets, one of Madeira, and one of filet lace and linen. For a lovely mahogany serving-tray that my brother had made me, I hemstitched and embroidered a cloth and four napkins.

Some of my scarfs are interchangeable for dining-room or bedroom.

FOR my nine dish-towels, I bought a soft brown linen crash at a bargain. After these were hemmed on the machine, I blanket-stitched the hems with blues and browns. On six blue-checked linen glass-towels I outlined various comic designs at one end. A half-dozen other dish-towels were a gift, and then I have three hand-towels which are marked and kept separated from the dish-towels. For dish-cloths, I used the center, unworn part of old vests, double, and blanket-stitched the edges inside.

My mother gave me three beautiful linen sheets, relics of her own hope chest, and two linen pillow-cases. I scalloped the sheets at one end, monogrammed them and embroidered the pillow-cases to match. I consider these my greatest treasures and keep them for guest-room use. To complete my guest bed linen I bought two pairs of good quality muslin pillow-cases and embroidered them. Then I bought six large size (81 by 99 inches) good quality muslin sheets at a sale and six pillow-cases (45 by 36 inches) to match. I monogrammed the sheets about an inch and a half down from the hem, and the pillow-cases with a smaller letter. This gave me enough linen for two double beds

A bride of limited means who wants all her hand-towels to be of linen can get them much more economically by buying linen huckaback by the yard and hemstitching it herself. I did this and found that it cut in half the cost of ready-hemmed towels. I further cut the cost by watching for sales.

All of these towels are monogrammed, some have dainty crocheted and tatted edges, and others are embroidered. To a few I added dainty colored edges and cross-stitched my initials in the same color.

1847
75th Anniversary



The HERALDIC *Pattern*

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SILVERPLATE

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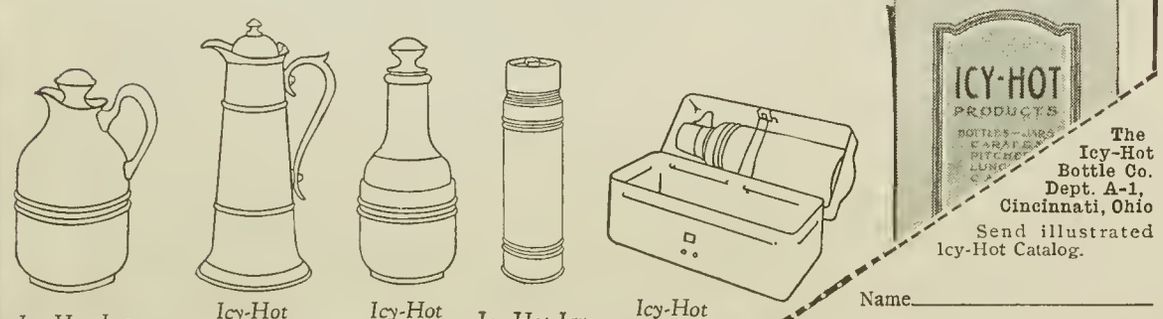
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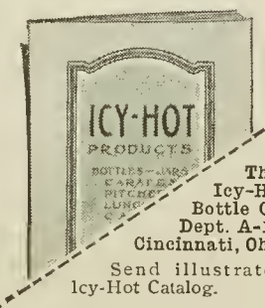
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KEEP CONTENTS HOT 24 HOURS; COLD 3 DAYS.



Continued from page 9

THIS FREEDOM

cigaret-cases and smoked a lot, and they wore most handsome waistcoats and ties, and some of their conversation that came back to Rosalie, trailing behind, was of very wonderful and exciting things they had done or were going to do. Mr. Holland, the head master of the grammar school, was the terror of Robert's life, but it appeared that Mr. Chalton and Mr. Ricks were not in the least afraid of Mr. Holland, and they talked a great deal of what they could do to him if he ever tried to interfere with them and a great deal of what they did do in the way of utterly disregarding him. They were undeniably splendid and wonderful, but they utterly ruined Rosalie's walks and they greatly intensified Rosalie's new feeling toward men and boys—that men and boys were a great nuisance and spoiled things.

TIME went along. Other young men were met. In the holidays quite a number of young men came for their vacations to their homes in Ibbotsfield and the surrounding district. Certain of these, unlike the grammar-school private pupils, called openly at the rectory on one pretext or another, but they were nevertheless also met secretly by Flora and Hilda, ruined the walks precisely as Messrs. Chalton and Ricks had first ruined them, and were on no account to be mentioned by Rosalie to her father and mother.

The reason for this secrecy was never explained to Rosalie and the secrecy oppressed Rosalie. It took not only the form of being a thing she was not able to tell to her mother, and Rosalie was in the habit of telling everything she did to her mother, but it took also the form of mysterious and vaguely alarming perils during the walks. An immense watchfulness was kept up against chance encounters with people. One of the party would often cry, "Look! Who's this?" and the young men would separate from the girls and appear as if they were walking by themselves. Sometimes they would break right away and run off and not be met again. Very often Rosalie would be sent on ahead to a turning and told to come back at once if anybody was to be seen, and then would be examined as to who the person was. Sometimes she was posted to keep watch while the girls and the young men slipped off somewhere, over a gate or into a barn. She got to know by sometimes rushing in with warnings that Flora and Hilda on these occasions smoked the young men's cigarets. Then when they got home they would rush up to their room and wash their teeth and put scent on themselves. And invariably when the young men took their leave at the end of a walk, there would be long and close whisperings in which were always to be heard the words, "Well, say you were—"; or, "Look here, we'll say we were—" and generally, "Go away, Rosalie. There's nothing for you to listen to."

It all had the effect of making Rosalie feel unhappy and rather frightened. She sometimes asked, "Why mustn't I say anything to mother?" She was always told, and only told, "Because father doesn't like us meeting men."

No reason why father should not like them meeting men was ever given, and Rosalie, ceaselessly disturbed by the concealment, could never imagine what the reason could be. There could be no reason that she could imagine; and she was thus immensely taken aback when one evening at supper her father made a most surprizing statement: "The girls have no chance of ever meeting men in this infernal place."

Amazing!

Rosalie's father had been abusing Ibbotsfield and everything that pertained to Ibbotsfield. Some question of expenses had started him. He was storming in his wild way, addressing himself to Rosalie's mother, but haranguing at large to all, everybody sitting in silence and with oppressed faces, rather as people used to sit during the war when there was an air-raid on. They were literally ground down with poverty, Rosalie's father was saying. He didn't know what was going to happen to them all. "It's all this place, this infernal, buried-alive -place. The girls ought to be moving about and seeing people. How can they? Very well. My mind's made up. There's my brother Tom in India. He could have one of the girls. There's your sister, Mrs. Pounce, in London. She's Rosalie's godmother. What's she ever done for Rosalie? Very well. My mind's made up. I shall write to Belle, and I shall write to Tom. I shall tell them how we are situated. It's humiliating to have to tell them, but what's humiliation? I'm accustomed to humiliation. Ever since we came here I have eaten the bread and drunk the water of humiliation. Now the children are growing up to share it. What can they do in this loathsome and forsaken and miserable place? What chance have the girls got? Can you tell me that?"

HE GLARED at Rosalie's mother. It was clear that he regarded her as to blame. Rosalie thought that her dear mother must be to blame. Her mother looked so beaten and frightened. There was glistening in her eyes. Rosalie's heart felt utterly desolated for her mother. She wished like anything she could say something for her dear mother. Then most amazingly the chance to say something came. "Can you tell me that?" cried Rosalie's father. "What chance have the girls of ever meeting men in this infernal place?" Rosalie burst out, "Oh, but father, nearly every day——"

"Rosalie, don't interrupt!" cried Flora very sharply.

"Rosalie, be quiet!" cried Hilda.

Father glared and then went on and on.

It was the beginning of a chain of most startling upheavals. It was also, and the upheavals were also, a new manifestation to Rosalie of the all-importance of men. After supper, in the first place, Flora and Hilda, taking Rosalie very severely to task for her perilous outburst, explained to her that the men they met were not the kind of men that father meant they ought to meet. It was necessary, it was essential, they explained, for every girl to meet men she could marry. That was what every girl had to do. Men, surely you understand that, Rosalie, had all the money and everything and met girls and asked them to marry. Those men sometimes met on walks, you little stupid, were too young and had no money yet. "There, that's enough," they explained. "Anyhow, we sha'n't be meeting them much more. One of us is probably going to India. You heard what father said, didn't you? Well, of course you can't understand properly. You will when you're grown up. Surely that's quite enough for you to understand at present. How can a woman live if she doesn't marry, stupid? She must have money to live and it is men who have the money. Well, of course they do because they earn it. Look at Harold; and Robert will have money when he's little older. Well, *how can* women? Now, I said that's enough and it is enough."

It was enough and most satisfactorily enough for one purpose. It was the first explanation of men as a race apart from women that Rosalie had ever received and it precisely bore out all that she had conceived about them. It affirmed her perception of the wonder and greatness of men as compared with women. It intensified that perception.

WONDERFUL men! Marvelous and most fortunate men!

And then the chain of most startling upheavals began. Father wrote to Uncle Tom in India. Father wrote to Aunt Belle, Mrs. Pyke Pounce, in London. What he wrote was not to be known by Rosalie, outside the rectory wheel. The others knew, for father, with enormous pride at his wonderful epistolatory style in his voice, was heard reading the letter to them. But the others of course knew also what Rosalie never realized, the grinding poverty of the rectory. She knew no other life than the herrings, the makeshifts, and the general shabbiness of the rectory. It was not till long afterward that, looking back, she realized the pinching and the screwing that served—almost—to make ends meet.

So father wrote. India was far, London was near. Aunt Belle's reply came while the letter to Uncle Tom was still upon the sea. Such a reply! Wonderful father to win such a reply from Aunt Belle! "You see what it is to be able to write a telling and forceful

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THIS FREEDOM

letter!" cried father. Such an exciting reply! Aunt Belle was coming on a visit "To talk it over and see what she could do."

Aunt Belle came.

Oh, a red carpet, a red carpet for Aunt Belle, Mrs. Pyke Pounce, to come into the story! And if at the end of the red carpet there could be an "at home" in the splendid drawing-room of Aunt Belle, Mrs. Pyke Pounce, at Pilchester Gardens, South Kensington, an at home with about sixty-five ladies crammed into it, all of them wives of most successful and well-off men, mostly retired from the Indian Army and the Indian Civil Service, and all of them chattering ecstatically, and nibbling, and pluming themselves, and tinkling their teacups, and Aunt Belle, Mrs. Pyke Pounce, enthroned in their midst, and owning everything and seeming to own her five and sixty guests, and chattering and nibbling and pluming and tinkling more ecstatically than any; and then if there could come in to them beautiful Cousin Laetitia (then about fifteen), with sleek black hair beautifully ribboned behind, and with pale, fine brow, and wearing the sweetest white frock, and if she could move delightfully about among her mother's guests, and then play the sweetest little trifle on the pianoforte to the delighted murmurs of the five and sixty guests of her mother (she's under Pflunk, the great Pflunk!); and then if there could come in from the city Uncle Pyke, Colonel Pyke Pounce, R. E. (retired), now director of several highly important companies, and if Uncle Pyke, Colonel Pyke Pounce, R. E., could stand on the hearth-rug with his massy jowl and his determined stomach and grunt and rattle the money in his pockets and grunt again; and if then there could come in the new parlor-maid of Aunt Belle, Mrs. Pyke Pounce, with her tallness and her deftness and her slight, very slight, insolence of air, and all the five and sixty gazing upon her as haughty but envious patricians gazing upon a slave, and when she had gone swishing out if Aunt Belle, Mrs. Pyke Pounce, could tell all the sixty and five of her tallness, her deftness and her slight, very slight, insolence of manner——

OH, IF there could be this and these and a fine, red carpet how exactly and how fittingly would Aunt Belle, Mrs. Pyke Pounce, step upon the scene!

"Dear thing!" That was Rosalie's portrait and thought of her in long after years. Dear thing! The drawing-room of her crowded triumphs is now the shabby drawing-room of a second-rate boarding-house; the jolly horse-bus she used so commandingly to stop in the Cromwell Road and so regally to enter (whip-waving driver, cap-touching conductor) long had given place to a thundering motor saloon that stops wheresoever it listeth and wherein Aunt Belle and old-clothes women fight to hang by a strap.

Dear thing! Her ownership of five and sixty guests is exchanged for ownership of not more than seven and fifty inches of cold earth in Brompton Cemetery. She is passed, and Uncle Pyke, Colonel Pyke Pounce, R.E, is grunted past to lay himself beside her. They are passed. Upreared upon her and upon him is a stupendous granite chunk (in a way not unlike Uncle Pyke on his hearth-rug), erected by their sorrowing daughter. She is past; she came into Rosalie's life and Rosalie crossed her life and she never forgave Rosalie.

Dear thing! Lie lightly on her, stones!

She came to the rectory "to talk it over and see what can be done" for a week's visit, and she stepped out of the cab, all the family assembled to greet her, a new and most surprising figure such as Rosalie had never seen before. She was dressed in startling fashions of a most wonderful richness, and she had immense plumes in her hat that nodded when she moved and trembled when she stood still, and she was herself either always nodding with glittering animation or straightening her back and quivering as if straining at a leash and just about to burst it and go off. She was like Rosalie's mother and yet not a bit like her. She was older and yet terribly brisker and stronger. Those were the days when frosted Christmas cards were the artistic marvels of the age, and Aunt Belle beside Rosalie's mother somehow made Rosalie think of a frosted card beside one of the plain cards. When Rosalie's mother was in a room, you often might not know she was there; but when Aunt Belle was in a room there seemed to be no one there except Aunt Belle. She began to talk, in a voice as high as the house, while she was still descending from the cab on her arrival, and the only time Rosalie ever saw her not talking was during service in church on Sunday when she was alternately glittering or whispering or else bending down so extraordinarily low that Rosalie thought she was going to lie prone upon the floor.

Dear thing! She was so kind to Rosalie and so kind to them all, and yet— And yet they all, except Rosalie, who was too small (then) to appreciate the resented quality in Aunt Belle's kindness, and Rosalie's mother, who was too gentle to resent anything, and yet they all, save Rosalie and her mother, loathed and abominated Aunt Belle. It was her way of doing things. She gave kind gifts, but it was the way she gave them. She admired everything and everybody in the rectory, but it was the way she admired. She said most kind and affectionate things, but it was her way of saying them.

"Why, how very nice indeed!" That was her insistent comment upon everything in the rectory. But the tone was "How very nice indeed—for *you*."

THAT was the trouble. That was what made Harold (who at twenty-six was getting very like his father) hurl about a thousand miles over the garden-wall the three apples Aunt Belle gave him as his share of the "very best apples from the Army and Navy Stores" which she brought down with other "goodies" for "the dear children"; and made him grit his teeth after she had been in the house two days and cry, "Damn her! Poor relations, that's how she treats us! I'm damned if I'm a poor relation. I'm earning three pounds ten a week at the bank, and I bet that appalling old Uncle Pyke didn't get it or anything like it at my age!" ("How very nice indeed—for *you!*") That was what made Flora cry, "Here, take it, Rosalie. Take her rubbishing old 'nice, warm woolly gloves.' I'd like to see exquisite Cousin Laetitia wearing them!" "How very nice—for *you!*" That was what made the cook give notice during her stay. "Coming into my kitchen, mum, and telling me this, that and the other, mum, about her fine kitchen in London, mum, and how lucky I am not to have no basement to carry coals up from, mum; flesh and blood can't bear it, mum, and that's as sure as ever I stand here!"

Dear thing! "She meant it kindly." That was the sweet apologetic excuse with which Rosalie's mother followed the track of the storms Aunt Belle aroused and with which she sought to abate them. "She means it kindly. She means it kindly, dear."

It should be Aunt Belle's epitaph. It ought to be graven upon that granite chunk in Brompton Cemetery. "She meant it kindly!"

Issuing from the cab, Aunt Belle began by kissing Rosalie's mother in a most astonishing series of kisses that whizzed from cheek to cheek so that it was a miracle to Rosalie that the two noses did not collide and her dear mother's be knocked right off; and then most enthusiastically kissed all the family, applying to each the phrase with which she began on Harold. "Well, well, so this is Harold!" (as if it was the most astounding and unexpected thing in the world that it was Harold). "So this is Harold! Why, what a great big clever fellow, and what a comfort to your dear mother, I am sure!" And then gazed rapturously upon the house and said to Rosalie's mother and to them all: "Well, well what a very, very nice house to be sure!"

("For *you!*")

SHE meant it kindly. Her manner of talking about herself and about her possessions was not that of bragging or of conscious superiority; it was, to the whole rectory family, and to all poorer than herself wherever she met them, that of one entertaining a party of children—of a kind lady telling stories to a group of round-eyed infants. When she first had tea on the afternoon of her arrival, she gazed upon the silver teapot as it was carried in and exclaimed, "Well, well,

Continued on page 74



The Story of

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449 *Fifth Avenue, New York*



Continued from page 73

THIS FREEDOM

what a very, very handsome teapot! And hot-water jug to match! How very, very nice! (For *you.*) Now, how ever do you think I keep *my* water hot at tea? I have a very nice service all in silver gilt! It looks just like gold! And there's a kettle to match, with a spirit-flame under it. The maid brings in the kettle boiling and we just light the spirit with a match and there it is gently boiling all the time."

(There, children! There's a rich aunt for you!)

Dusk drew in and the lamps were lit. "Lamps!" ecstactically exclaimed Aunt Belle. "*How* nice! And Hilda keeps the lamps clean, does she? What dear, helpful girls and how very, very bright and nice they are! Now what do you think? In my house, everywhere, even in the kitchen, we've got this new electric light! Your kind uncle had it put in for me. *Installed*, as they call it. Now, just fancy, all you have is a little brass knob by each door, and you just touch a little switch, and there's your light! No matches, no trouble, just click! and there you are. Of course it was very expensive, but your Uncle Pyke insisted upon my having it. He always will insist upon my having everything of the best."

SHE visited the kitchen. "Well, well, what a very nice kitchen. Now I do call that a most delightful kitchen. (For *you.*) Do you know, cook, in all the London houses the kitchens are right down underground! Fancy that! No nice sunny windows like yours. Of course we make it very nice for the maids. I keep five. Five maids! They have a nice sitting-room of their own and sit down to their meals and have the kitchen-maid wait on them quite in the grand style! But this *is* nice. This is very, very nice, and I'm sure you have a most considerate and thoughtful mistress and are most kind and helpful to her in return. I'm sure you are. I must say that was a most delicious soup you gave us at lunch. I must tell my cook how delicious it was. Sometimes, you know, she serves as many as seven courses to a dinner-party of perhaps twenty or twenty-five people! Of course she has every convenience and help and does nothing herself but just superintend. Now how would you like to serve a great fine dinner like that? I'm sure you'd do it very well indeed." (For *you.*)

Dear thing! The echo of her ceaseless tongue brings her exactly to life again—glittering, chattering, pluming, presenting, praising ("For you!")—her servants, her house, her parties, her friends, her daughter, her husband. Oh, yes, a red carpet, a red carpet for Aunt Belle, Mrs. Pyke Pounce, to come into the story, and so (at the end of her visit) into Rosalie's life like this:

"And Rosalie is going away to school! To a boarding-school in London where there will be ever so many very nice playmates of her own age, and such romps, and such good wholesome food, and such nice, kind, clever mistresses! Why, what a lucky, lucky girl! There, Rosalie, what do you think of that? You are my godchild and I and your kind Uncle Pyke are going to send you to school and pay for your education because, of course, we are well off and can afford it and your dear mother and father can't. There! Now isn't that delightful? Come and give me a nice kiss then. The dear child!"

Tremendous moment! Supernal upheaval! First and greatest upheaval of the chain of upheavals! Rosalie was to go away to school.

That was at the rectory breakfast-table on the last morning of the visit, and that was Aunt Belle, Mrs. Pyke Pounce, coming into Rosalie's life. "Come and give me a kiss then"; that was kind, kind Aunt Belle, inviting acknowledgment of her kindness and the kindness of Uncle Pyke (with a check) and the kindness of Cousin Laetitia (with a box of beautiful cast-off clothes that would do beautifully for Rosalie's school outfit). "The dear child!" That was Aunt Belle's acknowledgment of Rosalie's most dutiful and most affectionate and most delighted kiss. (Most amazed and excited and rather fearful Rosalie! Going to school! Going away to a boarding-school in London!)

"The dear child!" Such a warm and loving kiss from Rosalie! And time was to prove it the kiss of Judas! Yes, in a few years, "I've done everything for you!" Aunt Belle was to cry. "Everything! And this is the return I get!" (From *you.*")

Next in its turn, and exactly a fortnight before the beginning of the term at which Rosalie was to join the boarding-school in London, came the letter from Uncle Tom in India, and with it the beginning of the second upheaval in the chain of upheavals.

All of this upheaval was very bewildering to Rosalie. She never understood it properly. At the beginning it had nothing at all to do with Anna, and yet Anna from the very first reading of Uncle Tom's letter— All that Rosalie understood of it was this:

FIRST of all came the letter. Tremendous excitement! Father in wild excitement, Flora and Hilda in frantic excitement, every one in highest excitement. Father read the letter aloud at breakfast to Rosalie's mother and to the girls. Such a splendid letter, said father. Really, Tom was a splendid fellow, said father. He had wronged Tom. He had thought Tom selfish in his wealthy indifference. By Jove, Tom wasn't! "By Jove, the way Tom wrote almost brought tears to your eyes! Listen to this. Listen, mother. Listen, you girls."

Uncle Tom, said the letter, would by all means, old man, have one of the girls. He'd no idea that things were so bad with you. "Poor old man!" Why didn't you tell us before? He was sending home a small draft to Field & Co., his bankers, to help toward the girl's outfit and her passage money. "Which girl shall you send? Well, it's no good asking us, old man! You must decide that for yourselves. She'll be abundantly welcome, whichever it is, and we can promise her a jolly good time. We are at Simla most of the year. If you want my advice which girl to send, send the pretti——"

Father stopped reading.

Rosalie was staring at Anna. Anna's face, which had been pale, suddenly went crimson. The suddenness and the violence of it was extraordinary. One moment she had been pale. In the next she was burning red. It was exactly as if a crimson paint had suddenly been dashed over her whole face. It was extraordinary. Whatever was it? That nose of hers, perhaps, a sudden frightful twinge like Rosalie once had—a sudden most awful jump in a tooth? But Anna didn't say anything and no one but Rosalie seemed to notice it. They were all intent upon father. So intent! Flora's eyes were simply shining!

AND Flora's eyes soon after that were shining more than ever. She was wild with excitement. Rosalie heard the news just before tea. Flora was going to India to Uncle Tom.

"Oh," cried Flora, "I'm so excited I simply don't know what to do with myself!" It was all arranged. Father had settled it. She was to go in about six weeks' time. Very shortly she was to go up to Lndon with father and buy heaps of clothes and all sorts of things. They were going to stay at a hotel. "Not with Aunt Belle, thank goodness!" Said Flora. "At a hotel! Fancy that!" Mother wasn't going and Flora was glad mother wasn't going. She would have a much better time with father. Father had decided everything. He had decided that mother couldn't leave him in the rectory with all the housekeeping to look after, and the change would do him good, and Aunt Belle would be able to help with the shopping. They were going to see some theaters and all kinds of things and were going to have a most splendid time and then, soon afterward—India! "Oh, I shall go mad with excitement in a minute!" cried Flora.

The next thing was in the evening. Rosalie, searching for her mother to ask her something, could not find her. She went into her mother's bedroom and there was the most surprising thing. There was Anna on her knees by her mother and her head on her mother's lap, and Anna was sobbing; and she was crying in her sobs. "But it's my right! I'm the eldest! It's my right!"

Rosalie stood there unnoticed, amazed. Whatever was it?

Rosalie's mother stroked Anna's head and said very softly, "My darling! My darling!" She said, "My darling, your father has

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THIS FREEDOM

decided. Your father knows best. Men always know best, my darling."

"It's my right, mother. It's my right. It's always Flora. Oh, why should it always be Flora?"

"Dear Anna. Poor Anna. You must be reasonable, dear Anna. We women must always be reasonable. Don't you see that your father thinks of me. He thinks my eldest girl—my dear eldest girl—ought to stay at home to look after her mother. It's on my account, dear Anna. He thinks of me."

"Oh, mother, what's the good of telling me that? A lot he thinks of you or ever has! Why is he going up to London with Flora when it's your place to go? A lot he thinks of you! You say we must be reasonable. You can be. You've been unselfish all your life. I can't be. Not in this. I've never had a pleasure in my life; I've never had a chance; I've never had anything done for me. Ever since I can remember it's always been Flora, Flora, Flora. Now there's this! I'm getting on, mother. I'm nearly twenty-four. What have I got to look forward to? Flora's younger, Flora's different. She'll have lots of chances of enjoying herself. This is my right! It's my right, mother."

"My dear Anna. My eldest girl. My first dear, sweet girlie. How could I do without you? How happy we've been. How happy we will be."

Rosalie crept away.

After a time Flora and her father went away on the great visit to London. They were to be away over two Sundays. A clergyman was coming from Ashborough to take service at the church. Rosalie's father went off in spirits as high and youthful as the spirits of Flora. For days before he was quite a different man. Everybody was asked to choose a present which he would bring back. Everybody chose with much excitement and chaffing except Anna, who said she could not think of anything. At meals father kept on saying that he wished he could regularly make a point of getting up to town for a bit, it made all the difference being able to get away from this infernal place for a bit. When herrings were on the table, he actually came round and did her herring for Rosalie's mother, and Rosalie's mother was able to eat the whole of it and said how delicious it was and how clever father was.

It was all splendid. Rosalie had never known such a jolly spirit in the house. The only thing that spoiled Rosalie's happiness in the new jolly spirit was the nights in Anna's room. Anna was most frightening to Rosalie. She prayed now longer than ever, her shoulders moving beneath her nightgown as if she was shuddering all the time she prayed. And at night she talked more than ever in her sleep; also she used to get out of bed at night and walk about the room and talk aloud to herself. It *was* frightening.

THEN Flora and father were in London and tremendous long letters came from Flora to her mother and to Hilda—all they were buying, heaps of dresses and underclothes and white drill coats and skirts and a riding-habit and goodness knows what all. "A regular trousseau!" wrote Flora with about seventeen notes of exclamation after the word. And all they were seeing—they had been to the Lyceum Theater and seen Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, and to the Savoy and seen "The Mikado." Every moment of the day was taken up and half the night. Oh, this was a change from Ibbotsfield!

Anna would never listen to the letters. When they were read out, she would either put her fingers in her ears or go out of the room. And yet, curiously, she often later in the day would say in a funny, constricted voice: "Let me see Flora's letter. Give it to me, will you, please?" And would take it away and read it by herself.

And she was stranger and stranger in her manner and in her behavior at night. Rosalie came quite to dread the nights. Anna began to pray out loud. She used to pray over and over again the same thing: "It's not that I'm jealous. O Lord, purge my heart of jealousy. It is that I see what could be and what ought to be for me and what never will be for me. I've nothing to look forward to, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing. It *is* hard for women. O God, thou knowest how hard it is for women!"

It *was* frightening.

Then came the second Sunday of the absence in London. In the night of Saturday Rosalie was again wakened by the sounds of Anna and again heard her praying and again heard: "It *is* hard for women. O God, thou knowest how hard it is for women."

She had heard it so often! Anna seemed to have stopped praying. There was a light in the room and Rosalie saw that Anna, on her knees, had her head and arms thrown forward on the bed more as if she were asleep than praying. "It *is* hard for women." Rosalie had heard Anna say that so often. And she was going to be a woman one day. And she had always known that men were the important and wonderful people of the world. Now that Anna said that for women it was hard and that God knew it was hard. Why? She peered across again. Anna certainly had done her prayers. She said, "Anna. Anna. Why is it so hard for women?"

ANNA started to her knees and turned her body around. "Rosalie! Why are you awake? You've no right to be awake."

"No, but I am. I woke up. Anna, why is it hard for women?"

"You weren't meant to hear. You couldn't understand."

"But I would like to know, Anna."

Anna got up and came across to Rosalie's bed; and by her manner, and by her voice, and by the tall white figure she was, she frightened Rosalie. She said, "Go to sleep. You can sleep. Why don't you sleep when you can? One day, perhaps, you'll be like me and can't."

It reminded Rosalie of "Sleep on now and take your rest" in the Bible, and frightened her. Anna said, "It's hard for women because men can do what they like, but women can't." She turned away. She stood still and said with her back to Rosalie: "I've got a longing here." Her hands were clasped and she brought them up and struck them against her breast with a thud. "And I always have had and I always will have. Here. Burning. Aching. And when you've got a longing like that you must—you must—" Then she said very violently, "I hate men. I hate them! I hate them!" Then she went very quickly to the candlestick on the dressing-table and fumbled with it to blow it out, and it llfe to the floor and broke and the room was black.

THE next day was Sunday. Anna said she would not go to church as she had a headache. Rosalie had been invited to spend the day with the little girl of Colonel and Mrs. Measures, and she had lunch and tea there and then came home. The path from the gate to the house was bounded by a thick hedge. On the right was the rectory paddock and through the hedge Rosalie saw that something very strange was going on in the paddock. Away in the corner where there was a little pond in the middle was a crowd of people, some men from the village and her mother and Robert and some others. Whatever was it? While she peered, Harold came running out of the crowd toward the house. His coat was off, and his waistcoat; and his shirt and trousers looked funny and he ran funnily. He came near Rosalie and she saw that he was dripping wet. He had fallen into the pond? Then two men came round from the back of the house carrying something and Harold ran to them and they all ran with the thing to the pond. It looked like the door of the shed they were carrying. Rosalie scrambled through the hedge and ran toward the pond. Some one called out, "Here's Rosalie." Hilda ran out from among the people and waved her arms and called out, "Go back! Go back! You're not to come here, Rosalie! You're not to come here!" Rosalie stood still.

People were stooping. They had the door on the ground and Harold and a man were stooping and walking backward over the door, carrying something. Presently there was more stooping, and then Harold and Robert and three men were carrying the door between them and walking as if the door were very heavy. Whatever was happening?

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In her face—the charm he seeks to find

Nothing quite effaces that momentary disappointment

INSTINCTIVELY—perhaps without even stating it to himself—a man expects to find daintiness, charm, refinement in the women he knows.

And when some unpleasant little detail mars this conception of what a woman should be—nothing quite effaces his involuntary disappointment.

Don't let a neglected condition of your skin give an impression of untidiness in your toilet. Any girl *can* have a smooth, clear skin, free from little defects and blemishes. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies, and new takes its place. By giving this *new skin* the right care, you can keep it flawlessly smooth and clear.

If you have the type of skin that is continually breaking out with ugly little blemishes, use the following simple treatment:

Just before retiring, wash your face with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment until the blemishes have disappeared. Then continue to give your face, every night, a thorough bath in the regular Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold.

This treatment and other special treatments for all the different types of skin are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the new Woodbury's Facial Cream, Woodbury's Cold Cream, and Woodbury's Facial Powder, *together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."* Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1905 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1905 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.* English agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E.C. 4.



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The secret of loveliness

How to bring out the charm nature has given you

Real loveliness is something more than being merely beautiful—for besides being attractive, the truly lovely girl has about her a certain charm that makes her different from all the rest.



Of course, a pretty face, beautiful eyes, and pearly teeth do add to any woman's appearance. But no matter how perfect all of these may be, the real secret of charm lies hidden in your hair—just waiting to be brought out.

Beautifully arranged, soft, fluffy hair can give you a personality that is different—it can make you truly lovely.

You can use this secret of loveliness

It doesn't matter whether your hair is dull, lifeless, impossible to arrange, or even full of dandruff—the following treatment, which you can use at home, will bring out loveliness you never knew you possessed. And your friends will soon notice a remarkable change.

Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo (cocoanut oil base), and wash as usual, rinsing three or four times. After drying, massage Wildroot Hair Tonic into the roots of the hair with the finger tips.

Send two dimes for three complete treatments

Send in this coupon, with two dimes for enough Wildroot Hair Tonic and Liquid Shampoo to give you three complete treatments.

Or you can get Wildroot products at any good drug and department store, barber or hairdresser with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT

Hair Tonic *and* Liquid Shampoo



Wildroot Co., Inc., Dept. D5, Buffalo, N. Y.
I enclose two dimes. Please send me your traveler's size bottles of Wildroot Hair Tonic and Liquid Shampoo.

Name .....

Address .....

Druggist's Name .....

Druggist's Address .....



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THIS FREEDOM

Hilda came running to Rosalie. She was crying. "Rosalie, you're to keep away. You're not to come into the house yet. I'll tell you when you can come. Go and stay in the garden till I tell you."

Rosalie wandered about by the drive. Whatever was the matter? Robert appeared with his bicycle. Harold came out after him. "Go to Ashborough station with it, you understand. See the station-master. Tell him it must be sent off at once. Tell him what has happened." Robert was sniffling and nodding. Away went Robert bending over the handle-bar of his bicycle, riding furiously.

EVENING began to come on. Rosalie was wandering at the back by the stables when Hilda came out through the kitchen door. "Rosalie, I've been looking for you. Rosalie, Anna is dead."

They went in through the kitchen. On the big kitchen clothes-rail before the fire were clothes of Anna's. They were muddy and sopping wet and steam was rising from them.

Rosalie ran to her mother to cry.

"Ran to her mother to cry." That's a thing not to pass over without a stop. Lucky, lucky Rosalie to have one to whom to take her grief! You can imagine her small heart's twistings by those days of sorrow, of terrifying and mysterious and dreadful things that the child never could clearly have understood; of grief, of mourning; of atmosphere most eerie made of whispers, of tiptoe treading, of shrouded windows, of conversations, as of conspirators, shut off with "Not in front of Rosalie." "Hush, not now. Here's Rosalie." Yes, twisting stuff that; but in that "ran to her mother to cry" something that much more dreadfully twists the heart than those. Those were for Rosalie—they are for all—but frets upon the sands of time that each most kind expunging day, flowing from dawn to sunset like a tide, heals and obliterates. There are no common griefs, and death's a common grief, that can be drawn above that tide's high-water mark. But there's that sentence, "Rosalie ran to her mother to cry." That's of the aching voids of life, deep seated like a cancer that no tide reaches. That twists the heart to hear it because, O happy Rosalie, the aching thing in life is *not* having where you can take your weariness. Your successes, your triumphs, there are a hundred eyes to shine with yours in those. Oh, it is the defeats you want where to tell—some one you can take the defeats to, the failures, the last things; the lamps that are gone out, the hopes that are ashes, the springs that spring no more, the secret sordid things that eat you up, that hedge you all about, that draw you down! Those! To have some one to tell those to! There's a thought I've often had: Let who may receive a man's triumphs; to whom a soul can take its defeats that one has the imprint of Godhood. They walk near God.

Awfully frightening days followed for Rosalie. There wasn't a room that wasn't dark and frightening, with all the blinds down, and wasn't a voice that wasn't dark and frightening, all in whispers; and then came this that closed them and that was like a finger pressed right down on Rosalie.

There was that Rosalie in church at the funeral service. She sat at the inner end of the pew with Hilda beside her. The coffin had stood before the altar all night, with the lamps lit all night, and Rosalie believed her father had stayed with it all night. He was struck right down by what had happened, Rosalie's father. She had heard him, when Anna lay on the bed, and he crouched beside her, crying loud, "I hated my lot! O God, I was blind to this my child that shared my lot!"

Well, there was that Rosalie in the corner beside Hilda, and while she waited for her father to begin (ever and ever so long he was upon his knees at the altar, his back to them), while she waited she turned back the leaves of her prayer-book from the burial service and noticed with a curious interest the correctness in order in which the special services came. There, in its order, was the complete record of life. Rosalie must have had an imagination and she must have had budding then what was a strong characteristic of her afterward, a very orderly mind. She appreciated the correctness of the order of the services and she turned them over one by one and could imagine it, like a story; that record of life. First the service of baptism; you were born and baptized. Then the catechism; you were a child and learned your catechism. Then the order of confirmation; you were getting older and were confirmed. Then the marriage service; you were married. Then the order for the visitation to the sick; you were growing old and you were ill. Then the burial service; you died. Born, brought up, growing up, married, ill, dead. Yes, it was like a story. Rosalie turned on. The next service was called churching of women. It was new to Rosalie. She had never noticed it before. "For as much as it hath pleased Almighty God of His goodness to give you safe deliverance." Rosalie had heard the word deliverance used in the Bible in connection with death. She thought this must be a service special to the burial of women—of Anna. She read the small print. "The woman at the usual time after her delivery shall come into church decently appareled"— Decently appareled? Anna was in one of those nightgowns in which Rosalie so often had seen her praying. "—and there shall kneel down in some convenient place." Kneel down? How *could* she?

There came upon the book while Rosalie pondered it the long black-gloved finger of Hilda. It turned the thin pages back to the burial service and then pushed over one or two of the thin leaves and indicated certain places. Then Hilda's new black hat was touching her own new black hat, and Hilda whispered, "Where it says, 'brother' and 'his', father will say 'sister' and 'her.' It's written for men, do you see?"

ALWAYS for men! Even in the prayer-book!

And it was because of men that Anna had drowned herself in the pond. Over and over again Rosalie had thought of that, wondering upon it, shuddering at the thought of men because of it. How she came to know that Anna had not died as ordinary people die, but had drowned herself in the pond, she never could remember. No one told her. Rosalie was twelve then, but the others were all so much older, and were so accustomed to treat Rosalie as so very much younger, that the pain and mystery of poor Anna's death was outstandingly of the class of things that were kept within the established wheel of the rectory by "Not in front of Rosalie," or "Hush, here's Rosalie!"

The effect was that when Rosalie somehow found out she felt it to be a guilty knowledge. She was not supposed to know and she felt she ought not to have known. And sharing, but secretly, the others' knowledge that Anna had drowned herself in the pond she supposed that they equally shared with her her knowledge of why poor Anna had drowned herself in the pond—because of men. She overheard many conversations that assured her in this belief. "Some man we knew nothing about," the conversation used to say. "What else could it have been? Hush, here's Rosalie!" And again they had all been out of the house to attend what was called the inquest—"You heard what the coroner said—that there was almost invariably something to do with a man in these cases. Poor Anna! Poor darling Anna. If she had only told us. What else could it have been? Harold, hush! Not in front of Rosalie!"

OF COURSE it was nothing else. It was that. It was men. Anna had said so. "I hate men. I hate them." Yes, men had done this to Anna.

Her mind went violently, as it were with a violent clutch of both her hands, as of one in horrible dark clutching at means of light, to the thought that next week she was to be away at school—to be right away and in the safe middle of lots and lots of girls, and only girls. She had a frightening shuddering at the thought of men who caused these horrible things to be done, who mysteriously and horribly somehow had done this thing to Anna.

The long, black finger poked at the page again. "There. 'This our brother.' Father will say 'This our sister.' Do you see, Rosalie? 'this our sister.'"

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THIS FREEDOM

A shower of tears sprang out of Rosalie's eyes and pattered upon the page.

She wiped them. She set her teeth. A new and most awful concern possessed her. "This our sister." Would father remember? When he came to "brother" would he remember to say "sister?" And when "his" would he remember to say "her?" She searched for the places. A most frightful agitation seized her that father would forget. What would happen if he forgot?

And at the very first place father did forget! They were come from the church to the grave. They were grouped about that terrible and frightening pit. Rosalie was clutching her mother's dear hand, and in her other hand held her prayer-book. There it was, the first place for the change. Brokenly her father's voice came out upon the air, and at his very first word—the fatal word—Rosalie caught her breath in sharp and agonized dismay.

"*Man* that is born of woman hath but a short time to live and is full of misery——"

She called out—she could not help it—"Father!"

Her mother's hand, squeezing hers, restrained her.

The broken voice went on: "—— cometh up and is cut down like a flower."

She heaved a sigh of relief. No one had noticed it. It was all right. No one else had heard the terrible mistake. It was all right. But it was very wrong. Above all other places this was the place that should have been changed. *Woman* . . . that is full of misery. How could it ever be man? Anna, in almost her last words, had said it. "It *is* hard for women," and that God knew it was hard for them—"O God, Thou knowest how hard it is for women."

In the next week she went away to school.

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DANCERS IN THE DARK

THE little clouds that had threatened like a baby's playful fist in the sapphire laughter of the sky were now striking blows of gray menace into the blue.

"Didn't I *know* it would rain!" Félicie wailed. "Just *look* at that sky! Why do they have the Stadium exercises outdoors?"

Scattered lines of people hurry to the Stadium; hundreds and hundreds of girls in all colors of organdy, with organdy hats and spotless white slippers; complacent mothers; excited fathers trying not to look too proud; nondescript and sometimes awful people who would be lumped under the gross head, Relations—all urging their way to the Stadium. It seemed as if the world was at Harvard Class Day—the world, and its Relations.

"They're starting," said Felicie. "Look! All the classes march in."

It was at that moment when Félicie forgot to look at the sky that the rain came down—and in no pathetic Boston drizzle; it gave itself out in the quantities it had been holding back all day, generously making up for lost time.

All over the Stadium people stood up and umbrellas snapped open, spreading their inky, mushroom caps over slim stems of organdy. "It'll only last a minute," said some one, and the word was passed along until the mushrooms bobbed to the repetition, "Only a minute—only a minute!"

"It's going to be more than a minute," said Joy, whose feet were getting wet. "I'm going out until it stops."

"THROUGH all that crowd! I'd rather sit here, as long as we have umbrellas."

"Well, a cold doesn't mean to you what it would to me. I'll come back when it holds up"; and Joy plunged forward into the flock that was making its way to the nearest exit. Beneath the stone shelter of the Stadium she found herself but little better off. The ground, trampled by hundreds of wet feet, was soggy; dripping people shook themselves all around her. She turned to seek a drier place and knocked into a young man who was hastening by. They both drew back with apologies which faded into silence on their lips. It was Packy.

"Joy!"

"Why—hello, Packy!" She tried to speak naturally; he made no attempt, and stood staring down at her.

"Joy, I've wanted to see you for a long time. Where can we go, so I can talk to you?"

They fell back to the lee of one of the entrances, where there was comparative calm.

"I never had the nerve to call up again after that night; but I wanted to see you for a long time—to tell you what I thought of myself for acting the way I did."

Packy had grown in the months that had passed since she had seen him. The gangling stripling with the restless, roving eye and the feet that were always beating out a syllable of jazz was gone, leaving only reminiscences of himself. He had gathered composure, and his eyes had lost their look of seeking excitement.

"What have you been doing this year, Packy?" she asked involuntarily.

"Oh, that's neither here nor there. As a matter of fact, I've been working."

Working! Packy, the gilded one, with an income to keep him and his among the polo laborers and golf toilers!

"But—well, I've written I don't know how many letters to you, Joy—and torn them up. Letters are rotten when you really want to say anything. Joy, can you believe that I could never have been such a cad if I hadn't been drunk?"

"I can," said Joy.

"I've thought it all over—I don't know how many times—and I've thought it out. To go in back of the fact that I misjudged you—I misjudged Jerry and Sarah, because we could act as freely at the apartment as though we were at our club—because they were on their own—and because you were with them, and on your own—I thought—well, I didn't quite think so at that—until I was drunk—and then I didn't think at all."

INSENSIBLY they had retreated still farther from the crowd, and now stood in a muddy corner quite alone.

"I was in love with you, Joy, as much as I could ever be. I—I still am, I guess. It seems to feel that way. I was always trying to puzzle out your status—just where you stood in the Jerry-Sarah household. But I didn't understand, and so I lost you."

"You—you needn't blame yourself so, for not understanding," said Joy, "almost any one might have—I can see that now."

"No—not any one who recognizes that we're doing transitional stuff these days. I was coasting around on last century's roller-skates. They just hit the surface. Now they're using ice-skates, that go in a little. Oh, I've thought this all out—and got my ice-skates!"

"What?" she faltered.

"Why, you know. We all know now. Last century—no matter what men were—they *were all that women had*—so they took them and made the best of it. Now—no matter what the women of to-day are making of themselves—and a lot of women don't exactly know *what* they're making of themselves—they're all men have—and *we're* certainly not going to make the worst of it."

"Then you think its working around——"

Continued on page 78



Do you know the truth about American Perfumes?

THERE on your dressing table, imprisoned in a bottle, is your perfume. That is, it is *your* perfume if you have chosen it as the one you want always about you to surround you with a certain atmosphere of your very own.

You cannot find the *right* perfume without testing different scents. A way to help you find your choice was offered when the International Perfume Test showed how to be American in loveliness.

Many women used to be prejudiced against American perfumes because of the foreign perfume tradition. They probably didn't know that a great American house searches the world for the finest flower essences, rare spices, precious oils to be blended into perfumes. Women turned to one imported scent after another, trying to find the one they preferred. The idea seemed to be that the more expensive the brand, the better. It took the International Perfume Test to overthrow this tradition.

Many thousands of women have made the test. You, also, can make it, and find in Florient a true expression of American loveliness.

This is how the Test was made:



The 103 women jurors were chosen among professional and business women, college women, distinguished women of the stage, and the plain everyday Mrs. A and B—all fastidious about their perfume.

For details of the Test and a miniature Test Set by which you yourself may compare the delightful Colgate perfumes with whatever you are using, send 2c to Colgate & Co., Dept. 53, 199 Fulton Street, New York City. If in Canada, address 137 McGill Street, Montreal. Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.

Two men, prominent in New York City, conducted the Test, with the assistance of 103 women acting as jurors. The two judges purchased three of the most popular imported perfumes and three Colgate Perfumes—all in original unopened bottles. They poured the contents into six plain bottles, numbered from one to six and kept a record by which they alone knew which was which.

Each of the jury of 103 women chose her favorite from six slips of Perfumers' Blotting Paper, scented from the numbered bottles under the supervision of the judges. Each indicated her first choice, her second, her third, etc. A careful record was kept of *all* selections.

The result, when perfumes were thus judged by preference alone, and without knowledge of the names, was most interesting. Many of the women had stated—*before* the Test—a decided preference for some foreign brand. Yet *in* the Test first choice was won by

COLGATE'S

Florient Perfume

Flowers of the Orient

A COMMON MISTAKE WHICH IS BEING CORRECTED

FOR a long time Fairy Soap was regarded as a soap specially made for the soft cheeks and tender hands of little Miss Millionaire.

Truly, it was, and is, the best soap for her. No baby soap and no beauty soap is better for the skin and complexion. It cleans, and soothes, and purifies.

But the idea that Fairy Soap was made simply for the little rich girl was a mistake. It is just as ideal for men, women and boys as well as for particular cleaning tasks in the kitchen, the pantry, and the laundry.

The mechanic, home from a day's work which has left his skin in a soiled and pore-clogged condition, can find no clean-up agent half so good.

No other white floating soap more completely combines purity and efficiency for every particular use in the entire household.

This knowledge is becoming general—so general that Fairy Soap is rapidly replacing less effective and less pure soaps in every neighborhood in America.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

FAIRY SOAP

PURE FLOATING WHITE



The White Spirit of Purity lives in FAIRY SOAP

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Continued from page 77

DANCERS IN THE DARK

"Yes—not in this generation, but eventually—things have got to work round to a better basis. By and by the world'll get straightened out—and it won't go back to last century's roller-skates to do it, either. It takes time, and costs a lot on the way—it cost me you—anyway, it cost me an even chance for you." He looked down at her serious face and quoted lightly—

> Might she have loved me? Just as well.
> She might have hated me, who can tell?
> Where had I been now had the worst befell?

"Meanwhile, here we are sopping up the rain at Class Day—she and I!"

"Here I am keeping you from 'reuning' with your class, you mean," Joy supplemented. "I must say good-by and let you go back. I can't tell you how glad I am to have seen you now, Packy—to be able to remember you like this——"

"Then—then I can't see you again," he stated, in a quiet voice.

"It wouldn't do much good, would it?"

HE BOWED. At a distance it looked like a casual leave-taking between two as casual acquaintances. "I suppose not. Good-by, Joy!" He took her hand for the briefest fraction of a clasp and left her.

People were jerking their way back through the entrance and she joined the fray. Out in the Stadium classes in gay costumes were walking into the field; the rain was extending a few moments of leniency. A fine drizzle started up with an air of permanency as the Ivy orator finished his quips and Harvard-and-Its-Relations flocked from the Stadium to the Yard. Félicie had managed to keep fairly dry with the aid of her coat and umbrella and was in average spirits.

They met Hal Jennings at his hall, where he was vibrating between ten Relations, and joined the family board outdoors around a long table sandwiched in with many others beneath an awning.

When Joy was able to beat a retreat politely, Félicie and Hal came to the gate with her and stood waving after her as she drove away in a cab. Never had Félicie's loveliness been so breath-taking. Little dark rings of hair clung around her face, the damp air curling them into tendrils no permanent wave could duplicate; her lips were parted in the smile with which she could dazzle without bringing a wrinkle or cross line into the pink and white perfection of her skin. It seemed almost incredible that such wonder of nature could have so squandered itself on one girl!

Wearied by the events of the day, Joy went early to bed after giving Madame Durant a sketch of the main events of the afternoon. Sleep came reluctantly; she was thinking over Packy's words: "No matter what the women of to-day are making of themselves, they're all we've got. By and by the world'll get straightened out—it takes time—and costs a lot on the way." How Packy had changed from the casual, flippant "jazz-hound" of only last Fall! To think about things so—she had made an error common among girls. Because men of his type had never talked seriously to her, she had supposed that they never thought seriously.

It was true these days were, must be, but transitional. Excitement-eaters, dancers in the dark—all were only part of the wheel of progress that seems to go back at times before it turns forward again. But "it takes time, and costs a lot on the way."

It costs a lot, it costs a lot—had she been asleep? She was still repeating those words in the quiescent darkness of the room. What had awakened her? The call of the telephone-bell, a long shriek in the black space of the night, answered her question. Still half dazed, she stumbled to the door and into the hall. The telephone was on a little table outside the kitchen. She made her way to it and sat down. "Hello!"

"Hello. Is this Brighton 7560?"

It was a man's voice speaking, speaking hurriedly, as if something fearful were knocking behind every word, anxious to come out.

"Yes." Joy steadied her voice. "Joy Nelson speaking."

"Oh, Miss Nelson, is that you? Miss Nelson—I—we've had—this is Hal Jennings speaking, Miss Nelson—I'm at the River Hill Hospital—we've had a—a bad accident."

The darkness swayed around Joy as blackness sways when one's eyes are closed and one presses one's eyeballs. "Félicie—what of Félicie?" she cried into the mouthpiece.

"She—she's horribly hurt, Miss Nelson. We—we just brought her here. I thought you'd be able to know—to notify——"

"Not—not *seriously* hurt?" Joy gasped.

"They don't know yet—but they say they don't think so. I—I'd come right up here, if I were you, Miss Nelson. I ordered a taxi sent down for you—it'll be there any time now."

SHE put down the receiver and dashed back to her room, where she hurled herself into her clothes, her brain a confusion of terrors which gave way to compelled calm as she finished dressing and put on her hat. She mustn't lose her head. She mustn't lose her head—no matter what had happened. She mustn't wake Madame Durant—when she saw the doctors, she would know what to tell her, how best to soften the shock. She must notify Greg, and she did not know his address. Learning it took going through several of Félicie's letters. Getting a sleepy Western Union took more breathless minutes. She glanced at her watch. It was three o'clock—three o'clock in the morning, and a taxi was waiting outside!

The taxi man was an old Irishman with side burns and a mouth which had not gone shut since he had encountered the accident. She sat in front with him and heard his story on the way. He had been going down the long stretch of road in Wayland when he had encountered the wrecked car in the ditch, young man with bloody face and one arm hanging loose, trying to pull the young lady from beneath scatterings of glass that had been the wind-shield. The young man was so distraught-like he wouldn't even have heard a car go by, but he had pulled up and offered help. Together they had taken away the glass embracing Félicie and carried her to the taxi.

"Glass!" cried Joy. "Did it—is her face——"

"I dunno, miss. Couldn't see much of it for blood."

HAL JENNINGS was in the waiting-room of the hospital—his arm in a sling and a bandage over one side of his face.

"Félicie!" Joy cried without preface. "Was she cut? Did anything happen to *her face?*"

"That's what's so terrible," he said, looking away from her after his first rush of relieved recognition. "My God, Miss Nelson, it's—it looked as if it were cut to pieces."

Félicie's face! That glory and wonder of perfection—cut to pieces! What *would be left?* Her senses reeled.

"Where are the doctors? Where are they? I must see them. What do they say?"

"They're with her now. They're coming down here—as soon as they finish."

She looked at him, acknowledging his injuries for the first time. "You weren't badly hurt?"

"No." He brushed his affairs aside. "What did you do—about notifying people?"

"I didn't wake Madame Durant. I wired her—her fiancé."

"Her fiancé!" He took a step back. "I didn't know she was engaged."

"She isn't," mumbled Joy. "But it's the man she loves and who loves her and they intend to get married some day—what *do* they call it nowadays?"

It was a ghostly place—a hospital at that hour of the morning. A nurse dozed at the switchboard in the hall. The lights were subdued. Silence was terrible.

"How—how did you happen to be out in Wayland, anyway?" she asked. "You haven't told me anything."

"Why, we left the dance about ten-thirty—Félicie was bored, and I'd had enough of it—if we only had stayed!—and we motored out to the Red and Black, where we ate and danced a while.

"Coming back we were both full of pep and decided to race everything we saw. When we were turning into that stretch of

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SELF-PORTRAIT—By Mme. Vigée-Lebrun

Mme. Lebrun became famous as a portrait painter at the end of the eighteenth century. A member of the French Academy of the Beaux-Arts, she was a favorite in society and was appointed painter in ordinary to Marie Antoinette. This portrait of herself hangs in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence.



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DANCERS IN THE DARK

road up in Wayland we saw the tail-light of a car at the other end. I put on every bit of speed there was and we came along—I don't know how fast—as fast as the car can go—could go. It was a clear stretch, you see—and then all at once the wheel went silly—just like that! The steering-gear broke—and before I even knew what had happened the car went into the ditch head foremost. I don't know how long it was after that I came to and shuffled around." He was talking in little weary jerks. For the first time Joy thought of his side of the matter—his car smashed and himself put out of active business on his Class Day night.

"I'm sorry for you, Mr. Jennings," she said. "Your people—it's a shame."

He acknowledged this with a nod that showed the subject had occurred to him before. "Nothing really matters if Félicie comes out all right. All the same, my people will never understand or believe how this came about—or get over it."

"Older people are that way," said Joy.

"It won't get into the papers, anyway—not from this hospital, thank God! And I've bribed the cabman."

A step in the halls, and a young man in white linen came to the door.

"Dr. Dexter," said Hal. Joy was on one side of him, as he came to the other. "Félicie—is she—how is she?"

"Félicie's all right," he said, and smiled meaninglessly at them. "Not a bone broken, although she is bruised and shaken and pretty badly cut. We've been taking some stitches—beautiful work——"

"BUT her face—her face," cried Joy, "was her face cut? Tell us——"

"Her face—yes. It was cut rather badly. But it's been sewed up now, and with some novocaine she will have an easy night."

"But will she—will the cuts heal? Cuts do heal, don't they?" Joy implored.

"Oh, certainly cuts heal. Of course there'll be a nasty scar pretty much over the whole of her face——"

She blinked her eyes at the white-coated doctor who could say such unthinkable things with brusk, unchanged readiness.

"Félicie's face scarred. She was—she was the loveliest thing you ever saw. The loveliest thing you ever saw."

"I would suggest," said the doctor, "that you both go home and get a little sleep. Everything will be better in the morning. Perhaps you can even see her then."

"See her?" Hal Jennings echoed.

Joy looked at his face. Pity, of course—but strongest, the recoil of horror.

Later, she could not force her troubled brain to sleep. Félicie of the unforgetable loveliness—with her face puckered into scars—how would a love that had been sorely tried already receive this hideousness? And how—how to tell Madame Durant——

When the yellow rays of the spotless morning scoured clean by yesterday's rainfall embraced her room, she rose and whipped up her flagging nerves with a cold plunge. Before the world-conquering exhilaration of the plunge could wear off she went and poured a concise account of the accident into the ear-trumpet.

The two reached the hospital at nine o'clock and waited an hour before Madame Durant was allowed to go in and sit by Félicie's side for five minutes. The old lady came down rather shaken. "She's all bandaged up," she said, "and of course can't talk loud enough for me to hear."

"May—may I go in now?" Joy asked.

The nurse hesitated. "I really wouldn't—so soon after this call."

So Joy waited alone in the anteroom and answered Hal Jennings' anxious inquiries over the phone.

Finally the nurse, who smiled like an automaton, came to the door and beckoned. Joy looked at her watch. It was half past twelve. She had been in the anteroom over three hours.

A long, white bed, with a long, white figure, the white coverlet lapping itself around the gracious lines; Félicie's hair in a loose, thick braid, the tendrils sketching dark fancies over the pillow; a mass of bandages, from which Félicie's perfect lips escaped, unharmed; Félicie's brown velvet eyes peering oddly from recesses in the bandaging—

"Joy," said the lips, and her voice carried high lights scarcely dimmed by pain, "you are a darling. Miss Clark, I *must* have a glass of water!"

As the nurse vanished, "That was just to get her out. She's always here. She drives me *wild*." A little pause; and the figure stirred. "Joy, you'll tell me, won't you? My face—what's going to come of it? It's so cut, and no one will tell me how it's going to look."

"How can any one know so soon?" Joy said with taut lips. The brown eyes looked at her for a steadfast minute over their horizon of bandaging.

"Never mind, Joy—I know. My face, oh, I can't say it! But I know. I can feel—there isn't even much left of it——"

"Cuts always feel worse than they are——"

"I COULD tell, by the way they looked when I said anything. My eyes were left whole." Her voice was conversational. "Why wasn't I cut all in pieces while I was about it? I might just as well be dead."

"Félicie, you mustn't say such things!" Joy said weakly.

"I might just as well be dead. You can't deny it. What is left me? No man could stand a face all gashed and sewed——"

"You don't *know* it's going to be all——"

"Oh, yes I do— Don't let Hal Jennings come in here, will you? I know it wasn't his fault—we would never have left the dance if I hadn't wanted some excitement: but he stands for everything for which I've always passed up Greg, and the only things that matter—the only things that matter! They all come under love, Joy. And I passed Greg up—and now it's too late."

An interlude while the nurse appeared and pleasantly hinted for Joy's departure, which brought about a paroxysm beneath the bandages.

"I want her to stay! She's got to stay! It isn't as if I were really sick! I wish I was, but you know I'm not."

And when the nurse departed, "I hate her! Oh, my God, I wish I were dead!"

It was at that awful moment while Joy racked her bursting brain for words that a knock came at the door.

"Don't let them in. It's another nurse, or something!"

The knock was repeated, and the door flung open. Greg was in the doorway, the boy in his face gone to manhood, his skin the color of untarnished silver.

"They told me—*Félicie!*" and he crossed to the bed, his eyes traveling over Joy as if she were the little wash rug on the floor. "Félicie, my darling—thank God you're here!"

"GREG!" the perfect lips articulated, "Greg—how did you come here? Go away."

"Go away! When I've done nothing else but aim for your side since I heard! How are you feeling, dear? They told me downstairs that you would be quite all right in a short time——"

"You don't understand, Greg. They didn't tell you—" the bandages quivered. Joy interposed.

"Félicie, you really aren't well enough—we'll go now, and come back later——"

"I want him to hear first! I want him to hear first! Greg, my face is cut to pieces. I shall never be beautiful again. I can say I was now, because I'm—not—any more. I'll be ugly—horrible—do you hear? Now go away! I never—never want to see you again!"

The brown eyes closed, the mouth relaxed, drawn down by little quivers of agony. For one minute of heart's horror Greg stood silent above the bed. Over by the door Joy watched, breath caught in midair, as he suddenly went on his knees beside the bed and fell to stroking her prodigal hair.

"Why—sweetheart!" he said, in a crooning voice—almost like that of a mother soothing a bogy-terrified child—"what do you think a few little cuts on the face amount to? You couldn't be anything but beautiful if

Concluded on page 82



The Trade-Mark of Happy Feet!

HAPPY FEET—a blessing all women should enjoy—come from wearing shoes scientifically designed to give the support Nature requires. The foot was planned to rest flat on the ground, to have a firm base under the three weight contact points of the bottom of the foot, the heel, the outer arch and the ball, so they could bear the weight of the body without strain. But Civilization demanded heels, and then came the ordinary shoe that leaves the outer arch unsupported, causing strain at every step. This strain brings discomfort, eventually ruining foot health.

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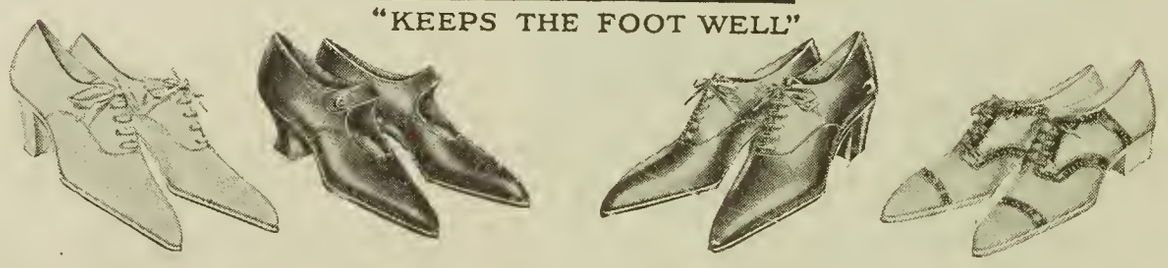
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MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR HAIR

How to Make Your Hair Make You More Attractive

EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.

People judge you by its appearance. It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A SIMPLE, EASY METHOD

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm, water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch, and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.



Your Hair Should be Dressed so as to Emphasize Your Best Lines and Improve Poor Ones

Begin by studying your profile. If you have a short nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, full face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides; if your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair very high. All these and other individual features must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hairdress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.

RINSE THE HAIR THOROUGHLY

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.





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DANCERS IN THE DARK

you tried! Your hair—it's the most wonderful hair in the world! Your form—that in itself would make a beauty out of most girls! Your eyes, Félicie—and your lips!"

And, his head bowed, he kissed the lips.

Joy and Greg left in a silence which lasted until they reached out-of-doors. Then Greg spoke. "I'll go in town and get settled somewhere, then I'll come back and camp around the place. They've got to let me see her again to-day. She's got to hear me! There she is thinking—thinking a few little cuts will make any difference to me——"

"It's—it's more than a few little cuts, Greg."

"Well, what if it is? She's the girl I love! How could she think that I would—that I could—stop caring for her because she is the victim of a hideous accident?"

Joy became conscious that she was looking at a very wonderful thing—a man in the world she had been learning to view so cynically—a man who was not "made of so slight elements" that he could cease to love. And so she made her discovery. *A man does not love a girl for what is in her. He loves her for and with what is in him.* What could be greater honor than to have the love of a man such as he?

He took her to the door of Félicie's apartment, and she went in to reassure Madame Durant with tales of how much Félicie had been able to talk and how comparatively comfortable she was. It approached the time to start in town for her lesson, and she gathered up her music from the little upright with loving hands. All passes; Art alone endures.

THEN suddenly Joy cried "*No—No!*" in such a rending voice that some faint echo penetrated even to Madame Durant, who made her way into the living-room in time to see Joy throw her music violently from her. It scattered over the room in a chaos of sheets, a wilderness of notes.

"Why, Joy!" the old lady said reprovingly, and reached for the ear-trumpet to hear an explanation of this pettish behavior. But Joy, with a strange, breathless look, dashed by her down the hall.

She went into her room and closed the door. It was a long afternoon. Part of the time she would fall into a sleepy contemplation of the wall—but between these blanks she thought— The only things that matter! They all come under love.

She had always known this. She had been building of herself a temple to love when blaspheming hands had shaken the temple, leaving love a thing to be feared. She had shuddered away from love and turned to music. That could not turn and rend her. Then love had come again, so bright and pure a thing that she could not be afraid. But her bright blaze had burned itself out, and then when nothing was left—there was music. And the soul of music had united with her own soul as had been predicted—weaving itself ever more closely into her being. Then love had come again—and this time it had not burst upon her in the flame of romance, the golden glory of dreams; instead it had quietly encompassed until she knew that it spelled all of life to her. Keeping pace with music, it had woven itself ever more closely into her being. The discovery had made her dismiss it—as if a thing that had become a part of her could be dismissed. *But music was a part of her, too.*

Félicie had given up "the only things that matter" and met her terrible lesson. She, Joy, must cease wavering in the world of fantom—those who put love aside, those to whom it does not come, and those who are incapable of love.

It was toward evening that she telephoned Jim. A dreadful fear assailed her while she was waiting for him to come to the wire. Supposing he were sick! Supposing he shouldn't be there— She had always regarded Jim as an institution that never failed. She had heard of girls regarding men in that way before—and how they had been surprised when they turned to the institution, after a long time— In her overtired, overwrought condition, his familiar voice brought a relief so great as to be almost hysterical. She babbled out the story of Félicie's calamity and implored him to come out. She implored him with unnecessary fervor. When she had rung off, she realized that she was overdoing things and calmed down to the extent of telephoning the hospital and getting Greg on the wire. He informed her that as yet he had not been able to see Félicie.

"I BROUGHT bales of roses that they've surrounded her with in her room, though," he said. "She always likes things like that. I'll be up later," and Joy relayed the latest bulletin to Madame Durant, who had several times during the day arrayed herself in her bonnet and cloak preparatory to another journey to the hospital, being stopped each time by Joy's assurances concerning the futility of another visit to-day.

"Why don't you practise?" asked the old lady now, noting her restlessness. "You haven't practised at all to-day—and I don't know what Félicie'd do if she could see all that music spilled on the parlor floor."

Joy took the hint and went to pick up her music. All the sweepingly dramatic moments of life seem to have the inglorious aftermath of picking up after oneself. It was a slow process, putting the sheets together, sorting them. When she came to a favorite, or an intriguing bit, she would sit on her feet and play on the glorified instrument that her voice had now become and amuse herself by letting her voice go off in sky-rockets.

It was so that Jim's ring found her—eyes a warm heliotrope, cheeks in exultant flame, as singing well always left her. He dwelt on her radiance a moment before he spoke.

"Joy, that's ghastly about Félicie. The only thing she had—gone."

"Greg's wonderful about it," said Joy.

"I wonder what their life will be now," he mused.

"Jim," she said then softly, "you're always solving problems for me—aren't you?"

She came up to him gingerly and stopped while still a little distance away. Although the fire of song was still spreading its flame within her, she was very sure. But how did one say these things?

"Solve just one more for me, Jim—and then we'll either be through—or just beginning. If—if I needed you—and needed my music too—what—what would be the answer?"

"I—I DON'T know what you mean, Joy," he said, all at once very white and intent. "But any answer to a question like that would be—love. I love you—all of you. Your voice, your music, is a part of you and I love that too. If—if you needed me—and needed music—you could have both. It's been done by others. Men are not so conceited nowadays that they imagine they can mean everything to a woman. Does—does that help you in your problem?"

"Yes, it does!" she cried, suddenly exultant. "Jim, I need you more than any music, or anything else in this world! Music and love go hand in hand—but now I know that love always leads the way!"

She was in his arms. Peace that she had never known was sighing its way into all her being; and an ecstasy born of that peace, that transcended all the beauty of music heard or dreamed.

THE END

ANOTHER story of official Washington life, one of the series represented by "The Court End of Town" in this issue, will appear in the June DELINEATOR. "Dogwood in Rock Creek Park" is the title of this latest romance by Frances Parkinson Keyes, wife of the Junior Senator from New Hampshire.



Are you a sensitive person?

NATURALLY, you are. Every person of culture and refinement possesses those finer sensibilities that mark the gentleman and gentlewoman.

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Attention to the condition of your breath ought to be as systematic a part of your daily toilet routine as the washing of your face and hands. Yet how many, many men and women neglect this most important item.

The reason is a perfectly natural one. Halitosis (or unpleasant breath, as the scientific term has it) is an insidious affliction that you may have and still be entirely ignorant of.

Your mirror can't tell you. Usually you can't tell it yourself. And the subject is too delicate for your friends—maybe even your wife or husband—to care to mention to you. So you may unconsciously offend your friends and those you come in intimate contact with day by day.

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Provide yourself with a bottle today, and relieve yourself of that uncomfortable uncertainty as to whether your breath is sweet, fresh and clean—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, Missouri.

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE





Continued from page 6

THE WHITE-COLLAR BEGGAR

"But you see," he said, "I was quite a kid when I got that same idea *you* have—about paying for everything you get. I thought I just wanted to be happy, and I thought happiness meant time to loaf, or travel, and that takes money—and money comes from power—and power comes from looking ahead. So I figured that I could learn more and get ahead faster if I went right to work."

The waiter, who had been creating drafts with a napkin, gave up in disgust and departed. The girl shook her head slightly.

"And it didn't turn out? Why?"

The young man laughed outright. "Well, nobody can say I haven't plenty of time to loaf, anyway. No, but there's one item you didn't mention, and I didn't know."

"And what was that?"

"You can't get anything without paying for it, but sometimes you can pay for it and not get it."

"Oh, not if you really work hard enough, and sacrifice enough."

His hand, on the cloth, doubled into a fist. "Don't I *know?* I sacrificed *every*thing, and I worked like the devil. I put everything in the same scale—friendships, romance, diversions, *every*thing—and weighed it by the same standard. *What does it get me?* And when you play it that way, you're wrong. I tell you, you're wrong, and you lose. Oh, it might get you *money*—nothing but *money*—but it wouldn't get you much of any contentment, no matter *what* you paid. No, I guess happiness is something like a joke—there isn't much flavor to it until you've shared it with somebody else."

HER eyes had depths in them. "And there wasn't any one to share it with?"

"Well, can you imagine a bird with an idea like that having much sentiment?" For a moment he turned away his head. "But it strikes *me*," he said lightly, "that this is getting to be a monolog. Aren't you going to make me a picture of *your* life?"

"It wouldn't even be interesting to you. No, go ahead."

"From where?"

"Well, what are you going to do next?"

He considered it gravely. "I was wondering if I hadn't better take my own prescription, and start all over again—by marrying somebody."

She laughed spontaneously. "So after carefully explaining to me how you haven't been able to take care of yourself alone, you think you'll try taking care of somebody else?"

To her surprise he showed no trace of humor. "I'm not always going to be as broke at this—or as undecided."

"But it sounded so funny, the way you said it. 'Marry *some*body!' As if you meant you'd marry *any*body! As if you couldn't even consult your own taste."

"Oh, yes, I'd do that. And my own taste is pretty good, too—thank you."

With the feminine inquisitiveness which is born in them she followed it up. "What do you imagine she'll be like, then?"

His smile was vaguely distant, but it was also point-blank. "Very much like you," he said, and then repeated it, a tone lower, "Very much like you."

"Oh! Some one you knew at home?"

"No."

"Somewhere else—in France, perhaps?"

"No."

And then she understood him.

From a different type of man it would have been pleasant and innocuous, but from this particular person it wasn't a blank cartridge, and she knew it. She flushed, but she couldn't pretend to be angry. Indeed, she almost loved him for his ingenuousness.

"That's very silly, of course——"

"Is it? Why?"

Continued on page 84

Deep Brushing

DEEP brushing—when you can feel the brush on your scalp—that is the sort of brushing that stimulates the scalp, keeps it free from dandruff, and promotes the health and beauty of the hair.

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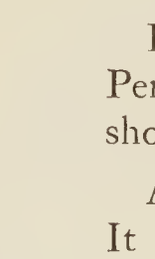
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DEL MONTE
Pears





Continued from page 83

THE WHITE-COLLAR BEGGAR

She was pleased and touched, but she dropped her eyes. "You can answer that better yourself."

"I told you how practical I used to be," he said eventually. "One of the things I was practical about was marriage. I used to say it was the most *im*practical form of contract in the whole world, because both people as much as have to *guarantee* that they'd always feel the same way toward each other."

Again he lapsed into silence. She looked up at him. "Well?"

The young man started. "Oh! Why—I used to say if you were going to make a partnership agreement, not for life, but just for a few years, with some other man, to go into business, what would you do? You'd sit down and size him up, and hunt out all his defects, and figure how long it would be before they got on your nerves, and ask yourself whether you couldn't find somebody else that would last better, or suit you better. And I used to say that if people went at marriage like that there might be some chance of getting away with it."

"And you've changed your mind?"

"I still don't jump at conclusions," he said. "I analyze people. That was what I was doing to you—and it's why I said that. Because—well, you're generous and kind-hearted and sympathetic—I knew *that* long ago. You're democratic and tactful and—and courageous. You've got ideals. And then you're friendly and—very lovely. What I *don't* see is how you can be all that, after the way you must have lived, and the people you must have gone with."

SHE was putting a finger in and out of her glove. "I don't think anybody ever said anything nicer to me, but I'm afraid you're misjudging me frightfully."

He gave her his quizzical smile. "I really wasn't proposing to you, you know." Here she gasped. "I was simply answering your question."

She was paying more attention to the glove. "And after you've located this paragon—and analyzed her—and decided that you can stand her defects—if any——"

"Why, then," he said, "if she were all that, she'd probably want to help me with some of my wild schemes, wouldn't she?"

"And with whose money? Hers?"

He stiffened. "No matter *how* down and out I might be, I wouldn't ever marry for money. But if I liked a girl, and she *happened* to be rich, I don't think I'd be cad enough to throw her over on that account."

She discarded the glove. "Well, suppose you had all the money you needed?" she said.

The afternoon had long since worn into dusk, the room was slowly filling with fashionables, come for tea, but the two had forgotten the clock, unconcerned by any neighbors. And in forgetting the clock they had also forgotten class distinctions and the shortness of their acquaintance.

In the beginning he had sketched for her a model factory and a modern village; but between his plans and those of other Utopians there was a wide divergence, because this man seemed to know what he was talking about. His vision wasn't clouded by soft fantasies, and his chief interest wasn't in the unintelligent laborer, but in the youth, the clerk, the helper with ambition to rise above his father. And yet, as she listened, it hurt her to recall that this man, so young and purposeful and enthusiastic, was himself convicted of incompetence Else why should he be unemployed and dependent upon a stranger for the very food he had eaten?

"Now, *that*," he had said, at the end of a period, "is what I *might* do. And then again—this keeps coming back to me—*would* it be the best thing for the workmen? Of course, from my point of view, it *would* be, but from theirs—God knows. And that's where so many beautiful schemes fall down, as I said before, because people do what they think *ought* to help others—and nine times out of ten they're wrong."

She drew a very long breath. "If I had the money, I'd like nothing better than to see that through."

He had made no response, but in his eyes she had detected a fleeting expression which moved her, an expression of hopelessness which was pathetic because there was nothing else pathetic and much that was indomitable about him.

From the imaginative, then, they had drifted somehow back to the personal, and she had caught herself more than once in the reflection that both in manner and in disposition he was what you might call lovable. And as time passed she beheld on his face, at intervals which were more and more frequent, that same expression which had already affected her; she interpreted it, now, not so much as apprehension for the far distant future as for that nearer future which was almost upon him—the future which was to mark the end of the day, and to send him back to his brother failures.

He proved her intuition correct. "You've given me an afternoon in a thousand," he said abruptly. "And I've repaid you very badly."

SHE answered: "No, it's the other way around."

He drummed on the table. "You see, I didn't know it was going to be like this. I thought you might bring me over here and talk a little—and I'd never see you again. If I'd known it would be like this—" He left the sentence unfinished.

She knew that above all else she could imagine she wanted to see *him* again. And to her the day had been so pleasurable—and his remark was so unfathomable!

She stared at him searchingly.

"You don't mean to say you wish you hadn't come?"

"In some ways," he said deliberately, "I wish I hadn't come. Because it was a bad start, and I'm afraid it's going to be a worse finish."

At last she spoke very slowly—almost painfully. "Don't you think—everything considered—you owe it to me—to explain that?"

He nodded. "I was going to, anyway." And after a moment he went on, with utter simplicity. "I said if I ever wanted to marry anybody, she'd have to be like you. Only there isn't anybody else *like* you."

The color faded from her cheeks. "You shouldn't have said that. And it isn't true."

"Not *true?*"

"Maybe because you're grateful to me——"

"Grateful!" he said. "Why, gratitude's the one quality I *haven't* shown you!"

Her eyes were wider than usual, and she was fumbling with her gloves. "You've been such a nice boy, so far——"

"Boy? I'm twenty-eight!"

"You're only a boy, just the same, and you've had such a hard time of it, and you're—impressionable—and——"

"I've sat here and watched you and talked to you," he said, "and sized you up—the way I told you. And then I forgot to keep on doing it. Nobody ever made me do that before. And I've always known that whoever *did*——"

Involuntarily she put out her hand to him. "Please don't say any more."

"But I want you to hear *all* of it."

"I'll believe *every*thing—but it's time to go. Really."

"You've *got* to hear it. It began right at the start. You asked me if I'd been in the war, and——"

HE BROKE off short; he was gazing directly over her head, and on his face there was a look of supreme consternation. An elderly gentleman, plump and prosperous, had borne down upon them, both hands outstretched. The young man was struggling to rise.

"Why, Major Gilmore!" cried the elderly gentleman with abandon. "What in Sam Hill are you doing in New York? Stopping here, are you? So'm I. Say, I heard you're talking about opening up one or two branches of the plant. That straight? Because if it is, I've got to see if I can't sell you a couple of hundred thousand dollars' worth of steel bars. Can I see you tomorrow?"

The young man sat down again, as if

Concluded on page 85

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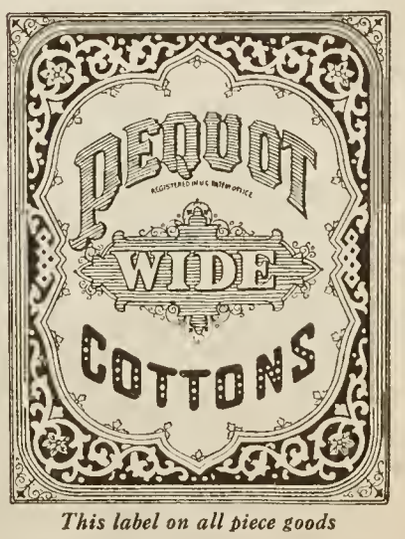
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LE PAGE'S GLUE





Concluded from page 84

THE WHITE-COLLAR BEGGAR

benumbed. The girl's face was averted, but he could see that her lips were trembling.

"Well," he said, uncertainly, "that saves the preface, anyway. But *damn* that man. I wanted to break it to you myself."

She made no effort to speak to him.

"You see," he said contritely, "I'd made a heap of money in '15 and '16—on top of some that was left me. And last Fall I'd closed down my plant when everybody else did. And then it sort of got under my skin. Out home they think I'm a queer kind of duck, but—I thought I'd like to get their side of it. And the only way to understand the masses is to get down where the masses *are*. So I came on here, and for two weeks I've been living and eating and sleeping, and parading with those chaps—trying to decide what I ought to do. What's best for *them*. Because in the long run that'll be the best thing for everybody. And then *you* came along—and I thought it was funny, at first—your taking me for one of the gang—and I wanted to see what a woman in your class would think about it—and I *was* hungry, too; so I didn't lie and——"

All but inaudibly she said: "My *class*. *My* class! And the fool you've made of me! Oh, the fool, the fool!"

He leaned toward her. "Oh, my *dear*——"

"THE day I've given to *you*, when I wanted—oh, I *did* want to help somebody that needed it. I *told* you I couldn't do much, but I wanted to do what I could!" She managed to lift her eyes; they were wet with tears of outraged pride. "And all you've done is to make a fool of me. What you let me *say* to you. The only time in my *life* I've been in a place like this! It was for *you*. I thought it *would* help you—you *said* it would. I thought I was doing something *so* fine for you. And to have it—turn out—*this* way!"

"My dear——"

Her voice constantly betrayed her. "It was because I know how it feels—to be one of the—the white-collared people—in these days."

He caught her hand across the table. "What!"

"Yes. It *is* funny—isn't it? My trying to do something for *you*—oh, I'm not a rich gadabout; I'm a secretary—to a society woman up-town. It was *her* car—yes, and these are her clothes, if you've got to know it. They didn't fit her, that's all. And I'd been out of a place all Summer—and this morning I'd got my first month's salary, and a holiday—and I *did* want to share it with some one who wasn't so lucky. And then—you!"

His grip on her hand tightened. "If it's true that you've got to pay for everything you get out of life, maybe *you've* paid in advance. Maybe I'm not worth what you've paid. But if I *am*—and you certainly said that if you could you'd like to see some of my schemes through—well, is there any reason why at least you won't talk it over?"

He was to take her home, and to meet her again in an hour's time, and he would listen to no argument—they must dine at the same place, and at the same table.

As he beckoned to the waiter, the girl said to him, in an undertone which had symptoms of both laughter and tears in it: "But honestly—*how* am I ever going to forgive you? *How* am I ever going to trust you—after all that—perfectly *ghastly* deceit?"

He had picked up the check and reached toward an inner pocket; now he stayed his hand and smiled radiantly. "Deceit? I never lied to you once. Not once. Not even about money. Somebody in the parade this morning pinched my billbook. All I've got is that handful of change—until I can get to a bank. So, would you mind slipping a poor guy about six dollars, lady?"

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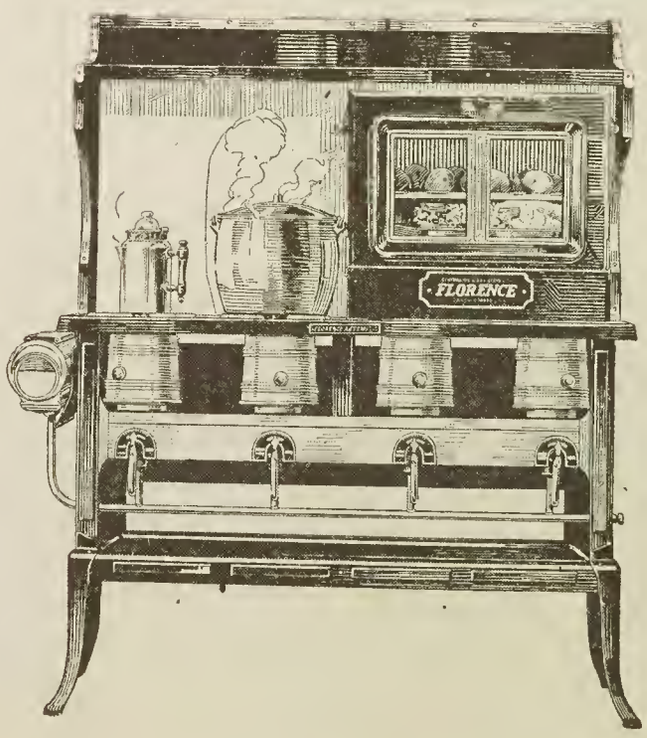
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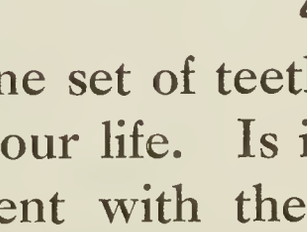
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Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture



Continued from page 2

HAVE YOU DONE YOUR JURY DUTY YET?

in a conflict of emotions which augured poorly for pure justice. I argued with myself for and against him.

Out of the welter, I saw clearly that sentiment must have nothing to do with justice and that my duty was to decide upon the merits of the admitted evidence.

Late on the tenth day the case was put in our hands.

Following the judge's instructions we were taken to the jury room, a bare, gloomy place furnished only with chairs and a table. The sheriff locked us in securely. The men began to smoke. Cigarets, pipes, cigars, wrapped the room in a blue haze. Then we settled down to elect a foreman. The grocer, a man of intelligence, was elected leader. After which, the first ballot. We stood eight for conviction against four for acquittal.

The argument began. The bank clerk insisted that there was no proof of guilt. One of the women, motherly soul, was upset.

"How can I say he is guilty when I don't know?" she asked. "They said so many things. I don't trust those girls. What right had they to speak to men they did not know and to go joy-riding with them?"

I explained to her that, even if we did not believe the girls, there was the testimony of the policeman and the policewoman who were of unquestionable veracity.

"Sure, I guess you are right," said she, "but he is so young he might reform."

The old man said little, but sat around from chair to chair, his ear eternally cocked in a vain endeavor to hear what was being said.

The butcher was certainly a funny man. He talked entirely in the terms of animals. Once he grew vehement when the bank clerk argued for acquittal and shouted as he pounded the table, "It's all wrong, I tell you. It's right against Nature. No thoroughbred fights his mate. If a cow goes to fight her mate, he just walks to the corner of a field and turns his back on her like a gentleman."

THE plumber was strong for acquittal on the first few ballots, basing his decision on the fact that the defendant had not taken actual part in the crime. The foreman asked me what I thought. As I saw it, whoever aids and abets is party to the crime itself; and that by the testimony the defendant had been present; and that, at times, he had encouraged his companions; and that, when one of the girls had tried to escape, he blocked the doorway. I said as much.

Three ballots were taken without change. The fourth improved with a vote of ten for conviction and two for acquittal. The judge called us into court and, as it was six o'clock, ordered us to dine, telling us not to discuss the case except within the jury room.

We were driven in taxicabs along the main streets, the men in charge of the sheriff, the women bringing up the rear under the protection of a police matron. We filed into the place one by one, like a chain-gang, the sheriff leading, the matron in the rear guard. During dinner I learned many things about many trades. We talked about building theaters, running successful lunch-counters, breeding steers, the price of groceries and the growing of tobacco.

The bank clerk had little to say, and I am sure disapproved of my too hearty enjoyment of my comrades. The plumber and I developed a lasting friendship after discussing the general merits of Karl Marx, of whom I really know nothing. The very old man could not understand why such a "high-toned" restaurant could not provide him with a bowl of oatmeal porridge immediately.

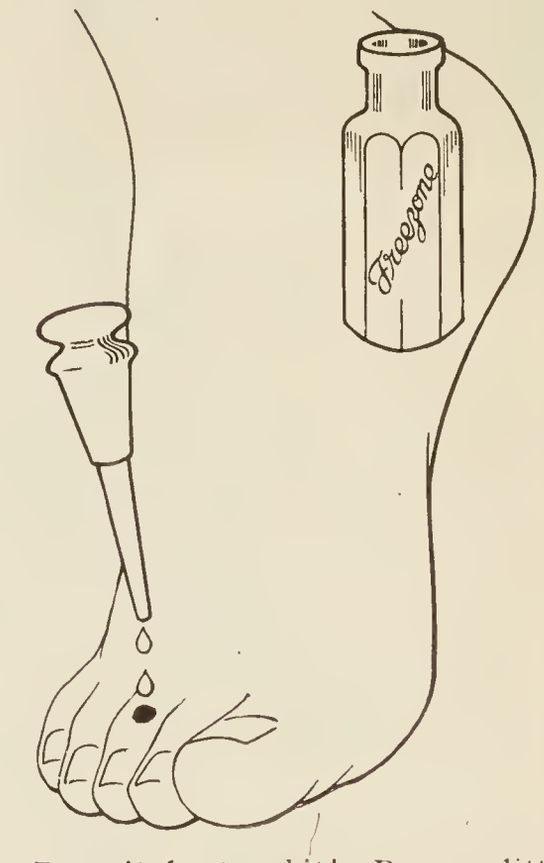
He leaned over and wheezed toward me, "You better eat some. I never eat meat, just oatmeal. That's why I'm so hardy."

The other women worried about their

Continued on page 87

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Continued from page 86

HAVE YOU DONE YOUR JURY DUTY YET?

households, one of them more than anxious because Johnny would not have any one to help him with his lessons.

After dinner we were driven back to the jury room, where we were locked up to remain until eleven o'clock. By that time we had cast eight ballots, the last vote being nine for conviction and three for acquittal. Discussion revealed that the old man, the plumber, and one of the women were for acquittal. The foreman, pointing to the plumber, said, "I can't do anything with that man. See what you can do."

So I walked up and down the room with the plumber explaining the law. My argument had some influence, for finally he called to the foreman, much to my embarrassment, "It really doesn't make any difference to me how I vote. Miss Bullock is a nice young lady. I'll vote as she says." The foreman thought that, perhaps as the hour was late, another ballot might settle things. Again it was ten to two.

SO THE judge sent for us and we were dismissed for the night. We all thought we were going home until the sheriff announced that we were all to stay in the same hotel under his care. When we arrived at the hotel, the police matron took us to a suite of three rooms, one opening into the other. She locked each door on the inside, putting the keys in her pocket. Next she opened the doors between the rooms. Then she went to the window and looked out to see that there was no way of escape. Two of the women occupied single beds in one room. Another woman had the matron as her roommate. I was the only one honored with a room to myself.

The next day we were returned to the court-room to receive further instructions from the judge. Then again to the jury room, where after an hour's argument we got nowhere. The plumber had deserted us again. Nine were for conviction and three for acquittal.

All day long we argued and pleaded and balloted. The plumber was like a pendulum, swinging back and forth with every ballot. Each time he changed I talked with him; and again he was reclaimed because "I was a nice girl and he would vote as I said."

The foreman worked overtime with the woman who was holding out. "I can't do anything. Won't you take her in hand?"

I talked with her and found that she was bound by a slight technicality. So several of the jurors suggested that we send out for the transcript. And this time I was delegated to go over it, explaining away any detail which might stand in the way of a verdict. To me it was a strange scene. There I sat, one who, until ten days before, had known nothing of the law nor its intention—and cared less—picking out points of law and discussing them with men who had voted and exercised all the rights of citizenship for thirty years and more. However, the discussion was not without its merits, for the woman put her finger on a part of the testimony that had little real bearing on the case and exclaimed:

"Oh there it is! I see it now. You're right."

The old man was as fixed as the earth in its orbit. An awful day followed. The radiator hissed away in a corner of the room, its steam mingling with the cigaret and cigar smoke. One window was open at the top. When a woman suggested that we be given more air, the old man groaned her down. In the afternoon, one of the men was taken ill and, going over to a corner of the room, stretched himself out on the floor. The doctor came, prescribed fresh air and less smoke. The fresh air evoked a mumbled oath from the old man. The butcher rebuked him.

Concluded on page 88



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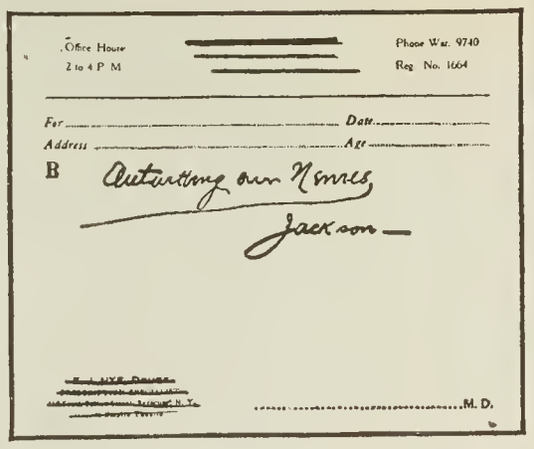
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(D-5)



Concluded from page 87

HAVE YOU DONE YOUR JURY DUTY YET?

"These women is perfect ladies," he declared. "Cut the curses and be gentlemen." And gentlemen they became.

We were interned again that night and spent another tedious day until five o'clock, when the judge saw that we could not arrive at a verdict. We were dismissed.

Imagine our state of mind when the old man declared, "I think if we had stayed out another day we might have agreed." This, after having told us repeatedly that he was perfectly willing to serve until Christmas, and it was then February. Subsequently the case was tried and a verdict of guilty was returned within three hours. No comment is needed on such waste of time and taxes.

One thing had stayed in my mind throughout the trial. I could not quite understand why the attorney for the defense had kept me on the jury. On my way out of court I stopped him and asked him the reason.

He replied, "Because I knew you were well educated and intelligent and I thought you would see through those girls. Being the kind you are, I did not think you would have much sympathy for them."

I THINK my response staggered him. I said, "I did see through them, Mr. ——, but I can not see what that had to do with the working of the law which fastens guilt on those who aid and abet crime. But even if this had not been so, my decision would have been the same, for what I saw and learned of the girls only taught me how little it is for me to judge. The conventions which have surrounded me are a girl's strongest protection. These girls did not have this protection. I am sure that every woman of my kind—whatever you may mean by that—would have decided the same way."

I learned many things during the next few months in which I was a juror, but I think that the first case involved all of the conditions existent in the jury system. The particular thing that is wrong with it is the caliber of people who serve. Women make better jurors than men, for, as a rule, the women who accept service are of a high type, whereas most intelligent, experienced men resort to any excuse to get out of it.

Women, as I have observed them, take their duty seriously. However, we have our limitations. Married women make better jurors than the unmarried. They are broader, wiser, less set in their moral judgments. Older married women tend to err on the side of leniency. "Oh, he's young," they argue. "It's a pity not to give him a chance to reform." One old dear, often impaneled, believed that every one, no matter what the evidence, was innocent. She had one redeeming feature: She always joined the majority at the dinner hour.

The fallibility of the individual juror matters less, I think, than the weakness of the whole jury system as it is now operated. Clerks of courts, attorneys, judges to whom I talked agreed with me that the jury—in all but Federal courts—particularly the grand jury, fails to serve adequately the high cause of justice. The very method by which the jury is chosen is a fundamental flaw. The prevalence of so many old men on juries, of so small a representation from the professional classes, of men whose education and training have fitted them to consider evidence impartially, amazed me. Yet the old men like to sit on juries; their days of action are over, they earn money by it. The others escape by all sorts of ruses. And some attorneys for the defense will resort to any means to keep an intelligent and clever man off a jury. There is sometimes danger in too implacable an impartiality.

Some of the juries on which I sat had, frankly, the average intelligence of a ten-year-old child; they were incapable of following the threads of testimony, of discounting emotional appeal of warring attorneys. The law, it seems to me, should learn from the army and the business world the value of the intelligence test. Educated men and women are shirking their plain civic duties when they evade the call to the jury.

During that ten days and the months that followed, when I did my duty as a juror on all kinds of cases, I must admit that my feelings changed. I went into it antagonistic, resentful, obstinate. I came out of it with a sense of responsibility as a citizen and learned how often false interpretations of the law fall tragically short of the justice which is its intention. I saw how easily our fragile logic may break before the tumult of the emotions. And I came to realize that if justice and law are to be synonymous, juries must be made up of men and women with the intelligence and the sincerity to render decisions, not according to personal feeling, but according to the meaning—which is by no means always the letter of the law.



Continued from page 13

THE COURT END OF TOWN

do make good—you'll marry me?" he asked.

"No," said Rose-Aimée; but the little yellow rose had grown very white indeed.

Alan turned on his heel.

"Good-by," he said. "Some day you'll send for me."

"Never, never, never!"

"You will! *And I won't come!*"

"I'll never send. But if I did, you'd come so quickly that——"

"Never, never, never!" he mocked savagely. "And I hope you feel the way then that I'm feeling now!"

The garden gate clicked behind him, and he walked blindly down the drowsy, deserted cobblestoned street.

This story, being a true one, has no moral. Alan did not stop philandering, enter the ministry, and become a missionary to China. And Rose-Aimée did not cast aside her personal pride and the traditions of the court end of town, beg his forgiveness and ask him to name the day, and upon being disdained, give up the unusually agreeable life of a belle in Washington to engage in settlement work. Instead, for a time, Alan philandered rather more than less, and his progress down the primrose path not infrequently took him to Washington, which he made no effort to avoid. Rose-Aimée, when she met him at a ball, walked straight past him with her head in the air, as if she had never seen him before, which, as her cousin Thomas pointed out, made things "damned awkward."

"I think you are too hard on Al. He may have needed a lesson, but you gave it to him all right. You cut straight to the bone."

"The wound seems to have healed."

"It's skilfully bandaged, that's all."

"If he had cared at all, he wouldn't have gone on the way he has."

"He's gone on the way he has because he cared so darned much. He doesn't know any other way—being Al—to cover up that skilfully bandaged wound. And he's doing awfully well at the law school."

"He'll need all the knowledge he gets there to extricate himself from breach-of-promise suits."

Later, Thomas wrung a reluctant promise from her that she would at least bow to his friend when she happened to see him.

"Did he ask you to make me do that?"

"You bet he didn't! He's never mentioned your name. I guess he's got over his crush. He seems to be through chasing girls, anyway—at least, he plays around a little, but he does it differently. He's absolutely on the level."

Continued on page 89

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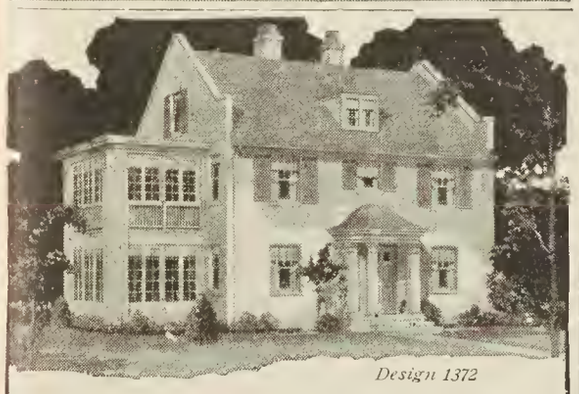
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Continued from page 88

THE COURT END OF TOWN

"Then he wasn't always!"

"We-e-ll, perhaps not. But a fellow as attractive as he is—and as rich—has the devil of a time keeping straight. I think it's the girls' fault often."

"Men always stand up for each other!"

"His conduct isn't so awful, I tell you!"

After a while Thomas gave up arguing with her. Her time continued to be fully occupied with her train of official admirers, and her cousin decided it was hardly worth while to mention his friend. But when he did so, on rare occasions, it must be confessed there was little enough in the reports he gave her to warrant the impression that Alan was eating bitter bread. He was taken into an excellent firm upon his graduation from the law school, and was to all appearances prosperous, respected and happy. In 1914 he increased the general esteem in which he seemed to be held by resigning his easy, lucrative and agreeable position and enlisting in the Foreign Legion.

From that time on, it seemed to Rose-Aimée, as she admitted to herself with exasperation, she could not pick up a magazine of current events without seeing an extremely attractive full-page picture of Alan in uniform, or read a daily newspaper in which his name did not appear in headlines an inch high. He was decorated for valor after a thrilling escapade; he was slightly wounded; he was said to be betrothed to a French countess; he was transferred to the A. E. F.; he had become a captain—a major—a lieutenant-colonel—then he was missing.

HE WAS missing a long time; and, when he was finally found, he was found in a condition that necessitated his immediate return to the United States and the sending of a communication from the War Department to his family that there was very little hope for him. The country watched the daily bulletins about him, expecting every day an obituary notice. There was a serious operation, followed by another still more grave, months of care in the hands of skilled surgeons and nerve specialists. He came out of it with the fresh gaiety all gone, a look in the blue eyes that seemed constantly to be seeing horrors which went straight past all the kindness of his friends, a slight limp, and the loss of his right arm; also, in possession of numerous medals, and, before very long, of a seat in the lower House of Congress, fairly thrust upon him by a home district that insisted on calling him "one of the greatest heroes of the war," and rewarding him with what, according to its lights, was the greatest honor it could give him.

There was, inevitably, more or less of a flourish of trumpets when he appeared in Washington. He yielded to Tom Fairfax's plea that he would "bunk with him" until he could find a suitable establishment of his own, and at the first opportunity they had for a chat on the subject of desirable locations Thomas broached the subject of Georgetown.

"Funny, every one seems to be moving back there again. There's a regular rush to get hold of those old places, and stick bathrooms and sleeping-porches and garages on to 'em. Quite a boom in real estate. How'd you like one of those?"

"I don't know. It might be a good idea. Have you heard of any especially attractive?"

"Well, there's my cousin's. Her father and mother have both died, and it's a big place for her to live in all alone. I believe she'd like to sell. She hasn't a red cent, of course—never had much, as money goes nowadays, and Aunt Valerie was a helpless invalid for years before she died. That eats into family funds awfully. I know Rose-Amiée has sold a lot of the china—pink-luster and things like that—and most of her jewelry—even the pearls that she got

Continued on page 90



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Continued from page 89

THE COURT END OF TOWN

from godmother—already." Then as Alan did not answer, "You remember my cousin, don't you? You had a kind of affair with her once."

"Oh, yes, I remember her. You say she isn't very comfortably fixed?"

"Gosh, no! She's taken up some kind of work—interior decorating, I think. Goes out very little. Can't afford to, I suppose, for Lord knows she's still run after enough, though she's no chicken."

"Twenty-seven," said Alan laconically.

"How did you remember? Well, she came out so young, and was such a huge success, that I thought she'd kind of peter out, as long as she didn't marry—but she hasn't. It's her own fault that she stays at home more and more. She took the war awfully hard—I can't imagine why, for she had no very near relatives in it—and slaved for the Red Cross and the Liberty Loan Drives until we all thought she'd lose her looks entirely; but she didn't. She was a pretty girl. Now she's beautiful."

"Yellow roses," remarked Alan enigmatically, "are lovely buds—but they're magnificent flowers. So she didn't marry——"

"No—I can't imagine why. She certainly has chances enough—ambassadors and generals, and all that sort of thing. Well, do you take to the Georgetown idea?"

Alan knocked the ashes off his cigaret. "I think I do, rather," he said. "But I'll stay here with you for a while before I look around, unless I'm a frightful nuisance."

"Go to hell," said Tom affectionately.

Alan had done well in the law, and well in the war; he did better still in Congress. Before he had been there six months he had made a mark which few of the "youngsters" could equal. His maiden speech was printed not only—as was inevitable—in the *Congressional Record*, but in every newspaper in the country, in many cases with favorable editorial comment. He was still too young and inexperienced for the Senate, of course, but that he was built of Senatorial timber there seemed to be no shadow of a doubt. And after that—every one began to say—if he kept on, he would soon be standing in the shadow of the White House, just as every one, ten years before, had said he was an outrageous flirt.

BUT if the former flattery had gone to his head, the latter did not—it did not even drive the haunted look from his eyes. He was singularly free from either conceit or elation, which added tremendously to his popularity; but he was also singularly free from any touch of joy. He accepted the wining and dining tendered him as a more or less unavoidable part of the life of a public official, and returned it gracefully and lavishly. In the course of this, it was inevitable that he should meet Miss Fairfax again. Little as she "played around," much as she might devote herself to interior decoration, empty as her purse might be, she "belonged," and this being the case, she could not withdraw from society altogether. The night came when Alan found her name written on the card slipped in the tiny envelope which the man servant at the embassy where he was dining tendered him on a silver tray upon his arrival; he realized that he was to take her in to dinner, and wondered just how she would meet the situation. Afterward, he told himself, he ought to have known. She met it with no trace of self-consciousness, with a courteous display of interest in his career—and with absolute impersonality. After that he encountered her more and more often. She made as little effort to avoid him as she did to see him. And she was quite the most beautiful woman he had ever beheld.

He sent her, at last, from his office, a

Concluded on page 91

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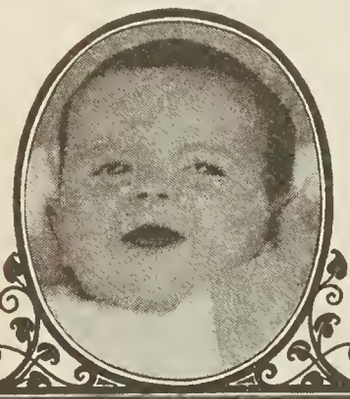
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Concluded from page 90

THE COURT END OF TOWN

dictated and typewritten offer for her house, written on official stationery. A week later he received a reply from a real-estate company, which stated that, as Miss Fairfax's agent, it was empowered to inform him that, after all, she had decided not to sell. Within a few days a bit of gossip overheard in the cloak-room informed him that a little property had been left her by one of her relatives in New Orleans, that the worst of her straitened circumstances were over. He strode back into the House, delivered a speech which, by its power and eloquence, threw everything he had said before into the shade, and, in a roar of applause, made for the door. A page stopped him.

"I've got a note for you, sir," he said politely.

"Thanks," remarked Ames mechanically; then, as he tore it open and glanced at the single sheet which it contained, "Wait a minute," he said shortly, and pressed into the palm of the surprised youth something round and hard and yellow. The page shifted his gum skilfully from one side of his mouth to the other and sought out his boon companion.

"LOOK what that guy Ames give me," he whispered hoarsely. "Gee, but I like that feller. I bet he gets to be President some day. And say, I wish I knew what was in that skinny little letter. When he read it, he stopped looking like he was seeing ghosts for the first time since he's been here."

The "skinny little letter" had run:

DEAR ALAN:
I shall be at home, all the evening, in the garden. Will you come to me there? ROSE-AIMEE.

The gate clicked behind Alan, and as he limped down the mossy path a stray branch from a thorny, fragrant yellow-rose bush caught him suddenly about the legs. As he stopped to disentangle himself, hampered by his one arm, he heard a soft rush of footsteps coming toward him, felt two capable little hands setting him free.

"You told me," a rather tremulous voice was saying, "that you'd never, never, never, never come——"

He straightened himself and faced her. "Well, if it's any satisfaction to you," he said grimly, "you may as well know that there's never been a minute, all these ten years, when I wouldn't have come if you'd given me the chance. But you—you said you'd never, never, never, never send, and, good Lord, I was beginning to think you meant it! I never quite gave up hope until I heard you'd lost your money, and then I knew you'd starve before you'd send for me, because you'd persuade yourself you were asking for charity, and that I'd fling that in your face some day. When all the time it was I that was starving, I that needed charity, an ugly-looking cripple with his nerves all shot to pieces——"

"Don't," she said with quivering lips. "You know what you are—what I think of you—why I couldn't send——"

"That everlasting pride of yours! You *do* belong to the court end of town!"

"You do, too," she whispered. "I've—I've suffered dreadfully; but thank God, I'm not going to be punished any longer because I couldn't see that ten years ago."

"You couldn't see it," he said slowly, "because I didn't then. You were right about me, absolutely right. I wasn't fit for your royal presence, my dear. I'm glad you made me learn that I'd got to be before I could even kneel before your throne."

Alan with a little happy laugh, put his arm around her.

"In that case," he said whimsically, "perhaps you won't have me put out of the coronation chamber if I tell you that I want most awfully to kiss you?"



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DEL MONTE
Peaches



Continued from page 10

CAMP O' SUNSET GLORY

Prowse said once that it was that silence of the Fall that made the old folk start Thanksgiving. It made them think that the good Lord was listening for the thanks that He had a right to expect for giving them a harvest. His listening startled them and made 'em buck up and say 'Thank You' sort of pert-like.

"'Do you remember the big twisted pine on the rise?' I said, and I thought I heard a chuckle. 'And the stone fence 'tween the pine and the apple-orchard is all straightened up. My! you should smell the apples the day afore I left! You'd think the sweetness of 'em would go right down to Boston and New York! Your mother always said that we New Englanders are the folk the apple really loves. It's a funny thing, but your mother—your mother always smelled like a nice apple. A real nice apple.

"'Remember the big maple-tree in the top field? It was all yellow and gold. It looked splendid. I've wondered a bit about that maple. Every year it does itself up like as if it was off to a party, looking like a flame there on the hill, and nothing seems to happen. Once when you were a baby a religious chap with long hair came along the road and he saw the maple. "Look!" he cried. "Look! The very trees array themselves for the coming of the Lord!" Bill Adams, who drives for Harry Fox, said in his queer, sneering way that the tree did that every year, and that crazy chap answered up smart: "Then the Lord comes every year and only the tree sees him, fool! Go and tidy yourself up, for it is in the Fall that He comes. It is His time."

"'I'VE always had a belief that if the world ever stops it will stop in the Fall. Just shut off power and slow down softly like. I thought about that the day afore I left home. It was awful quiet up there in the pines. It seemed as if you'd never hear the swing-bang noises of the Spring again. Never! A crow flying over Pollock's place—a good half-mile off the hill—let out a caw to a mate and I thought he was right at my elbow. And all the little paths were covered up with leaves. Once when you were small, you told your mother that the squirrels covered up the paths because the trees were all undressing and they didn't want us round.

"'Your old dog, Snap, came along with me. Sort o' getting old, Snap is, but bright as ever. Got the same old tricks. Goes down to the gate every evening and waits for the mail coach. You remember how you trained him to do that by getting the driver to throw out a bit of meat wrapped up in the Boston paper? Snap's thinking the driver might some day go back to that habit.' *Oh, Boy o' Mine.*"

There was a long, long pause. The big man on the grass did not move. He had a feeling that he was completely forgotten.

"'So we went down the pine slope to the lake, Snap and I. Seth Prowse, who made that remark about the silence of Fall being the reason for Thanksgiving said something once about Lake Kezar that often comes back to my mind. Lots of folk thought it not quite nice, but when you come to think it over it seems all right. That is, it was all right for Seth to say it. A lot of us were up on the mountain looking down at Lake Kezar, all silvery and quiet, and Seth said, speaking to no one in particular, "Golly, it looks so sweet you'd think the Almighty had just spat there, when He was flying by." You remember old Seth. Only saw him cry once. That was at Littlefield's store when Sam Donham told him how—how you went down. He blubbered like anything. Seth give you a knife once when you were very small and taught you how to whittle a wooden chain.

"'Snap and I went down the path where the limb hangs over the trail. Just the same as ever. When you were a boy you grew so fast you thought the limb got lower every day. Used to make your mother laugh. Not a squirrel or a chipmunk out. The place was awful quiet.

"'I aimed to go and sit on the big rock you christened Frog Rock. Aimed to sit there a bit and think. Just walked slowly toward it and didn't see that any one was there till she spoke. It was Hannah.

"'We sat there and talked. Talked about most everything. Of Springs and Summers, Falls and Winters. It's queer how we folk in New England get so much to talk about out of the seasons, isn't it? We talked about the time Hannah started to teach school. I remembered I gave her a ride down to the Crossing the first morning. She was all fussed up. Don't wonder, either. All the youngsters were out on the road seeing who'd get first peek at the new marm and all yelling like Injuns.

"'And then after a while we talked of you. Talked a lot of you. About all the things you ever did and ever said. Talk is a great thing for getting the poison of pain out o' your system, I've found. Yes, we talked of you.

"'We talked of the time you were near drowned in the lake when you were small, and how you climbed down Bald Face, near to breakin' your neck every minute. How you got lost in the snow away with Bill's grandmother in the back seat. Oh, we talked of a lot of things. A whole lot of things right up to the time—to the time you marched away. Up to the time you marched away.

"'I TOLD you in the letters how Hannah and I went down to Portland together to see your picture in the movies? Your mother was too sick to travel, although she was plumb crazy to go. A great picture that. It was queer how you and Sam Donham got in the leading four so that you stood out all clear and plain with the flag stormin' out in front of you as you swung up Tremont Street. I guess there were other fathers and other sweethearts who, when they saw that film, wished their boys were in the front four, but that was the time when the good Lord favored Hannah and me. Guess He knew. But then Sam Donham came back. Queer.

"'That was a great picture of you and the boys. Hannah and me went six or seven times in three days, maybe more. We got chummy with the chap who takes tickets. We showed him you and Sam and told him we knew you. Guess we did know you, eh? Guess we did.

"'A great sight, boy. Hannah and I held hands and sniveled so much we could hardly see the picture. First few seconds we couldn't get your face, and then, all of a sudden, you and Sam, shoulder to shoulder and smiling like everything, were walking right on to us! Seemed as if you knew we were sitting there. Seemed so. It was startling to Hannah and me. I wish I could have bought the film and set the machine up in the parlor so that we could look at it every day. You and Sam Donham and the flag swinging up Tremont Street on your way to France! On your way to France! Oh, boy! On your way to France! I wish I could have bought that film. I asked the ticket chap, but he said I couldn't work the machine. I might have though—I might have.'"

AGAIN there was a long pause. The little man watched the golden valley.

"'It was me that mentioned Sam Donham to her,'" he went on. "'You see, Sam was the big link with you. He went away with you. We saw you and him on the film together and—and it was Sam who brought back the full story of—of everything that happened. A good boy is Sam. Sort of poured balm on our hearts when he came back. On your mother's, on Hannah's and on mine.

"'It was natural that Hannah should like him. A fellow telling her over and over how game you were, what the chaplain said and how your colonel cried couldn't be anything but likable to Hannah, could he? He brought back a whole lot of photographs of you and he was never tired of telling the story. The big story. I guess he must have told that story a thousand times and more. You doing everything. You bossing things. You—you going forward. A good boy, Sam.

"'So I said right out straight to her, "Sam Donham would like to marry you!" said it sharp like. She didn't answer. Just kept

Concluded on page 93



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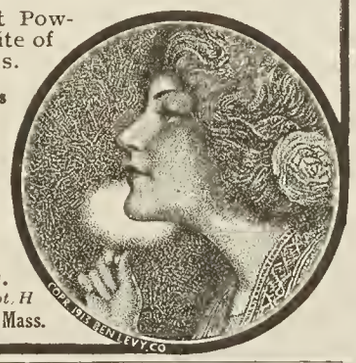
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Concluded from page 92

CAMP O' SUNSET GLORY

on staring at the lake. So I up and told her that you would like it so. I did. I said you liked Sam and—and that you'd like her to be happy. I said it wasn't right for her to go on teaching kiddies all her life, said that she ought to have a home and—and kiddies of her own. Kiddies of her own. I talked an awful lot. I told her that America never sat down and moped under trouble. Neither did you. I told her what you said when the new barn burned down two days after we finished it. Most broke my heart, because you worked on it till your hands were raw. Remember what you said? You—you said "Never mind, dad, we'll build another!" And you did! You did! You—Oh, gosh! you were game! You were! Gamest boy ever bred! I—I knew it before—before Sam Donham came back from France to tell every one from Lovell down to Portland! To tell them you were game.

"'I told Hannah I was going down to Boston next day and that I was going over to France to—to tell you—to tell you everything. And—and Hannah kissed me. And we cried, but somehow—somehow it seemed to lighten things up. P'raps you knew then. I wonder? I wonder? It seemed as if you did.'"

THE little man sat for a long time in silence. The valley was in a bath of liquid gold. A breeze caught the flag and rippled it prettily.

Presently the little man turned to the big chap on the grass. "If any one goes out as they went out, you can't think of them as being dead," he said softly. "It's different to dying of ordinary things. They went out for everything that's good and sweet and noble. That's how—that's how I could speak to him to-day. It's not a cemetery! It's a camp, a splendid camp! Camp o' Sunset Glory."

He rose slowly. "They tell me there's a little inn down the road that you came by," he said. "I'm going to stay there. I've got nine days before I go back to America. I'll come up here every day. It's sweet, isn't it? And—and it's like home. It's awful like home. It's queer. Possibly it's—it's them being here. I don't know."

Continued from page 18

FAITH

She did not speak. He led forward another pony for her and helped her to mount. His eyes rested a moment on the pink-dotted muslin. He said, "That ain't much good for riding in."

"It's all I got—of my own." Something obscurely hidden in her heart was glad that she should appear ridiculous and even ugly in the man's eyes. There seemed to be a kind of cleanness in what was ugly and unfitting.

They rode away together under the first stars.

For a mile they rode through burned timber. Then the trail once more entered bush. Here Yetta checked her pony. For the first time she spoke. She said dully, "What's that? That sound?"

"The wind, I guess," answered Farrant gently.

"I—I thought I could hear the sheep."

"Girl, you're done with the sheep, and all the rest of it."

He caught her rein and led her into the bush. It was dark here, and sweet with cedar

Continued on page 94



The Price You Pay

For dingy film on teeth

Let us show you by a ten-day test how combating film in this new way beautifies the teeth.

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Keeps teeth dingy

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. And, despite the tooth brush, they have constantly increased.

Attack it daily

Careful people have this film removed twice yearly by their dentists. But the need is for a daily film combatant.

Now dental science, after long research, has found two ways to fight film. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. A new-type tooth paste has been perfected to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two film combatants are embodied in it, to fight the film twice daily.

Two other effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which otherwise may cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every use gives multiplied effect to Nature's tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Modern authorities consider that essential.

Millions employ it

Millions of people now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. The results are seen everywhere—in glistening teeth.

Once see its effects and you will adopt it too. You will always want the whiter, cleaner, safer teeth you see. Make this test and watch the changes that it brings. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

A delightful test

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. In several ways this test will be a delightful revelation.

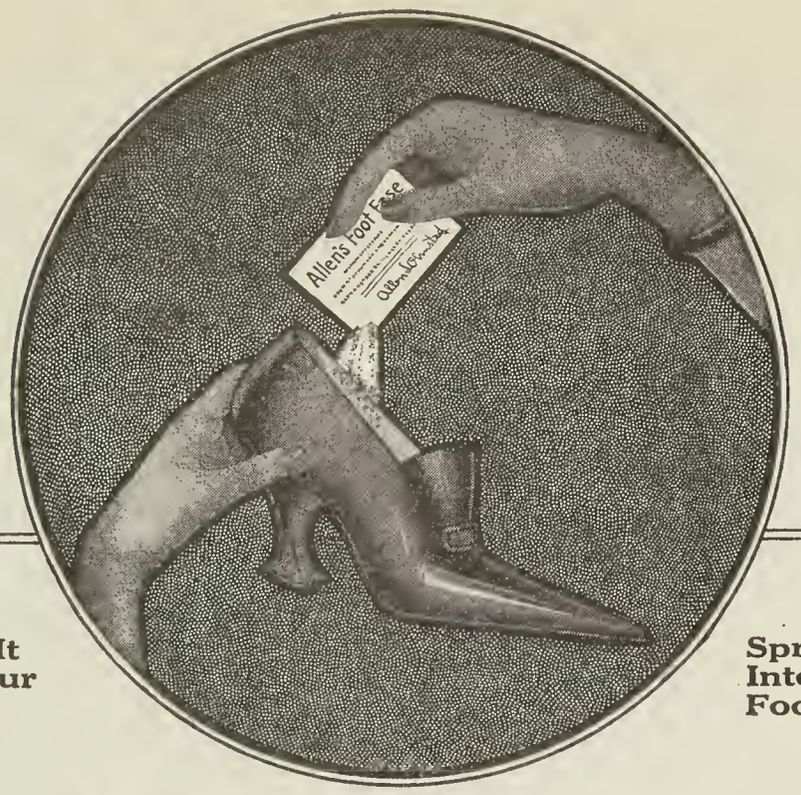
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THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 845, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family.



Shake It Into Your Shoes

Sprinkle It Into Your Foot-Bath

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder for the Feet

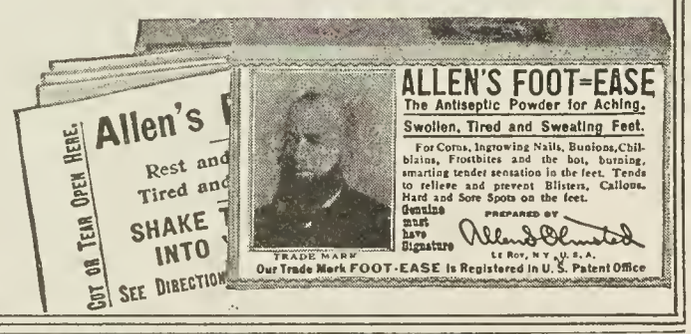
Takes the friction from the shoe, relieves the pain of corns, bunions, callouses and sore spots, freshens the feet and gives new vigor.

Makes Tight or New Shoes Feel Easy

At night, when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from walking or dancing, sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in the foot-bath **and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.**

Over One Million five hundred thousand pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE



Where Are You Going This Summer?

CAN you afford to take a trip—to get away for a week or two, so that you can come back feeling perfectly fit? You can—if you sell us whatever time you have to spare. Two hours a day or two hours a week—regardless of what the amount may be—we will pay you liberally for every minute of it.

IT DOES not matter what you have in mind—a trip to the lake or the mountains, the seashore or the big cities. You can pay your expenses through a little pleasant work for *The Delineator* and our other three leading magazines.



PREPARE now to have the most pleasant and enjoyable vacation you have ever had. Don't stint yourself because of lack of money. Take advantage of our practical method of increasing your present income.

YOU can also earn enough to buy those new and dainty frocks which are such an essential part of a vacation wardrobe. Our money-making plan makes all this possible. In your spare hours you can easily make from $15.00 to $25.00 a week—and more. The work is dignified and profitable. We furnish all supplies and show you how to start, absolutely without cost to you. You begin to earn money the moment you become our representative. Simply *act at once.*

THIS COUPON PAYS THE BILLS—MAIL IT TO-DAY!

Manager, Staff Agencies Division,
Box 820, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

I want to have a real vacation this Summer. Please send me at once, without obligation, all particulars concerning your practical vacation-money plan.

Name_____

Address_____

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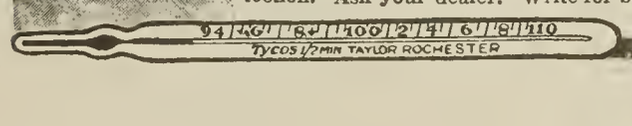
Can You Read Nature's Danger Signals?

A rising temperature may be the only warning a Doctor is needed—Don't guess about anything so vitally important. Use a

Tycos FEVER THERMOMETER

Each one is individual in its manufacture and requires nearly two years for ageing and completion. Be sure *Tycos* in red is on the fever thermometer you buy. It's your protection. Ask your dealer. Write for booklet.

Taylor Instrument Companies Rochester, N. Y.



Continued from page 93

FAITH

and brier. The ponies walked. Farrant was very near her. She could feel him. The pony she rode was a little stiff in the near fore; he seemed to emphasize those words: "*Done* with the sheep and all the rest of it, *all* the rest of it, all the *rest* of it." Suddenly Yetta was afraid. It was like the pain of returning life, that fear.

The ponies stopped. Out of the saddle Farrant leaned toward her. He caught her round the shoulders and drew her to him. She shut her eyes. She felt his face pressed to hers, heard him stammer her name, "Yetta, Yetta, Yetta." She could hardly breathe. She felt as if she were drowning in the hush of the bush, in the scent of rose and cedar, marsh and fir. She opened her eyes. Up above her, through the thick dark boughs, was one space of heaven and one solitary cold star. She lifted her arm and thrust Farrant away.

They sat motionless a moment, each staring at the face of the other, glimmering pale in the shadow. Then Farrant said thickly, "What you mean, Yetta?"

She heard herself say, "Al, I got to go back."

"Are you crazy, Yetta?"

"I got to go back."

"Don't you love me, Yetta?"

"I got to go back."

"To him? To Simon? To the man that cares for his sheep more'n you?" The young voice shook. "D'you think I ain't seen and known? You've been like a girl in prison. I'm here to set you free. There's no need to be scared. I'll keep faith with you, girl, so help me God."

SHE whispered, with great effort, "Al, you're a good boy. And faithful. I got to be faithful, too."

"To him? You don't have to keep faith with a man that don't keep faith with you. You told me so."

"I'm not thinkin' of Simon."

"What then?"

"The sheep, Al," said Yetta. "The sheep."

He sat staring at her as if she had gone mad.

Presently she said, "It's truth I'm telling you. I can't think of Sim, nor of right an' wrong, nor any mortal thing. I can't think of *you*. I don't care about keepin' the right kind of faith with Sim. I don't care about keepin' the wrong kind of faith with you. I'm kind of cleaned out of all them feelin's. But there's the sheep.

"The ewes that lambed late. There's a bunch of them in the corral near the house. Sim left them to me to look after. I got to go back. They got no water. I got to go back to them."

Still he stared at her. Then he leaned forward and snatched her wrist. He said through his teeth, "You shan't go back!"

As much his master now as she had been hers a little while ago, she answered quietly, "Al, I must."

With a boy's violence he said, "You mean you care for them sheep more than you do for me?"

She smiled at him. "I hate 'em," she said. "I've got so that I wish there wasn't a sheep in the world. But them weak things in the corral, Al, the ewes and the lambs—they trust me. I can't go back on them. They got no water to drink. They'll be waitin', wonderin' why I don't come with it. No, they won't either. They just *know* I'll come. There's faith in their silly eyes. Al, I got to go."

"You love Simon after all!"

"Neither love nor hate, you nor Simon, has one thing to do with this."

A flame of hurt vanity burned the good out of Farrant's love. He reached over and grasped her wrist roughly. He said through his teeth, "You shan't throw me over this way."

"Leave me go, Al Farrant."

"I won't leave you go! You're mine. You come with me of your own accord. You'll quit when I'm tired of you, an' not before."

She leaned across, snatched his quirt, and struck him across the eyes, at the same time spurring her pony. Farrant held her pony's rein. Both beasts plunged. Farrant bowed forward, his hand over his face. He had freed her wrist. In the confusion she threw herself

Continued on page 95



Corns?



—just say

Blue-jay

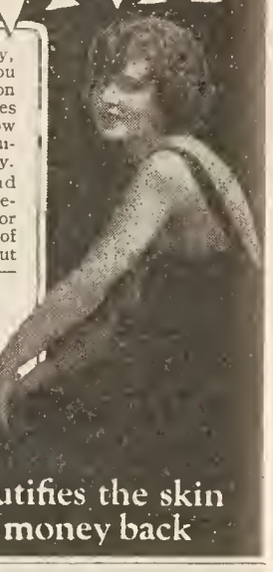
to your druggist

Stops Pain Instantly

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in two forms—a colorless, clear liquid (one drop does it!) and in extra thin plasters. Use whichever form you prefer, plasters or the liquid—the action is the same. Safe, gentle. Made in a world-famed laboratory. Sold by all druggists.

Free: Write Bauer & Black, Chicago, Dept. 11, for valuable book, "Correct Care of the Feet."

DERMA VIVA



A BEAUTIFUL, dainty, white skin makes you the object of admiration among friends, acquaintances or strangers. Brown, sallow complexion is not only embarrassing—but unnecessary. Derma Viva whitens and beautifies the skin at once regardless of its condition or your age. Used in place of powder, has same effect but does not show. Harmless—accept no substitute. 50c at toilet counters or sent prepaid by

Derma Viva Co.
Chicago Illinois

if your dealer does not supply you.

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whitens and beautifies the skin at once or your money back

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath that soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon.

Mercolized Wax

gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexion of true naturalness. Have you tried it?



Mercolized Wax (*beautifier*) . .	95c
Powdered Saxolite (*for wrinkles*)	75c
Phelactine (*hair remover*) . . .	$1
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Dearborn Supply Co., 5 N. La Salle St., Chicago

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Blue Devil softens the hardest water instantly and completely. His touch leaves a sweet cleanness on Dishes, Sinks, Painted Walls, Woodwork, Linoleum, Clothes, Your Skin, Jewelry, Tired Feet — well, about everything around home and person. He wouldn't hurt the most tender skin for anything, and he feels sad if classed with washing powders and scouring compounds, because he's so very, very different. If your grocer doesn't yet have Blue Devil, send 25c coin or stamps for two full size cartons. The Wells Process Company, Conneaut, Ohio.

BLUE DEVIL

Appeals to people of refined taste

Golden Glint Shampoo

The difference between beautiful hair and ordinary hair is very slight—usually something about its shade, a little something which makes it attractive if present or just ordinary if lacking. Whether your hair is light, medium or dark, it is only necessary to supply this elusive little something to make it beautiful. This can be done. If your hair is dull or lacks lustre—if it is not quite as rich in tone as you would like to have it—you can easily give it that little something it lacks. No ordinary shampoo will do this, for ordinary shampoos do nothing but clean the hair. Golden Glint Shampoo is NOT an ordinary shampoo. It does more than merely clean. It adds beauty—a "tiny tint"—that little something which distinguishes really pretty hair from that which is dull and ordinary. Would you really like to have beautiful hair? Just buy a package of Golden Glint Shampoo. At your dealer's, or send 25c direct to J. W. KOBI COMPANY, 129 Spring St., Seattle.

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Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads.

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Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalog and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.

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BY training at home through our correspondence course. Twenty years of success — 12,000 Graduates. Age 19 to 60. The standard course of home training for nursing. Invaluable for the woman who wants to become a nurse. Indispensable for the practical nurse. Entire tuition earned in a few weeks. Two months' trial. Money refunded if dissatisfied. *Send for catalog.*

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GO INTO BUSINESS for Yourself Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off!

W. HILLYER RAGSDALE, Drawer 121, EAST ORANGE, N. J.

Continued from page 94

FAITH

from the saddle, rolled clear of the hoofs, and crawled under the bushes. She heard Farrant's voice, perfectly unrecognizable, cursing her and the ponies; threatening her. A pulse of purest terror shook her, her whole being became one great heart that thudded terror. She got to her feet and struggled through the bushes. The growth was thick. It was black dark. She fell, got up, smashed into trees, was torn by thorns. She heard Farrant shouting. He was coming after her. Sick with fear, she pitched over a great log. There was a kind of hollow on the other side. She huddled into this, drew great ferns across her light dress where it showed, and waited.

She heard Farrant crashing through the forest. Then, when he was quite near her and her heart had almost stopped beating, something else, not five yards distant, rustled to its feet and fled. It was a deer that had stayed quiet at her coming, but fled at the man's. It made a great noise and seemed to go slowly. It was sick, though Yetta could not know this. It blundered into the boughs. Its feet made no sound on the forest floor. Yetta heard Farrant turn and follow it, calling and cursing. In a minute, all sound had died away in the dark. When it was still, she got up shaking, made her way back to the trail and began to run.

She fled through the dark woods. When she reached the burning where Farrant had waited for her, she had to walk. Her strength was almost gone. She no longer felt afraid. She could think of nothing at all now, so great was the emotional strain she had passed through. She could only see and hear the sheep, as if they were there in the woods with her.

She was a long while getting back. She stood at last by the corral fence, holding to it. Her hair hung black with dew, her flimsy muslin was torn to shreds. She was as near fainting as she had ever been in her life.

She looked at the dark house, already, in a few hours, wearing a strange look of desertion. She shuddered from it. It was lonely there, too lonely. She would be afraid. She lifted a bar from the corral fence, stepped over, and put it up behind her. The corral was silver in the dew. Almost invisible, a shadow heaved to its feet and moved away; then looked back, recognized her, and baaed drowsily. She staggered on, through the dozing, nibbling sheep. They hardly stirred for her. In one corner of the corral was an open shed with a heap of dead fern in it. She entered the shed and fell. She was almost instantly asleep, possessed with a strange security among the sheep, the mothers of the flock. Their incessant voices lulled her like the voice of seas; their stupid trust seemed something on which the world was builded; greater than passion.

WHEN she woke, the sun was up, and the ewes were waiting patiently by the empty trough. She got up from the fern and looked about. There was no sign of Farrant. Something told her that she need fear Farrant no more, that his madness was spent, that he was gone. She went to the house and brought the pails. She filled the trough, and watched the ewes drink with a vague pleasure, like that of a convalescent returning to health. The big butting lambs made her smile. She had never thought them funny before.

There was one weak lamb who would not grow, neglected by his dam. Hardly knowing what she did, Yetta lifted the leggy creature in her arms. It settled in their warmth, bleating faintly. She thought, "Maybe if I took it up to the house, and fed it, it would get on better."

She heard a step and looked up, clutching the lamb, her face rigid. But it was not Farrant who came. It was Sim Durand.

He walked heavily to the fence, leaned on it, and looked across at her with a look she had never seen—doubtful, yearning, loving. They faced each other for a long while in silence. Then Sim said in a low voice, "You all right, Yetta?"

"Yes."

He waited a moment, watching her. The rising sun set a strange faint rainbow light on her dark, wet hair, her bare arms were like gold about the lamb. He vaulted the fence heavily and came up to her. She said again, as if she had no control over her words, "What's brought you back, Sim?"

Concluded on page 96





Make Your Summer Dresses

NOW!

YOU can find out *to-day* what styles will be worn in the Summer by consulting the Summer *Butterick Quarterly* now on sale. Don't wait till the weather's hot!

Even if you've never sewed before

you can make a dress like this one—with its fashionable panels, bell sleeves and boat-shaped neck. The Deltor, enclosed with each new Butterick Pattern, shows you by pictures exactly how to make it from start to finish.

SUMMER MATERIALS *illustrated on the cover and in twelve full-color pages*

Gaily colored cretonne—the very kind your draperies are made of—is a new favorite, and the Summer *Quarterly* will show you how to use it. There are also color pages of morning dresses, both ginghams and printed linens; color pages of afternoon dresses and Summer evening frocks. Many afternoon dresses have the new fabric trimming of flowers and fruits and latticed designs. Grown-ups and flappers have equal rights to the cascade draperies, made in silk crêpes, crêpe de chine, etc. As for the youngsters and flappers, many pages are devoted to them, four in full color. Flappers are given full recognition in the

Summer

BUTTERICK QUARTERLY



Should Girls Marry First and Tell Afterward?

THAT'S what the senator's daughter wanted to do in "Dogwood in Rock Creek Park," Frances Parkinson Keyes' new story of Washington life. But her lover insisted on announcing their engagement. Then came the endless social functions in their honor.

What effect did too much formality have on their spontaneous love? Did it spoil the freshness of love? Every mother, every daughter, and particularly June brides should read this story. They will find it in the June DELINEATOR.

OR—Should Girls Remain Unmarried?

"OF COURSE—men are beasts!" says *Rosalie* in "This Freedom," a DELINEATOR novel by A. S. M. Hutchinson, author of the famous book, "If Winter Comes." At eighteen, *Rosalie* is very much fed up with men and their assumed superiority. Throughout the novel Hutchinson shows a real appreciation of woman's ability and paints men in their true colors. "No woman can sharpen a pencil," says *Rosalie's* father, "now look at me!" And he was as pleased with himself as if he had turned it into gold. Be sure to get the June DELINEATOR.

She Made $1,000,000— Her Capital Was $500!

LOUISE POWIS BROWN wanted only to earn some pin-money when she started; yet in seven years she became a millionaire! Read about how she established the huge Philippine lingerie business—perhaps you will get some ideas from the story. It will be published in the June DELINEATOR.

FASHIONS—HOME—CHILDREN

WOULD YOU LIKE to have a hand-made Summer dress or a gay chintz or gingham frock? A fringed sports skirt of white homespun to wear with a white or scarlet sweater? The new hip-band blouse, or blouses made brilliant with peasant cross-stitch designs? Silk crêpe dresses of French persuasion and with the fabric trimming they use in Paris? You can make your own, even if you've *never* sewed before! The June DELINEATOR illustrates the newest authentic fashions.

* * * *

CAN YOU SERVE an entire meal for eight people without getting up from the table? Martha Van Rensselaer who edits "The Home-Makers' Department" in THE DELINEATOR will show you how in her article, "Saving Steps in the Dining-Room," in the June magazine. She saved one woman 300 steps a day—every day—just in the dining-room!

* * * *

THE WONDERFUL EFFECT on your child of a Summer in a camp is told in the June DELINEATOR by Angelo Patri, principal of one of the largest schools in the country. He has seen a thin, pasty-faced boy who wanted to quit school go grudgingly to camp and return ten weeks later healthy and, strange as it may sound, anxious for school to start. Are you going to send your youngsters to camp this Summer?

* * * *

DO YOU KNOW what to feed the baby in hot weather, how to use a pressure cooker, what to plant in the garden in June? These questions and many, many others are answered in

The June DELINEATOR

20 Cents a Copy :: *$2.00 a Year*

Concluded from page 95

FAITH

"Yetta, I had to come back and see you was all right."

"Why wouldn't I be all right, Sim?"

"I don't know. But I kep' thinking of you. How lonesome it'd be for you. All the way down to Jaines's place, I was thinking of you, Yetta. I—seems like I've been real hard on you, Yetta. I—seemed like I have to come back and—and see you was all right. I left the sheep with old Jaines. I couldn't use the pony, I'd have to save him for to-morrow. I walked in. I walked back by the trail."

Suddenly she saw the heavy, tired man was trembling. A great compassion filled her. She was silent. He too was silent; only he thrust out one hand toward her, and in it she saw a rag of white muslin spotted with pink.

"Yes," she said, looking at him quietly, "it's off my dress."

"Yetta, where I found this there was two tracks on the trail. Pony tracks. Farrant's ponies.

"It made me—curious. I went round to the Springs. He's gone.

"He shouldn't have quit the sheep."

Durand came quite close to her. "What do the sheep matter? Oh, Yetta, it's you that matters! What——"

She laid one hand over his hot mouth. Looking at him with the same quietness, she said, "Sim, you've had faith in me?"

"Yetta, would I ever have left you this way if I didn't have faith? Now, Yetta, now——"

"Sim, you can go on havin' faith. It's all right."

FOR a long while he questioned her clear look. Then, without moving his eyes, he dropped the rag of muslin into the earth and ground it with his heel. He said under his breath, "I been hard on you. I got no—right to question you. I got to go back to the sheep. I'll try and find another man at Kilisut and send him up. George is no good alone. Yetta, I—hate to leave you."

"It's all right, Sim. Everything's all right, now I *know*."

He looked at her with a lover's wistfulness, as he had not looked for years. He muttered, "Say, Yetta, what's to hinder you comin' along with me, down to Koosah? We could have a good time there."

He was thinking of her then. He was wanting her. Her whole being glowed. But looking at the man, unsmiling, she shook her head. She looked at the dumb ewes lipping the trough.

"I couldn't quit the sheep, Sim," she said gently.

The weak lamb in her arms leaned its head against her bosom. Looking at her, no man who loved her, were he ever so dumb and slow, could lose his faith in her and in the divine contradiction that makes humanity its home.

BABY SHOES

By Mary Carolyn Davies

Baby shoes, baby shoes
In a shabby heap!
Baby shoes, baby shoes
Make me smile—and weep.

Bobby's feet that wore those blue ones
Always seemed in need of new ones.
These were Billy's, black and tiny;
These Rebecca's, red and shiny.

Worn-down heel and stubby toe,
Oh, the trips you used to go!
Down the stairs and through the hall
Far, far out to the garden wall!

Each shoe asks, blue, black and red,
One question. But I shake my head;
No, your journeying is through,
Eager, stubby baby shoe!

You must rest forevermore;
No more trips to foreign lands!
Save from just the bureau drawer
To my knotted, withered hands.



Butcher's
BOSTON POLISH or Hard Wax Finish

is easy to apply. Quickly gives to floors and all woodwork a lasting finish—that rich luster approved by modern interior decorators as the only finish permissible in the well-furnished home. Prolongs the life of linoleums. Gives the final touch of elegance to your car. Be sure to get the genuine orange can with the Butcher Star.

If not at your dealer's send 25c for generous sample can and test its many merits. In any case let us send you our booklet, "Boston Polish," FREE.

The Butcher Polish Co.
Mfrs. for Forty Years
Boston, Mass.



Gendron

FOR half a century mothers everywhere have recognized the master craftsmanship in Gendron baby vehicles. Care and precision in workmanship, highest grade of material have made Gendron the standard cab of the world.

Artillery, ball bearing wheels assure ease of running. Deep cushions and upholstery of soft, fine texture are comfortable for baby. Gendron carriages only are equipped with the famous Marshall spring upholstery. Beauty of design and delicately colored finish make for the true luxury and refinement that is so evident in every Gendron model.

And back of these splendid features is the sturdy built-in quality of fifty years' experience.

The best dealers everywhere sell the complete Gendron line. See the display in your city.

The Gendron Wheel Co.
616 Superior St., Toledo, Ohio
FREE Book — "Outdoors with Baby." Write for a copy

Those Summer Clothes

you long for, we will help you pay for them. In return for a little of your spare time spent on pleasant and profitable subscription work for *The Delineator* and our other three leading magazines, we will pay you liberally. A few hours each day, and in a very short time you will be able to buy those dainty frocks which are such a necessary part of the Summer season. The coupon will bring you full information. No obligation. Simply fill in, and mail this advertisement TO-DAY.

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Box 825, Butterick Bldg., New York, N. Y.
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Street.....
City..... State.....

THE A.E. LITTLE SHOE
has this message for you—of slenderized ankles and pretty feet two.

See page 74



Concluded from page 65

HAS YOUR CHILD A HEALTHY HEART?

with the food, or it may in some other way find lodgment in the intestines. However this may be, it is certain there is created somewhere in the body a focus of infection—an entrenchment of the enemy. From this point, at any turn, but especially when some other disease condition has impaired the general health, the enemy may sally forth to wreak destruction. The germs from the infective process may stop in a joint or in many joints, causing arthritis; they may stop in the large muscles, resulting in muscular rheumatism; or they may affect the heart lining, causing chronic disease of the heart.

"Of five hundred consecutive cases of rheumatism which came to me," says J. P. Poynton, M. D., London, "an analysis of the chief symptoms, on their first visit, showed that two hundred and forty-eight complained of painful joints and muscles, three hundred and fifty had heart disease, two hundred and forty-five had chorea, one hundred and thirty-seven tonsillitis more or less acute."

In childhood rheumatism must not be considered as an acute disease, at once prostrating the child with pain, swollen joints and fever. While in adults the disease often shows itself in this way, it is not true of childhood. Rheumatism may in childhood resemble, in one respect, tuberculosis. The attack may not only be acute and obvious but also very gradual and insidious.

IT IS clear that the greatest reduction of heart disease will follow the prevention of the infection we call rheumatism. It is obvious that in childhood infected tonsils and decayed teeth are in a great measure responsible for rheumatism infection.

In a group of eighty-two children with heart disease, examined at the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital, fifty-seven had one or more decayed teeth and sixty-nine had badly infected tonsils.

In a group of five hundred and ninety-six children examined for the Bowling Green Association, to determine the state of nutrition, there were twenty-three cardiacs of four per cent. and in the whole group, only sixty-two had defective teeth and there were only forty-two with enlarged tonsils. In the cardiac group, therefore, decayed teeth are seven times and infected tonsils twelve times more frequent.

Another direct effect of either defective teeth or diseased tonsils is a lowering of vitality and resistance to disease. This leaves the child not only a prey to the infectious diseases, but leads to increased frequency of infection. And what is the real significance of all this?

It means that the removal of adenoids, and infected tonsils and the proper care of the teeth are not only the most direct and effective preventive measures against rheumatism, but against all kinds of infections. The value of out-of-doors exercise and sufficient sleep in well-ventilated rooms is also a preventive measure that may not be too highly appraised.

It is particularly important, in order that its evils may be minimized, that the early symptoms of rheumatism in childhood should be recognized. And what are some of the vague warnings that may suggest its approach?

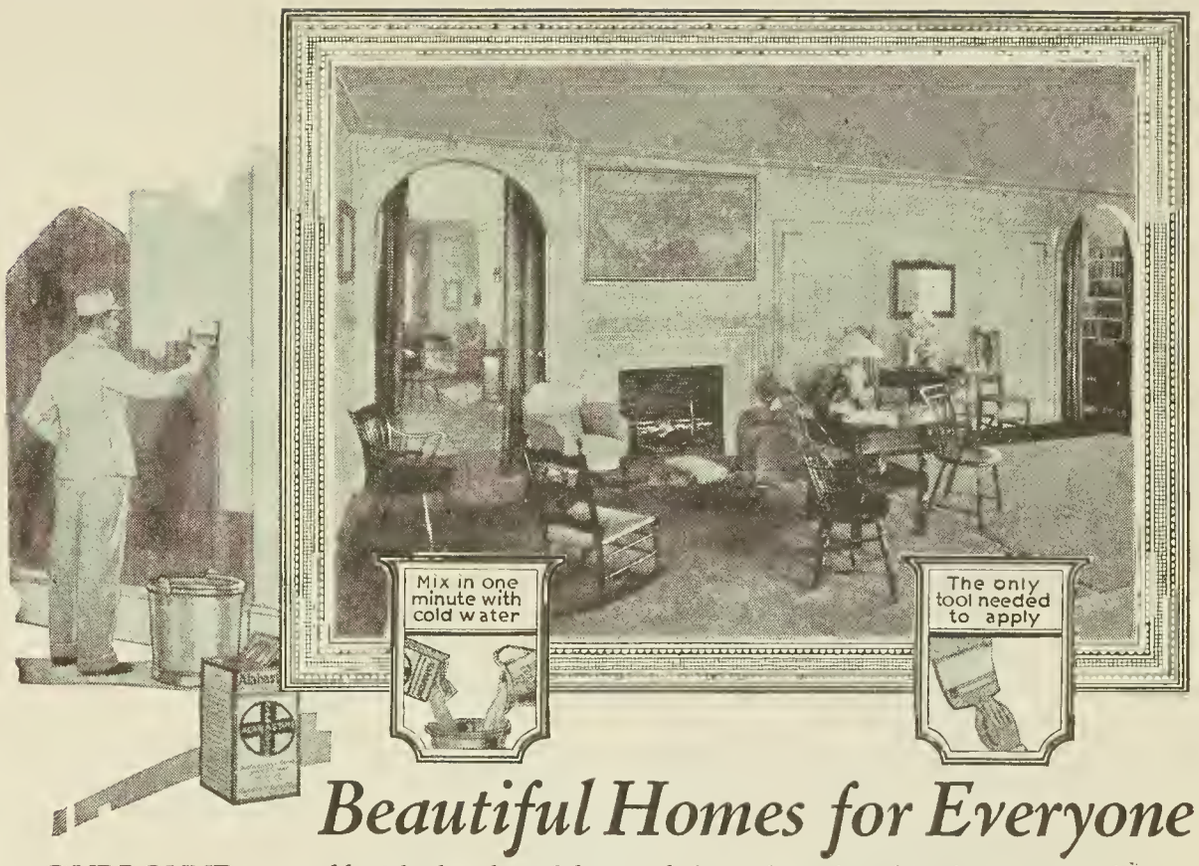
First: A sore throat with pain in the limbs.

Second: Vague pains with occasional fever, often called "growing pains."

Third: St. Vitus's dance or chorea.

NERVOUSNESS of a type which causes a child to drop everything and change in disposition may also be a warning of approaching trouble. Children with commencing heart disease are gravely injured by anything which strains the heart. Although when rheumatism attacks the heart there is no known way of preventing scars forming and damaging the valves, there is much that may be done to minimize the evil and strengthen the heart.

The throat, the tonsils and the teeth require attention and great care must also be exercised to see that these children are prepared for vocations that do not defeat the purpose of remedial treatment. This means, of course, occupations that will prevent acute attacks of heart overstrain, since these are not only distressing and dangerous, but often lead to permanent invalidism.



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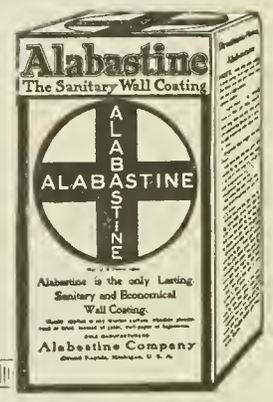
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Concluded from page 63

THE GOOD MAGICIAN OF MODERN HOMES

every feeding-time. You will be especially thankful for this convenience if baby must be fed at night.

If you have no hot running water, an inexpensive and very convenient little piece of equipment for the bathroom is an immersion heater. You simply put this into a cup or pitcher of water and turn on the switch. It will boil a quart of water in about five minutes. This heats very quickly enough water for shaving or washing. It is not powerful enough, however, to heat a whole tub of water.

The first more expensive equipment that many women buy is a vacuum cleaner. This saves your back as well as your time, for it eliminates the heavy labor of sweeping with a broom. It cleans more thoroughly and efficiently than a broom, too, for it does not scatter dust into the air, but sucks up all the dust over which it passes. Various attachments may be had to clean carpets, upholstered chairs and draperies. In buying a vacuum cleaner, bear in mind that if you or any woman is to do your cleaning, you should get a light cleaner. You can get one which is very easy to handle. These machines come at various prices. The current used is trifling—it is reckoned at less than a cent an hour.

THE feminine spine owes more, perhaps, to the electric washing-machine than to any other modern convenience. It is taking the backache out of wash-day for hundreds of thousands of women. In this last year alone one single manufacturer told the writer that five hundred thousand washing-machines were sold by him. And there are dozens of other types of washing-machines in wide and successful use. The electric washer will do an average family wash in two hours at a cost per hour of about one and one-third cent. The washing-machine is actually less hard on the clothes than rubbing them on a washboard.

When you are planning to get a washing-machine, be sure to consider carefully the question of filling and emptying it. Stationary faucets and drain connections with a washer greatly increase its usefulness. Or get a small hose which will screw on to a faucet for filling and which can be used like a siphon to draw off the water. The washing-machine is filled and emptied with this.

If you can plan your kitchen or laundry as you like, it is well to have at least one stationary wash-tub with faucets near where the washing-machine is to stand. The tub will be needed for bluing and starching.

WHILE small kitchens are recognized as step-savers, yet if there is no separate laundry, space should be set aside for the washing-machine in the planning of the kitchen. Many people find after they have moved into the new home that while they always intended to have a washing-machine, they now have no place to keep it. Disappointments like this can be readily guarded against by a little more foresight.

An electric ironer, which operates with rollers like a large, heavy clothes-wringer, will iron all flat pieces for you. You can even put shirts and underwear through it by folding them carefully and then ironing by hand the trimmings and the more complicated parts. This costs only a few cents an hour to operate.

An electric dish-washer is a big time-saver in a large family. The dishes are scraped, stacked in the washer and automatically washed in hot soapy water. The water is then emptied and the dishes rinsed in clear hot water and left to dry. If the water is hot, the dishes look as well as if they had been washed and dried by hand. Many families of two stack the dishes in the washer after each meal but wash them all at the same time once a day. If used in this way, a dish-washer may be as great a convenience to the small family as it is to the large.

Coffee-grinding, dough-mixing, egg-beating, cream-whipping and other erstwhile arm-wearying tasks are in the modern house relieved by an electric-power unit attachable to almost any kitchen utensil.

Every one is familiar with the electric fan. The cost of running it is at the rate of three hours for a cent's worth of electricity. It is a joy-bringer on sultry days.



"Take a tip from Winthrop Wise
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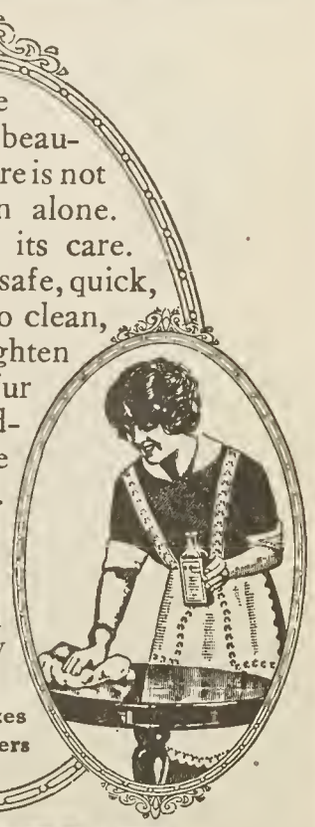
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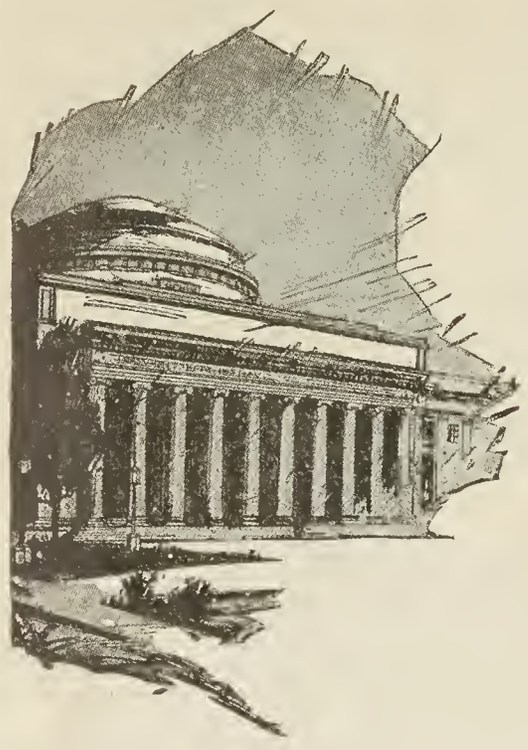
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BEAUTY

The Best Face Foremost in any phase of life is good feminine philosophy. Any woman can improve her complexion with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer special questions and will send folders prepared by experts on the care of the hair, skin and hands, posture, exercises, lotions and cosmetics. Tell us what subjects interest you most.

BABIES

The Prize Baby is the healthiest. Don't take any chances in failing to give your child the benefits of scientific and expert care. No matter where you live, THE DELINEATOR Infant Hygiene Department can bring that care into your home. Write for a list of leaflets which cover all the ills and potential danger-marks of infancy and childhood.

HOUSEKEEPING

The Home Economics Department has prepared, under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, a list of leaflets which will lighten the housewife's burden and make scientific home-making an easy art. These leaflets range from milk recipes to the technique of laying the table. Mention the subject in which you are interested or write for a list.

CHILDREN

The Story Hour is a pretty important time in childhood. Do you know what books to read to your children? The Children's Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in the parental job of forming good reading habits. Write in to the Children's Department, too, for a Page of Prayers for children to learn.

Measure Your Child as he grows and you will be able to keep up with his growth. Doctor Baldwin's articles on "The Normal Child" have brought us numerous requests for his list of intelligence tests, whereby parents and teachers may measure the mental and physical growth of the child. A list will be sent to you on request.

MUSIC

Nothing But Jazz. It is your fault if that phrase describes the music in your home. First impressions are the beginning of taste. You may live far from concert-halls or opera, you may not have a piano, but you can do a great deal to familiarize your children with the best in music if you select the right records. Let our Music Editor help you. Write him your individual questions, and send for lists of specially selected records.

ETIQUETTE

Are You Uncertain about the ways of the social world? Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will send you a number of useful leaflets on manners and form, covering every social quandary. "Weddings," "Calls and the Use of Cards," "Letter-Writing," "Etiquette at the Table" are some of the titles. She will answer any puzzled inquirer.

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Your Home Betrays You. Its appearance, its furnishings, the taste and care your rooms reveal, reflect your own personality as a home-maker. Ugly and depressing rooms no longer are necessary, because they can be transformed with little ingenuity and less money. Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Director of THE DELINEATOR'S Interior Decoration Department, will gladly answer your problems and help you with your redecorations if you will write her.

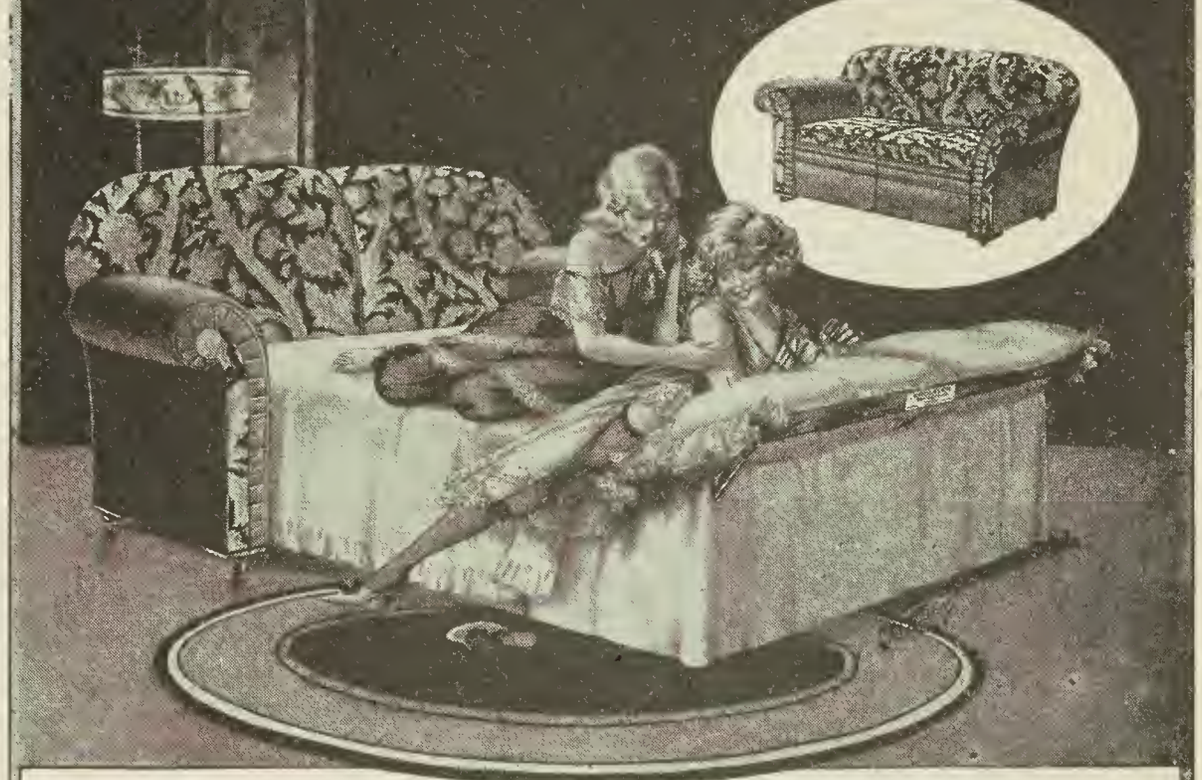
ENTERTAINMENT

Do You Hesitate to give a party because you don't know what to do with the guests? The Entertainment Department offers suggestions for dinners, dances, parties and entertainments. It will be glad to give more information, if you write the average age of the guests, the type of party and the amount of money you wish to spend.

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AND SPECIFY "ALL-HEART"

The Cypress "Pergola-Garage"

Why should a garage be homely? This one isn't. (Is it?)

The man in front is the owner. He looks well satisfied with the fact that he has enhanced the beauty of his grounds at the same time that he has protected his car.

The picture shows how *your* garage may look if you will allow us to send you, with our compliments, and with no obligation at all, the

Complete Working Drawings (on sheet 24 x 36 in.)

including full specifications—enough for any good carpenter to build from. Perhaps you enjoy such work yourself. If so, you can't go wrong.

It might even be possible to remodel your present garage on these lines. If you do so, of course you will know what kind of lumber to buy. "If you build of Cypress you build but once." You know "the Wood Eternal" is the champion pergola lumber — does not tend to shrink, swell or warp like so many woods — takes paint and stain beautifully, but *does not need either*, except for looks — lasts and lasts and lasts and lasts without them. (See U. S. Gov't. Rept., reprinted in full in Vol. 1, Cypress Pocket Library. Just mention that you'd like this book, also.)

This Pergola-Garage is AN ADDED SUPPLEMENT

to the 13th big reprint of VOLUME 28 of that home-lovers' guide, counselor and impartial friend, the famous Cypress Pocket Library. It is FREE. Will you write?

When planning a Pergola, Mansion, Bungalow, pasture-fence or sleeping porch, remember—*"With CYPRESS you BUILD BUT ONCE"*

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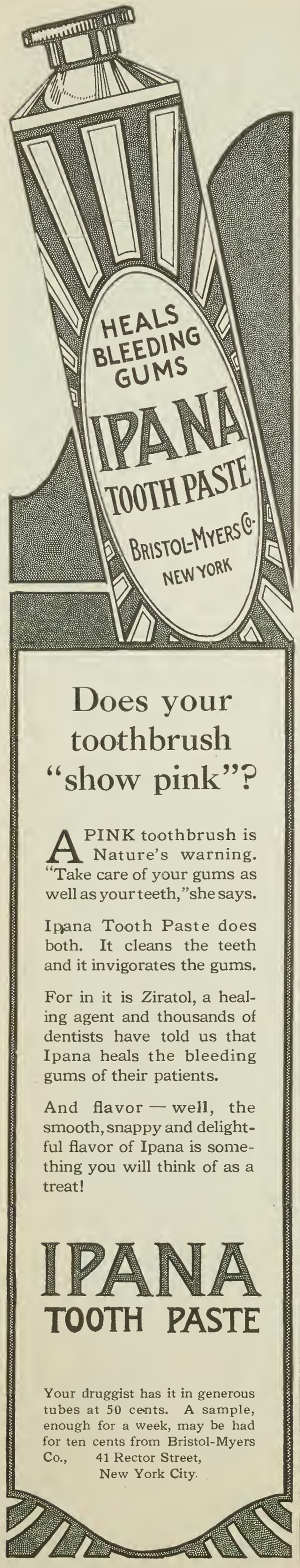
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Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

A PINK toothbrush is Nature's warning. "Take care of your gums as well as your teeth," she says.

Ipana Tooth Paste does both. It cleans the teeth and it invigorates the gums.

For in it is Ziratol, a healing agent and thousands of dentists have told us that Ipana heals the bleeding gums of their patients.

And flavor — well, the smooth, snappy and delightful flavor of Ipana is something you will think of as a treat!

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Your druggist has it in generous tubes at 50 cents. A sample, enough for a week, may be had for ten cents from Bristol-Myers Co., 41 Rector Street, New York City.

Other views are shown on figures on page 31

3707—Gingham and organdy express the season in all its freshness in a slip-over frock with a straight skirt joined to the long body with a heading. Use dimity with organdy, or a body of cotton crêpe with collar, cuffs and skirt of cotton prints, or chambray with gingham, or satin with black taffeta. Sports silks, silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine can be used in two colors or make the entire dress of crêpe jersey, wool jersey, wool crêpe, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin or charmeuse.

16 years requires 3 yards of 32-inch gingham, ⅝ yard 44-inch organdy for collar, cuffs, bands and binding of heading, and 3 yards of ribbon. Lower edge 58½ inches.

This dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

3693—10947—Scallops are substituted for hems on many new frocks. This one has a straight skirt and tunic, scalloped attractively and adhering to the low waistline. The long body lining may have a camisole top. Embroidered flowers are used on the tunic. These may be worked in satin-stitch or outline. Taffeta, foulard, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe and Georgette are especially suitable materials. Lower edge 54 inches.

17 years requires 4½ yards 36-inch taffeta, with 1⅜ yard of 36-inch material for upper part of skirt at back under tunic and lining over shoulders, ¼ yard of 30-inch organdy and ½ yard lace insertion for vestee.

This dress is suitable for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

3671—3422—A two-piece dress of this type is smart and practical. The belt at the hips of the slip-over blouse is shirred on elastics or plain, the collar and cuffs are attached or detachable, and pockets are set in. The straight skirt, plaited or gathered, is attached to a belt. The stitched bias brim of the hat rolls becomingly in any way.

16 years requires 3¼ yards of 54-inch wool jersey and ¼ yard 36-inch kid for collar and cuffs. 21¾-inch head measure requires ¾ yard 36 or 40 inch silk for hat, and ⅛ yard 36-inch contrasting leather for binding hat and trimming dress. Lower edge 2¾ yards.

This dress is adapted to misses 15 to 20 years; also small women. The hat is for misses, ladies, girls and children.

3703—3665—This gingham frock and fabric hat are as youthful as the wearer. The slip-over dress closes at the left side front. The collar and cuffs are straight, also the skirt attached at low waistline with an elastic through a casing. Use gingham, dimity, cotton prints, taffeta or crêpe de Chine for the frock and ribbon, satin, taffeta, faille or moire silk for hat.

17 years requires 3½ yards 32-inch striped gingham, and ⅝ yard 44-inch organdy for collar, cuffs, vestee, pocket tops and plaitings. 21¼-inch head measure requires ⅝ yard 36-inch taffeta for hat and flowers. Lower edge of dress 1¾ yard.

The dress is pretty for misses of 16 to 20 years. It is also a smart style for small women. The hat is becoming to ladies and misses.

3676—3596—The young girl will surely choose this one-piece slip-over dress with a drop shoulder. The separate shoulder cape is new. The blouse body lining may be omitted. The four-gored hat is smart in tweed, corduroy, etc. Use camel's-hair suiting, éponge, homespun, tweed, wool jersey, etc., or make a dress of checks or stripes with plain cape. Lower edge of dress 49 inches.

34 bust or 17 to 18 years requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch wool jersey, ⅜ yard 54-inch contrasting color for bindings and ¼ yard 36-inch linen for collar. 21¾-inch head measure requires ⅜ yard 54-inch duvetyn for hat.

This dress is for misses 32 to 34 inches bust, and also for ladies. The hat is for misses, ladies, girls and children.

3671—10951—The low waistline of this fashion is emphasized by a slip-over blouse belted at the hips. This belt is attractively embroidered. The design is worked in one-stitch. The dress is described elsewhere on this page. Use wool jersey, trimmed with white leather, kid or light-weight oilcloth, bound with jersey and interlaced with colored leather. Silk crêpes with crêpe de Chine and linen collars and cuffs may be trimmed in this way. Use gingham with collar and cuffs of linen, piqué or organdy.

16 years requires 3⅛ yards of 36-inch linen for dress and ¼ yard 36-inch contrasting linen. Lower edge 62½ inches.

This dress is suitable for misses 15 to 20 years, and also for small women.

3689—Fashion makes her flowers of fabric and places them as a corsage trimming on this frock of delightful simplicity. The straight skirt and panels are scalloped and joined to the body lining at low waistline. The short sleeves or, if one prefers, longer ones are sewed into the lining. Taffeta, gros de Londres, moire, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor and crêpe satin, alone, or with sleeves and panels of Georgette are suitable.

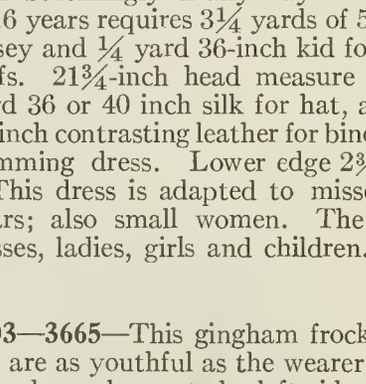
17 years requires 3½ yards of 36-inch taffeta for the dress. Lower edge is 50 inches wide.

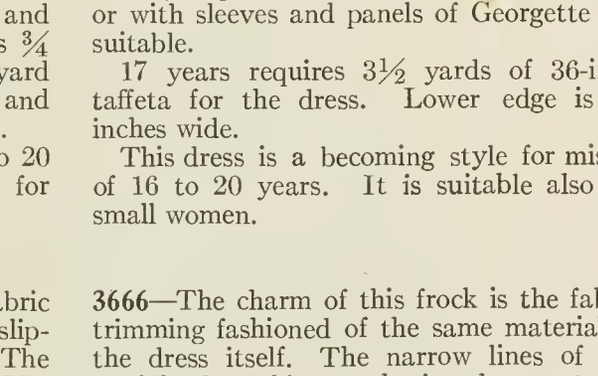
This dress is a becoming style for misses of 16 to 20 years. It is suitable also for small women.

3666—The charm of this frock is the fabric trimming fashioned of the same material as the dress itself. The narrow lines of the straight drop-skirt emphasize the attractive fulness of the straight tunic. Both are attached to the body lining at a low waistline and the sleeves are sewed into the lining. The basque effect of the jumper is becoming with an ornament at either side of the front. Taffeta, gros de Londres, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor and crêpe satin are appropriate materials used alone or in combination with Georgette for the sleeves and tunic.

17 years requires 3½ yards of 36-inch silk. Lower edge measures 49 inches.

This attractive dress is suitable for misses 16 to 20 years. It is also a good style for small women.


3693


3676

3689


3671


3703


3707


3666

Fashionette
Invisible HAIR NETS



The
SOUTHAMPTON

Sub-debs, debutantes and the "young married set" find this coiffure highly intriguing. It's easy to arrange with a Fashionette even if your hair is in the terrifying stage of "just growing out."



The
SANTA BARBARA

There is a hint of maturity about the Santa Barbara—an alluring sophistication that suggests the fascinating "woman of thirty" with luxuriant hair, perfectly waved and kept in place with a Fashionette.



The
ASHEVILLE

Mountains or seashore are equally friendly to the smart simplicity of this style. It is ideal for all sports wear and very fashionable this season for indoor wear as well. A Fashionette will prevent even a suspicion of straggliness.

The New Hair Fashions

INTERESTING hair styles are now smarter than bobbed locks, and "Society Coiffures" tells you just how to achieve them.

They're really very easy with the aid of a Fashionette—the Hair Net that is invisible, properly sized, super-strong, and perfectly shaded to match your hair.

Fashionettes in the usual shades and shapes are 15c each, 2 for 25c—single or double mesh—at department stores, specialty shops, and good drug stores everywhere.

Additional booklets may be secured by sending us the inserts found in the Fashionette envelopes.

Colonial Quality
Samstag's New York
1200 Broadway





O dear! I haven't enough elastic"

HOW often have you discovered when sewing that you have a "short end" of elastic—not enough to finish the work? What a bother and disappointment, to say nothing of the needless waste!

Next time buy a twelve-yard REEL of *Reelastic* and have enough. Each reel comes to you in a neat dust-proof container. No waste. No spoilage. No bother. And what's more—*Reelastic* is dependable quality always. Any width you need, in black or white.

Insist on getting *Reelastic*. Ask for it *by name*. Made in many grades. Sold everywhere.

Write for your FREE copy of our valuable little brochure *"250 Home Uses for Reelastic."*

You'll be delighted with the helpful information it carries.

ADDRESS

THE AMERICAN MILLS CO.
OF NEW YORK
438 BROADWAY :: NEW YORK CITY

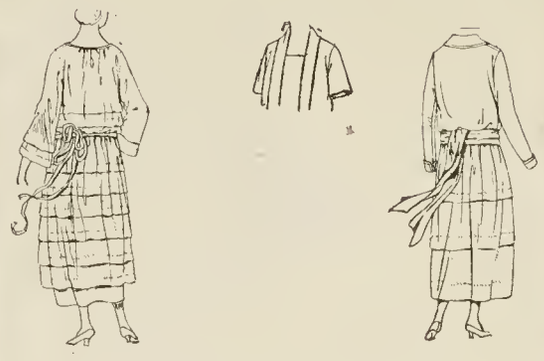
Makers also of Silk and Silk-Finish HAMDEN Hat Elastics, Round Cords, Vienna Oval and Flat Braids

Reelastic
TRADE MARK REG U.S PAT OFF



and when you need belting—be sure to get "Sta-Up Curvedge"
NON-ELASTIC
fitted with nonrust stay supports
12 yd. Rolls
four widths
Made on a Curve

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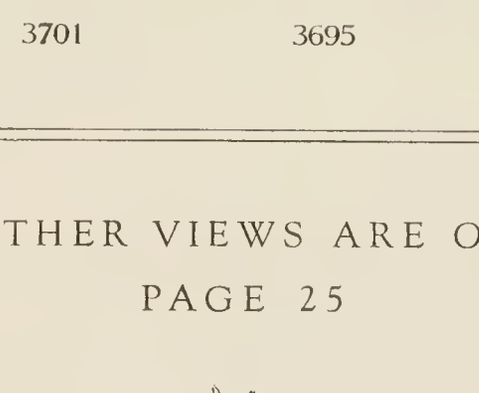


3699 3705 3701 3695

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 25



3674



3481



3685 3520 3709 3681 3673 3649



The hat shown, a beautiful milan, trimmed with silk ribbon, $3.50 (comes in various colors).

Charming Hats for Girls— of all ages



Priscilla Dean Hat

This label, in gold, is on the purple silk lining of every Priscilla Dean Hat. It is your assurance of superior quality at moderate price.

Priscilla Dean Hats for Girls

SMART styles, alluring colors, exquisite workmanship feature the distinctive Spring display of *Priscilla Dean Hats for Girls.* And yet, with all their exceptional quality, they cost no more than ordinary hats. Every hat is a beauty, every price a delightful surprise. And the range of head sizes is complete for all ages—for the little lady of six to the miss of eighteen. Look for the *Priscilla Dean Hat* label in the hat you buy—the gold label on the rich purple lining—*you will be glad you did.*

Be sure to see the superb Spring display at the store that sells *Priscilla Dean Hats for Girls.* Advertisements in your local newspaper will tell you which store it is; we'll tell you when you write for our Style booklet.

WRITE for this attractive Style Book, *"Hats for Girls"*—sent free upon request! And with it we will send you the second of the charming series of "Stories for Little Ladies."



BAER BROS. MFG. CO., 904-910 W. Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois



Promptly Ban the First Gray Hair

The woman who has never been known as "gray-haired" will never be called "a woman of uncertain age."

She promptly bans the first gray hair with "Brownatone," the modern hair tint. She keeps her youthful appearance by forestalling the signs of age.

BROWNATONE

This popular preparation quickly tints gray, streaked, faded or bleached hair any shade of brown or black.

"Brownatone" is guaranteed harmless to the hair, scalp or skin. Easily applied at home—brushed and combed in. Odorless and greaseless, will not rub off or wash out. Sold at drug and toilet counters, 50c and $1.50. Two colors, "Golden to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black." Sample trial bottle sent by mail anywhere for 10c.

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
795 Coppin Building Covington, Ky.



Holeproof Hosiery

COLES PHILLIPS

HOLEPROOF is the hosiery of lustrous beauty and fine texture that wears so well. It is not surprising, therefore, that it is selected by many people who can afford to pay far more for their hose, but who prefer the Holeproof combination of style and serviceability at such reasonable prices.

Obtainable in Pure Silk, Silk Faced, and Lusterized Lisle

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Ont.

©H. H. Co.



The second season for your favorite hat

A becoming straw hat is a treasure to be saved. If it has faded, Colorite Hat Finish will make it look like new. Or it can be changed to almost any color you wish, for Colorite is made in sixteen colors.

So look over your straws of other seasons, and let Colorite renew their youth. It is easy to apply, waterproof and durable.

Colorite is for sale at all drug stores, also in department and dry goods stores, for 25 cents (in Canada 30 cents). Rather than accept a substitute, send us the price for the shade you want.

You can also get Colorite Fabric Dyes (in convenient tablets) for the easy dyeing or tinting of cotton, wool, silk and mixed goods. One dye does all.



16 COLORS

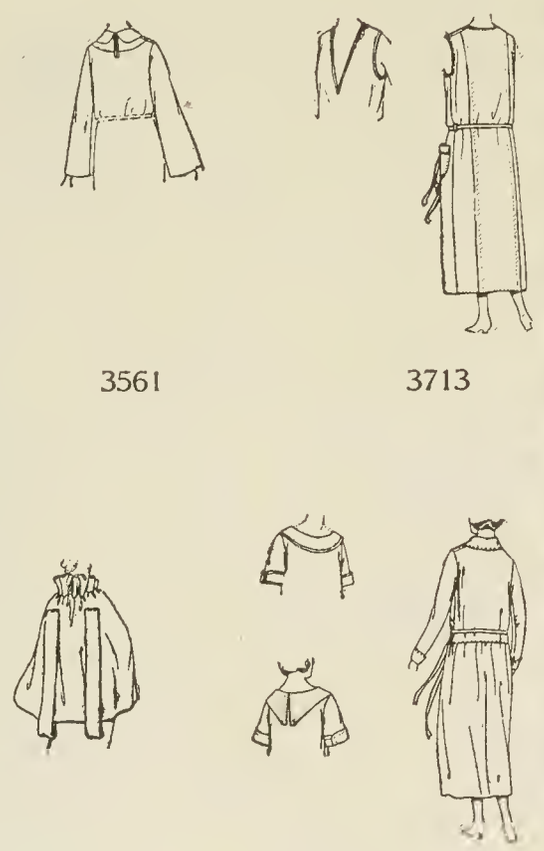
Jet Black (Gloss)
Dull Black
Cardinal Red
Yellow
Navy Blue
Cadet Blue
Victory Blue
Sage Green
Lavender
Old Rose
Cerise
Burnt Straw
Brown
Violet
Gray
Natural

CARPENTER-MORTON COMPANY

Dept. 15 77 Sudbury Street, Boston

Colorite HAT FINISH

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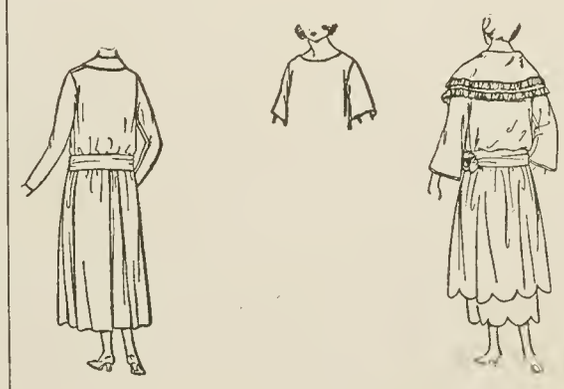


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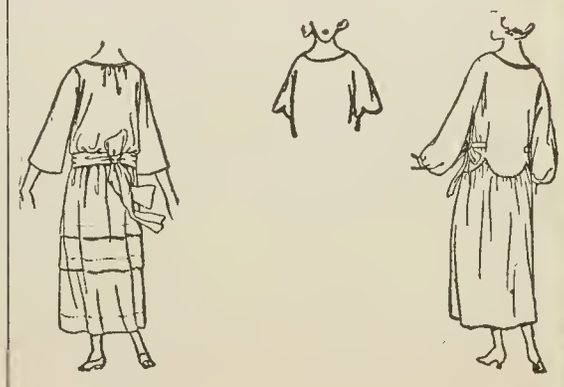
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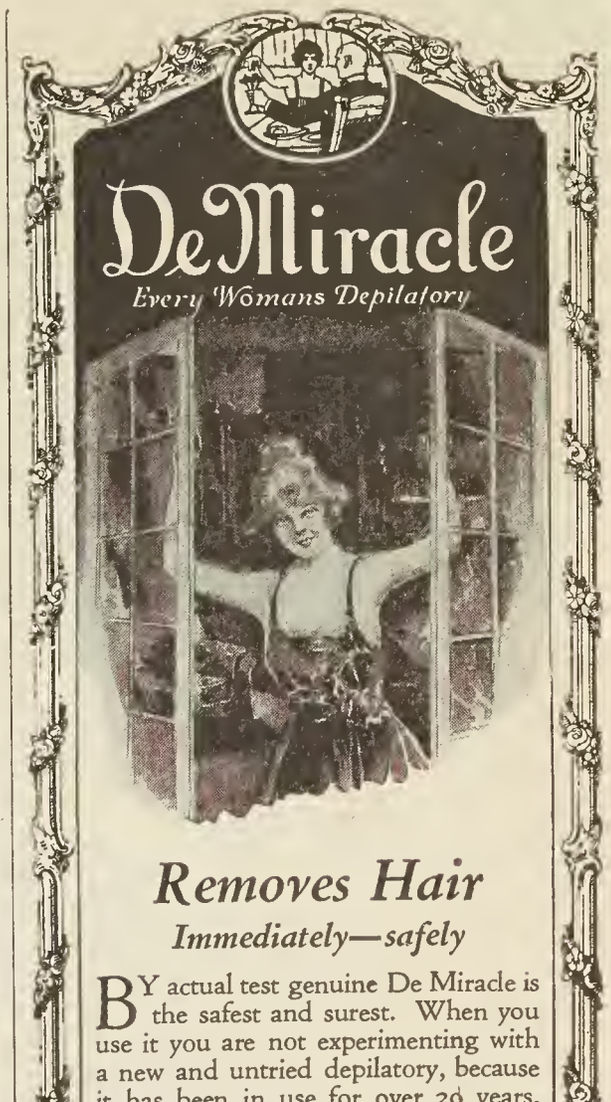
OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 27



3711 3697



3718 3724



Removes Hair

Immediately—safely

BY actual test genuine De Miracle is the safest and surest. When you use it you are not experimenting with a new and untried depilatory, because it has been in use for over 20 years, and is the only depilatory that has ever been endorsed by Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, Medical Journals and Prominent Magazines.

De Miracle is the most cleanly, because there is no mussy mixture to apply or wash off. You simply wet the hair with this nice De Miracle sanitary liquid and it is gone. De Miracle alone devitalizes hair, which is the only common-sense way to remove it from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs.

Three Sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00

At all toilet counters, or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price.

De Miracle

Dept. I-26, Park Ave. and 129th St.
New York

Dye any Garment or Drapery with "Diamond Dyes"

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint faded, shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, hangings, draperies, everything like new. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed, even if you have never dyed before. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, fade, or run.

Wells & Richardson Co., Burlington, Vt.





You Needn't Have Gray Hair At Any Age

The smart hat you choose won't make you seem any younger if your hair is gray, which it needn't be. Science has perfected a safe, sure and easy way to stop graying hair and bring back and keep the natural color. This you can learn for yourself by accepting our free offer.

You take no risk, for the test is made on a single lock and results tell their own story. When you see how even and beautiful is the restored color and how easily accomplished, you will start at once to restore and beautify all your hair.

A clear, colorless liquid

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear colorless liquid, clean and clear as water. Applied by combing—no skill or outside aid required.

No danger of the streaking or discoloration, which is worse than gray hair. There is nothing to wash or rub off—no interference with shampooing.

Beware of experiments

If you try to restore your hair with some unknown product and it doesn't turn out well there is nothing to do. The streaked, discolored hair which is so mortifying will have to grow out again and this is a slow process.

You take no risk when you use Mary T. Goldman's, which is a tested laboratory product, every bottle efficient and reliable, results always the same. Remember this when you are urged to try something just as good.

Mail the coupon

Don't accept any statement on faith, but judge for yourself by results. Fill out the coupon carefully, and if possible enclose a lock of hair in your letter. Send no money—this test offer is absolutely free.

When you have judged by this test, get a full-sized bottle from your druggist, or direct from us.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
1304 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is black..... jet black..... dark brown..... medium brown.... light brown, light auburn or blond.....

Name.....

Address .....

Please print your name and address plainly



F-A QUALITY BIAS FOLD TAPE

Perfect from end to end. Every inch usable. Not a flaw in material or folding. Cut on perfect bias. Economical in every way. Insist on it at your store.

If not at your dealer's, 6 yd. pkg. Extra Fine Lawn No. 4 (7/16 in.), White, Black or standard colors, mailed for 15c.

Friedberger-Aaron Mfg. Co., Phila.

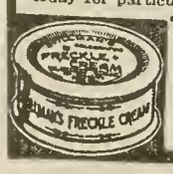
Freckles

are "as a cloud before the sun," hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use

STILLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM

Made especially to remove freckles. Leaves the skin clear, smooth and without a blemish. Prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 50c per jar. Write today for particulars and free booklet—





"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?"
Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilette. *Sold by all druggists*

STILLMAN CREAM CO.
Dept. D Aurora, Ill.

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGE 32

3659—10890—Scalloped flounces and flying sashes will win any little girl's heart and this frock possesses both. It is a slip-over dress with loose front and back panels. The underbody is in kimono style and the flounces are straight with scalloped or plain edges. A fruit motif adds a bright touch. This may be worked in satin-stitch or outline. Taffeta, organdy, swiss, batiste and cotton voile are especially suitable materials.

11 years requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch embroidered batiste and ¾ yard of 40 or 44 inch plain batiste for sleeves (cut crosswise).

This is a pretty dress for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

3667—3332—10610—The small follower of fashion wears a smart little coat with a round yoke. An attractive smocking design may be used. The hat has a circular brim. Use crêpe de Chine, taffeta and faille silk for the coat, and faille silk or taffeta for the hat.

4 years requires 1⅞ yard of 36-inch taffeta for coat and ¼ yard of 40-inch Georgette for veiling collar and cuffs. 19¾ inches head measure in the hat requires ⅜ yard of 36-inch taffeta, and ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting color for facing.

The coat is good for little girls 1 to 10 years. The hat is nice for girls and little girls 2 to 12 years.

3712—The is a sturdy suit for a small boy but if made of silk it is suitable for Sunday wear. The straight trousers are buttoned to the waist with a separate vest. The long collar is new. Use silk and cotton jersey, wool jersey and gabardine in two colors, or a color with white, or madras for waist with silk poplin or Shantung for trousers, or cotton poplin with serge, or a pongee waist with silk poplin trousers.

5 years requires 1¼ yard of 36-inch linen for waist, and 1⅛ yard of 36-inch linen of contrasting color for trousers.

The suit is a very good style for little boys of 2 to 6 years.

3688—A practical frock for the last days of school is described above on this page. Use gingham with collar and cuffs of linen, piqué or organdy. Make dress with plain belt of serge with linen or crêpe de Chine collar, etc., trimmed with blanket or running stitches. Non-crushable linen, linen-finished or plain cotton with linen collar, bound with dress fabric etc., are suitable for style with plain belt and gathered skirt.

10 years requires 2¼ yards of 32-inch gingham for dress, and ½ yard of 36-inch linen for collar, cuffs and pipings.

The dress is suitable for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

3714—These days bloomers are the sensible substitute for petticoats for wee girls' play clothes. This dress and bloomers in one will be welcomed by mother as well as little daughter herself. Use pin-check gingham, chambray, dimity, heavy cotton crêpe, seersucker, madras, plain cottons, cotton poplin and cotton gabardine, or black sateen trimmed with colored sateen or unbleached muslin trimmed with a bright color

3 years requires 1⅝ yard of 32 or 36 inch cretonne and ¼ yard of 36-inch plain cotton for collar and cuffs with contrasting pipings.

The bloomer dress is becoming to little girls of 1 to 5 years.

3654—3656—The younger girl favors a cape and dress costume this season. The cape is straight with a round yoke. The slip-over dress has a straight skirt joined to the long body. Silk crêpes are suitable and two colors are especially effective. Check materials with plain are also smart. Lower edge of cape in either length about 51 inches.

12 years requires 3½ yards of 36-inch silk for cape and skirt and straps of dress, and 2⅝ yards of 36-inch silk of lighter contrast for body of dress and cape lining.

The cape is becoming for juniors and girls 2 to 14 years. The dress is good for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

3688—The blouse with set-in pockets and a belt at the hips shirred on elastics is new and smart. Plaited skirts are always popular especially with younger girls. This two-piece dress slips on over the head. The cuffs may be detachable. The straight skirt is plaited or gathered. Use wool jersey for the dress with collar and cuffs of white leather, kid or light-weight oilcloth bound with dress material and interlaced with colored leather.

12 years requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch wool jersey for the dress and ¼ yard of 36-inch leather for collar and cuffs.

This dress is smart for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

3664—10954—Little girls' frocks are surely made of "everything nice." The softest fabrics, either silk or cotton, are selected and trimmed with embroidery. This frock is a one-piece fashion of the slip-over type with a straight lower edge. It is embroidered in a cross-stitch design. This may be worked in a combination of cross-stitch and beading. Taffeta, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, pongee, China silk, Georgette, cotton voile, cotton crêpe and batiste are particularly suitable materials.

8 years requires 1⅝ yard of 36-inch cotton voile for the dress with pipings of silk.

The dress is pretty for girls 2 to 14 years.

3682—3727—10934—Modern "sun bonnet babies" wear rompers to match their bonnets. A flower-pot blossoms in pocket form. It is worked in appliqué. The rompers may be opened or closed at the bottom. Make the rompers of gingham, chambray, dimity, seersucker, heavy cotton crêpe and madras. For the bonnet use chambray, pin-check gingham, chintz and nursery cloth.

3 years requires 1⅞ yard of 32-inch chambray for rompers and bonnet, trimmed with ⅝ yard of 32-inch contrasting color.

The rompers are for the child of 1 to 5 years. The sunbonnet is suitable for children, girls, misses and ladies.

3717—3422—This smart costume has a slip-over, one-piece dress in raglan style with a separate shoulder cape. The hat has a stitched bias brim that rolls becomingly. Use wool jersey, homespun, éponge, tweed, camel's-hair suiting, flannel, serge and tricotine for dress and duvetyn, tweeds, taffeta, or faille silk for hat.

10 years requires 2 yards of 54-inch wool jersey for dress, and ¼ yard of 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs. The hat in 21-inch head measure requires ⅝ yard of 54-inch velours.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 6 to 15 years. The hat is attractive for girls, children, misses and ladies.





Sports wear or dressy wear

FOR the tailored blouse, for the soft silk hat—or for the afternoon frock, the most attractive and serviceable material is Skinner's All-Silk Satin.

Charming effects can be secured—with over 100 different shades to choose from—and practically every good store sells

Skinner's
All-Silk Satin

If you do not find just the shade you wish, the store can order it for you, in any quantity you specify.

For underthings, negligees and many other purposes, the greater wearing quality of Skinner's means greater *satisfaction.* Repeated washing will not mar its lustre.

To be sure of getting Skinner quality, ask for Skinner's when you buy and *"Look for the Name in the Selvage."*

For shadow-proof petticoats, to wear beneath light-weight frocks, Skinner's Cotton Back Satin, in white and colors, is the ideal fabric—durable and washable.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS
Established 1848
New York City

Chicago
Boston
Philadelphia

Mills:
Holyoke, Mass.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

What in Sam Hill?

The mere man who holds forth on the whole duty of woman in the column at the extreme right of this page has a rival, it appears, in the advertising of Jacoby Brothers, proprietors of a Los Angeles department store. One column in their full-page newspaper advertisements is headed, "What a Man Thinks About Femininities" and is signed by Billy Socrates. Billy's visit to the pattern department is described in one of his Sunday morning talks which we reproduce here in full:

"It has always fascinated me to see the women throng around the pattern counter. 'Do they really think they can sew?' I've said to myself.

"And then one day I slipped and said it out loud, and oh! the lecture I got from the wizard who knows just where to put her hand on no less than 2,643,267 envelopes that hold puzzles that would stump the man who invented Chinese puzzles.

"Or rather that's what I used to think of paper patterns until the aforesaid brunette took me in tow.

"She talked to me in Greek, I first thought—and then I discovered it was pattern dialect, and then all at once I began to understand a word or two.

"And then when I had heard the word Deltor for the forty-seventh time, I said: 'What in Sam Hill is the Deltor?'

"And she showed me!

"And it fairly took my breath away—the simplest sort of a plan for you to use in laying out your garments—and to think it took so many thousands of years for such a simple idea to sprout.

"And this Deltor doesn't merely tell you how to lay out a garment to best advantage, and so that you can save yardage and money, but it shows you just how the French designers cut the original patterns—and if their sleeves were on the bias (you see I now talk the language), why yours will be on the bias, too.

"And then right in the midst of my 'lesson' there tripped up to the counter a chic little lady—and what do you think? She had on the very frock over which Madame Butterick and I had been poring.

"And I forgot my manners and asked her if she made it—and she said 'yes'—I mean she said yes she made the dress and that it was the first thing she'd ever made—and didn't I think it was lovely?

"And I did.

"And it really was.

"I know now why women buy so many patterns and why so many women are so beautifully and so individually dressed.

"If I had to, I'll wager I could make a dress, if I had a Deltor—and I didn't know the needle had an eye until to-day.

"Sew long! BILLY SOCRATES."

Our Distinguished Readers

Some alert reporter on the Portland, Oregon, *Morning Oregonian* is responsible for the following little story, clipped from the news columns of that paper:

"Have you an October DELINEATOR?"

The inquiry came from a man of medium height muffled to the throat in a dripping raincoat. The clerk in the news-stand said he might be able to get one. It was the day of Marshal Foch's visit to Portland.

"I wish you would. I was telling Marshal Foch of an article in it when we were out riding this morning and promised to show it to him when we dine to-night. Can you get it for me by then?"

The clerk, with rough-and-ready cigar-store wit, was about to hand in sarcastic comment on his customer's familiarity with the famous French leader when a man hurried in with outstretched hand:

"How are you, Governor?"

And the man with the dripping coat turned to the clerk:

"When you find that magazine send it to the Multnomah Hotel. My name is Olcott."

For Eastern readers we must identify the inquirer as the Honorable Ben W. Olcott, Governor of Oregon, and on behalf of the news-stand clerk we must explain that the November DELINEATOR was the issue on sale at the time.

From Wildest America

The sheep country that forms the background of Miss Marjorie L. C. Pickthall's story, "Faith," is a Canadian setting that she has known since childhood, when her family moved there from England. Beyond admitting that she is fond of wandering, Masefield's books, bull-terriers and caramel ice-cream, Miss Pickthall is modest about her own attainments and seeks to divert our attention from personal items by her enthusiasm for British Columbia. The way she describes it, life there sounds as interesting as her own fiction stories. "The native life," she writes, "is fast disappearing, and the head-dress of walrus bristles and beaten silver is giving place to the second-hand Stetson, and the fifty-foot carved and painted dugout canoe to the gasoline launch. This coast is as thoroughly 'wild pioneering' country as you could find on the continent. Its sole link, in many parts, with the outside world is a small steamer that calls three times a month. There are no roads. I took a nine-days' trip in this steamer, calling at every settlement on the way up and collecting Indians for the salmon canneries on Rivers Inlet. Then I stayed a month in a log cabin near an Indian village. There was not even a wharf here; you were dropped out of the steamer's cargo-gate on the end of a rope ladder, and men snatched you off the end and laid you in a dugout. We lived on strawberries and salmon, which was selling at one cent a pound. Behind us was virgin forest of cedar and Douglas fir, and in front of us the endless thunder of the Pacific. I do not think I ever saw or imagined any place so somberly and wildly beautiful; some of Lord Dunsany's gods ought to live in a place like this, and go walking in the cool of the evening when the phosphorescence is flashing like sheet-lightning along the sands as the rollers come roaring in."

The Care of the Hands

In the May, 1921, issue of THE DELINEATOR we published an article by Betty Shannon, called "Beautiful Hands," a very thorough treatise such as many readers would like to keep for reference. An illustrated reprint in booklet form is now issued by the Lustrite Corporation, 46-48 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York, who will send it gratis to any DELINEATOR reader.

An Incorrigible Golfer

The author of "The White-Collar Man" in this issue took his pen-name, Holworthy Hall, from a Harvard dormitory. In private life he is Harold E. Porter, and in telling us something about himself for DELINEATOR readers makes no mention of the numerous short stories that have appeared in all the better-known magazines for the last several years. Instead, he contents himself with saying that he is "one of the oldest golfers, in point of involuntary servitude, in America. Became interested in the game when the first course was laid out at Palm Beach, in 1893 (then six years old), and have played ever since. Moved from New York to Pinehurst, North Carolina, for the ostensible purpose of raising peaches, but secretly to be in a climate where there are 365 days of golf a year, and in leap-year 366. Began in 1906 to collect books, prints, and pamphlets relating to Harvard University; and have one of the largest private collections extant. During the war became interested in aviation, especially aerial observation—ended as captain, Air Service, U. S. A., and now major, Air Service Officers Reserve Corps. Still studying and flying, here and abroad. Have written a text-book on the duties of the airplane observer and balloon observer."

Betty Hears from Her Friends

The correspondence from children, teachers and parents that has resulted from our publication of Betty Butterick's travels abroad includes one from the teacher of a juvenile skeptic in London, Ontario. "I read your Holland letter to the children in Grade II. This is the first attempt at letter writing, so the children composed a common letter and copied it from the board. One little boy objected to calling himself your loving friend because he 'didn't even know if you were real.' If you can not answer individually please send some recognition to me so that the children will know that you are not a 'fake.'"

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

THIS month's prize award of a handsome perforated dish-pan goes to the lady who always uses 3c stamps because they harmonize with her heliotrope stationery ☆ ☆ ☆ *Ear muffs*, instead of being put away in moth balls, may be kept for use in the watermelon and corn-on-the-cob season ☆ ☆ ☆ In the *Treasury Department*, at Washington, are women employees who can count paper money at the rate of 1,000 notes in five minutes ☆ ☆ ☆ The liquor commission of the Canadian Province of *Quebec* is planning to open a wineshop for women where they will not have to rub shoulders with motley males ☆ ☆ ☆ *Mrs. E. B. Finley*, eighty-seven years old, of Bucyrus, Ohio, defeated twenty-five high-school and college graduates in a three-hour old-fashioned spelling-match ☆ ☆ ☆ After successfully spelling such words as "renaissance," "virtiginous," "rendezvous," and "fortissimo," she became excited and missed on "tuberculosis" ☆ ☆ ☆ A lunchroom in *Baltimore* features Lamb Chops with Watercress on its menu ☆ ☆ ☆ When you order it, the counterman bawls out to the chef, "A pair of rubber heels with poison ivy!" ☆ ☆ ☆ We recommend these little touches for the home table ☆ ☆ ☆ They may startle the guests, but they will also serve to distract attention from the scorched soup and underdone roast ☆ ☆ ☆ *Zora Mehmed*, 146 years old, of Constantinople, advises men to shun women if they would live to ripe old age ☆ ☆ ☆ Zora, who has had four wives, says "Women may seem as sweet as the rosy dawn, but verily they are more like thorns, hidden only by a rosy exterior" ☆ ☆ ☆ *Mrs. Lester Snyder*, of New York, testifying in a suit for an unpaid bill, was asked why she didn't consult her husband ☆ ☆ ☆ "I always do," she replied. "I make up my mind first and then ask his advice" ☆ ☆ ☆ There is a niche in our own little *Hall of Fame* for the man who writes "For Alimony" across the face of the monthly check that he is obliged to send to his grass widow ☆ ☆ ☆ Soap is now being mined in the vicinity of *Barstow, California*, where a Mexican discovered a rich vein of naturally formed laundry soap nearly five miles long ☆ ☆ ☆ The ministers' association of *Bellaire, Ohio*, unanimously approves short skirts, as healthful, and short sleeves and low necks as sensible ☆ ☆ ☆ "But," the preachers caution, "don't become overenthusiastic in the pursuit of health" ☆ ☆ ☆ Passengers on a transport bringing home soldiers from the Army of Occupation were divided into two camps ☆ ☆ ☆ One night the German wives of soldiers began singing the "Watch on the Rhine," whereupon the French girls who had married American doughboys gathered by themselves and sang the "Marseillaise" ☆ ☆ ☆ Hair-pulling and face-scratching were next in order, and only ceased when the desperate husbands led the whole company in singing "The Star Spangled Banner" ☆ ☆ ☆ *Eau de cologne* was first made by an Italian living in Cologne, in 1709 ☆ ☆ ☆ *L. A. Schaeffer*, a prisoner serving a sentence for bigamy in the New York State prison at Sing Sing, is reported to amuse himself in his leisure time by playing solitaire with a pack of cards on each of which is inscribed the name of one of his twenty-three wives ☆ ☆ ☆ *Miss Agnes McPhail*, of Ceylon, Ontario, is the first woman member of the Canadian Parliament ☆ ☆ ☆ She is also the only member privileged to dispense with her hat, except when addressing the chair ☆ ☆ ☆ Our correspondents are at it again ☆ ☆ ☆ One from *South Carolina*, who wields a waspish pen, tells us we have "colossal conceit, monumental vanity and a distorted view-point" ☆ ☆ ☆ We shudder, and hasten to record the fact that *orange-trees* sometimes bear fruit until they are 150 years old ☆ ☆ ☆ Another writer, from *Boston*, says, "Your column gave me the best laugh I have had for two years. Keep it up" ☆ ☆ ☆ We'll try, lady, but meanwhile you might let us know what caused the merriment two years ago ☆ ☆ ☆ Perhaps we can pass it along ☆ ☆ ☆ Another accuses us of being prejudiced against bobbed hair ☆ ☆ ☆ As a matter of fact, we prefer bobbed hair—it doesn't catch on one's coat buttons ☆ ☆ ☆ At least, so we've been told ☆ ☆ ☆ Perfume lamps are the rage in *Paris*. A transparent vase is filled with perfumed water and a small electric-light bulb dropped in ☆ ☆ ☆ The slight heat vaporizes the perfume—and there you are ☆ ☆ ☆ We must hurry off now to prink up for our luncheon engagement with the strawberry blonde on the cover ☆ ☆ ☆ Oh yes, you'd be surprised!



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For colored things, make suds and rinsing waters almost cool. Wash very quickly to keep colors from running.

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pure water alone won't harm

THE DELINEATOR



A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

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JUNE
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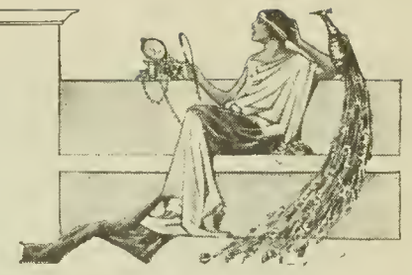


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W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

FOR THE CHILDREN OF TO-MORROW

MORE than eighty per cent. of the babies born in the United States come into this world with a chance to be healthy. It is a crime against the race that only about seventeen per cent. grow up with normal bodies. A negligible percentage of these unfortunates would be the inevitable result of accident or epidemics, but think of this!

Dr. Thomas D. Wood, Chairman of Committee on Health Problems of the National Council of Education, reports:

Two hundred and fifty thousand children were shown in the last census in the United States to have organic heart disease.

One million children in the United States now have tuberculosis.

One million children in the United States have defective hearing.

Five million of the school children have defective eyesight.

Six million children are suffering from malnutrition. And this is not because of poverty.

More than two million American children have weak foot arches, weak spines or other joint defects.

More than eleven million school children in the United States have defective teeth.

The child of to-day is the hope of the world.

Our crime against childhood is that most of these handicaps of the first sixteen years of their lives could be avoided.

We do not give our children a square deal.

The tragedy of it is that the great majority of mothers believe they are doing their best.

In our childhood, sickly babies were pitied, but little was done about it. Mothers and physicians did not know that proper food and proper hygiene are the preventatives and remedies.

In twenty-five years the whole medical profession's attitude toward the health of the child and the future of the race has changed. But the public—even those most vitally interested, the mothers—have not kept pace with the progress of science.

Science has progressed so rapidly and so marvelously in the past few years that almost every child born into the world can have a chance for a healthy body so essential to a happy, useful life.

THE DELINEATOR has persuaded leading specialists of America who have made a study of child betterment to consider the problems of the average mother and give her the benefit of their scientific knowledge so that her child and the children of her community may keep their birthright.

The following eminent scientists are on this child-welfare committee and have prepared the articles in this new series, which will begin in July:

The general adviser in this campaign is Dr. L. Emmett Holt, Physician-in-Chief, Babies' Hospital, New York City, the foremost specialist on babies in America, and President of the Child Health Organization. He will deal with the problems of infancy.

Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, President of the National Maternity Center Association, formerly physician at the Sloane Maternity Hospital and the Lying-In Hospital, whose first article on pre-natal care will appear in the July DELINEATOR.

Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, recently President of the American Child Hygiene Association, and Director of the Division of Child Welfare in the New York State Department of Health, will write two important articles on the care of the pre-school child.

Dr. William Palmer Lucas, Professor of Diseases of Children in the University of California, and who directed the child-health work of the American Red Cross in Europe, will write on the school-child.

Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, Medical Director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, will write on this very important and neglected subject.

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD

A painting hangs in the Royal Academy of London called "Hope." It is the work of Watts, one of the most distinguished artists of his generation.

It is the figure of a woman, blindfolded, sitting crouched on the world, bent with grief, holding in her hands a broken lyre from which she is striving to bring forth harmony.

It is a great painting, no doubt, and its beauty and morbidity have appealed to thousands of people.

But if this were hope, hope were dead.

The hope of the world is not a woman, broken in spirit.

The hope of the world is the child of to-day—the normal, happy, healthy child.

Just so honest, so healthy and so clean as we make the children of to-day, will the world be to-morrow.

Believing that the most important work for women to-day—now, *this* day—is protecting and improving the children who will make the race to-morrow, THE DELINEATOR undertakes the most valuable service of its fifty years of existence.

Fifteen years ago, THE DELINEATOR conducted a child-rescue campaign, which found homes for more than a thousand children.

In 1917 THE DELINEATOR inaugurated a child-welfare campaign with the definite object of saving babies through the broader education of mothers.

Nineteen twenty-two will begin our fiftieth year. To commemorate it we are dedicating a part of THE DELINEATOR for the next sixteen months to a campaign for saving the race.

Do your part so the hope of the world shall not fail.

Dr. Owen Lovejoy, General Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, will discuss the problems of the health of the child in industry.

This important group of specialists has consented to contribute from two to five articles to this department in the interests of better children, realizing that THE DELINEATOR goes into a million homes every month and that the valuable knowledge they have to give may prove a real asset to American child life.

Remind yourself and your neighbor that fully ten million school children in the United States have physical or mental defects which are handicaps in their lives. Consider that if you avail yourselves of the knowledge which comes to your door and act upon it, you may help to save most of these children.

You can not shirk your responsibility for the race, even though there be no children in your home. There is an obligation upon you to know the truth and to see that your community gives its children their chance.

This is the first time in history that a group of great scientists has come together in a lay publication to serve the readers in an educational campaign for preventive medicine.

This campaign will begin next month and will discuss problems of child life from pre-natal care to maturity.

We ask you to give this subject serious study and to pass on to other mothers the knowledge you gain.

HOW I WORKED MY WAY THROUGH COLLEGE

SOME of the most successful men and women in America worked their way through college. Most of them have forgotten how they did it. They only know they made the fight and won it.

There is an army of boys and girls in America who are ambitious to have a college education, but, lacking financial support, fail to realize their dream.

THE DELINEATOR offered some months ago five hundred dollars for the best letter written by a Senior on "How I Worked My Way Through College."

Some of the foremost educators in America have become interested in this contest. The prize-winning letter will be selected by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, President of Stanford University, Dr. Walter Dill Scott, President of Northwestern University, and Dr. W. A. Neilson, President of Smith College.

THE DELINEATOR will announce the winner of this contest on the editorial page next month and the prize-winning letter will be published in the September DELINEATOR, which is the Educational Number.

JUSTICE TO "PRICE OF THE PROPHETS"

WE PUBLISHED in the September DELINEATOR last year a short story by Frances Gilchrist Wood, entitled "The Price of the Prophets." This remarkable story brought response from many of our readers. We greatly regret that mechanical limitations in the magazine made it necessary to cut the original manuscript. We feel with Mrs. Wood that before it was cut to meet these limitations of the September DELINEATOR it was an even better story.

We are happy to announce that THE DELINEATOR will publish more of Mrs. Wood's Western stories.

FOR WOMEN WITH CHILDREN

THE first of Angelo Patri's articles addressed to parents brought to THE DELINEATOR an avalanche of letters. We are convinced that this educator has a big contribution to make to America.

THE DELINEATOR has persuaded Mr. Patri to write a series of articles to help solve the problems of raising children.



CUT THE APRON-STRINGS

Why you should send your children to Summer camp

By ANGELO PATRI

THE vacation time is upon us and the usual question as to what is best to do for the children is uppermost in the minds of thousands of people who are planning the annual Summer holiday. The Summer camp for children seems to offer the best solution. That is where the children seem to belong in Summer. They need to be separated from their families for a time. All members of it will be the better for a wider perspective of each other's fine points.

Mother has been getting too close to the children during the year. She sees all their failings and loses sight of their high spots in her anxiety to build character habits that will measure up to her high standards. She is tired and so are the children.

For ten months they have followed the routine of home and school. They have been groomed and improved and ground and polished until the process has come close to their nerves. They need a respite. They need a change in the training process; a change, not a letting down. To turn children loose for a season will not do. The habits so dearly bought must not be thrown aside. The hotel and the boarding-house will not help here.

In the first place children are not welcome at either place, which is a good thing. There is no place where a child can be so completely spoiled in so short a time as the usual Summer hotel or boarding-place. The whole routine of these places is established for adults. Card-playing and smoking and gossiping on the porches are injurious to any child. Dress and late hours and queer distorted ideas of living, all of them well represented in the usual Summer hotel, are poisonous to children.

IN THE camp the day is planned for the children. The trips are graded and measured, short ones on the level road gradually merging into the long hike to the top of the great mountain that has so serenely dominated their view for weeks and weeks. Wreathed with mysterious shifting mists, it looked down upon them in the early morning. All day it changed its mood until it became a host of impressions of silence and dignity, sunlight and shadow, storm and serenity, and always, always standing as the mountains of the old Book, "from everlasting to everlasting." To have the privilege of just looking at a mountain like that for ten weeks is a wonderful gift to a child. Then at last to climb it and look down into the valley and see the blue-silver lake cradled there, to look through the glass and discover the huts of the camp, miles and miles away, draw a deep breath of pine-laden air and stretch one's back and flap one's wings and join in the camp yell —— "O Boy!"

The counsellors are teachers, trained to their work. The day's program takes care of the lessons, the play, the free time. The camp child is never at a loss to know what to do next. He falls in with his group studies, or swims or prepares his part in the play. He learns to take his share of the load and to help the other fellow with his. To be selfish, to be a quitter, to fall out of the camp idea, is to be ostracized and no real boy or girl will permit that to happen.

Oh, yes. Girls are to go to camp. Girls especially should go to camp. They have been deprived of the free use of their bodies and minds too long for their own good and ours. And the girls love the camp. I see them marching along the road in squads with the free stride of the liberated body. I hear their laughter and singing long before they turn the bend of the road, and I watch for the picture of joyous youth that I know is coming.

HERE they are. Hair tied back with gay bands, they look like the wood-maidens they are. Their uniform is simple and easy, generally a middy blouse and short bloomers, woolen stockings and low stout shoes. Yes, bare knees. Good stout serviceable knees that swing along with the rhythm of a grenadier. Their knapsacks and rolled blankets tell me that they are on their way to the top of the mountain. They will roll themselves in their blankets and sleep under the stars to waken in the morning with the mists in their hair and strength and power gathered from the old mountain stored in their bodies and souls. What would you give to be able to do that? If you can't, if yours was not that privilege when you were fourteen, perhaps you can give it to your daughter. It will be priceless.

Now that you are going to send your children to camp, which shall it be? Just as fine a one as your finances will allow. By a fine one I do not mean the showy sort. I mean the one that is run by a director who is interested in the body and soul growth of the children submitted to his care quite as much as he is in the financial side of the camp. The director is most important. Who is he? What training has he? What are his ideals? What sort of children does he take? What equipment has he? What is his day's program? His term's program?

When you have decided about the sort of director you want, investigate the camp itself. It is better to have the camp on a hillside. The slope should be away from the camp site, never toward it. Examine the sewage disposal plant for yourself. Satisfy yourself that the water supply is unpolluted and will not be exposed to even the possibility of contamination. The same thing applies to the milk supply.

Then make sure that the children sleep as much in the open as possible. The roof has to shelter them of course, but the walls should be of good wire screening, doubled if possible, for mosquitoes are dangerous and bats and moths are disturbing little creatures. The floor of the hut should be several feet above the ground.

I hope there will be some privacy in the dressing-rooms of the camp you select. To place ten girls in a common dormitory without screen or curtain is not right. I don't like it for boys, either. The tutor should have a room closed off at the end of the room.

Select your camp off the State road. There are too many automobiles flying about the State roads to make them safe. When you place your children in a good camp, abide by the rules. The dietician who is always present in a good camp, has settled the meals to be given the children. Then don't send them a week-end box as though you were provisioning them against famine. A good camp will not permit it and you should not attempt it. Give the children only the money allowance the director decrees.

Take the director into your confidence. If the child has failings that you would like to have remedied, tell him about them. He will make every effort to help you. He will place the child in the right group. The associations children make in the camp are among the most powerful influences for good.

I knew a boy who had begun his first year in high school. He decided he didn't like it. He felt too big to be a schoolboy. He would go to work in his father's business which his father knew meant that he would work his father's business to his own undoing. His father reasoned with him and tried to show him that the lads he idled with were not the sort that mattered; that if he persisted in classifying himself with them he would stay on their level surely that was not what he wanted.

But boys do not understand this sort of talk. Experience is the interpreter and they have none. We talked the boy over and his father decided to send him to Summer camp. He selected one of the best.

The boy protested but his father held fast. To camp he should go. He left the city a thin, stoop-shouldered, pasty-faced lad who drooped one shoulder and dragged two limp fingers downward in the corner of his trousers's pocket. He walked with an affected scuff.

Ten weeks later he came home. He wore no hat at all but he wore his head like a king. His dark eyes glowed, sparkles of light came and went in them as he looked at you, making you feel the fire of vitality behind them. His skin was tanned to an olive brown. It was as smooth as satin and flushed with a faint rose tinge. He walked with the light tread of a cat. He laughed like a glad brook in the Springtime. Gone were the cigaret and the slouch. This was a new boy. He had formed new associations and new ideals. He had a new purpose. The men he had lived with for ten weeks had done their best for him. The boys with whom he worked and played and lived those ten weeks made him over. He went to high school and stayed there.

I CAN hear a mother say, "But my daughter has never been away from me for a single night since she was born. We are such chums."

I hate to disillusion her but I must. Girls and boys prefer the companionship of girls and boys to that of their parents oftener than you know. They get more from girls and boys than they get from adults. They are not homesick and they do not grieve for their mothers. This is not disloyalty, it is nature. They feel so secure in this child world, this place set apart for just children. They lose all their self-consciousness and little domineering ways. They grow and expand wonderfully.



CHASING THE TWENTY-EIGHT-FOOT BEAST

An essay on the ideal of happiness

By IRVING BACHELLER

I HAVE seen great days but no such full, resounding fragments of time as the Fourth of July, 1870. It was filled with my first big holiday adventures. A lad of ten, I was permitted to go, with a neighbor's boys and an older brother, in a two-seated wagon to a Fourth of July celebration in the village seven miles away. There was to be in that party no mother nor father to tell me what I should or should not do. The boys were like a lot of yelping young hounds let out for exercise. They yipped and halloed and sang as we hurried down the hills. I amused myself with my "spending money"—the sum of sixty cents—which was the last of that three dollars I had earned for building a fire every morning in our schoolhouse the Winter before. I counted it again. When we arrived at the village, I spent my money for firecrackers and a toy pistol and went and sat down in the park with the other boys and imagined myself a redoubtable soldier as I stuck firecrackers into the pistol-barrel and lighted their fuses. I did not feel that I could afford to spend a cent or a moment of time on such a needless frivolity as cookies and cheese, especially as a man with one arm, in a soldier's coat had begun to load and fire the cannon. I remember how a number of dogs, playing in the park, scattered and fled in all directions when the cannon roared.

THAT holiday really began a long time before the celebration and continued for weeks. It conferred upon me a definite sense of mature wisdom and affected my bearing toward the trifling youngsters of my neighborhood who had never heard a cannon go off.

Then there was that morning in my thirteenth year when I got up before daylight and ate a hasty lunch of crackers and candy and cheese and started afoot for Potsdam, seven miles away, with Bony Stiner and Billy O'Neil. I was working in the little store at Crary's Mills. A great circus with a steam piano and wild animals and bareback riders was coming to Potsdam that day. We wanted to see it arrive, so we began our journey at a dog-trot and ran, in the dim dawn light, until our feet were slowed by weariness. We were not half through our journey when the road began to fill with double wagons and top buggies, each crowded full, so that there was no room for us. Men flicked their whips at us and shouted greetings as they hurried by and left us behind. We got into the edge of the village rather tired. The streets were crowded. Again we ran, for we could hear a band playing and the most barbaric sound of which I have any recollection. I knew it was the steam piano. We overtook the circus procession and Bony and I trotted along beside the elephants, looking up at them.

"I'd hate to give one of 'em a chaw of tobacco," he remarked.

"Why?"

"Didn't you know that he'd kill ye if he was to see ye hundred years from now," Bony answered.

I knew it, but I wanted to hear it again.

How my heart beat when the caged Royal Bengal tiger was hauled into the arena that afternoon and the showman said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to introduce you to the great Royal Bengal tiger-r-r, captured after a desperate struggle in the wilds of India in the course of which he killed twelve men and a boy (how I felt for that boy and longed for further particulars). He is fourteen feet long from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail, and fourteen feet long from the tip of his tail to the tip of his nose, making *twenty*-eight feet in all."

These two holidays were hard on me. They nearly wore me out, but they satisfied my ideal of a happy day. Now, I have a different notion of happiness. There are many people who never get over the circus habit. Once in a while the old longing for a celebration or a circus comes on me and, in a way of speaking, I find myself walking to Potsdam again. But the circus lure is distinctly fainter. The flop and the twenty-eight-foot beast have lost their appeal to me.

There are two kinds of people, those who have grown up and those who haven't. Many never achieve manhood and womanhood save in the length, breadth and thickness of their bodies. Their minds are ever hunting for circuses and celebrations. Their ideal of happiness is still that of childhood.

I REMEMBER one Summer holiday. We endured the heat and dust of railroad travel, hard beds, airless rooms, fishless fishing; we paid high prices for low fare. In the midst of our travels my setter dog made a break for liberty and jumped off a railroad train going at high speed. From the next stop I went back up the track afoot to find him. It was intolerably hot. I wandered for miles through the countryside calling him, but in vain. Meanwhile I had lost my wife also. In our haste we had forgotten to appoint a place of meeting in the seaside resort which was our destination. It was late in the evening when, worn out with weariness and in a ruined suit, I found her.

I advertised for the dog and paid a heavy reward for him. At last we were ready to go home. We were taking back some souvenirs of the country. I carried in my right hand a bird in a cage. It was a species of jay; my left held a suitcase and the leash of the dog. I asked my wife if she would kindly tie the leash of the dog to the rear end of the 'bus while I got in with the baggage and the jay. We started. Suddenly I discovered that my dog was in trouble. My wife had tied him to the felly of one of the rear wheels. I got him into the bus where he promptly had a fit. For a moment I felt like one in the midst of a theater fire. The jay yelled the loudest. He was the steam piano. I fled with the dog in my arms and carried him part way to the station. He was the twenty-eight-foot beast.

WHEN we were seated in the train, with the dog securely hitched in the baggage car, I began to think it over.

"It reminds me of the time I went to the circus," I said. "I feel about as I did the night I got back from Potsdam. If a man is bound to see a circus, he'll see it if he has to make it himself. How many men are every day going to a circus of their own manufacture—like our village drunkard. This everlasting quest of excitement is wearing us out. In America we are all in the hunt—men and women. We are often going to the circus,and looking for the twenty-eight-foot beast."

"We have been looking for happiness," my wife suggested with a smile.

"And do not know when we meet her," I answered.

By and by, in the evening dusk, we arrived at our door.

"Haven't you seen the beautiful lady standing on the door-step? I asked.

"I do not see her," she answered.

"I can see her. She has a smile of welcome in her face and she is holding her hands to us. You do not know her. Come, I will introduce you."

We walked up the steps.

"DO you not see her now—do you not feel her hands upon you? She is Happiness. She is at home—always at home, or she is nowhere for us. We may find knowledge and excitement and even pleasure abroad but not that abiding presence we call Happiness which, unless she be dead, is always calling us back home. Every one who goes about looking for Happiness will look in vain. If he is capable of seeing her, he will find her waiting on his door-step when he gets home."

What is happiness? Is it not in love of one's task and of his associations? I am convinced that it is born of those two loves, or not at all.

The greatest happiness lies in having found one's work and in being strong to do it. Good health is, therefore, a part of the thing we call happiness. The friends who respect and understand us and a loved task and a comfortable home fill the cup.

The great multitude who have never really grown up, but who are always like the poor country lad on his way to the circus to see the twenty-eight-foot beast and the steam piano, seem never to have found the precise location of happiness. They seem to think that happiness is pleasure, whereas it is a much greater thing. They are the men and women who are never or rarely at home. They are always seeking happiness, for the love of that is a deep, innate thing. One can not get away from it. At last they are almost sure to decide that the thing they need is a new wife or another husband or a pearl necklace or a more splendid home. They try them and they are farther than ever from the goal they seek. They are, indeed, children. They have never grown up. They have not "arrived" as we are wont to put it. They have not the strength of the full-grown.

It is a difficult task—this making the journey to manhood or womanhood and arriving finally at the point where we put away childish things. How may one grow up? Well there's only one road and we must follow it or we do not arrive. That's the old, well-worn road of self-denial and self-restraint.



When he suddenly takes to soap-and-water—

Your boy!

For all too short a while he will be in your home.

There comes a time in every boy's life when his dislike for washing suddenly disappears, and for mysterious reasons he begins to scrub.

While he is still with you, encourage this cleanliness. "So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man that it extends even to his moral character."

Give him plenty of Ivory Soap for his face and hands. He can wash a dozen times a day with Ivory and his skin will still be soft and smooth.

Give him Ivory for his bath—it lathers so richly, it rinses off so quickly and "It floats!" It is pure and mild; white and fragrant, too.

In all these seven different ways, Ivory is a manly, friendly, fine soap for boys.

Whenever soap comes into contact with the skin—use Ivory.

Ivory Soap comes in a convenient size and form for every purpose

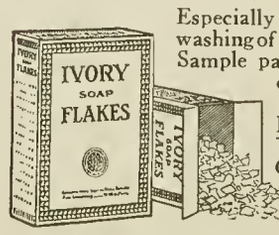


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DOGWOOD *in* ROCK CREEK PARK

Another of the popular love-stories of Washington life

BY FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

Wife of the Junior Senator from New Hampshire

DURING the two years of invalidism that preceded the death of Senator Anderson's wife, everyone in Washington said that Mrs. Anderson must have given more painstaking thought and valuable time to the training of her only daughter than had been generally realized. The young girl, during this trying period, showed remarkable self-control and poise; her anxiety for her mother never deteriorated into a visible depression which would have made the situation doubly hard for her father; and while she neither shirked nor evaded the burden of responsibility which she was called upon to bear, it did not appear to crush her, or even tire her. And, at last, when the long-dreaded time had come—and gone, and the first great emptiness in the silent, stately house had passed, and the quiet months that followed seemed gradually less poignantly pierced with grief, she began to take her place in the great world as her father's official hostess as quietly and efficiently as she had comforted him in his sorrow and solaced him in his loneliness. The housekeeping was accomplished, as it had been ever since her mother had first made the huge establishment one of the most justly famous in the capital. Without friction and without apparent effort: the service was as perfect, the entertaining as lavishly dignified as ever, and Eleanora, sitting at the head of her father's table, was a far lovelier sight than even her mother had been, her soft arms curving over the dark, polished wood of her massive carved chair, her hair dressed soft and high, and looking higher and softer still because of the tall Spanish comb that held it, her filmy black draperies floating away from her white shoulders, her grave, beautiful face, very white, too, except for the line of deep red which her lips made. The new Scotch attaché, the Honorable Andrew Gordon, looking toward her from his place half-way down the table—the position in which an unimportant young diplomat invariably finds himself when his hostess is dividing her attention between the Vice-President and an ambassador—suddenly felt himself wishing that she held a rose as red as her lips in one of her slim, unringed, hands, and that after dinner she would give the rose to him to weep——

"And I do think Washington's just too awfully thrilling, don't you?" the débutante at his side was cooing. "It must be perfectly wonderful for you coming here this way—didn't it nearly *kill* you when you got your appointment? Its perfectly fascinating, I think, this wonderful interesting official society—the most marvelous people from everywhere make the whole thing so absolutely stunning, and——"

THE Honorable Andrew Gordon, who was a serious-minded young man, gave a sigh, which, as he was also a very courteous one, he immediately hoped had not been audible. Eleanora was rising. The liveried manservant behind her carved chair had drawn it silently back over the heavy carpet; her lacy dress was fluttering a little. As she passed Gordon, on the Vice-President's arm, she paused for the fraction of a second.

"You were thinking of something lovely just then——"

"I certainly was!"

"By and by, I want to hear about it.'

There was a little hope of that, he felt. It was late before the men left the dining-room; then his host, a violent partisan in politics, who by no means underestimated his own importance, singled him out as the one man in the party who would be willing to listen to an account of the misdeeds of the Senators "on the other side of the Chamber" and of his own valiant—and successful—efforts to triumph for the cause of righteousness.

"A very dangerous person that man Glover," he kept repeating with emphasis, "his election is of course considered—ahem!—to have been merely an unfortunate accident by all thinking persons. In my last rebuttal of his—er—outrageous and unpatriotic charges I held the floor for five hours. Of course you have read my speech on that memorable occasion, my dear—ah—Gordon. But I shall be glad to send you a copy of the *Congressional Record* for that date—the sixteenth, as I recall it—no, I believe it was the seventeenth—that you may preserve it. As a newcomer to this country it is important that you should realize at once the horrible conditions that exist here, and the attempts of the—er—most prominent statesmen to combat them——"

Gordon was beginning to feel that the Senator was again quite likely to hold the floor for five hours, when, at half-past ten, the Vice-President gave the signal for departure. The young Scotchman had been no nearer his hostess than the width of the great drawing-room. It was unreasonable of him, he argued with himself, as he waited his turn to say good-night to her, to feel so disappointed at not receiving a favor which he had not expected; it was natural that being so newly arrived at his post, he should underestimate Eleanora's well-known efficiency—until he realized that, apparently by pure accident, he was the last to make his farewells, and that he had already taken leave of his host before reaching her.

"What was it?" she asked softly, as he took her hand.

Being very inexperienced, as a man no less than as a diplomat, he told her, shyly, but without hesitation or circumlocution. Then he stood appalled at what he had done. But Miss Anderson appeared more reflective than offended.

"You must come here to dine again sometime," she said quietly. "It's been so pleasant having you. Good night."

He did not note the connection between his own confession and her remark, until having been asked, a few weeks later, to "fill in," at another dinner, the place of a young Congressman who had been suddenly smitten with the grippe, he saw her carelessly take a crimson rose from one of the silver-gilt vases that decorated the table, hold it for a few minutes, and, as she left the dining-room, drop it near the place where he was standing.

ELEANORA'S mourning, though it had been lightened enough to permit the giving of official dinners, still precluded her from dancing; but Andrew Gordon completed his day's work—as befitted a rising young diplomat—by attending two balls before, at three o'clock in the morning, he sank into bed with the not unreasonable hope of obtaining a little well-merited repose. He was distinctly irritated to find, when it was time to get up again, how little he had slept. The crimson rose, rescued from the pocket into which it had been hastily and ruthlessly thrust, and placed in a tumbler of water on his dressing-table, pervaded the room with its bruised fragrance. It pervaded his thought still more persistently. Why, in the name of all that was strange and wonderful, should Eleanora Anderson, at his vaguely formed desire and presumingly expressed request, strew flowers in his path, going so far, even, as to create the opportunity to do so? And, now that she had done so, what was his next move? He hardly knew her—had not seen her more than half a dozen times—though, from the very first of these times he had felt irresistibly attracted by her; and how, under the light of heaven, was he to get to know her any better? He would make his dinner-call, of course, on her next Thursday at home, but there would be at least a hundred other visitors present on that occasion. A note, asking her to receive him alone, would fall into the hands of a private secretary and be answered with a courteously chilly refusal; a telephone message, transmitted through a butler, would hardly meet with a better fate, and would savor too much of informality, or actual impertinence. And yet—could he let the favor go unacknowledged, and thereby reveal himself as ungrateful and unchivalrous? That, of course, was unthinkable. He thumped his pillow, muttered a mild oath, and drew the bedclothes more firmly under his chin. But these vigorous measures produced no sensations of drowsiness; at last he arose, almost determined to throw the rose out of the window, and at least rid himself of its visible presence, and its insinuating fragrance. Instead, involuntarily he lifted it, and drew it softly across his cheek. As he did so, one of the sharp thorns on the long stem pricked his fingers. He dropped it hastily into the tumbler again, sucked his injured member resentfully, and glanced at the clock—after seven—no use trying to get any sleep now. He took a cold shower, dressed in tweeds, and struck out on foot in the direction of Rock Creek Park; determined to walk off his perplexities, since he could not think them out. He strode up Connecticut Avenue, across the million-dollar bridge, through the zoological gardens, where even the animals seemed to regard this intruder upon their early morning calm with mild surprise, past the old stone mill by the ford where the shallow water of the creek rippled quietly over smooth brown stones, and finally plunged straight up a hillside starred with flowering dogwood, its long branches, with their delicate, exquisite blossoms closing about him as he climbed, enveloping him with their snow-white petals. He did not stop until he reached the top of the hill; then he turned to drink in the full beauty of the fragrant freshness all around him—and found himself looking straight into the eyes of Eleanora Anderson.

She had on a soft hat of dark gray felt pulled down over her ears, a suit of rough gray homespun, a plain and somewhat tumbled white silk blouse, no gloves, and heavy walking shoes; she looked a little shabby, and rather untidy. Her pale face was flushed to a rosy pink, and strands of soft dark hair had escaped her soft cheeks and slim neck. Instinctively, she began to tuck these back into place. Then she held out her hand.

"Good morning," she said composedly, "did you ever see anything so lovely in all your life?"

"Never," replied Gordon promptly.

"I meant the dogwood."

"I didn't," he flung back without hesitation.

Eleanora laughed. Gordon could not remember that he had ever heard her laugh before.

"Do you know," he said gravely, "that this—this meeting—is an answer to prayer?"

"Of course I do." She laughed again. "But how did you know that I had been praying?"

"Why, I didn't! I never dreamt of that! But *I* had!"

"For what?"

"I wanted to thank you for the rose—to have a chance to tell you that——"

"Well, you seem to have your chance," said Eleanora with surprising calm, "suppose we sit down?'

FOR a moment they sat silently, looking straight ahead fo them at the flowering dogwood. Then Gordon began.

"You see—that divinity which doth hedge in a king which Shakespeare or some other old codger talks about isn't in it with the divinity that seems to hedge you in."

Eleanora did not answer. She broke off a bit of dog- wood, and appeared to be deeply absorbed in it.

"It—it makes it hard for a man that wants to see something of a girl—I feel most awfully fresh, saying this to you. I don't mean to be. But if I could see you understand——'

"I don't think you're fresh. I do understand. "You see—" She hesitated a minute. "It makes it hard for a girl, too," she went on softly, "who wants to see something—of a man."

Gordon felt as if some one had suddenly gripped his throat.

"I—I hadn't thought of that," he stammered, "you see, there isn't any reason why a girl—any girl—particularly a girl like—I mean the kind of girl that—of course, if I were my elder brother it would be different."

"Who is your elder brother?"

"Didn't you know? He's the Duke of Dunkirk."

"Oh," said Eleanora indifferently, "well, he may be very nice—probably is—but I'm sure he wouldn't attract me. I wouldn't be able to help thinking all the time that he represented conditions even worse than those I'm trying to forget once in a while.'

"What conditions?"

Eleanora tossed the dogwood away from her. It fell to the ground, lightly and silently, a few yards from them. Then she faced him squarely.

"DON'T you suppose I feel those barriers you call divinity too," she asked with a vehemence that startled him. "Don't you think I have—always—day and night—ever since my mother was first taken ill, when I was only sixteen years old. *Barriers!* If you called them *cabins* it would be nearer the truth—not hedging me in, but actually fastening me to—my prison."

"Your prison!'

"Yes—first a prison-house of grief; then one of care; now one of responsibility. Do you think those are—pleasure-houses for a young girl? I've tried to be a good sport, to play the game—everyone seems to think I've succeeded pretty well, and father's rather more than satisfied—I believe he's actually quite proud of me. That's worth a great deal, of course. But it isn't worth to me what freedom—and happiness—and—and——"

"And love—would be." Those were the words, he knew, that were surging to her lips. She did not say them. But both felt the power of them as much as if they had actually been uttered.

"So you see why a coronet wouldn't attract me," she went on more lightly, "being a duke's wife would be just one step worse than being a senator's daughter. You see, too, perhaps, why I run away sometimes. I come out here so early in the morning that I can still get back in time to begin my day as I am supposed to, and never be missed—to have breakfast with father, and see the housekeeper, and look through the mail with the secretary, and then go out—or receive people at home—or accomplish whatever it is necessary that I should. No one but the butler, and my own maid—very old servants whom we've had a long time know that I come, that I need to come. They seem to partially understand that—If I didn't do something like this, I'd—I'd go mad."

She got to her feet, and held out her hand. Gordon took it in both of his.

"These last weeks," she whispered, "I've been wishing I could see more of you. And when you told me about the rose—I knew you liked me a little."

"A *little!*"

"So I managed to give it to you. But I didn't know how much more I could manage—how much more you'd want me to manage——'

Again that strange strangle-hold upon his throat!

"And last night I—I worried about it. It didn't occur to me that you weren't doing more managing yourself because—you weren't a duke—So I came out here, even earlier than usual—and then, in this beautiful, quiet place, with the dogwood blooming all around us—so safely hidden that no one could bother us, or interrupt us, or prevent us—you came and found me—as if you had heard me calling to you. Nothing—lovely—has happened to me for so long that it—it seems too good to be true."

"Is it—too good to be true?"

"What?"

"That I have found you."

If she hesitated, it was only for an instant. Then she walked straight into his outstretched arms, and flung hers around his neck.

"We'll make it true!" she whispered, and pressed her face against his.

Their secret was to be all their own, they agreed, as long as the dogwood was in bloom; then they would share it. Gordon demurred a little. It wasn't quite square of him, he argued, not to go to her father at once. But Eleanora was insistent. Tell her father whose mind ran to nothing loftier than committee meetings and investigations, and rules of cloture and precedence, about these wonderful meetings in the Spring dawn, with the silent woods for a trysting place, and the snowy blossoms for a bower! He wouldn't be interested; he wouldn't understand; he wouldn't approve——

"That's exactly why we ought to tell him—because he wouldn't approve, I mean."

"Would you rather see me in the drawing-room than here?"

A VISION of the drawing-room, with its heavy gilt chairs upholstered in crimson brocade, its formal walls and crystal chandeliers, rose before Gordon.

"Of course not."

"That's the only place he'd think we ought to meet. In fact, he might not think we ought to meet at all—under the circumstances."

"Exactly."

"Would that suit you?"

Gordon endeavored to explain to her how little it would suit him. He was reasonably successful.

"Well, then——"

"All right, darling, just as you say. While the dogwood lasts."

It lasted, thanks to crisp, clear weather, much longer than usual. Every day they met a little earlier than the day before, parted a little later.

"These white trees all around us—they seem like the guardian angels of our love, angels with beautiful folded wings, don't they, *Gordon*? If we hurt each other, they might fly away——"

"We won't ever hurt each other."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely. Aren't you?"

"I'm afraid to feel too sure."

"Would anything make you feel sure?"

"One thing."

"What is it?"

A week earlier, she would have told him outright. What reticence there had been between them had been all on his side. Now, feeling more and more deeply, she was able to say less and less. But suddenly he knew.

"You—you don't mean?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Right away. Before any one can delay us or stop us. Don't you want me—now?"

IF HE tried to tell her how much he wanted her, he would have failed. Instead, he bowed his head on his hands. Then she understood.

"You think it wouldn't be honorable to do it—and tell afterward?"

"I know it wouldn't, darling. I—I wish it would. As soon as we let people know we're engaged, part of—of all this is going to be spoiled for us. Even if there's no opposition—and there will be—we'll have to wait—and the waiting will be—a ghastly sort of masquerade——"

"What do you mean?"

"The entertaining—putting us through a lot of strain, and sham—and artificial excitement. My—emotions—seem to be powerful enough without anything to stimulate them——"

"I've been rather looking forward to the gay part of it," Eleanora confessed almost shyly, "you see I never came out, and an announced engagement will put an end to mourning, of course—Gordon—think how wonderful it will be to dance together."

"Yes, but——"

"All right then, do what I want—first——"

But he shook his head. "No. We'll stick to our bargain. As long as the dogwood lasts, we'll come here, alone, this way. Then——"

Continued on page 86

WHAT KIND OF BUSINESS WOMAN AM I?

By Marion McLean

Am I working for my pay?

Or am I being paid for my work?

In other words, which interests me more, next pair of shoes, or whether I am making good on my job?

Can I take a call-down without pinning the blame on the messenger girl?

Or am I big enough to take the consequences of my own mistakes?

Can I look ten years ahead?

Or is my vacation wardrobe the biggest thing in life to me?

Do I ever color my accounts of the events in the office?

Or can the chief depend on me to be fair to the other employees whether I like their taste in neckties or not?

Do I listen to office politics?

Or can I meet the chief's family and not discuss them with every one on the floor?

Am I the kind of girl that can hear the worries of the young married men—they must tell some one all about it—without spilling a word of it afterward?

Do I get to the office on time when the chief is away?

Do I do any work at all on Saturday morning?

Am I the kind that wears Georgette to work?

Or have I thought out a working costume that suits me?

Have I any idea what I am after in business?

Or do I drift along blindly and then feel hurt when some one else gets a raise?

Do I know that the better business woman I am, the better wife I shall be, if I marry?

And do I realize that, just because I can earn my own living, I can choose, to a large degree, the kind of man I want to marry?

Or do I wander along in life, taking up with any social opportunities that happen to come along, thinking vaguely that it is about time I fell in love?

Have I any insurance or a savings account?

Or do I owe my mother from two to five weeks' board?

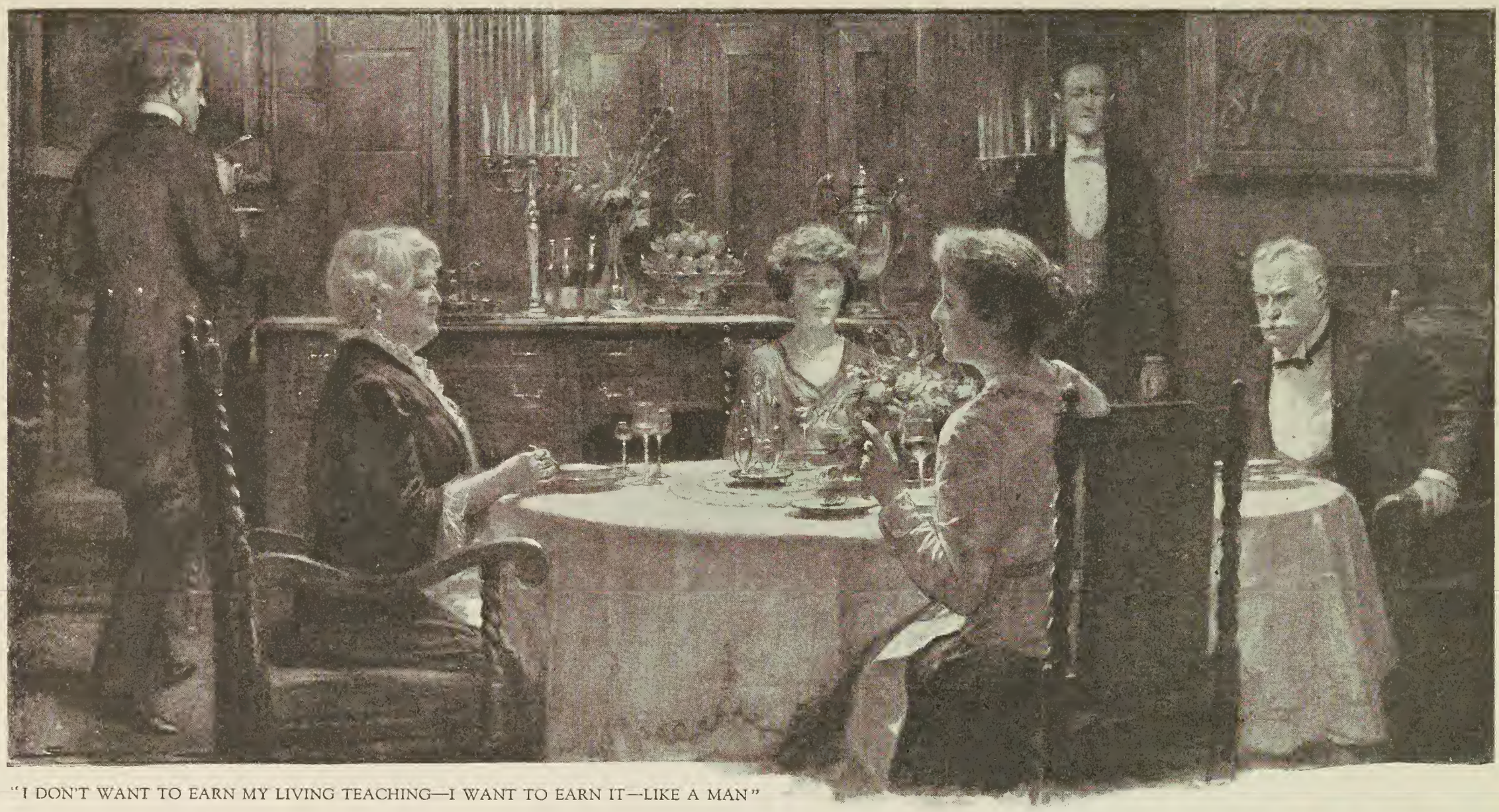
Do I know any more than I did when I left school? About what?

Where do I want to be six months from now? Two years from now?

Or haven't I the slightest idea what I am about?

Have I any right to crab when the men my own age outstrip me, or are they really steadier and more full of vision and purpose than I?

If I were the employment manager, would I hire myself? Why?



"I DON'T WANT TO EARN MY LIVING TEACHING—I WANT TO EARN IT—LIKE A MAN"

THIS FREEDOM

"With a great sum obtained I this freedom"

By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON—*Author of "If Winter Comes"*

PART III

"Men are wonderful but they like to show off their wonderfulness; besides, they're all beasts"—that was the sum of Rosalie's philosophy. As a small girl in her English parsonage home she dreaded yet rather admired her father's fits of temper; she watched her gentle mother and the entire feminine household revolving about Father and the boys; knew that her pretty sisters preened and plumed and squabbled for men; knew that when Anna, the tragic homely daughter, drowned herself—it was somehow because of men.—Besides, men did the interesting things, women the dull and stupid. Rosalie early determined to be different; she would fill her own life with the bigger and more interesting work of man's world.

Whether you're an old-fashioned woman or a modern girl, don't miss this remarkable story by the popular author of "If Winter Comes," the best-selling novel of the year.

WHAT anybody can have nobody wants; but what only one person can have there's a queue to get.

This is an elementary principle of the frailty of human nature, and knowledge of it, and experience of its mighty truth, used to cause, during the three holiday periods of the year, a standing advertisement to appear on the front page of the *Morning Post:*

High-class Ladies' School for the Daughters of Gentlemen of the Professions has UNEXPECTED VACANCY for ONE ONLY pupil at reduced terms—Mrs. Impact, Oakwood House School, St. John's Wood, London.

ONE ONLY PUPIL! That was the magic touch.

The very first words addressed to Rosalie by a fellow boarder at Oakwood House were from a short, sharp-featured girl of her own age, which was then twelve, who said to her sharply, "You're a 'One Only.' I can see you are. Aren't you a 'One Only?'"

"Well, I'm by myself," said Rosalie, not understanding but most anxious to say the right thing.

"Stupid, you're not," said the sharp girl, "because I'm with you. Did your mother see the advertisement in the *Morning Post?* The advertisement of this school?"

It happened that Rosalie knew her mother had seen it, for Aunt Belle had shown it to her and to them all. "One of the very best schools," Aunt Belle had said. "You see, it's only quite by chance there was a vacancy."

"Yes, she did," said Rosalie.

"SHE'S the cat's grandmother," said the sharp girl. "Never say 'she' for a person's name. Well, if your mother saw the advertisement then you are a ONLY ONE at reduced terms, and I knew you were directly as I saw you. Now, tell me. Don't blink—unless of course you're an idiot, all idiots blink. Tell me. Was that dress made for you or was it cut down?"

"It was my cousin Laetitia's," said Rosalie.

"Of course it was," returned the sharp girl very triumphantly. "Every One Only's a pooper. Well, now you know *what* you are. You see that girl over there Do you know what she is?"

Rosalie said she did not.

"She's a Red Indian. Do you know what I am?"

Rosalie shook her head.

"Answer," said the sharp girl.

"No, I don't," said Rosalie.

"I'm a Sultan," said the sharp girl. "All the nice girls are Sultans and the school belongs to them. Do I look nice?"

"Very," said Rosalie, though she did not think so.

One Onlys, Red Indians, Sultans. They were the three castes into which the girls divided themselves. This Oakwood House School in which Rosalie now found herself was one of those very big old houses with a spacious walled-in garden that probably were occupied in the Fifties sometime when St. John's Wood was out in the country by wealthy old city merchants who rode in and out to London two or three times a week.

Mrs. Impact, who kept the school, was a massive and frightening figure of doom who wore always upon her head, and was suspected of sleeping in, a strange erection having the appearance of a straw beehive. She was called the Sultana and her appearance and her habits seemed to Rosalie precisely the appearance and habits that would belong to a sultana. The Sultana appeared virtually never among the girls. The direction of the discipline and education of the pupils was in the hands of the head of the Sultana's staff of badly paid and much intimidated mistresses. This chief of staff, by name Miss Ough, but called the Vizier, appeared from and disappeared into the quarters occupied by the Sultana.

A SECOND known inhabitant of the Sultana's quarters was Mr. Ponders, her butler, who sometimes slid into the classrooms in a very eery way with messages, and whom Rosalie came to know strangely well; a third, but he did not exactly live in the awful regions, was the Sultana's husband. The Sultana's husband lived in two rooms over the stable. From the front classroom windows he was to be seen every morning disappearing through the front gates at about eleven o'clock. By association of ideas with the Orientalism of Sultana, he was called by the girls the Bashi-bazook.

Junior to Miss Ough, the Vizier, were four or five other mistresses, all known by nicknames. Children are exactly like savages in their horrible sharpness at picking out physical peculiarities and labeling by them. One would imagine these governesses, judged by their nicknames, a deplorable collection of oddities. Actually they must have been a presentable enough and a capable enough set of spinsters, though sicklied o'er by the pale cast of indifferently fed, indifferently paid; all anemic, all without any prospects whatsoever, all dominated by and domineered over by the masterful personality of the Sultana.

Only one of them contributed to the life of Rosalie, and this was "Keggo," Miss Keggs, who taught mathematics. This Keggo was rather like Anna in appearance, Rosalie thought, and was most popular of all the mistresses with the girls, partly because of her bright moments in which she was a human creature and an entertaining creature; partly because of her curiously supine periods in which she would be utterly listless, allow her



OVER AND OVER AGAIN, ROSALIE DENIED KEGGO'S ACCUSATION THAT SHE WAS LIKE A PASSING SHIP

class to do anything they liked provided they kept perfectly quiet, and would make no attempt whatsoever to correct idleness or to impart the lesson of the hour. Miss Keggs had been known to knock over the ink-pot on her desk and sit and watch the ink dripping in a pool on to the floor without making the least attempt even to upstand the vessel. No one knew why Keggo had these moods. But it was known that to come into class looking rather flushed was a sign foreshadowing them.

She appeared to take a fancy to Rosalie from the first, and Rosalie to her, probably by reason of the fancied resemblance to Anna. She invited Rosalie to her room and Rosalie loved to go there.

MISS KEGGS'S room was right at the top of the house, where were also the servants' rooms and the room shared by Miss Downer and Miss Frost. It was a long, narrow room with sloping ceiling and the window high up in the ceiling. In the Winter it was warmed with a small oil-stove which smelt terribly when you first went in but to the smell of which you almost at once got accustomed. It was curious to Rosalie that even in Summer when there was no oil-stove there was nearly always a very strong smell in Miss Keggs's room. Miss Keggs used eau de Cologne for bathing her forehead and temples on account of the very bad headaches from which she said she suffered and the smell was like eau de Cologne but with an unpleasantly harsh strong tang in it, like bad eau de Cologne, Rosalie used to think. However, you almost at once got accustomed to that also. These headaches of Miss Keggs were a symptom of the very bad health from which she suffered, and on the occasions of Rosalie's first visits to her room Miss Keggs was very communicative about her ill health.

"Nothing does me any good," said Miss Keggs wearily. After a minute she added, "But I really am feeling very bad to-night. Mr. Ponders very kindly gives me some medicine that relieves my head attacks. I wonder, Rosalie, if you could find your way down to Mr. Ponders and give him this medicine bottle and ask him if he could very kindly oblige me with a little of my medicine?"

"Oh, I'm sure I could, Miss Keggs," cried Rosalie.

Miss Keggs became extraordinarily animated with the feverish animation of one who having made up her mind after hesitation, furiously tramples hesitation under foot.

"GO RIGHT down-stairs," directed Miss Keggs, "right down below the hall into the basement. You know the basement stairs?' She proceeded with her directions, detailing them most exactly. She accompanied Rosalie to the door and when Rosalie was a little down the passage sharply called her back. "And, Rosalie! If you should meet any one—if you should meet any one, on no account say where you are going or where you have been. On no account. If it should be known how ill I continue to be, I might be sent away. Say you have lost your way if you should be met. You are a new little girl and it is easy to lose your way in this big, rambling house. Keep the bottle in your pocket and remember, Rosalie, on no account to tell. On no account." And so dismissed her.

A creepy business going down to interview Mr. Ponders!

Come into the basement, Rosalie walked as bid along the passage, then to the right and then past two doors to the third, whereon she tapped gently, and when a man's voice said "Come in," quaked rather, and went in. The walls of Mr. Ponders's room were completely surrounded by narrow shelves. Beneath the shelves were the closed doors of low cupboards and on the shelves were ranged many glasses, china and silverware. On the right-hand side was a fire before which in a wicker armchair sat Mr. Ponders smoking a pipe and reading a newspaper.

"What do *you* want?" inquired Mr. Ponders.

Rosalie said, "If you please, Mr. Ponders, Miss Keggs is not feeling at all well and would you be so very kind as to give her some of her medicine, please?"

Mr. Ponders rose and regarded Rosalie from the hearth rug. "So it's going to be you coming for the medicine now, is it?" he said. He looked rather a mean little man, standing there; not thrilling as when he appeared in the schoolrooms.

"You're Rosalie, aren't you?" inquired Mr. Ponders, putting his hands in his pockets and stretching out his stomach like one much at his ease. "Rosalie Aubyn. You come with your Auntie. What's your pa?"

"A clergyman, Mr. Ponders."

"Oh, he's a clergyman, is he? Well, you'd better be running along with the medicine."

He took from Rosalie the bottle Miss Keggs had given her and from his pockets a bunch of keys. In the lock of one of his cupboards he fitted a key, paused a meditative moment, then with a decisive action opened the cupboard and from a tall black bottle very carefully and steadily filled the medicine bottle.

Rosalie, watching, was moved to say, "How well you pour it, Mr. Ponders."

"I've poured a tidy drop in my time," said Mr. Ponders, completing the operation and corking the medicine bottle. He held it toward Rosalie, paused in his mysteriously deliberative way, and then suddenly handed it to her. "And a tidy fair drop for Miss Keggs at that," he added. He went to the door, again paused as though uncertain whether to open it, then opened it for Rosalie to pass out. "Good night," said Mr. Ponders.

ROSALIE made a swift and unobserved climb to the attics. Miss Keggs must have heard her coming. The door was pulled sharply from Rosalie's hand and there was Miss Keggs and the bottle almost snatched away from Rosalie. "How long you've been! But you've got it! And no one saw you?" Miss Keggs went very swiftly to the washstand and took up a small tumbler. Clear that she wanted her medicine very badly. She toppled in the contents of the bottle, its neck clinking against the glass, the dark-red medicine splashing and some spilling, so differently from Mr. Ponders's performance of a far more difficult operation and with the bottle still in her hand took the glass to her lips and drank deeply.

Miss Keggs's friendliness toward Rosalie was settled and established from that night. Thereafter it became a very regular thing for Rosalie to visit the room of Miss Keggs of an evening; and at intervals, sometimes twice a week, sometimes not three times in a month, to descend to the den of Mr. Ponders for the dark-red medicine which did Miss Keggs so much good. "I have to swallow it very slowly," explained Miss Keggs, "because that's the way for it to do me good. It's my doctor's orders."

"It seems a business," was Rosalie's comment.

"Yes, it is a business," Miss Keggs agreed.

Rosalie added, "How very lucky it is, Miss Keggs, that Mr. Ponders keeps your medicine."

"Yes, it's certainly very lucky," Miss Keggs agreed.

The effect of her medicine was always to make her very complaisant.

ONE seeks to give only the things in Rosalie's life that contributed to her record as time judges a record. Of her years at Oakwood House, so far as Oakwood itself is concerned, only that friendship with Miss Keggs thus contributed. The rest does not matter and may be passed. Rosalie was happy there. It naturally was all very strange at first, but she soon shook down and found her place and formed friendships. The thing to notice is this—that even in the strangeness of her first few weeks the place was actively felt by her to be a haven. There is to be recalled that aching desire of hers, when poor Anna lay dead, to get right away from men: men who (though still preeminently wonderful) caused her by their showing off to blink and have a funny feeling; and by their distasteful presence ruined her walks and her lessons; and by the frightening things they did, had brought that frightening death to Anna. It had accumulated into that aching desire to get right away from men and be only among girls; the feeling remained most lively in Rosalie at the Sultana's, and unintensified. Those men! She used to see the Bashi-bazook and shudder at him; and Mr. Ponders and shudder at him; and sometimes Uncle Pyke and, because of ways he had, feel quite sick to be near him. Men still were wonderful. The Bashi-bazook, Mr. Ponders, Uncle Pyke, Uncle Pyke's friends—all were infinitely superior and did what they pleased; but, oh, not nice, *frightening*. It *was* safe and nice to be only with girls. Girls were in heaps of ways extraordinarily silly and unsatisfactory. Men, though not nice, unquestionably did everything better and *could* do things. Unquestionably theirs was the best time in life. Unquestionably they were to be envied. But—not nice, *frightening*.

It was like that that her ideas at Oakwood House were shaping.

And all this time, most important and much contributory to the life of Rosalie, Aunt Belle. Tremendous occasions in those years were the visits to the Sultana's of Aunt Belle. Frequently on a Saturday kind Aunt Belle used to call at Oakwood House for Rosalie and take her to a tea-shop for tea, Beautiful cousin Laetitia would accompany her, and kind Aunt Belle would always invite Rosalie to bring with her another little One Only. Kind, kind Aunt Belle! Aunt Belle used to sit by in the tea-shop, affectionate and loquacious as ever, while the two

schoolgirls stuffed themselves with cakes (not beautiful Laetitia, who just nicely sipped a cup of tea and nicely smiled at the two gross appetites) and always kind Aunt Belle brought a small hamper of sweets and cake and apples. And always half a crown for Rosalie as kind Aunt Belle was leaving.

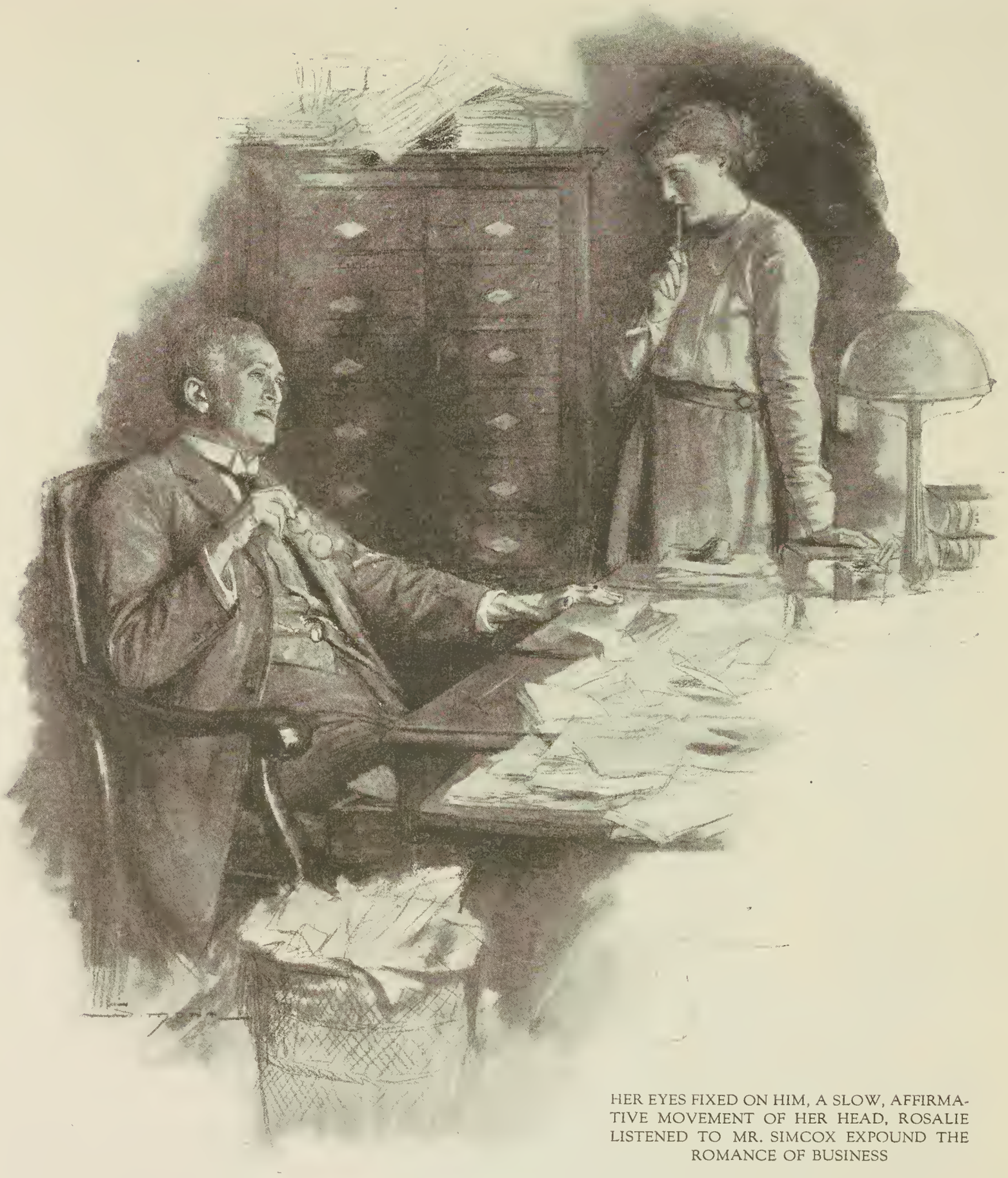
Once in every term, also, Rosalie spent a week-end at the magnificent house in Phillimore Gardens. Such luxuries! Fire in her bedroom and palatial late dinner! Breakfast in bed on Sunday morning ("Just to let you lie as a little change from school, dear child") and Laetitia's maid to do her hair! Rosalie immensely impressed and Aunt Belle immensely gratified at Rosalie's awe and appreciation and gratitude.

UNCLE PYKE never spoke at all to Rosalie on these week-end visits except, always, to put her through examination on what she was learning at school. Rosalie, though horribly frightened of Uncle Pyke, always had pretty ready answers to the examination—she did uncommonly well at school—but there never was from Uncle Pyke any other mark of appreciation than a grunt. A grunt! Those Pykeish, piggish men! The outstanding characteristic Rosalie came to see in Uncle Pyke and in the other husbands (his cronies) of Aunt Belle's friends was that they thought about nothing else but their food, their wine and their cigars. They were affectionately regarded by their wives as tame, necessary bears to be fed and warmed and used to sit at the head of the table and awe the servants. That was what Rosalie saw in them—and shuddered at in them. Hogs!

Cousin Laetitia all this time was living at home attending a very exclusive and expensive day school. Only twelve girls at beautiful Laetitia's school and more masters and mistresses than pupils—mostly "visiting" masters—Italian, French, painting, singing, music, dancing. Laetitia was about two years older than Rosalie. Very pretty in an elegant, delicate fashion, and growing up decidedly beautiful in a sheltered, hothouse, Rossetti type of beauty. Always very affectionate to Rosalie and glad to see her; not patronizing, in the way she might have been patronizing, and yet, as the two grew older, patronizing in a conscious effort to dissemble a conscious superiority.

Rosalie never could remember how early in their acquaintance it was, she first understood that the great aim of Laetitia's life, and the great aim of Aunt Belle's life for Laetitia, was to make a "good match"; but she seemed to have known it ever since she first heard of Laetitia, certainly at a point of her childhood when too young exactly to understand what "good match" meant. Later on, when Laetitia had left school and was within sight of putting up her hair, "good match" was openly spoken of by Aunt Belle in her crowded drawing-room or alone in company of the two girls and Uncle Pyke.

"And soon dear Laetitia will be making a good match, a splendid match"; and beautiful Laetitia would faintly color and faintly smile.



HER EYES FIXED ON HIM, A SLOW, AFFIRMATIVE MOVEMENT OF HER HEAD, ROSALIE LISTENED TO MR. SIMCOX EXPOUND THE ROMANCE OF BUSINESS

THEN began to come to Rosalie, growing older, an acute and an odd feeling of the physical and mental difference between herself and beautiful Laetitia—a feeling in Laetitia's company that she was a boy, a young man, in the company of one most pronouncedly a young woman. Rosalie was always very plainly dressed by comparison with Laetitia; her voice was much clearer and sharper, her air very vigorous against an air very languorous. Her hands used to feel extraordinarily big when she sat with Laetitia and her wrists extraordinarily bare. She would glance down at her lap sometimes and could have felt a sense of surprise not to see trousers on her legs.

That was how, as they grew older, Rosalie often felt with Laetitia.

Her last term came. She was nearly eighteen. She was going to earn her own living. That was decided. Exactly how was not decided; but Rosalie had decided it. There was an idea that she should remain at the Sultana's as a junior teacher, but that was not Rosalie's idea. "Oh, don't be a schoolmistress, Rosalie," Keggo had said when Rosalie told of the suggestion (propounded, through the Sultana, by Miss Ough and warmly endorsed by Aunt Belle and grunted upon by Uncle Pyke). "Oh, Rosalie, don't be one of us. Don't you see how we are just drifting, drifting? Don't do anything where you'll just drift, Rosalie."

"No, I'm not going to drift, Keggo," said Rosalie. (Miss Keggs, in the little room, had been "Keggo" a long time then.) "I'm not going to drift. I'm going to have a man's career. I'm going into business. Keggo, that's the mystery of that book I'm always reading that you're always asking me about: 'Lombard Street'—Bagehot's Lombard Street." Oh, Keggo, how thrilling it will be.

She began to tell Keggo her stupendous enterprise.

There is in the study of man nothing more curious or more interesting than the natural bent of an individual mind. An arrow shot to the north and another from the same bow to the south spring not apart more swiftly or more opposedly than the minds of two children brought up from one mother in the same nursery. The natural bent of each impels it. Art this one, science that; to Joe adventure, to Tom a bookish habit. Rosalie's natural bent declared itself in "figures"; in the operations, as she discovered them, of commerce; in the mysterious powers, as they appealed to her, developed in counting-houses and exerted by counting-houses. The romance of commerce! A mind double-edged, with inquisitiveness the one edge and acquisitiveness the other (as certainly Rosalie's) is a sword double-edged that will cut through the tough shell and into the lively heart of anything. Along, by happy chance, buried in dust in the rectory study and found one holiday, came "Lombard Street" and Bagehot, and that was the book and Bagehot was the man to give opinions to her fledging wings. She saw romance, and thirsted for it, in the business of counting-houses. It was fascinating to her beyond anything, the discovery that money was not, as she had always supposed, a thing that you took with one hand and paid away, and lost, with the other. Not at all! It was a thing that, properly handled, you never lost. Enthralling! Thrilling! You invested it and it returned to you; you expended it and propped it up with fascinating things called sinking-funds, and, although you had spent it, there it was coming back to you again! It was the most mysterious and wonderful commodity in the world. She got hold of that and she went on from that

THE romance of business thrilled Rosalie as the mysterious and extraordinary things of science or of nature or the mysterious and beautiful things of art or literature or of music will thrill another.

It was like that that her interests were shaping.

It was very easy, it was utterly delightful, to tell all this to Keggo. It was not at all easy, it was very terrible, to tell it before Uncle Pyke. It was appalling, it was terrific, to break to the house in South Kensington that she desired to earn her living, not as a teacher, but in business—like men.

IT WAS at dinner at the glittering table in the splendid dining-room of the magnificent house in South Kensington, Rosalie there on the half-term week-end of her last term, that the frightful thing was done! At dinner: Uncle Pyke Pounce bathing in his soup; beautiful Laetitia elegantly toying with hers; Aunt Belle beaming over her solid silver spoon at Rosalie. "Try that soup, dear child. It's delicious. My cook makes such delicious soups. Lady Houldsworth Hopper—Sir Humbo Houldsworth Hopper, you know, he's in the India Office, you must have heard of him—was dining with us last week and said she had never tasted such delicious soup. Now next term when you are one of the mistresses at Oakwood House and living at their table and you have soup you'll be able to tell them what delicious soup you always get at your Uncle Pyke Pounce's. Be sure to mention your uncle by name, Colonel Pyke Pounce, R. E., not just 'my uncle,' and that he was a great deal in India where he was entirely responsible for the laying of the Puttapong Railway and received an illuminated address from the Rajah of Puttaponghoo."

"More soup for Miss Aubyn, Parker."

Now for it!

"Aunt, I won't have any more soup. I won't really. It was delicious. Delicious, but really no more. Really. Aunt, about the governesses there and being one of them. I wanted to say—aunt, I don't want to be a pupil-teacher. Aunt, I don't want to earn my living like that. I want to earn it like—like a man. I want to—well, it's hard to explain—to go to an office like a man—and have my pay every week, like a man—and have a chance to get on like men, like a man. I know it sounds awful—telling it to you—but girls are doing it,

a few. I don't mean, I don't mean a bit, imitate men like all that talk there is now about imitating men. I hate women in stiff collars and shirts and ties and mannishness like that; and indeed I hate, I dislike men—I can't stand them, not in that way, if you understand what I mean——"

"Rosalie!" (Laetitia.)

"Oh, Laetitia, oh, Aunt Belle, I'm only saying that to show I don't mean I want to be—it is so fearfully difficult to explain this. But Aunt, you do see what I am trying to mean. I *do* believe I would be sharp and good at that work. Figures and things. I *love* that. I'm quick at that, very quick. And I've read heaps about it—about business, I mean—about——"

UNCLE PYKE POUNCE—Uncle Pyke Pounce, holding his breath because he is holding his exasperation as one holds one's breath in performance of a delicate task—Uncle Pyke Pounce crimson, purply blotched, infuriated, kept from his food, blowing up at last!

"Wat d'yer mean read about it? Read about *what?*"

"Uncle, about money, about finance and things. There's a book—'Lombard Street', by Bagehot. That's all about it, isn't it? I can't tell you how I have read it and reread it."

"Never heard of it. 'Lombard Street'? *Bagehot?* Who's Bagehot?"

"I think he was a banker, uncle."

"I think he was a fool!"

It comes out of the red and swollen face of the holder of the illuminated address from the Rajah of Puttapongpoo like a plumstone spat at her across the table. Rosalie blinked. These beastly men! Violent, vulgar, fat, rude beasts! Uncle Pyke the worst of them! But she came back bravely from her flinch. "If he wasn't a banker, he knew all about banking. Oh, that's what I would be more than anything—that's what I *do* want to be—a banker—in a bank!"

The holder of the illuminated address from the Rajah of Puttapongpoo spat out an obscene sound of contempt and disgust. "Fah! I say the man, whoever he was, was a fool. And I say this, Miss. I don't often speak sharply, but I say that I think I know another fool—at this table. Fah! Enough of it! What's this? Trout?"

Aunt Belle to the rescue! If Uncle Pyke and Aunt Belle had kept house in Seven Dials instead of South Kensington, Uncle Pyke would have beaten Aunt Belle and Aunt Belle would have taken the blows without flinching and then have wheedled Uncle Pyke with drops of gin. As it was, Uncle Pyke was merely boorish or torpidly savage toward Aunt Belle, and Aunt Belle's way with him—as with all combative men—was to rally him with a kind of boisterous chaff and to discharge it at him as an urchin with an armful of snowballs fearfully discharges them at an old gentleman in a silk hat: backing away, that is to say, before an advance and advancing before a retreat. Uncle Pyke usually retreated, either to eat or sleep.

AUNT BELLE had blinked, as Rosalie had blinked, at that horrible epithet "Little fool!" across the table. The lips that uttered it were immediately stuffed with trout and Aunt Belle immediately rushed in in her rallying way to the rescue. "Why, you great, big stupid Uncle Pyke!" cried Aunt Belle vivaciously. "It's you who don't know what you're talking about, you unkind old thing, you. Why, many, many girls, quite nice girls, are going into business now and being secretaries and things and doing very, very well indeed. Give your master some more of the sauce, Parker. Isn't that trout delicate and nice, Pyke? Trout for a pike! And I'm sure very like a nasty, savage old pike the way you tried to gobble up poor Rosalie, the dear child. Now, Rosalie, dear child, I think that's a very, very good idea of yours to go into business. Now we'll just see what we can do and we'll make that cross old uncle help and ask all his cross old friends in the city, just to punish him. A young Lady Clerk, or a young Lady Secretary! Now I think that's the very, very thing for you. *Just* the thing, and a dear, clever child to think of it. *Yes!*"

Kind, kind Aunt Belle! Victory through Aunt Belle! Accomplishment! A career like a man! Aunt Belle had said it and Aunt Belle would do it! A career like a man! Oh, ecstatic joy! "Lombard Street" had been brought with her in her week-end suitcase. Directly she could get to bed she rushed up to it and took it out and read and read. It was all underlined. She underlined it more that happy, happy night!

Ah, never underline a book till you are forty! Never memorialize what you were, your lovely innocence, your generous heart, your ardent hopes, lest the memorial be found one day by what you have become. Rosalie finding that "Lombard Street," unearthed from lumber, in long after years, turned over the pages and from the pages ghosts rushed up and filled the room, and filled the air, and filled her heart, and filled her eyes; and she rent the book across its perished binding and pushed it from her with both her hands on to the fire and on to the flames in the fire.

Incredibly soon, so stealthy swift is time, came this last term of Rosalie's at the Sultana's. Time does not play an open game. It's of the cloak-and-dagger sort. It stalks and pounces. Rosalie was astonished to think she was leaving; and now the time had come she was sorry to be going. Not very sorry; very excited; but having just enough regret to realize, on looking back, that she had been very happy at school and to realize, actively, happiness in this last term. One knows what it is. It's always like that. One always *was* happy; one so seldom *is*. Happiness to be realized needs faint perception of sadness as needs the egg the touch of salt to manifest its flavor. Flashes of entertainment may enliven the most wretched of us; but that's pleasure; that's not happiness. One comes to know the only true and ideal happiness, tinctured with faintest, vaguest hint of tears. It is peace; and who knows peace that has not come to it through storm, or knoweth storm ahead, or in storm past hath not lost one that would have shared this peace?

So that girl's last term (in her words) "tremendously jolly." She was nearly eighteen, and she was leaving, and responsive to this, the harness of the school was drawn off her as at the paddock gate the headstall from a colt. She was out of lessons. She did some teaching of the younger girls. She was on terms with the mistresses. She had the run of Keggo's room.

SUCH talks in Keggo's room. She was out from the cove of childhood; she was into the bay of youth; breasting toward the sea of womanhood (that sea that's sailed by stars and by no chart); and she was encountering tides that come to young mariners to perplex them and Keggo could talk about such things with the experience that so enraptures young mariners and of which young mariners are at the same time so confidently contemptuous, so superiorly skeptical. And one evening while Rosalie stumblingly explained, and eagerly received, and skeptically doubted, "But look here, Keggo," she cried, and stopped and blushed, abashed at her use of the nickname.

Miss Keggs laughed. "Don't mind, Rosalie. Call me Keggo. I like it. It's much more friendly. I'm very fond of you, Rosalie."

They were by the oil-stove, Miss Keggs in her wicker armchair, Rosalie on the floor, her back propped against Miss Keggs's knees. One of Miss Keggs's hands was on Rosalie's shoulder and she moved it to touch the girl's face. "Are you fond of me, Rosalie?"

Rosalie turned toward her and spoke impulsively. "Oh, awfully—Keggo!"

The woman stooped and kissed the growing young thing, hugging her strongly, pressing her lips upon the lips of Rosalie with a great intensity. "Oh, I shall be sorry when you go, Rosalie!"

"We can still be friends, Keggo, dear."

Miss Keggs shook her head. "Ships that pass in the night."

"Oh, Keggo!"

Miss Keggs smiled—a wintry smile. "Oh, Rosalie!" she mimicked. She sighed. "Oh, my dear, it's true—true! Don't you remember how the lines go—

> "Ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing:
> Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness.

"Just remember that in a few years. You'll hail again, perhaps, 'Oh, Keggo!' Or I—it is more likely—will hail 'Oh, Rosalie!' Just remember it then." Her hand came down to Rosalie and Rosalie took it. It was so cold; and on her face a strained and beaten look as though hand and face belonged to one that stood most chilled and storm-beat upon the bridge peering through the storm. Her fingers made no motion responsive to Rosalie's warm touch. She said strangely, as though it was to herself she spoke, "Does it mean anything to you, Rosalie, a vision like that? Can you see a black and violent night and a ship going by full speed, and one laboring, and through the wind and the blackness a hail—and gone, and the wreck left floundering?"

AH, THAT most generous and quickly moved and loving Rosalie—then! How she twisted her knees and stretched her arms about that poor Keggo, sitting there so drooped! How readily into her eyes her young and warm and ardent sympathies pressed the tears, their flowers! How warm her words! How warmly spoken! "Oh, Keggo! Keggo dear! Keggo, why do you talk like that? How can you? After all the kindness you've shown me, accusing me that I'll forget and not mind! Keggo, you shan't. You mustn't."

Then Keggo responded, catching her arms about Rosalie and straining Rosalie to her as though here was some cable to hold against the driving sea. "Oh, Rosalie!"

And after a little Rosalie said, "You won't again say I ever shall forget, or hail and pass by. Oh, that was cruel, Keggo!"

Keggo was gently crying. "Natural. Natural."

"Unnatural. Horrible. And you? Why do you say such things about yourself? You didn't mean it? It's nothing? How can you ever be a wreck, floundering?"

Keggo dried her eyes and by her voice seemed to put those things right away. "No, nothing. Of course not. Darling girl, only this—you're young—young, and so of course you are going by full sail as young things do. Full sail! Oh, happy ship! Rosalie, go on telling. Go on asking. I love it, Rosalie."

She was always "Keggo" after that; and the things that Rosalie told and asked!

SUCH things! It is to be seen that now there were bursting into blossom out of bud within that Rosalie those seeds planted in her by the extraordinary ideas of her childhood. About men. First and always predominating, about men as compared with women—their wonder, their power, their importance, their infinite superiority; then about men in their relations with women—their rather grand and noisy ways that made Rosalie blink; their interfering presence that spoiled lessons and spoiled walks; those sinister attributes of theirs, arising somehow out of their freedom to do as they liked in the world, that somehow left the world very hard for women. Grotesque ideas, but masterful ideas, masterfully shaping the child mind wherein they germinated; burrowing in clutchy roots; pressing up in strong young saplings. Agreed the child is father of the man, but much more the girl is mother of the woman. It is the man's part to sow and ride away; conception is the woman's office and that which she receives she tends to cherish and incorporate within her. Of her body that function is her glory; of her mind it is her millstone.

So with that Rosalie. Those childhood ideas of hers were grotesque ideas, but she had received them into her house and they remained with her, shorn of their grotesqueness, as garish furniture may be upholstered in a new pattern, but tincturing her life as the appointments of a room will influence the mood of one that sits therein. There was that Rosalie, come to maidenhood, come to the dizzy edge of leaving school, with the perfect image of her persistent obsession; with the belief, no longer that men were magicians having the world for their washpot and women for their footstool, but unquestionably that they "had a better time" than women and that they secured this "better time" by virtue of their independence.

"AND, Keggo"—she is explaining it—"I'm going to be like that. I'm going to be what a man can be. Why shouldn't I? Why shouldn't a woman?" She paused and then went on. "Why, that's the thing that's been with me all my life, ever since I can remember. I've always known that men were the creatures. Always. Since I was so high. Oh, I used to have the most ridiculous ideas about them. You'd scream, Keggo. And I've always had the same attitude toward them—toward them as contrasted with women, I mean. First awe, then envy, then, since I've been growing up here, just as having a desirable position in life, as having *the* desirable position in life, independence, a career, work, freedom, a goal—yes, and a goal that's always and always a little bit in front of you, always something better. That's the thing. That's the thing, Keggo. Just look at the other side. Take a case in point. Take my painful cousin Laetitia, sweet but in lots of ways very painful. What's her goal? A good match! A good match! Did you ever hear anything so futile and sickening? Sickening in itself, but I'll tell you what's really sickening about it—why, that she'll get it—get her goal and then it's done, over, finished, won. Settle down then and get fat. Oh, I don't want a goal I can win. I want a goal I can't win. One that's always just in front."

SHE suddenly realized the intensity of her voice and laughed and shook her head sideways and back. She had just recently put her hair up and it still felt funny and tight and the laugh and the shake eased away the tightness of voice and of hair. She said thoughtfully, "You know, I believe I'm rather like a man in many ways, in points of view. It's through always thinking them better, I dare say. The ideas I've had about them!" and she laughed again. She said slowly, "Though, mind you, Keggo, they *are* better in many ways. They can get away from things. They don't stick about on one thing. And they're violent, not fussing. When they're angry, they bawl and hit and it's over and they forget it. They don't just nag on and on. Oh, yes, they're better."

She extended her palms to the oil flame, and watching the X-ray-like effects of the light and shadow upon her fingers, she added indifferently—as one idly letting drop a remark requiring no comment, negligently with the voice of one saying "To-morrow is Tuesday," or "It's mutton day"—"Of course they're beasts," she added.

"Of course they're beasts." It was the adjusted image to which she had brought that other perception of men

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THE GIRL WHISPERED HURRIEDLY THE STORY OF HER ELOPEMENT AND THE ARREST ORDERED BY HER FATHER

"BELOVED SON OF—"

A forgotten gravestone touches two hot young lives

By IZOLA FORRESTER

CONTRARY to most of the residences in Bethany, Ma Bennett's house faced north. It must have been built, Ma always contended, by some man with sympathy and understanding of what a woman's daily round consisted of, for the kitchen and sitting-room windows welcomed south winds and sunshine, and even the buttery caught the sunrise.

It was only on Sundays that the parlor was opened and the shades raised. Here, between three and five, Ma rested from her week-day labors, played old hymn tunes on the organ, looked over family albums with loving reminiscent eyes, and watched the main road for Sabbath-day callers.

But to-day the thunder-storm had discouraged visiting. No teams or automobiles had passed the house during the afternoon, and Ma was about to give up her vigil when there came the throb of a motor down the hill above the rumble of distant thunder.

As it came along, the car was so closed in with storm-shields that she could not recognize it; but when it stopped short before the sentinel maples at the front garden, Ma tapped her upper lip thoughtfully. It was Stanton Avirette, the sheriff. The outlines of the tall, stoop-shouldered figure as it clambered out were unmistakable.

"Just like Satan, roaming about seeking whom he may devour," she thought to herself. "Wonder what mischief he's up to now." But she smiled blithely when she opened the door and tried to catch a glimpse of the person he had left in the car.

"WON'T Mis' Avirette come in and wait, Stant?" she hazarded. "Kind of damp sitting, ain't it?"

Mr. Avirette maintained a dignified reserve.

"I've got to use your phone, Mis' Bennett. Any one within hearing?"

"Not a soul," Ma assured him, opening the door into the sitting-room. "Go right in. You won't need a light."

She closed the door after him, hesitating an instant in the entryway, then stepped softly back into the parlor where she could take another look at the car's occupant.

Some one was leaning forward, pushing the storm-curtain to one side, some one who, at sight of Ma's face at the open window, waved a beckoning hand to her. Catching her Sunday shoulder-shawl from the hall-tree, Ma fluttered out the front door and down the flagged walk to answer that signal of distress, whoever it might be from. But at sight of the tense, tear-stained young face framed in the dim interior of the car she gave a gasp and folded her arms around the girl.

"Why, Anna Byrd Bigelow, why, child, what does this mean? For pity sakes, it ain't your father's doings?"

"Listen, Ma," whispered the girl hurriedly. "Gil and I ran away yesterday. We took the train to New London, changed at New Haven, and motored over to Fairfield to his aunt's. Dad missed me at dinnertime. I'd left a letter telling him, and he reported us to the State police. I guess they've been watching for us at every station between here and New York. Gil was arrested late last night, but is out under bond. They held me at New Haven till Mr. Avirette came to-day to bring me home. But, Ma, we are married. They can't break that, can they? We were married last night by Aunt Nell's minister."

Ma tried to think soberly as she patted the slender figure clinging to her and sobbing wildly, but the side door slammed and she saw the sheriff coming toward them.

"'COURSE they won't, dearie," she said cheerily. "You ought to have something warmer around you. Here, take this." She slipped the crocheted shawl around the girl's shoulders with a sudden inspiration. "Bring it back to-morrow, sure, for I'll need it. Looks like a break in the weather, doesn't it, Stant?"

"Nothin's certain this time the year," retorted Mr. Avirette briefly, fully cognizant of Ma's successful flank movement. "Thank you, ma'am. Good night, ma'am."

The car sped along the level stretch of hill road. Ma watched it from her front doorway, visualizing what would happen when it reached its destination, but she did not discuss the incident with Pa that evening, nor tell him of the sheriff's visit.

The following morning about eleven the turkeys decided to amble along the lane toward the open road, and she hurried out to shoo them back with waving apron. Coming along the old cross-cut path through the fields was Anna Byrd, the red crocheted shoulder-shawl on her arm. She waved it eagerly and ran the rest of the way.

"I had to wait till after dad left," she explained breathlessly. "Give me a good stiff dose of common sense, Ma, for I need it. Dad's gone to the city to file an application for annulment of my marriage to Gil. Of course he can do it. We're both under age, and had no one's consent. I wish you'd heard him last night in the library. Mother didn't dare come in. She's scared to death of him when he roars, but I'm not. I don't care if he stamps and kicks the stars and bites the dust and shouts at me. I can stand and just look at him and not care one single solitary thing he says to me."

Somehow, as she stood there in her brown skirt and orange silk sweater, tanned to a pollen gold herself, and teeming with life and nervous energy, she made Ma think of the brilliant blossoms on the trumpet vine clambering over her head on the little portico. It didn't seem as if Bethany, with its Non-Conformist restraint, could have brought forth so tropical a flower as either the girl or the vine. She patted the warm, strong young hand in hers as she listened to the swift-running romance of Anna Byrd and Gilbert Jeffries. He belonged to one of the new families, New York people who had bought up run-down old homesteads and remodeled them into Summer homes. Anna Byrd had met him at a girl friend's house, and later at the country club seven miles over the hills.

"He's all right, Ma, but dad can't bear New Yorkers. He never even gave Gil a chance, told me not to dare mention his name to him. Then mother found one of his letters and read it. She took it straight to dad, and they had a perfect emotional spree over it. I was to be sent immediately to mother's people in Virginia, never see Gil again, and, anyway, we simply had to take matters in our own hands and assert ourselves. It won't do him any good to annul our marriage, because we'll just go ahead and do it all over again as soon as we're of age."

"Let's see," Ma reflected, her eyes twinkling. "You were seventeen your last birthday, weren't you. Right is right, child, and I shall drive back with you after dinner and talk to your father myself. On our way over, I'm going to take you to a certain spot and tell you something that may strengthen and enlighten you. It doesn't reflect any credit on your father, but it will make you understand why he is bitter over romance."

AFTER the noon dishes were cleared, they drove back over the old wood road, a short cut to the main south road where the judge's big home, Twin Elms, stood. Ma let the girl pour out her heart without restraint along the cool green lanes of shade until the way cleared ahead and they came to an old burial-ground, divided by the roadway. Here Ma halted and climbed down from the buggy.

"Yonder," she waved her hands toward the well-kept plots on the right side of the road, "are the old original families here in Bethany, right from Revolutionary times and before. The Bigelow plot's that one over in the corner where the four big cedars are. I'm sure, if they were able, all of your dear dead and gone ancestors would rise up and stop me from what I'm a going to do now."

Lifting her white petticoat, with its crocheted-edge ruffle, she picked her way along the overgrown paths of the burial ground to the left. Along its stone walls rambled poison ivy and woodbine. There were only a

few memorial stones here. Everything was rank with weeds, and a straggling disorder showed even in the careless arrangement of the graves.

Ma hesitated an instant, scanning the place until she had located an old white rose-bush, with untrimmed branches drooping in the tall uncut grass. She stooped over and lifted the clinging, thorny branches tenderly, revealing a very small, sunken gravestone. Only its top lines were discernible.

Benjamin,
Beloved Son of
Miss Bethiah Carey
Aged 1 month

"That's your little half-brother, Anna Byrd," Ma told her thoughtfully. "It's right that you should know of him now. He's your father's own son."

"MY BROTHER, Ma?" Anna Byrd knelt down in the grass, her hand straying over the tiny grave as if she could caress the baby of long ago. "Dad never told me anything about him. Why—" She stopped, reading over the inscription.

"Beloved son of—"

"That don't mean anything at all," said Ma briskly and emphatically. "Bethiah Carey was your father's own lawful, wedded wife, and Benjamin was their son. Come along, dear. I'll tell you all about it on the way."

She related the story as they drove on, and some way, living over again the sorrow and youth of Bethiah Carey, she forgot the girl beside her.

"She was born here in Bethany. Mother was Celestia Whipple, left a widow with Bethiah when she was only twenty. Her father was Allan Carey, killed in the sawmill one day by a falling log. You know that little white house, Anna Byrd, on the station road, with the long well-sweep and one big pine-tree by the back porch? She lived there with her mother and was in my Sunday-school class. Such a taking, graceful kind of child with thick brown curls that bobbed every time she turned her head and big gray-blue eyes like certain pansies.

"She was your age when your father, Billie Bigelow, came home from his second year in college. He was twenty, but a big, overgrown, masterful sort of boy. I remember now, the day he stepped into my kitchen, and had to bend his head to miss the lintel. He sat there, whittling, on top of the wood-box, telling me of his love for Bethiah Carey, and asked me to help them. He was so audacious and sure of himself that it just took my breath away, and I promised I would. They promised to meet often at my home after that. Your grandfather, Judge Wilfred Bigelow, forbade Billie ever seeing her, and planned to send him over to Bonn to finish his education. But Billie had his way. They eloped to Providence and were married there."

"Oh, Ma Bennet!" Anna Byrd's eyes shone with excitement. "Dad did that?"

"He certainly did," Ma replied positively. "And there never was the slightest doubt about the legality of the tie. It took the old judge months to break it, but he did, just exactly as your father intends to do with yours, on the grounds of them being minors without consent of parents. Billie was sent abroad to study, and Bethiah became 'Miss Carey' by order of the court."

"And he left her way over here all alone?"

"Well, he was afraid of the old judge," Ma explained. "In each and every generation the Bigelow temper has reigned supreme in the head of the family. Just exactly as your father roars and rages now whenever his will is crossed, so his father did before him. But Bethiah wasn't afraid of him, not a bit. Sunday after Sunday she went to church with her head up, and sat in the Carey pew way down in front. I've seen the judge glare at her many a time, but she never even seemed to be aware he was on earth.

"HER baby was born in the early Spring. I drove over to see her with some snowdrops and crocuses, and a new pink-and-white bedquilt I had made for the baby. I told her not to lose faith in Billie. So long as they both had faith and love for each other no power of man could part them. But he never came back to her, and the baby died."

"Even when he was young he was hard and selfish, wasn't he?" said Anna Byrd. "I wonder if mother knows."

"Rest assured Bethany wouldn't let her remain in ignorance after she came home a bride. People held to their own convictions. Maybe Bethiah and Billie made a mistake in eloping, but wedlock is wedlock, and the judge had broken God's law in parting them. When the baby boy died, the whole community turned out to follow the little white casket way off here in the woods. And when she put that stone up, and shouldered the full responsibility of parenthood, we all felt for her and stood by her. That's all, dearie. I'm just telling you this, not to embitter you for her sake, but to try to make you a little tolerant toward your father. It's the reason he's so fearful set against early marriages."

"Tolerance indeed, Ma!" flashed back Anna Byrd. "I think he acted like a coward and a scamp. And now he's trying to break up my chance for happiness just as his father did for him."

"Now hush, child," Ma soothed hastily. "I don't doubt but I can talk to him quietly and make everything right for you. All he needs is a little argument and persuasion from somebody who isn't afraid of him."

But when they turned into the curving driveway at Twin Elms, the judge himself stepped out on the narrow front porch from the long library window and confronted them, his curly gray hair towsled into a crest, his underlip shot forward imperiously.

"Madam," he told Ma tersely, "you need come no farther. My family affairs can not concern you in the slightest degree. Anna Byrd, go to your mother."

"NOW, William, possess your soul in patience and sobriety, for pity's sake," replied Ma. "You don't have to do any heroics for my benefit. Don't you think this annulment business pretty high-handed for to-day? Aren't we all supposed to have a little more sense as we grow older, more sympathy and humanness for others, sort of mellow up a bit?"

"Mrs. Bennett, I bid you good day." The judge started back for his open window, his hands under his coat-tails.

"I can't believe that you've forgotten your own youth," pursued Ma tranquilly. "And while we drove over I stopped at the old burial-ground and showed Anna Byrd the little grave of Benjamin, and told her all about Bethiah——"

She got no further. The judge wheeled about, gripping the veranda railing with both hands, and letting out a roar of shouted words. "By the eternal and everlasting God, madam, you've meddled with everybody's business in Bethany, but you shall not with mine. How dare you rake up the buried past and threaten me with it?"

Ma trailed the tasseled tip of her whip over Ella's back gently. "Nobody's threatening you, William, 'less it is your own conscience—" she began, but the window slammed down as the judge retired precipitately into his sanctum. She drove back home slowly. Surely there must be, she thought, some hidden spot of tenderness, some lingering touch of human kindliness if only one could find it under the Bigelow temper. As she turned the corner at the cross-road, she halted to read a newly tacked-up notice on the sign-post:

AUCTION

One month from date, I, Henry B. Bidwell, will sell off at public auction all household goods and farm implements at property on station road known as the Allan Carey place.

As she read, a little smile turned up the corners of Ma's mouth, and she drove on briskly, musing on the queer pranks of time. Yet when Pa came in at supper-time and laid a blue hand-bill before her, she glanced at it with a serene and detached interest.

"SUPPOSE Henry's acting for Bethiah's cousin. Oughter be a good cultivator over there, and I need one."

"You don't need a cultivator, Pa, no more than a toad needs a side-pocket," Ma rejoined calmly.

"Thinking of going over yourself?" Pa suggested, wise from former experiences.

"Well, I may go. Somehow I feel as if Bethiah wanted I should go to her auction. When I think of all she missed of sweetness and happiness, I can hardly keep my mind on things above and sit still in church with the top of Billie Bigelow's head coming between me and the sanctuary."

"Bygones are bygones, Ma," Pa rebuked gently. "I wouldn't speak of the judge so lightly. If she'd been a real delicate-minded, nice sort of girl, she'd never have put up that tombstone to shame and tantalize him before his generation."

"Bless her heart. It heartens me every time I think she had the courage to do it. Wish we had more women like her. Maybe it was a little emotional and daring of her, but who ever blamed her for it? I gloried in her spirit."



IN GRIM SILENCE THE JUDGE READ THE LETTERS OF HIS YOUTHFUL LOVE AFFAIR

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SHE MADE A MILLION DOLLARS

By ELSIE CLEVELAND MEAD

In seven years a small-town American girl developed the fifth largest exporting industry in the Orient and gave home employment to eight thousand women

THIS is the story of Louise Powis Brown, the originator of the great Philippine lingerie industry. This industry now ranks fifth in exports from the islands. This enormous business began as a pin-money venture in her own home in an amateur way with a couple of native helpers. Mrs. Brown now employs approximately eight thousand Filipinos who produce between one thousand and fifteen hundred garments a day which are shipped to New York by parcel-post for distribution.

At the end of seven years she had netted three-quarters of a million dollars when she made this business into a corporation. She is now president of it, securely financed, housed in spacious buildings, with departments and sub-departments in Manila and warehouse and salesroom in New York.

This astounding development, accomplished within so short a time, reads like a fairy-tale, and our interest, as in all acceptable fairy-tales, centers in the good fairy.

The phenomenal business achievement is worth telling, aside from the magnitude of the trans-Pacific trade she initiated, because it helps to answer that question "How can a woman get ahead in business?" "Does it require special training?" Evidently all she needs is the opportunity, and the ability to capitalize it—all ever required by a man.

Louise Brown, moreover, has taken on none of the ways of a business magnate. She is head of a large and successful firm, and she is still a modest and unassuming woman, a devoted wife and mother.

The gifts and abilities she used to initiate and carry on her business are those which lie within the power of any woman. She merely put them to work. Like many successful business men, she saw in a neglected product a thing a great many people would buy if it were only adapted to their needs. That is what she did with Philippine embroidery.

LOUISE BROWN'S career has all the magic of simplicity. Twelve years ago she went to Manila with her husband, whose business took him to the Philippines. She had married him three years before, at the age of nineteen, after a year in Wheaton College. For three years they lived in Salt Lake City. She was the mother of one baby when she went to Manila, and cheapness and plentitude of native help set her mind free to observe life around her. Life in Manila was very different from life in Salt Lake City. When two stages of culture meet, one is always the gainer.

One of the first things Mrs. Brown noticed in Manila was the native women who went from door to door peddling their exquisite hand-embroidery. She marveled at the skill, but was troubled by the crudeness of the design and the coarseness of the material. Hours of intricate needlework were expended upon ugly and obvious designs. And the articles they made—the straight strips for shirt-waists—the table-cloths with American flags embroidered upon beds of roses—had little appeal for the American woman.

Some link of invention was needed to put these native craftsmen in touch with the market their skill deserved.

Mrs. Brown did it. She had often longed for French lingerie with its lovely designs on sheer material and the thought came to her that here was an opportunity to have garments that had always been pecuniarily beyond her reach.

One day she bought nainsook, cut out a nightgown, drew upon it a free-hand design and gave it to a native woman to embroider. Another native woman sewed up the garment for her, and Mrs. Brown had in the finished product the first hand-embroidered piece of Philippine lingerie designed and cut to fit an American woman. Its small cost made the garment well within the budget of thousands of American women.

Mrs. Brown was so pleased with this first garment that she sent several samples like it to her mother, Mrs. Powis, in Wayne, Illinois. Mrs. Powis took them to a Chicago department store which immediately ordered five hundred garments.

WHEN this cable reached Louise, she was torn between delight and anxiety as to how to get the necessary capital. She gathered all her resources together, even including a few savings left in the Salt Lake City bank, and on a bare five hundred dollars started one of the big industries of the Philippine Islands.

In view of the outcome it is interesting to dwell a little on the chance beginnings of this commercial romance and picture Mrs. Brown with her pencil in hand tentatively designing her first garment. When she was satisfied with the design, she gave it to a Filipino woman to prick out with a pin—there were no stamping fluids available, but a little powdered charcoal judiciously used served the same purpose. When she had a few garments thus prepared she would jump into her little car and go out to the settlements of Nipa huts where she quickly learned to pick out the best workers.

It was thrilling for Mrs. Brown to see the enthusiasm of the native women grow as they realized there was more and more demand for their work and that it was being steadily paid for instead of being left to chance sales.



FROM MOTHER TO DAUGHTER THIS ART OF EXQUISITE EMBROIDERY IS HANDED DOWN



Portrait study by Leonbel Jacobs

MRS. LOUISE POWIS BROWN

The younger women who had scorned to learn this ancient craft were now willing to follow in their mothers' and grandmothers' footsteps carrying on with new-born enthusiasm the heritage of Spanish occupation.

When the first garments arrived in America, they were sold in the stores as French lingerie with such success that orders kept coming back for more. To-day Philippine wear is frankly recognized on the commercial market for its own intrinsic beauty and wearing qualities.

The success which has come to Mrs. Brown is magical, especially when we consider she was just the usual type of wholesome American girl, an only child allowed to have her own way, which no doubt developed a certain independence of spirit which bore rich fruit later on.

She had never planned a definite career for herself, and it was only the desire to earn a little extra pin-money which tempted her to take the fateful step of sending to her mother the first results of her experiment with lingerie. She little realized that this simple act was the foundation of a new industry.

"Sending it to her mother" was the most important step. Her mother became the "middleman."

Her old home at Wayne, Illinois, gradually became a busy storehouse. Ten thousand miles separated the middleman from the source of supply, but because they were mother and daughter, and inextricably bound up together, the distance never mattered.

Mrs. Powis, a Vassar graduate, had artistic talent and training as well as inborn business sense. She took all the orders and, although she disclaims it, she had a great deal to do with her daughter's rise from a wife and mother to the president of a large corporation.

THERE is nothing a mother, after all, wouldn't do for her daughter. And if you are a young woman and want to succeed in business, take your mother in as a partner.

So many young women want to make a success in business nowadays. What, they will wonder, was the secret of Louise Brown's achievement?

Two qualities that she possessed and utilized were a love of beauty and a sympathy with the people who worked for her.

It was her instinct for beauty that led her to create better designs for the native worker and yet to retain, in large-scale manufacture, the standards and the fineness of their original workmanship.

The friendliness she felt and the patience she exercised in leading the Filipinos out of their irregular and unprofitable methods of work built up a bulwark of loyalty to her which became a great asset in this unique business.

There are many manufacturers in the Philippine field to-day, but the young woman who sent back the first samples is still the recognized pioneer. The men and women of the Islands know her for their friend. A little while ago Mrs. Brown was walking through an exhibition in this country when she came upon two native women sitting in the doorway of an imitation native hut. Leaping to their feet they greeted her with squeals of joy; she was their employer, but even more they seemed to find in her a friend. The genuine feeling expressed by these bright-eyed natives was an illustration of the value of the personal equation in business. And this womanly quality linked with talent and opportunity produced this stupendous commercial success and has revolutionized the lives of thousands of native Filipino women.



IN A VERY UNOGRELIKE FASHION THE DOCTOR PUT WISHBONE'S HEAD AGAINST HIS CHEEK

THE DOG DOCTOR

A little mutt brings him "love-luck" at last

By WALTER A. DYER

HORACE BARNABY was more grieved than surprised when Juliet Whitman rejected his proffer of the tenderest male heart on Long Island. It was inevitable in the nature of things. Also it was the customary outcome of Horace's venturing into the alluring fields of romance. To understand which you must know Horace.

Fortune had not favored Horace with a commanding personality. If there lurked somewhere within him a sort of charm, it was buried beyond the penetration of the casual eye. Shyness and diffidence were perhaps accountable for that, but a strict adherence to truth compels the admission that he was not physically impressive. His figure was, to be photographically exact, a bit pudgy. He habitually wore old-fashioned gold-rimmed spectacles with small lenses, over which his black eyes peered with a myopic wistfulness.

In this somewhat unprepossessing body a whimsical nature had seen fit to lodge the soul of a poet and a dreamer. Horace was born to yearn for the unattainable, to feel his soul groping upward toward Elysian heights which it could never reach. Always it hovered just below something strangely beautiful and expansive. And upon this incongruous mixture fortune and the trustees of a mid-Western agricultural college had bestowed the degree of D. V. S. Wherefore was he known to his fellow men as Doc Barnaby.

First an infant who learned to walk at the age of three; then a small boy who played with girls, could never throw a ball, and wept with astonishing ease, but who amazed his uncomprehending parents by unexpectedly reciting the "Ode to a Grecian Urn" one day and who played Mendelssohn on a tin whistle; then the youth who somehow managed to struggle through mathematics and, by reason of his proficiency in studies of a literary nature, was admitted to college.

Horace entered college as the class freak and graduated without much alteration in his status, though he distinguished himself by playing the clarinet divinely in the mandolin club and by writing the book and music of a musical comedy of such sweetness and strength that it is still remembered by many who have forgotten Horace. Because of his natural tenderness toward all animals and because of his discovery that they reciprocated his affections more readily than did his human fellows, he consecrated his life to their welfare and fitted himself for the not entirely poetic profession of veterinary surgery. And in this connection he should in fairness be credited with a manual skill which abetted his kindness of heart. Horace Barnaby became the best cow doctor the college had ever graduated.

NOW you know Horace, and after a brief reference to his leading weakness we may proceed with our story. Horace fell in love with extraordinary facility and lack of judgment. Cupid early marked him for sacrifice.

His first serious affair developed during his sophomore year, when it was borne in upon him that the innocence of the young lady who served ice-cream and soda at the corner drug-store was being mocked and imposed upon by his fellow collegians. She was red-lipped and quick-witted and was universally known as Sadie. The disrespectful banter to which she was daily subjected hurt Horace, and he patiently waited his chance to extend to her the sympathy that he felt her maiden soul must crave. The chance took him unawares and he offered her his lifelong protection. But Sadie only laughed and slyly added salt to his strawberry soda, and Horace's romance was crushed at its blossoming.

The next was a maid of forty-odd who assisted in the college library and was subject to headaches. Her headaches rather than her beauty won Horace's susceptible heart, but he was again scorned. The third was the president's lovely daughter. But a further multiplication of instances is unnecessary except, perhaps, to prove that Horace's malady was incurable.

IT DID not abate when he took his degree and journeyed to Glendale, Long Island, to begin the practise of his profession, though for a time it lay dormant. His selection of Glendale was attributable to no known cause, but it proved to be fortunate for Horace. Glendale stood at the center of a section of country in which lowly farmers and the estates of great gentlemen combined to furnish patients for Doc Barnaby's skill, the two vets. already in the place having already forfeited all claim to confidence. For once fortune smiled on Horace and he soon found himself engaged in an extensive and not unlucrative practise, which at once kept him busy and relieved his improvident nature of all cause for worry. He prospered. He rented a house on Willow Street, a little house, in which he lived alone, sweeping his own rooms and getting his own meals, after one or two baffling experiences with Glendale's highly sophisticated domestic labor. He cooked, ate, slept, and played his clarinet on the second floor. On the first floor was his office in front, while dining-room and kitchen were transformed into a clinic and hospital for the smaller pets of the gentry.

Female servants did not like Horace, but female cattle did. He could do anything with a cow. And he was no less successful with horses. All animals, in his eyes, had delicate nervous systems, a capacity for pain and gratitude, souls. They responded to his touch as I once saw a dying geranium respond to the touch of a blind old lady. There was some kinship there, some bridging of the gap which exists between us and the rest of creation. Horace loved them. And because he loved them and his work, and had some moments of leisure in which to play the clarinet, he was content. He was sublimely unconscious of the fact that the social status of Doc Barnaby was not the same as that of Doctor Newton the physician, or even Doctor Pruyn the dentist. He did not realize that caste may be established by the letters after one's name. Indeed, he had never before been treated with a consideration so much like honor by his fellow men. And though he had become inured to the humiliating feeling that he was something outside the circle of human fellowship, this treatment of him in Glendale was soothingly grateful to his sensitive soul. Until the eyes and voice of Juliet Whitman bewitched him he was happy.

Juliet's father was one of Doc Barnaby's wealthier clients. He was known in the neighborhood as Squire Whitman because of his resemblance to the popular conception of an English country gentleman of the old school. Not so coarse nor choleric as Squire Western, perhaps, but somewhat of that temper. A widower of fifty-eight, he was hale, hearty and florid, and though he doubtless loved his daughter more than he loved his 'orses and 'is 'ounds, it must be confessed that their education had received rather more of his personal attention than had hers. Juliet had grown up largely on her own initiative.

DOC BARNABY had cured Adolphus, Squire Whitman's roan hunter, of glanders. Then, when the bay mare Electra had fallen ill of colic, Horace and the squire had spent the greater part of a night over her until her pain departed. And during those anxious hours the lines of caste and wealth had been obliterated and Horace and the squire had become comrades of a sort. The squire, indeed, possessed class-consciousness to no very marked degree. That was one of the things that had worried the late Mrs. Whitman and had perhaps contributed to a premature decline.

Consequently Doc Barnaby was invited to dinner at Cedar Knob, and consequently he fell promptly in love with Miss Juliet. Cupid had allowed him a respite during his first months in Glendale, but the fire, ever smoldering in his breast, needed but the fuel of Juliet's beauty and the breath of her breezy personality to cause it to burst into a new and more ardent flame. And this, Horace realized with a sensation akin to panic, was genuine love. The previous objects of his devotion had been oddly compounded with idealistic fancy; Juliet, by common consent, was a ravishing reality.

"Father," said Juliet, "don't force the sauterne on Doctor Barnaby. He doesn't want it, and it's bad form."

"It won't hurt him," said the squire.

"It might," said Juliet, appraising him critically. "You can't tell."

Horace blushed under her scrutiny, but his heart warmed in gratitude toward her. He did earnestly

desire to avoid the sauterne without offending his host. He regarded her more attentively as she daintily but unappreciatively partook of her ice-cream, and he was overwhelmed by the conviction that since it was indeed true that such creatures existed on this planet, life without the companionship of one of them was, in spite of the affection of cows and horses, scarce worth the living.

Juliet was clothed in a clinging thing of pale-green satin that made Horace gasp, not so much on its own account as because of what it revealed, and when, after the coffee, she took a seat close beside him on the davenport in the library, he was seized with a convulsive tremor which found vent in an unannounced hiccough.

"I BEG your pardon," stammered Horace, in a glow of confusion. But Juliet ignored the hiccough. She held in her hand two photographs.

"This," she said, extending one of them, "is a picture of the Pomeranian, Brown Betty, that took winners at Mineola."

Horace gazed at her arm.

"And this," she continued, "is my Sylvia, who got reserve. Now I wish you'd tell me why. You know all about dogs. Don't you think Sylvia is far handsomer than Brown Betty?"

Horace did know all about the anatomy of dogs, but of show points he was comparatively ignorant.

"Yours looks the healthier of the two," said he, gazing through a sort of mist at the two photographs.

"That's the coat," said Juliet. "I thought you'd agree with me. Those judges are boneheads."

"Boneheads," echoed Horace in a voice that seemed to come from a great distance.

Involuntarily his eyes traveled slowly upward until they rested for a moment on her face, so marvelously close to his. She was gazing at him with the oddest sort of smile. Juliet had, in vulgar parlance, got his number. His eyes meeting hers for the fraction of a second, dropped in embarrassment to her satin slipper.

In his room that night Horace Barnaby sat with unplayed clarinet across his knees and dreamed despairingly of Olympus and Arcadia and the Hesperides.

Let us not examine too closely into Juliet's motives lest we unfairly rob her of some portion of that bright angelic aura with which Horace and I have surrounded her. Suffice it to say that she permitted, perhaps encouraged, his humble courtship. Acting somehow the rôle of spectator, she appeared to enjoy the contemplation of his unique methods of wooing. A nymph may not scorn the honest adoration of a satyr. And perhaps there was something in Horace that Juliet liked. I am inclined to think so. Her tastes were not conventional. As for Squire Whitman, he did not notice. Yet Juliet took no trouble to conceal a growing intimacy which in some quarters caused smiles. It was not long before she was calling him Docky. Thus encouraged, Horace sped blindly on to his doom.

It was on a humid August morning that the sad climax came. Horace was getting into his flivver in front of his house when Juliet, clad in something white and cool and short, appeared sauntering languidly home from the post-office.

"Hello, Docky," she called. "Where going?"

"Out to Mr. Brinton's," said Horace. "One of his registered Holsteins has got milk-fever."

Juliet placed her Cinderella on the running-board.

"Take me," she commanded. "I'm bored stiff at home."

Horace's heart set up a tremendous thumping as he opened the door for her and then, reaching across her, closed it. Surely, this must be a dream occasioned by an accumulation of suppressed desires. Soon they were humming along the smooth road across the Long Island prairie.

"Docky," said Juliet, "what's milk-fever?"

Horace was visibly embarrassed.

"WHY you see," he tried to explain, "when a heavy milker calves, sometimes— But I guess it's pretty technical, Miss Whitman."

Juliet's silvery laugh rippled out upon the heavy air.

"Docky," she said, "in this present age of aggressive frankness refinement is refreshing."

Horace did not know how to answer. Sometimes he wondered if she were pleased to make sport of him.

"May I watch?" she asked, as they drew up before the great Brinton dairy barn.

"Why," hesitated Horace, "I guess you'd better not. It's rather dirty, you know."

"But I thought Mr. Brinton's barn was kept as clean as a hospital ward. I've always heard so."

"Well, I mean the things I have to do and all."

With unexpected docility Juliet remained seated in the flivver, which Horace ran into the shade, while he took out his little black bag, doffed his coat, rolled up his sleeves and strode into the barn with a certain business-like assurance that she had not commonly noticed in him.



THE SQUIRE SPUTTERED AND STORMED BUT JULIET CONTINUED TO SMILE ACCEPTANCE AT HORACE

Deftly, gently, surely he performed the offices for which he had been summoned, and a grateful cow, her agony relieved, turned great, limpid eyes upon him. Horace stepped forward in her stall and, placing his arm about her neck, scratched her between the horns and spoke to her in a low voice. And this particular cow was one that men did not see fit to take liberties with.

As Horace emerged from the stall, he thought he caught sight of a white skirt and a silk stocking disappearing through the barn door, but after he had washed his hands at the barn tap and rolled down his sleeves, he found Juliet sitting as he had left her.

"Why do you put on your coat?" she asked in a tone unusually gentle. "It's so hot, and I don't mind."

THE faint aroma of stables which clung perpetually about Horace was now noticeably accentuated, but Juliet did not draw away from him. Possibly the scent of violets which she exuded counteracted it. They were both silent until the Brinton place was well behind them, when Juliet spoke.

"I'm going to confess, Docky," she said. "I sneaked into the barn and watched. I was curious to see what you do when you doctor cows. Now I know, and I think, Docky, that you're the gentlest, sweetest-natured man I ever knew."

It was too much for Horace. Instinctively he throttled his engine so that it would not leap wildly off the highway and then he poured out his burning soul to her. She was adorable. She was an angel. God had never before fashioned such a woman since Eve left Eden. From the depths of his great unworthiness he loved her as no man loved since the fall of Troy. Without her he was the most miserable of mortals. She was gracious, she was kind, she was angelic; could she, then, look upon him with favor? Might he hope——

In his rhetorical ardor he forgot his humility for a moment and gazed straight into her eyes. The merriment which he met there silenced him abruptly. But he listened in vain for her laughter. The thing she had seen in his eyes softened, perhaps awed, her. She laid her hand gently on his sleeve.

"No, Horace," said she, using his given name for the first time. "It can't be. Some time, perhaps I'll think how to tell you the reason. I can't to-day."

Back to normal for Horace. He sighed prodigiously and then speeded up his engine. He accepted her words as final. Neither spoke until they reached Cedar Knob.

"Don't drive up the drive," said she. "I'd rather get out here. And Docky—thank you. I'm sorry." A flash of white and she was gone behind the shrubbery.

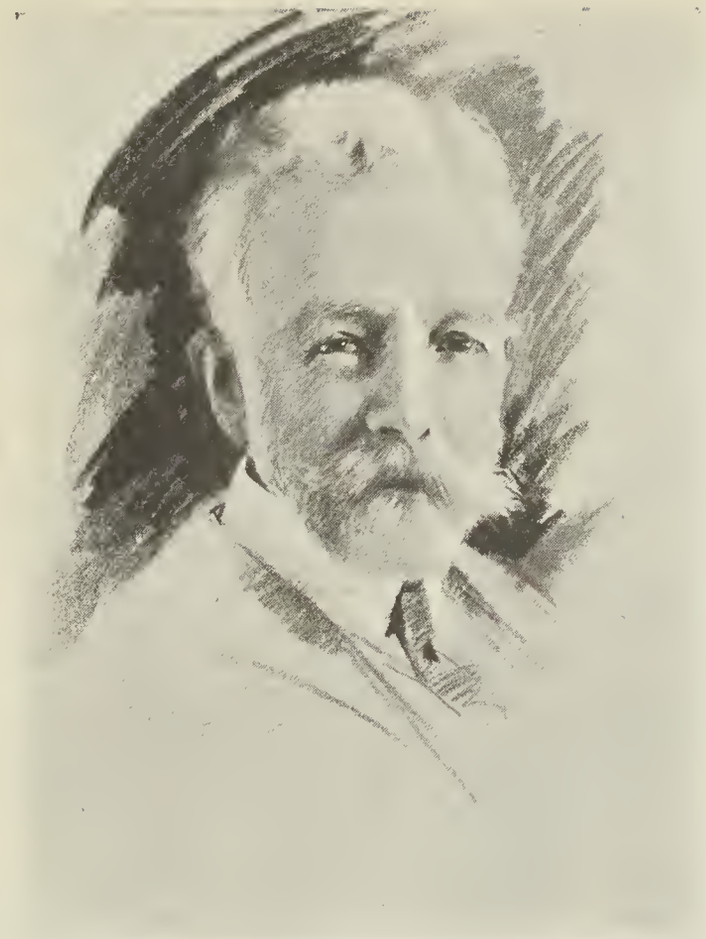
ENTER Wishbone, a very youthful, very sweet-tempered little dog of confused lineage. Yellow and white he was, and his coat was very soft to the touch, particularly on the top of his wise little head. Youth gave him playful, engaging manners, and nature had endowed him with bright, appealing, unsuspicious brown eyes. His one noteworthy accomplishment was musical and was not the result of education. Wishbone could sing. Properly encouraged, in falsetto Wishbone would sit up, extend his throat and give voice to a long-drawn-out, melancholy howl which, in spite of its harrowing cadences, expressed not misery but pure joy. His name had no significance, but had either been born with him or had fallen upon him from out of the void.

It was freckle-nosed Micky Flynn who adopted Wishbone, perhaps because Micky's parents were less fastidious than some others. Micky was not pampered and indulged; neither was he the object of undue solicitude. It appeared to be of minor consequence what Micky brought home. But fraternal love sprang up full-fledged between Micky and Wishbone.

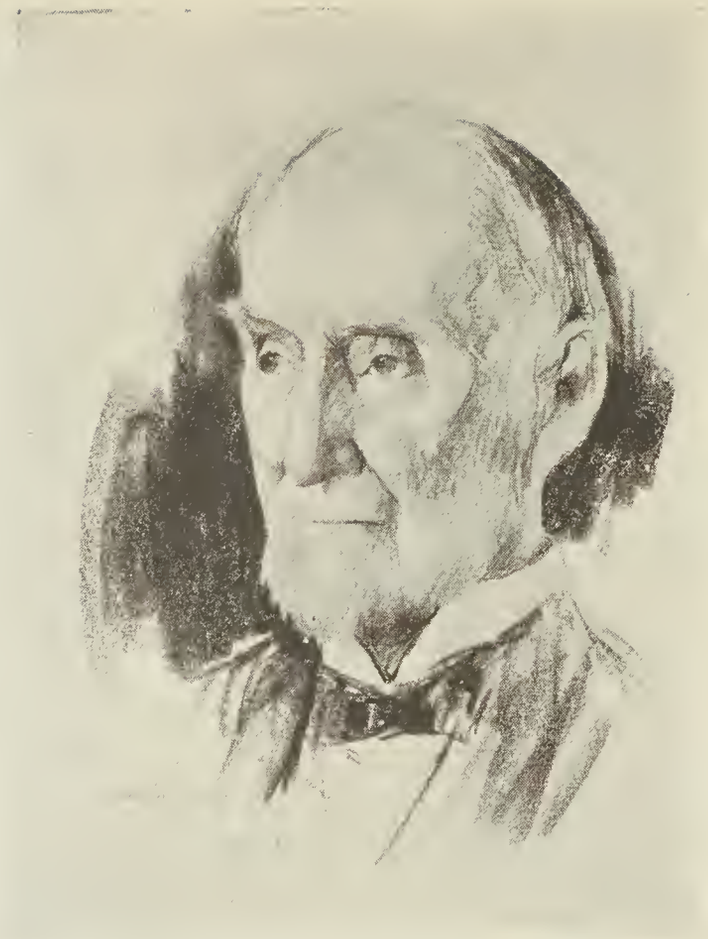
Then Wishbone fell ill. Micky was terrified, desolate. The puppy lay on an old bit of sacking in the back shed and gazed up at his master with frightened, pleading eyes. Obviously he suffered. His eyes watered as though with tears of pain and he would not eat. He grew thin and ragged-looking and he seemed to breathe with difficulty. His legs, but lately so full of friskiness, weakened until they could scarce bear the weight of his emaciated body. For the most part he lay still, preoccupied with breathing.

Micky was distressed and perplexed. This awful thing was beyond his comprehension. But it did not occur to him to seek the advice of his elders. Wishbone appeared to him to be dying. Could it be that? Could it be possible that all that winsomeness and affection was about to vanish off the face of the earth and be no more? How,

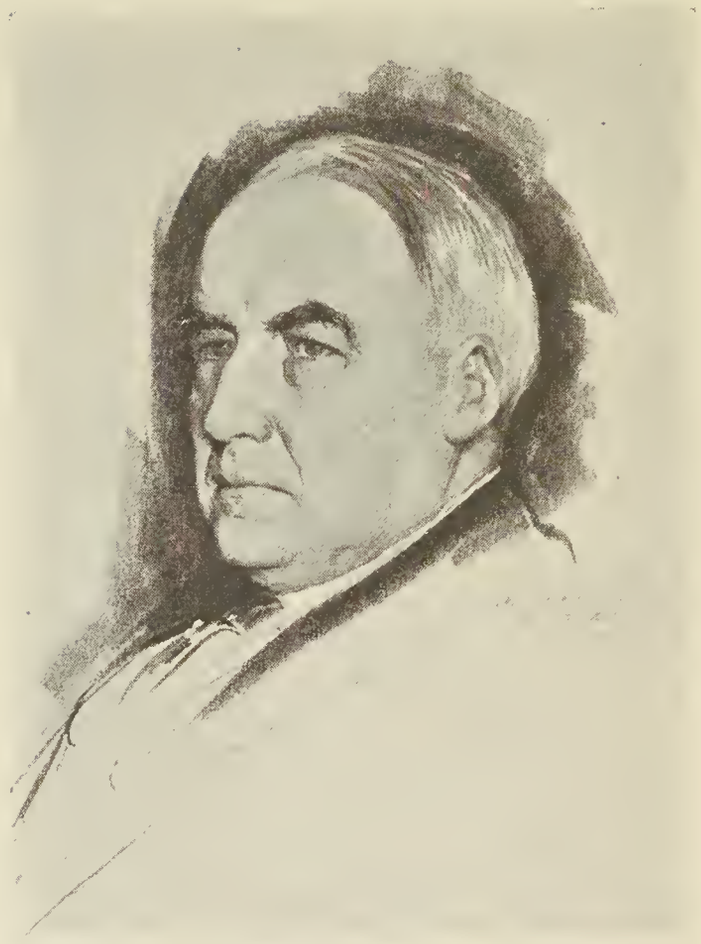
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HENRY CABOT LODGE



"UNCLE" JOE CANNON



WARREN G. HARDING

SEEING THINGS WITH A PENCIL

By LEONEBEL JACOBS

All masks come off before the artist who is doing your portrait. No matter how great or famous you may be, the artist sees you as you are. For the truth about you is your personality, and your personality must go down on the canvas.

During the last history-making months, THE DELINEATOR sent Mrs. Jacobs down to Washington to record in pastel some of the famous people gathered there. Within a few weeks she sketched thirty men and women, each one a personage. In the minutes they gave her—stolen from the Conference and the Senate and the social world—she came to know these figures in the great world as they really are. She set them down in pastel and she kept a note-book, from which we reprint some of her vivid comment.



CALVIN COOLIDGE

AN ARTIST has an extraordinary chance to get behind the defenses most people, even the great, put up between themselves and the world. To get at that truth, the artist, while he is painting, or sketching, mixing colors, or chatting with the subject, is all the time ferreting out the secret soul of the man or woman whose likeness is to go on the canvas.

For personality is the source of inspiration to the artist. While I was in Washington I sketched thirty people, all people to whom the aura of fame clings. Never in such a short time have I had such a variety of brilliant and interesting men and women—sometimes two or three a day—as subjects. It was indeed an artist's seventh heaven.

I SHALL begin this story with its ending, because the last person I sketched was President Harding. He was a splendid subject. The dignity of his stature, the bigness of his physical frame impressed me first, and as I sat and attempted to sketch him, in his office in the executive building, I sensed also his great humanity, his humor and the measured balance of his mind. As an artist I appreciated keenly his feeling for my difficulties, when I was attempting to work in an office where life was a succession of secretaries, stenographers, callers and Laddie Boy, the dog, so that when he suggested that I come to the White House on a Sunday morning, when he would have more leisure, I was delighted.

The President's face is very fine and strong. He is even more handsome than his pictures make him out to be. His hair is partly gray, and the part that is white shines like silver. His eyebrows are dark and his eyes piercing. His expression in repose is stern, so that when he smiles his face is like sunlight. He is a man apparently physically fit. He intends to stay so, evidently, because he eats only an apple for lunch. After I had finished my sketch, Mrs. Harding and I had a long talk. We discussed everything under the sun, as women do, and I found her a woman of great charm and fascina tion. But because she hates publicity, I did not sketch her.

For years I had wanted to sketch Alice Roosevelt, and when I had talked with her over the telephone I knew that I was not going to be disappointed in the daughter of her father. Never in my life have I known a person so alive, so keenly responsive as Alice Longworth. She seems to have inherited from her father that nervous intensity which makes life, for its possessors, an exciting and strenuous thing. Everything Alice Longworth does she does with spirit, and because she does things on the moment, to suit herself, she has gained a reputation for eccentricity, but I saw no eccentricity, but rather found a direct and spontaneous individuality.

She talks with a rapid and incisive intonation; and you don't know the real Alice until you hear her laugh ringing through the house or hear her call Helen, her maid. She has a way with her servants, which is a proof of the genuine affection they have for a just mistress. In the telephone book she is listed as Alice Roosevelt Longworth. The whole of Washington knows her. A friend of mine drove to the station in the Longworth car and every porter rushed to take her bags. They were disappointed when it wasn't Alice, but they carried my friend's luggage free. They scorned her tip. She rides around Washington in a brilliant scarlet coat, which confirms for some people the legend of eccentricity. Directness combined with energy is the most enlivening quality in the world, and Alice Longworth has it. Her house is a cross-roads at which one meets everybody and anybody of interest and distinction.

HER library is the frame and interesting result of an adventurous life, directed by an intelligent mind. Books, prints, newspapers, some Sargent sketches of her mother and sister, a modern free-hand embroidery of monkeys, done by an aunt—all these things cast a spell over me. The furniture might have been found anywhere, in any comfortable American home, except that the upholstery of Alice Longworth's sofa had a very obvious worn spot. When I saw an earl sitting calmly beside it, I knew it didn't matter.

Mrs. Longworth has a favorite frock—a black thing embroidered in gorgeous colors. When my sketch was exhibited in Washington, people said, "Oh, she wore that dress, didn't she!" She has the courage to wear it, day after day, anywhere and everywhere, because she likes it. She has no fear of getting old. "Don't leave the lines out of my face," she said. "I am almost forty." She wants to be a brisk forty.

HER insight into politics is amazing. Of course no young woman of this generation has had her chance to mix in the great world, but few would have made such intelligent use of that chance. She is a familiar figure in the Senate gallery. Her taste in art is discriminating and unusual. She showed me originals of Beardsley, Raemaekers, Kay Neilsen. I have seen her run through a magazine commenting upon illustrations and contents with a critical knowledge strange for a layman. Her friends are legion.

One meets all types at her home. One noon she left me to lunch with Will Rogers and his wife—the "salt of the earth," she called them.

The first time I met Vice-President Coolidge his taciturnity, his piercing blue eyes, terrified me. I was unhappy at the thought of sketching this silent New Englander. When he first sat for me, the silence was overpowering—for some time.

Then suddenly, out of a clear sky, he said, "Your hair is the same color as mine." Then I loved him.

Each of us has orange hair, only I have more of it.



ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH



PRINCESS BERTHE CANTACUZENE



MADAME WELLINGTON KOO



MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE

The proverbial vice-presidential silence was broken from time to time after that, and I realized that his blue eyes could smile and that he had real humor. Nevertheless he is the most difficult person I ever sketched and I cannot quite tell why. Some one in Washington told me a story about him that illustrates his dry humor. "Cal," said one of his friends, "I don't understand your political success. You have run for office eighteen times, and yet you have never been defeated. What's your secret?"

"Oh," said the Vice-President, "it's Nature! I leave it to her."

"Go on," said the friend, "that's no explanation."

"Oh, well," admitted the Vice-President, "sometimes I *nudge* Nature."

He sat twice in my studio in New York, and I saw him several times in Washington. He adores his wife and talked about her very beautifully to me. Her social gifts have always atoned for his shyness and silence. In his quiet way he is a man of great kindness; he has a deep and subtle loyalty; and although he does not talk himself, he likes others to *talk* to him. And no doubt one of the true secrets of his political success is the fact that he has a definite set of principles, and that nothing can weaken his faith in them.

When I sketched Mme. Wellington Koo, the wife of the Chinese Ambassador to Great Britain, I had my most interesting experience with an Oriental. Madame Yajima, the Japanese feminist, and Prince Tokugawa were distinct individualities. Madame Koo, too, was her own exotic self. She was like a magnolia blossom—small, poised, sophisticated. Educated in Europe, a cosmopolitan to the finger-tips, familiar with the details of an American tea-table, she was the last word in the Oriental advance.

Intellectually she is more mature than most women of her age. Her inscrutable little head is placed on a tiny stem of a neck. It baffled me, so elusive was its construction. Her eyes were so delicate that I was afraid to put them on the canvas; her mouth no mouth, but a red flower; her eyebrows two lines in harmony with the rest of her features.

Her understanding of life, her taste in art, are those of a woman of the world. The tiny mistress of a great delegation, she had some twenty-six servants at her behest. I can see her now standing in a big room, like some Oriental princess, calling impatiently, "Bell-boy, bell-boy!" The bell-boy, an eighth-grade American youth, came running.

The first time I saw Mrs. Coolidge, the wife of the Vice-President, she sat opposite me at a luncheon-table, and her vivacity and gray eyes charmed me. She was wearing a black dress, a large black hat, a jade necklace, and earrings; a dark-red curtain hung behind her, against which she made such a striking picture that I persuaded her to sit for me at once. I made a second sketch of her at her home in the New Willard Hotel, where she unlocked her closet and let me select the costume. I wanted a gray dress of soft silk and a large hat with lavender and pink plumes, which she had worn at a White House party. This sketch I preferred, although the third, in pink and gold brocade, showed her at her best.

MRS. COOLIDGE, tall, dark-haired, impressed you alike with her common sense and her unspoiled enthusiasm. She has adapted herself to the complicated social life that a Vice-President's wife must lead without losing her unaffected American simplicity. She has an extraordinary memory for names and faces. Some one in Washington tells the story of seeing her again several months after a first meeting at a large public reception. Mrs. Coolidge remembered the face, the name.

She is a thrifty wife and mother. Mrs. Coolidge told me that she had bought for her two boys some splendid rain-coats at the Army and Navy stores. One of the days when I was sketching her she was free at luncheon, so went for lunch as a great lark to a certain historic restaurant about which she had heard all her life. Well, we went and we didn't like it. My spirits were at low ebb. We walked home, and on the way Mrs. Coolidge stopped at a five-and-ten-cent store and bought herself a half-dozen hair-nets. My despair went. I still lived in a democracy, and life took on its charm.

Senator Lodge sat for me in his office at the Capitol, in a haze of smoke. I saw him, as through a fog, dimly. Now I do not even object to my subject smoking, if his style is not disconcerting. Senator Lodge's tobacco technique is artistically perfect. Politically and intellectually, he is a Brahman, and he disposes of a cigar with the same sophisticated grace and detachment with which he dispatches the affairs of State. He sat there in his office—his lean frame stretched out in his chair, his fine head thrown back to the imminent disturbance of his equilibrium—and smoked. The blue spirals wafted themselves to the ceiling, and in the middle of the clouds a great New Englander contemplated.

But to draw a head at such an angle was nearly impossible. I never had a subject who presented a more fascinating study in facial expression. The Senator's face is a changing mirror of subtle expression and it becomes something entirely different when he smiles. Then his eyes become two sparkling little diamonds, almost lost in a delicately lined face.

The best model I ever had was Uncle Joe Cannon—who, being eighty-six years old, may have learned the value of repose. When Congressman Madden took me to see him, in his office, Uncle Joe shook his head. He didn't want his portrait done. Then he turned to look at me and said, "What church do you go to?" My husband's father is a very distinguished theologian. That may have done it.

UNCLE JOE wrote down his name and address and telephone number, and told me to come to his house Sunday at half-past two. I went. I had done Viviani and the Princess Berthe Cantacuzene earlier in the day. I was worried and a little fatigued when I sat down in the sun-parlor of the Cannon home. But I began to be thrilled. There sat Uncle Joe, pink and white and spick and span in his immaculate frock coat, in perfect repose, tempting my pastel pencil. He didn't understand what a good model he was.

Behind me sat his daughter, quietly watching. His secretary hovered in the background—the house absolutely still. It was one of those perfect sittings that come rarely to a portrait artist. When I finished, Uncle Joe and his daughter seemed as pleased. And then he insisted on putting me in his car and driving me to my hotel—in regal state—*one-half block around the corner*.

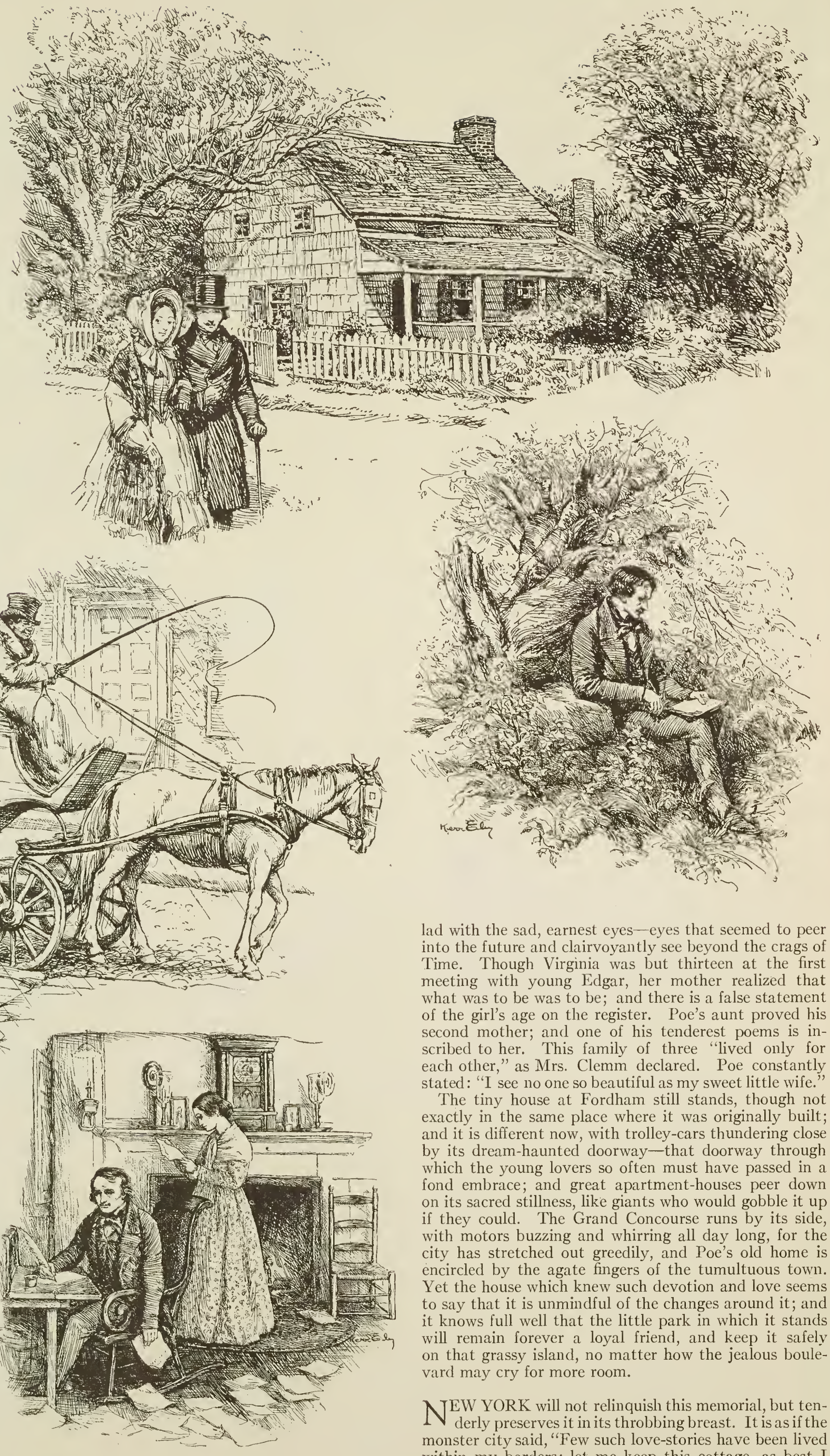
Never have I found three more lovable people together than Prince Michael Cantacuzene, his wife and daughter. The Prince, so attentive a husband and so teasing a father, seemed to me quite American. The princess, granddaughter of General Grant, born in the White House, is as charming and gracious a woman as one can imagine. The Princess Berthe, seventeen, is a regular Snow White, or a fairy-tale princess. Her dark eyes and pale olive skin are Russian, but her energy and directness are American. She has the manner of a mature woman and the débutante's fondness for dances and parties. Having had to flee from Russia and the sorrow she saw there, she has a deeper insight into life than the average girl of her age. Her appraisal of people is quite marvelous, and never have I seen a girl so proud of her mother, so happy in her companionship, and so confident in her judgment.

Princess Berthe posed for me in a dress she had made herself, and while I was with her persuaded her mother to make a hat for her that very afternoon to wear to the Argentine Embassy dance. Now the Princess Cantacuzene is a busy woman, working untiringly for the Russian Relief, but she made the hat, and showed me two others she had made, both as chic as any of the models from Paris.

Their home is filled with interesting possessions of General Grant, and there were glass cases filled with wonderful cameos and signet stones that had been saved and brought over from Russia. Prince Michael showed me the books and portraits with a certain sadness.

WHERE POE ONCE LIVED AND LOVED

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE



IN MY boyhood I used to be taken from the heart of New York to a spot which seemed to me then in a far country, to see the little cottage where a great poet once lived and loved. I knew that his name was Edgar Allan Poe, and I knew, even in those early years, the legend of his life of unutterable sorrow; and I had heard an old gentleman, who used to come to my father's house, recite in ringing tones "The Raven" and "The Bells," until the lines became a part of me.

Who would not love to live in a cottage like Poe's, sitting by those tiny windows, reading or writing, the while he caught the faint perfume of the love that once dwelt here, and almost felt the warm presence of those lovers who, though poor, were strangely happy?

As I grew to manhood I kept thinking, every time I visited this lovely little abode, of the wife who went through the bitterest poverty with the poet, mended his worn clothing until there was little left to mend, warmed her hands at the tiniest of stoves, prepared his food—when there was food to prepare—and finally died in the bed which is still there, and at that sadly distant time was covered only with straw. When Virginia Poe passed away in it her husband's overcoat lay over her pitiful little body, to keep out the cold.

FORTUNATELY, there were a few good friends who came in to alleviate their distress; and Mrs. Clemm, the mother of Virginia Poe, was able to be with them in Fordham a great part of the time. She loved them both, and it was she, when other relatives objected to the poet's marriage because of the bride's youth, who broke down all barriers, and made it possible for them to wed in the flush of their first romance. She never failed them, though she had but little of this world's goods. A man like Poe with the heart of a child and the face of a lost spirit, would be bound to draw to himself the love of good women; and though stories have been spread as to his weaknesses, there is no evidence that during the lifetime of his beloved wife he allowed himself to sink to that gutter which is the symbol of a drunkard's folly. After her going out on that bleak January day in 1847, who shall blame him if evil dissipations got the better of him?

There had been long years when he struggled to express himself, with no woman to aid him on the difficult road of literature. When Virginia came into his life, they were mutually attracted to each other—one of those spiritual, dreamlike romances awoke which none could allay. They looked into each other's eyes, and the days held new meanings. The poet's aunt, Mrs. Clemm, saw the inevitable result, and at once became their counselor and friend. She had always cared for the romantic lad with the sad, earnest eyes—eyes that seemed to peer into the future and clairvoyantly see beyond the crags of Time. Though Virginia was but thirteen at the first meeting with young Edgar, her mother realized that what was to be was to be; and there is a false statement of the girl's age on the register. Poe's aunt proved his second mother; and one of his tenderest poems is inscribed to her. This family of three "lived only for each other," as Mrs. Clemm declared. Poe constantly stated: "I see no one so beautiful as my sweet little wife."

The tiny house at Fordham still stands, though not exactly in the same place where it was originally built; and it is different now, with trolley-cars thundering close by its dream-haunted doorway—that doorway through which the young lovers so often must have passed in a fond embrace; and great apartment-houses peer down on its sacred stillness, like giants who would gobble it up if they could. The Grand Concourse runs by its side, with motors buzzing and whirring all day long, for the city has stretched out greedily, and Poe's old home is encircled by the agate fingers of the tumultuous town. Yet the house which knew such devotion and love seems to say that it is unmindful of the changes around it; and it knows full well that the little park in which it stands will remain forever a loyal friend, and keep it safely on that grassy island, no matter how the jealous boulevard may cry for more room.

NEW YORK will not relinquish this memorial, but tenderly preserves it in its throbbing breast. It is as if the monster city said, "Few such love-stories have been lived within my borders; let me keep this cottage, as best I can, that it may speak to the throngs who pass it now, of those old years when two who dwelt here lived in humility, but in greatness, too."

Edgar Allan Poe is one of the most romantic figures in all literature. Mystery and foreboding hover about his name. His life was like a stormy day; and even in that remote childhood spent in England, one feels the relentless years beginning to crowd around him with tempests in their train. He was born in Boston in 1809; and we know that his parents were mediocre traveling actors, not blessed by fortune. They died young, and left

three children—two boys and a girl; and Edgar, at an early age, was adopted by one John Allan and his wife, who, having no children of their own, were glad to have the handsome lad in their home. They were in comfortable circumstances; and when Edgar was but six years old he was taken to England by these good folk, and sent to the Manor House School at Stoke Newington, a suburb of London.

He had not the rare gift of friendship; and his childish years must have been melancholy. There is a well-authenticated story to the effect that when a little schoolmate took him once to his home, Edgar was deeply touched by the kindness of the boy's mother. The words she spoke seem to have been the first of deep sympathy the child had heard.

BUT the schooling in England stood him in good stead, for he learned French, and stood high in his other studies; and when he returned to the United States and went to the University at Charlottesville, he made a specialty of several languages. It was here, too, that he wandered alone amid the forlorn crags and mountains near the town; and no doubt his imagination was aroused among these awesome scenes, and the weird poetry in his brain began to find nebulous expression. On his return to Richmond, his matter-of-fact foster-father put him to work in his counting-room; but the labor was not congenial to one of Poe's temperament, and he broke with Mr. Allan, and made his way to Boston to seek a literary career.

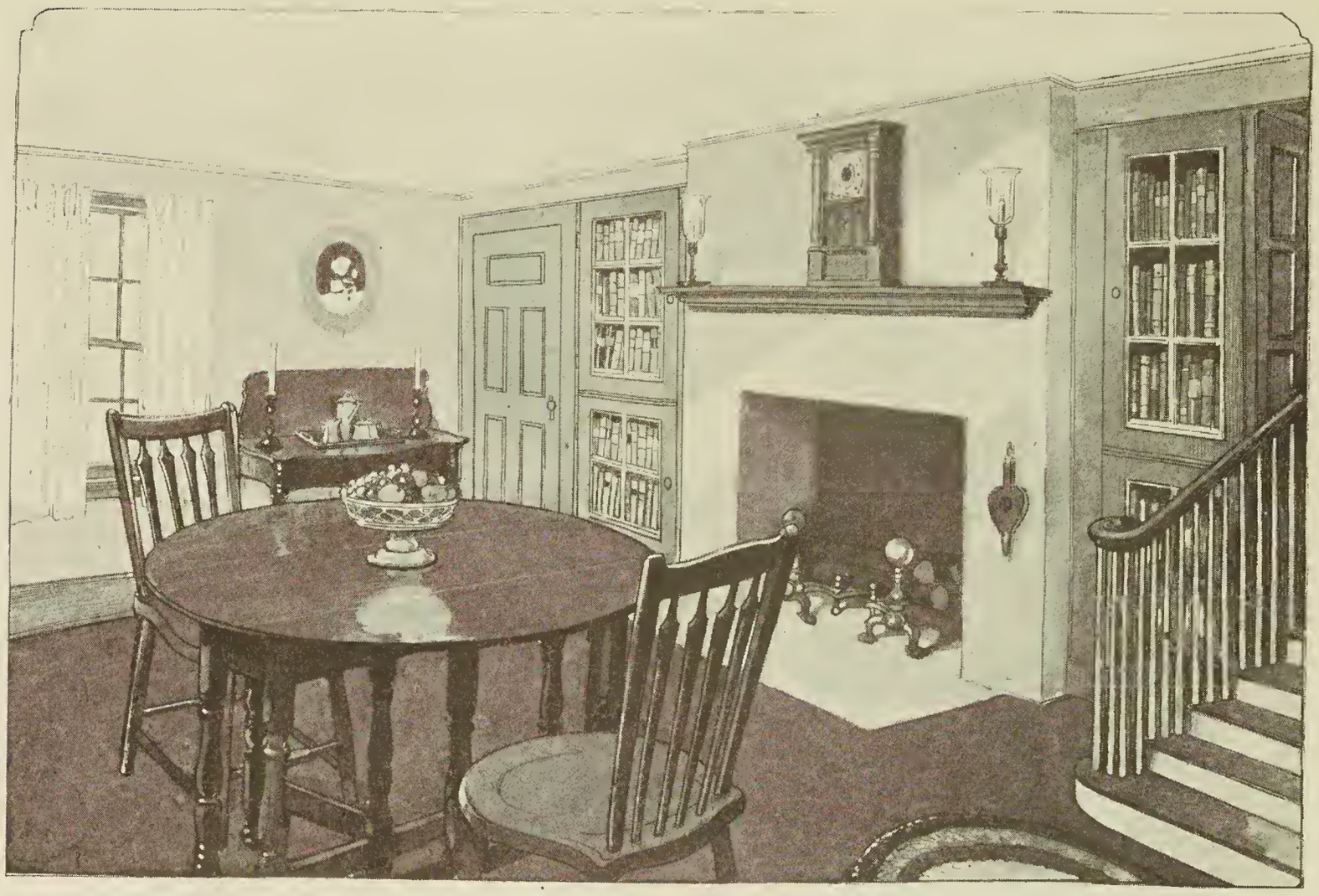
It was in the city of culture that he found a publisher for his initial volume of verse, called "Tamerlane," which he signed simply, "By a Bostonian." It is very rare now, and is much sought by collectors.

There followed a brief period when it looked as if Poe would be reconciled with his foster-father, whose first wife had died, and who had taken to himself an even younger bride. Edgar doubtless felt that his presence in the home was undesired; so he made his way to Baltimore, again in search of a literary career. Ill-luck pursued him, until one day in 1833 he saw an announcement in the *Saturday Visitor* offering two prizes—one hundred dollars for the best short story and half that sum for the best poem. Poe eagerly competed, and won both. But it was considered unwise to award two prizes to a single competitor; so the poetry prize was given to another.

Though he won this prize, Poe won something far greater—the friendship of John P. Kennedy; and afterward, when Mr. Allan died, in 1834, he turned to him for assistance and guidance, and found him a never-failing source of comfort.

A nemesis hung over the poet, always. Even after his marriage, he knew the bitterest sorrow. Virginia's health was frail; and Poe began to feel the first anguish of that frightful melancholy which was to brood over his storm-swept days. He had found regular editorial work; but his tameless spirit could not endure the routine of a desk position, and he had repeated disputes with his best friends. He could not get along even with his good friend Kennedy, and he decided to make New York his abiding-place. He arrived in the city with only $4.50 in in his pocket, and lived in a boarding-house at the corner of Greenwich and Albany Streets. Shortly after, he went forth to try to borrow three dollars—enough to keep him there another week.

The poet had expected work with the New York *Review;* but his hopes were blasted, for that periodical failed soon after he took up his residence in the metropolis, and he was forced to eke out a precarious living scribbling book reviews, and writing sensational short stories to meet his pressing needs. There was an interval, when he went to Philadelphia and sought favor with various publishers; but he was always poorly paid for his manuscripts, and there were long stretches of lean days.



A GATE-LEGGED TABLE AND PAINTED CHAIRS CREATE AN INFORMAL ATMOSPHERE IN THIS CHARMING ROOM

Shattered in health, because he had come to take opium to give him sweet release from his many literary disappointments, Poe and his wife removed to the little cottage on King's Bridge Road at the top of Fordham Hill. The cherry-trees were in full blossom, and in the intervals when he was able to write he sat beneath them, and the bark of one is kept in the house to this day. How meagerly the place was furnished, only the young couple knew! A few chairs, a bed, three or four books, the tiniest of stoves and—that was all. There were three cozy rooms down-stairs, and one above. His poor wife lingered on, though helped by the good Mrs. Gove, but finally died—only twenty-five years old! The bed where she expired and also the rocking-chair where Poe sat when he wrote "The Bells" and "Annabel Lee" are still in the cottage.

After his terrible loss, he wandered about, and finally, an utter physical and mental wreck, succumbed in Baltimore on Sunday, October 7, 1849.

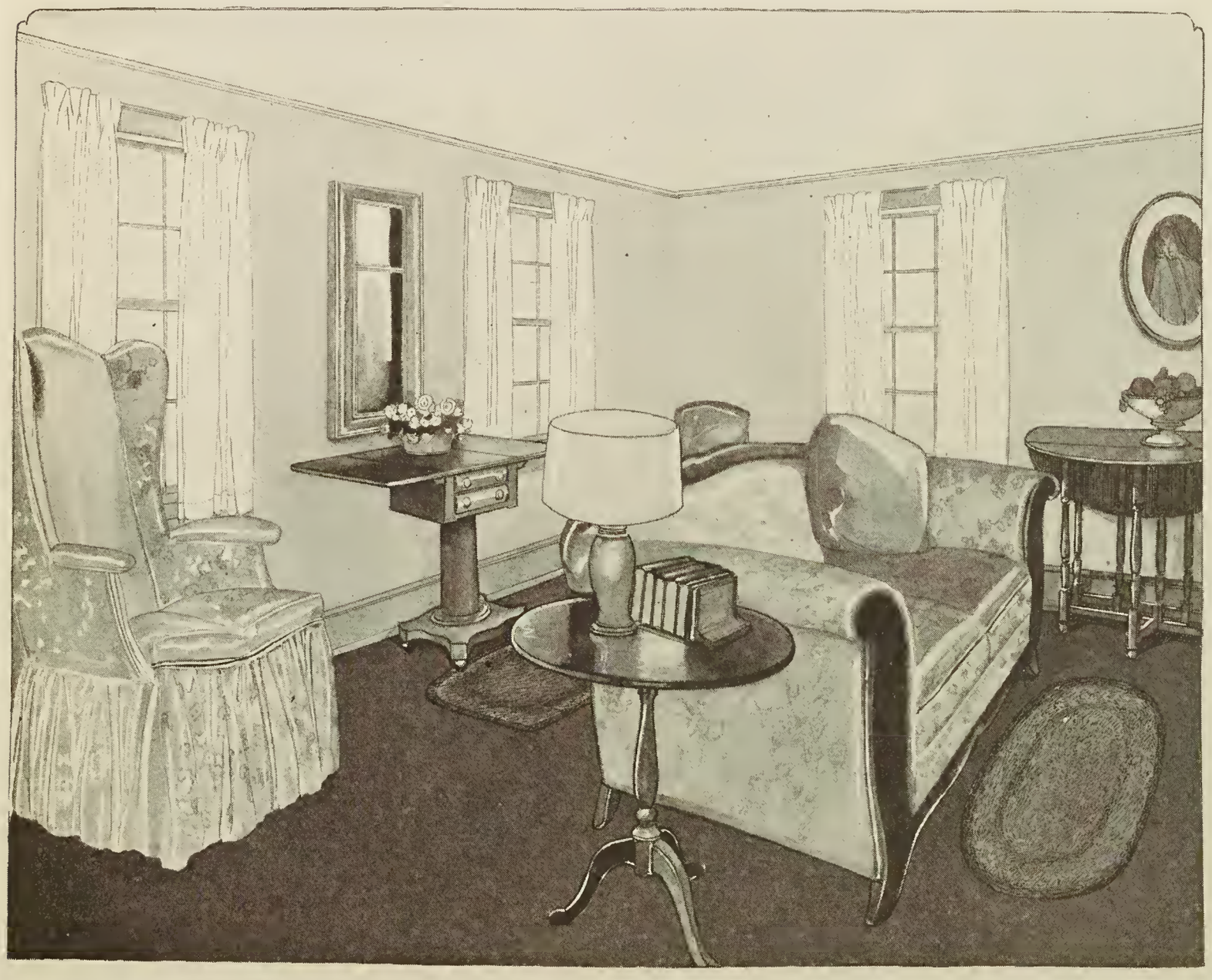
Edwin Markham has written a beautiful poem, which hangs on the walls of the tiny cottage. In the final stanza he cries out:

Sing, Israfel! You have your star at last,
Your morning star; but we—we still must ive.
So now that is over, all is past,
Forget, forget—forgive!

THE illustrations on this page are suggested treatments for interiors of a modern house of the Poe Cottage type, prepared under the supervision of Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, THE DELINEATOR'S Home-Building Editor.

As the large room serves both as living-room and dining-room, it becomes the center of our interest and decoration. The height and proportions lead admirably to the simple uses of paint. We could not do better than to imitate the original color scheme as a background for the modern furnishings. Plastered walls, painted a rich and mellow ivory throughout the house, would give it a spacious and cheerful appearance. For hall, bedroom and living-room woodwork, a refreshing apple green could be used, while the wood in the kitchen might be painted a light brown, or cocoa color; the floor stain a dark brown, in a manner that would show the grain. This would be excellent for the use of round or oval braided rugs in dark colors.

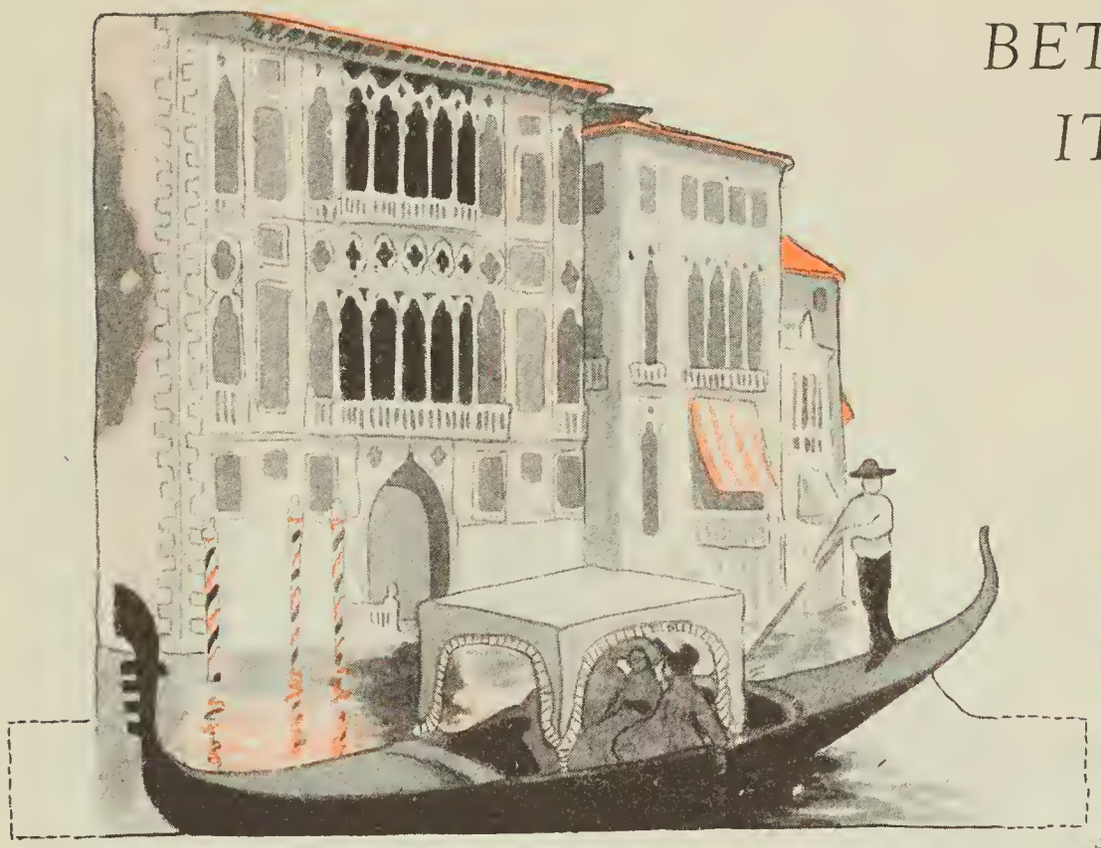
Cream-white sheer muslin, or a good quality cheesecloth, could be employed for straight little curtains close to the windows. These, if made by hand with a French heading, would give a soft and pleasing appearance. A winged or tufted chair upholstered in a serviceable dark-gray or brown upholsterer's velvet could have for its Summer dress a plain linen slip with a wide ruffle. Suggesting the antique, a mahogany or walnut framed sofa might be upholstered in a light, cottage-pattern



SOFT MUSLIN CURTAINS AND SLIP-COVERS OF COLORFUL CHINTZ MAKE GAY THE LIVING END OF THIS ROOM

Concluded on page 68

BETTY'S VISIT TO THE ITALIAN CHILDREN



Betty in Venice riding in the gondola, that she tells about in her letter

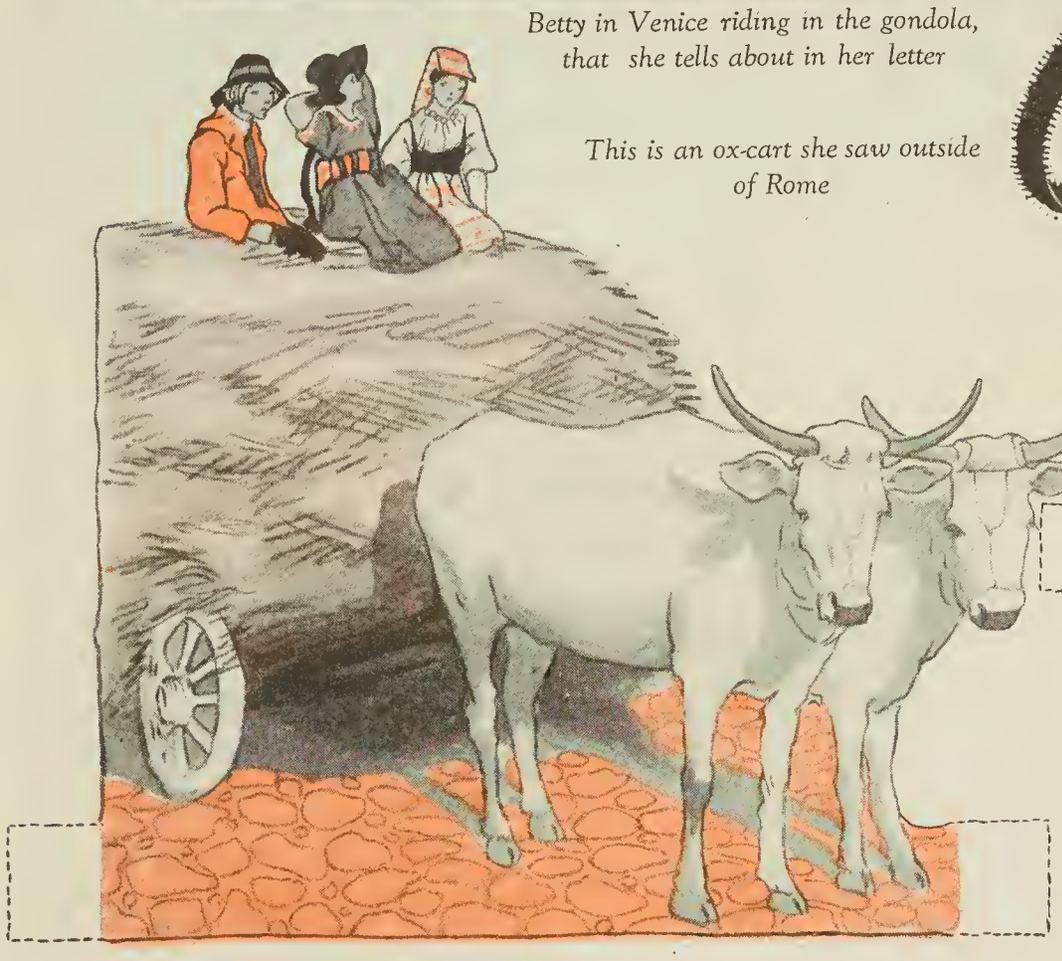


Betty and the Calzoletti children drinking goat's milk. Do you see the Roman peasants standing near by?

This is an ox-cart she saw outside of Rome



Here is Betty herself in her Roman sash



ROME, ITALY.

CARA Dots:

Ha! Ha! That's Italian.

You know I kind of expected Italy to look like that shoe with a big heel on the map. Well, it doesn't a bit. There are people and houses and trees like anywhere.

Rome is awful big and old. And all the houses are old. And they have big windows and big doors. I'm in one now that's three hundred years old and I'm in an Italian family that has three children and that's lived here a hundred and ten years. I don't mean these children. But their grandfather and their great-grandfather and their father were born here. And so were they. And so they keep on living here.

It's an apartment with GREAT big rooms and high ceilings. And every family has a little place on the roof that belongs to them and the Calzolettis (that's my family), why, they have the cutest little arbor up there, with little tables and plants in pots and we eat outdoors. Another lady has a real peach-tree in a big pot and vegetables in boxes. Honest! She gave me a peach and a tomato.

Well, the children are Giovanni—he's a boy and it's funny, he wears a sailor suit with long pants like Alfonso, that boy in Spain, and Raoul that I knew in Paris. And goodness! In the house he wears a black apron that buttons in the back and has blue braid. And the girls have red braid. They are named Assunta and Trigona.

Giovanni talks English, but his sisters can't. But you know, it's funny, it doesn't matter a bit. We play dolls and catchers and everything on the roof and I forget they can't talk English and they forget I can't talk Italian. We're teaching each other, though. I can say: "Buon giorno." You say that: *Bwon jor-no* and it means "Good morning." And *per piacere* means "please." You say that: *Pair pi-atch-a-reh.*

You know in springtime men come to Rome from the country with goats. And all the kids drink goat's milk. So to-day a man with sheepskin clothes and a goat came under our window and we went out on the balcony and Giovanni let down a bucket on a string. And we all leaned over and watched the man milk the goat in a little tin measuring-cup. And he poured in three cups and we pulled up the pail and drank the milk and it was warm. First we threw him down a lira. That's Italian money.

We went for a walk with the nurse to the Pincian Gardens. We rode in the cutest goat-carts for a penny. We saw Roman peasants from the country. We heard a big band play. Giovanni showed me lots of snails hanging on to big blades of grass.

Oh, I forgot to tell you! It's a feast day to-day called St. John's. So everybody wears carnations and eats snails. There are men on the street with big kettles like witches' cauldrons. And they drop the snails in alive and cook them and they poke them with a stick. And people eat them! Goodness! it makes me feel funny in my stomach. But the Calzoletti children were crazy about them. Except Trigona. She was too little. Brother ate six just to be smart.

Giovanni and Assunta and Trigona sleep a lot in the daytime when it's hot and then they sit up late at night. They are allowed to drink coffee for breakfast, only it's mostly hot milk. Giovanni has the most coffee in his because he's oldest. Trigona is littlest, so she gets most all milk. You only get bread besides that, and it's all right to crumble it in your coffee and to put your elbows on the table too.

Then about eleven o'clock you get another breakfast called "breakfast with the fork." That's bread and butter. And cherries or strawberries or figs. And eggs. Sometimes you crack a hole in the egg and drink it raw. Only I always spill mine. You don't get any dinner until eight o'clock. And there's a big stack of plates in front of you and every time you eat something different, you use another plate. But you keep the same knife and fork.

CUTILGIANO. (KOO-TEEL-YAH-NO).

IN THE Appenine Mountains. This is a cute little village where the Calzolettis come in the Summer. The train went through twenty-six tunnels on the way.

There are lots of chestnut-trees. The peasants make chestnut flour and cook big flat brown chestnut cakes and chestnut griddle-cakes. They boil chestnuts for dinner.

We went to a peasant house. It's two stories high and made out of stone. Three families live there. There was an old fireplace right in the *middle* of the room. Like a big stone box with fire in it. And everybody was sitting around because it was rainy. And I thought they were all crying, but it was just the smoke in their eyes.

There was a pretty little girl named Erminia, with black eyes and black hair. She is only nine years old, but she has a chest to keep her trousseau, for when she gets married. She showed it to me. She knits stockings for it and she is crocheting lace for pillow-cases. Brother asked her who she was going to marry and she laughed and laughed and thought that was awful funny.

VENICE.

LOOK where I am now! We came in a train, and then we got in a gondola with our suitcases and the gondolier paddled to our hotel. It was nighttime and there were red lights and yellow lights and green lights and you could hear the water say, "Lap, lap," and it made me feel funny and I thought about Mother and I wanted to cry. Brother said he felt that way too, so he hugged me.

It's not so pretty here in the daytime because the houses look kind of dirty. And sometimes the water smells kind of fishy. But I love it anyway.

You know there are pavements. But the middle of the street is water. It's kind of like different islands of houses and streets with water in between. And sometimes you can walk a long way on land just like anywhere.

We went to St. Mark's Square. And the tame pigeons were there just like you read about. They were so sweet and flew on my shoulder and I fed them. They felt soft.

I bought you some pink and blue and gilt Venetian beads from my allowance. Oh, and I forgot to tell you, Brother got me a Roman sash. And Roman pearls that are made of the dust that comes off real pearls when they are polished. And he has a watch-charm that's the Roman wolf feeding Romulus and Remus.

Good-by now. Has Snippie forgotten me yet? Kiss his ear for me.

A rivederci! That's how you say "Good-by" to people you love.

BETTY B.



"Net" is the light and airy answer to the question of the Summer dancing dress worn by Helen Mencken in "Drifting"



For all types of Summer dresses, from the printed silks to cotton crêpes and organdies, the sleeve comes to a hasty conclusion well above the elbow. A new photograph of Fania Marinoff



Estelle Winwood in a "robe de style" of Valenciennes lace and Valenciennes-edged ruffles. The long full skirt is more picturesque than wearable

THE NEW IN NEW YORK

By Evelyn Dodge

Photographs by White Studio

NEW YORK is giving signs that it is preparing, not without reason, to turn its back on itself and to be off to the country. In late May and early June the city is still very lovely, but the first hint of warm weather brings home to one New York's limitations. The season is too gay and enticing with its soft airs, bright flowers and brilliant shop-windows to remain indoors, yet once outside one must keep moving. There is no place where one can lunch or drink tea *en plein air* in a garden or on a terrace as one can in Paris, no place like Hyde Park and the Avenue du Bois du Boulogne where one can sit and watch the fashionable world and his wife—particularly his wife—promenade past in their best Spring bibs and tuckers.

When New York walks it is on Fifth Avenue, a restless, delightful, absorbing street, but one that possesses the secret of perpetual motion.

THE shop-windows are full of country clothes—white wool sports capes, softly fringed; white crêpe silk capes over white crêpe silk dresses; little white sandals with scarlet heels; wide hats of transparent straw, orange or scarlet by preference, wreathed with fruit and flowers; scarlet in the cire girdles of Summer dresses, in the new sleeveless jackets worn over Summer dresses, in belts, and bathing-suits, in parasols and hand-bags.

A cursory inspection of the windows of the smart Fifth Avenue shops indicates clearly that New York is prepared to follow Paris along Russian lines. One sees Russian dresses trimmed quite simply with rows of flat braid at the side closing, boat-shaped neck and irregular hem. One that was shown recently in the early Fifties was of pale platinum-gray linen with dark-blue braid, small blue buttons and neat pockets bound with the braid.

ALSO *à la russe* are the blouses, some of them straight and shirtlike, others with the characteristic peasant neck and full sleeve, but all of them heavily laden with Russian cross-stitch embroidery. Red and dark blue, red and yellow, or red with blue or black are the peasant colors for cross-stitch and generally appear on white or linen blue. Quite smart, though less typical, is wood-brown cross-stitching on yellow, or scarlet on pale gray, but the bright peasant colors are very gay and pretty with the softly fringed white homespun skirts.

The sports blouse of French origin drawn into a band at the hip is being shown by all the shops that make a specialty of the new so-called sports clothes. It is something like a sublimated middy blouse, but trimmer and smarter than the middy ever thought of being. It's very good looking as part of an all-white dress, with the collar, band and skirt trimmed with vivid color.

TO THE congenitally lazy woman who looks askance at embroidery French fabrics are offered, woven with cross-stitch patterns.

In fact, much of the new hand-work is imitated by the French Summer materials. The organdies and voiles and handkerchief linens checked off into rather large squares with hemstitching are very lovely, especially when they are used with small embroidered pompadour flowers. The beaded or "perlé" crêpes look in many cases not unlike dotted swiss without its transparency. There are also serges woven with their own fringes, the fringe in a contrasting color, for straight-edged capes and skirts and dresses.

The embroidered organdies are exquisite and there are linens and crêpes that are very interesting. Rodier has made a fairly heavy, fairly coarse linen in its natural cream color embroidered with small wool flowers after a Normandy peasant design. There are also very heavy crêpes embroidered with silk or wool in colors on white or in white on a plain color.

THESE heavier materials are used for shirtlike blouses and the vests and the front of the waistcoat blouses worn with smart tailored suits. A yellow waistcoat blouse, with the waistcoat front of pale canary-colored crêpe embroidered in white wool and with the back and sleeves of yellow batiste, is very smart with the classical gray tailored suit that one sees at Sherry's or the Ritz on women who are just back from Paris.

New York women, like the Parisienne, are still wearing the strap slipper or sandal in patent leather, gray or beige suède, or a plain patent-leather pump with steel buckles. The preference now is for the black slipper with the light-colored stockings. But for Summer the same type of slipper will be worn in white or white trimmed with black, with brown or with scarlet.

SOULIÉ SKETCHES SENT FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS ESTABLISHMENT



The clutch of the new hip drapery appears in every important French collection though it does not dominate the new fashions. Jenny uses it on a dress of copper-brown crepe Georgette embroidered with shaded flowers edged with blue crystal beads. Blue taffeta roses and a scarabee motif hold a length of red ribbon up to the hip



Paris has found nothing more pleasing to the Parisienne than the bateau neck and wide sleeve for a dress of this type from Madeleine et Madeleine. It is made of Madeleine-rose crêpe Marocain embroidered in Chinese blue and worn over sleeves and slip of rose chiffon



A dress from Jenny marks two departures from the mode of last season. One is the Russian closing made important by an embroidered band of jet. The other is the introduction of red chiffon in the sleeve top and lining, breaking the sober black of the crêpe Marocain gown



There is an indication of greater formality in dress in the new draperies and gowns with trains. In a dress of black crêpe Marocain the train begins as a cape caught to the shoulders with strands of jet which run into a point on the train, repeating the jet trimming below the belt in front. From Madeleine et Madeleine

Premet double crosses a dress of green crêpe romain with green braid, steel beads and small tassels. The slanting tunic appears at the front only, and the split sleeves and beltless effect are new

COATS AS WELL AS GOWNS AND SUITS MEET WITH CONSIDERATION FROM WORTH, DOEUILLET AND PREMET



Nut brown and made by Premet is a charming little suit of garbardine trimmed with stitched and beaded bands on the collar and hip. The half belt repeats the tie of the collar and the wrist, and the skirt crosses and closes at the side



All the elegance of which Doeuillet is such a master expresses itself in a gown of lichen-gray broche with crêpe sleeves and a cross drapery caught under motifs and a fringe of wooden beads dyed to match the dress

If all the coats were as charming as the one above from Worth, the cape would have a hard time of it. Worth uses black cloth trimmed with black bands across the narrow skirt and white embroidery on the wide sleeves. The collar is of white singe



Worth evidently considered that there were two sides to the train question when he made a double-trained dress of white chiffon over a gold Sultana slip. The belt and bodice are embroidered with diamonds in the true Worth manner



A coat from Doeuillet adopts the good points of the elegant afternoon gown — the wide sleeve, broken hem and half-bloused body. It is made of black crêpe Marocain faced with red crêpe de Chine and trimmed with fringe braid and jet

3748—This attractive variation of the fashionable slip-over frock joins its straight skirt to a long body and may omit the blouse body lining. The fulness at hip is becoming. Use chambray for the body with a gingham skirt, or cotton crêpe with cotton prints, or gingham, dimity or cotton homespun alone. Silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe voile, cotton crêpe in two colors or figured with plain are effective.

36 bust requires 1⅛ yard of 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine for body of dress and 1¾ yard of 40-inch printed crêpe de Chine (cut crosswise), and a narrow ribbon sash. The lower edge of dress is 63 inches wide.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust.



Dress 3748

Dress 3767
Embroidery design 10889

3767—10889—Free panels and straps pin their faith to a slip-over dress foundation. These loose front and back panels are looped under the straight lower edge of the one-piece frock and break the even hem line. The low waistline may be arranged with a casing and elastic, and one may omit the blouse body lining. Embroidery is an effective trimming. It may be worked in bugle beads, one-stitch embroidery or a combination of both. Crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse and crêpe jersey in one or two colors are attractive materials for the frock.

36 bust requires 5¼ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge is 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 46 inches bust and also for misses.



Dress 3776
Embroidery design 10970

DRAPERY FOLLOWS THE LURE OF THE UNEVEN HEM

3776—10970—Fashion heralds Summer with loose panels that extend below the frock. This is a slip-over fashion closing at the left underarm. The straight skirt follows the low waistline. The long body lining may be in camisole outline or omitted altogether. An effective embroidery is suggested. This is worked in a combination of one-stitch and bugle beads and satin-stitch or outline embroidery. Use cotton crêpe, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor or taffeta.

36 bust requires 4 yards of 40-inch fine cotton crêpe. Lower edge is 54 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3770—A delightful afternoon frock becomes a dignified evening gown by the omission of sleeves and the choice of rich material. This type of hip drapery is new and extremely elegant. It is used on a slip-over frock with the low waistline. It closes under the left arm and the skirt is straight. The body lining may be finished in camisole outline or omitted. Use moire, silk crêpes and crêpe satin or cotton crêpe for a simpler frock. Lower edge of foundation skirt is 50 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards of 40-inch crêpe satin.

This dress is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.



Dress 3770

3758—This frock uses the fashionable scalloped outline to emphasize where the straight skirt is joined to the long body. It is a slip-over style and may have a blouse body lining. Use cotton voile or chambray for the body with a gingham skirt, cotton voile with cotton ratine, cotton crêpe with cotton prints, or plain taffeta with check. Crêpe jersey all one material or in two colors or with silk crêpes, sports silks and crêpe de Chine in one or two colors are attractive materials for this dress.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch voile for the body of the dress and 1⅞ yard of 32-inch gingham for the skirt and sleeve trimmings. The lower edge measures 52 inches.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3744—3520—10865—This slip-on blouse chooses to go over a straight skirt. The waistline is raised one and one-quarter inch on this one-piece style and it may have a trimming band. Embroidery is effective. This design is worked in one-stitch or bugle beads. Make the blouse of cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe or Georgette beaded or embroidered to give the material body, or use crêpe satin and for the skirt silk crêpes, sports silks or knitted crêpe.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3⅞ yards of 40-inch crêpe satin for the blouse and skirt trimmed as illustrated, with ⅜ yard of 40-inch contrasting color. Lower edge is 52½ inches.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 46 inches bust, also for misses. The skirt is for ladies 35 to 47½ inches hip measure.

3739—3737—10961—The fringed skirt is a new fashion. It is a straight style in one piece and raises its waistline one and one-quarter inch, but measures its length 33 or 36 inches below the normal waistline at front. The set-in pocket is smart. The slip-over blouse uses embroidery. This is worked in a combination of one-stitch or bugle beads with satin-stitch or outline. Make the blouse of crêpe jersey, crêpe satin or heavy cotton crêpe and the skirt of basket weaves, flannel or cotton ratine.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1¾ yard of 40-inch heavy silk crêpe for blouse and 1⅝ yard of 36-inch flannel (cut crosswise) for skirt. Lower edge is 48 inches.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust, also for misses. The skirt is for ladies 35 to 45 inches hip measure.

3731—3724—Every vacation wardrobe should include a cape costume, though the length of the cape is more or less a matter of choice. The slip-over dress follows a fancy outline where the straight skirt meets the long body. The blouse body lining may be omitted. Use silk crêpes or crêpe jersey for the costume, or make the cape of wool jersey or cotton ratine and the dress of crêpe de Chine, cotton voile or fine cotton crêpes. Lower edge of cape in longer length is 42 inches.

36 bust requires 2½ yards of 54-inch wool jersey for cape bound with silk braid and 3½ yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine for dress. Lower edge of dress is 1¾ yard wide.

The cape is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses. The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3738—At this season one wants soft, simple frocks that are easy to launder. This slip-over fashion places its closing at the left side of the vestee and joins its straight skirt at a low waistline. The long body lining may be omitted. This type of dress is becoming to the stout as well as the slender figure. Cotton prints, dimity, gingham, cotton crêpe, crêpe voile, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, pongee and striped wash silks are suitable materials.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards of 32-inch gingham for the dress and ⅞ yard of 40-inch organdy for the collar, cuffs, sash and frills. The lower edge is 63 inches.

This dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 46 inches bust measure.

3718—There is a youthfulness about the frocks this season that makes them ever so appealing. This one is an attractive slip-over fashion with soft fulness at the shoulders and back of the neck. The straight skirt is tucked and joined at a low waistline. Lace insertion is a dainty trimming and strawberries made of red dotted swiss are an original corsage effect. The short sleeves are seasonable, but one may prefer the three-quarter length. Cotton voile, cotton crêpe, dimity, lawn, batiste, mull, tissue, Georgette, silk voile, silk crêpes and crêpe de Chine are especially suitable materials.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards of 36-inch voile. The lower edge is about 1¾ yard wide.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

Other views of these garments are on page 95

Dress 3758

Blouse 3744
Skirt 3520
Embroidery design 10865

Blouse 3739
Skirt 3737
Embroidery design 10961

Other views on page 95

Cape 3731
Dress 3724

Dress 3738

Dress 3718

Dress 3726

Dress 3735
Embroidery design 10925

Dress 3760

Coat 3734
Dress 3732
Embroidery design 10895

Dress 3746

Dress 3772
Embroidery design 10968

Other views on page 96




Dress 3750


Dress 3754

FROCKS SLIGHTLY BLOUSED OR LOOSELY GIRDLED

3764—10890—Bands apply themselves up and down or all around, but no matter whither their direction they are usually of different color. This one-piece dress may have an elastic in a casing at the low waistline or a blouse body lining. It slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. Use gingham or tissue materials combined with organdy. The pear-and-leaf motif is effective Work it in appliqué, outline or satin-stitch embroidery.

A 36-bust size will require 3⅛ yards of gingham tissue from 32 to 38 inches wide and 1½ yard of 44-inch organdy. Lower edge of dress 54½ inches.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust measure; also for misses.

3752—The new materials speak figuratively, for on their grounds the scenes of many lands spring up. When one uses such fabrics, it is wisest to trim the frock simply with cord girdle or hem fringe as in this dress in slip-over style. It has a one-piece front, a straight lower edge. and a straight skirt which joins the long body at the back. There may be a blouse body lining. Use gingham, dimity, sports silks, crêpe jersey, etc.

A 36 bust will require 3 yards of sports silk 36 inches wide. Lower edge of the dress measures 59 inches.

The dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust measure.

3754—So enchanting are the new cotton-crêpe materials that simple band trimming is the only finish required on frocks made from them. This one-piece frock slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. The dress may be made with an elastic in a casing at the low waistline or a blouse body lining. Make it in silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, crêpe jersey, etc.

A 36 bust requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch novelty cotton crêpe and 1¾ yard of plain cotton crêpe 40 inches wide for neck, sleeve bands, girdle and strap panels. Lower edge of dress measures about 54 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust; also for misses.

3760—A sleeve attempts a number of things these days and the very newest exploit is their masquerade as a cape as in this frock. This dress slips on over the head and has a straight skirt in one with the front and back. It may be made without the cape sleeve and have a blouse body lining. Make the dress of silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, cotton crêpe, crêpe voile all one color or in two colors, or of crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse all one material or with silk crêpe, or of crêpe jersey all one color, in two colors, or with silk crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards of 36-inch silk crêpe knit with 1⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting color crêpe knit. Lower edge of dress 54 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3726—What dreams of cool nights of midsummer loveliness this frock suggests! The straight front and back tunics fall gracefully at the side and join the blouse at a low waistline marked with fabric flowers. This dress slips on over the head and closes under the left arm. There may be a long body lining marked for a camisole top. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse, Georgette o. foulard for this dress. Attractive color combinations ar sapphire blue with gray, light orchid with dark orchid, or pearl gray used with coral pink.

A 36-bust size will require 5¾ yards of Georgette 40 inches wide. Lower edge of the dress measures about 50 inches.

The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3735—10925—The beauty of this one-piece chiffon gown lies in its long and lovely lines. The side panels and the slight fulness at the front are becoming. This frock slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge, and it may have an elastic in a casing at a low waistline or a blouse body lining. The large motifs on the side panels are effective and simple to embroider. Work the design in one-stitch or bugle beads. Suitable materials for this dress are silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, foulard or cotton crêpe.

A 36-bust size will require 4¼ yards of chiffon 40 inches wide. Lower edge of the dress measures 54 inches.

The dress is very becoming to ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3746—The "candy-stripe" dress is cool for Summertime wear. The vest with its piquant vestee and the cuffs as well as the trimming bands on the skirt are a pleasing contrast in color. The dress may be made with a blouse body lining and has a straight skirt which joins on to a blouse at a low waistline. Suitable materials for this dress are gingham, cotton prints, dimity, cotton crêpe, crêpe voile, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, pongee or tub silks.

A 36-inch bust size will require 4½ yards of striped tub silk 32 inches wide and ¾ yard of plain white silk 36 inches wide for collar, vest and cuffs. Lower edge of the dress measures about 63 inches.

The dress is very becoming to ladies 32 to 44 inches bust.

3772—10968—Short sleeves are the newest type for Summer frocks like this one. On this one-piece dress an ultra-long girdle marks the low waistline which may have a waistline elastic in a casing. The dress slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. It may have a blouse body lining. The beading on the skirt is smart. Work the design in large beads or French-knot embroidery. Make the dress of cotton crêpe, cotton voile, or Georgette, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor or charmeuse. Lower edge of the dress 54 inches.

A 36-inch bust size will require 3¼ yards of 36-inch cotton voile, ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting-color voile for bands.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

3734—3732—10895—Even the jaunty jacket has acquired the short sleeve! This little coat may be made with or without sleeves and is worn over a one-piece dress. The dress, which slips on over the head, has a straight lower edge and may have a blouse body lining or an elastic in a casing at a low waistline. The appliquéd flowers are new. Work them in a combination of beading or French-knot embroidery and one-stitch or bugle beads. For the coat use cotton ratine, linen, shantung, etc.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard of 36-inch crêpe knit for coatee and 3½ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe for dress. (This does not include material for flowers.) Lower edge of dress 55½ inches.

The coat is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses; and the dress is good for ladies 32 to 46 bust; also for misses.

Other views of these garments are on page 96

SUMMER COSTUMES BASE THEIR SMARTNESS ON THE BREVITY OF SLEEVES AND THE USE OF GAY FABRICS



Dress 3562
Embroidery design
10909



Dress 3683

Blouse 3547
Dress 3715



Dress 3732



Dress 3724

3715—3547—To wear a jumper gracefully one should add the voile blouse in peasant style. This one slips on over the head and may be smocked, tucked, shirred or gathered. The dress has a straight skirt joining a long body. Use gingham, or cotton prints, all one material or with chambray in harmonizing color, cotton homespun, dimity, dotted swiss, sports silks, etc. For the blouse use cotton voile, batiste, net, crêpe de Chine, fine cotton crêpe, etc.

36 bust will require 3 yards of 32-inch gingham with 1¾ yard of 36-inch batiste for the blouse. Lower edge of the dress measures 63 inches.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust and the blouse is nice for ladies 32 to 40 bust; it is becoming to misses.

3562—10909—Delightfully cool for July weather is the short-sleeved and straight-lined one-piece dress. Beads do thier best at decoration but they must countenance the wide fringe at the hem and pipings on the neck and sleeves. The dress slips on over thc head and may be made with a waistline elastic in a casing or a blouse body lining. Make the dress of silk crêpes, chintz with no up and down design, crêpe voile, fine cotton crêpe all one color, etc., The all-over embroidery is dazzling. Work the design in a combination of outline, couching, chain-stitch or braiding, and French knot or bead embroidery. Lower edge of the dress measures 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

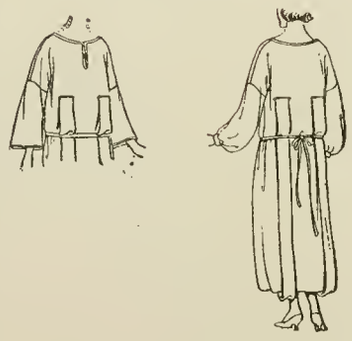


3562

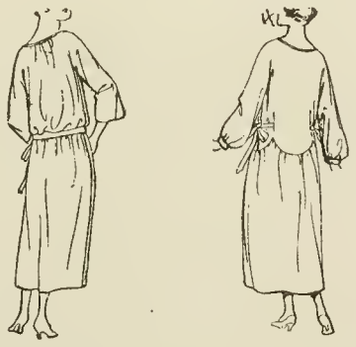
3683—Straps are bold on Summer frocks; they dare usurp the place of panels and often add an outlining in bright beads. The dress slips on over her head and has a straight skirt which is joined to a long body. It may be made with a blouse body lining. Sports silks in plain color, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine all one color or in two colors, or crêpe jersey with the body of silk crêpe, etc., are appropriate materials to use for a frock on this style.

A 36-bust size will require 1¼ yard of crêpe jersey 36 inches wide with 3¼ yards of 36-inch crêpe jersey in a contrasting color. Lower edge of dress measures 54 inches.

The dress is appropriate for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.



3683



3732

3724

3732—The heydey of the scallop sees its use in all sorts of ways—as a substitute for a hem or an ending to the short sleeve. This one-piece dress adopts it as its principal trimming and the scalloped sleeves blend gracefully with the slight fulness at the neck. The frock slips on over the head, has a straight lower edge, and may be made with a blouse body lining or an elastic in a casing at the low waistline. Make the dress of cotton crêpe, crêpe voile, chiffon voile, gingham, crêpe jersey, sports silks, or pongee, etc.

A 36-bust size requires 3 yards of 36-inch figured cotton voile, and ⅝ yard of plain voile. Lower edge of dress 55½ inches.

The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 46 bust, also for misses.



3715



3547



3715

3724—Some of the new Summer frocks are extremely decorative, gay with ribbon girdles and ball fringe. The tie sashes at either side are becoming to most women. The dress slips on over the head and has a straight skirt joining the long body in a decorative fashion. It may be made with a blouse body lining. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, crêpe voile or fine cotton crêpe in one or two colors or figured with plain, etc., cotton ratine or cotton prints with the body of cotton crêpe or voile. Lower edge of the dress 1¾ yard.

A 36-inch bust size will require 1⅞ yard of 36-inch plain voile with 1⅞ yard of 36-inch figured voile.

The dress is appropriate for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

A NEW THING OR TWO IN SUMMERY GARMENTS FOR EVENING OR DAYTIME WEAR



Dress 3790

3790

Dress 3787
Embroidery
design 10914

3787

Blouse 3632
Dress 3789

Cape 3786
Dress 3748

3786

Cape 3788
Dress 3772

3632—3789—A tailored air is in this suspender dress, to be worn with blouses which have a normal or low waistline. The blouse on the peasant type always has a raglan sleeve and slips on over the head. Use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, China silk, pongee, fine cotton crêpe, batiste, etc., for the blouse, and for the dress gingham, cotton homespun, cotton ratine, linen, linen-finished cottons, plain cottons, beach cloth, crêpe jersey, etc. Lower edge of dress 54½ inches.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards of 36-inch cotton homespun, with 1⅜ yard of 40-inch novelty cotton voile for blouse.

The blouse is good for ladies and misses 32 to 40 bust. The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.



3787 3632 3788

3790 3789 3772

3790—One can feel again the "golden glow" of youth in the quaint billowing frock of this type. In dark-blue taffeta with a fine lace collar at the neck it is suitable for day wear, or one can choose the light-colored fabrics, drop the sleeves and wear it for evening. The dress has a full straight skirt which joins on to a body at a normal waistline; it closes under the left arm. The draped and fitted waist is a period style. Make the dress of taffeta, gros de Londres, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, satin, crêpe meteor, or use taffeta for the waist and lace flouncing for the skirt.

A 36-bust size requires 4⅝ yards of 36-inch taffeta and ¼ yard of 18-inch lace. Lower edge of skirt 3 yards.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 40 inches bust measure.

3787—10914—What individuality a few trimming bands of contrasting fabric give to this one-piece frock! It slips on over the head and has a casing with an elastic at a low waistline. If you like, it may be made with a blouse body lining. A graceful embroidery design covers the bands. Work it in one-stitch embroidery or bugle beads. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, crêpe jersey without embroidery, or for a dress with short sleeves use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, etc.

A 36 bust requires 3⅝ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe and ⅝ yard of 40-inch contrasting silk crêpe. Lower edge of dress measures 54 inches.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

3786—3748—The "coverall" cape is one of the necessary wraps for Summer wear. This circular cape with its scarf collar can be a shorter length if you prefer. The dress is a slip-over type with a straight skirt joining on to a long body. It can be made with a blouse body lining. For the cape use satin, tweeds, homespun, etc. Make the dress of silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe voile, cotton crêpe in two colors, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards of tricotine 54 inches wide (pieced at center back) and 1⅞ yard of 36-inch charmeuse for skirt, 1½ yard of 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge of cape in longer length 3⅝ yards. Lower edge of dress 63 inches.

The cape is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses. The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3788—3772—Fringe lends a frivolous air to this straight cape, and a gay foulard is used for the one-piece dress worn beneath it. The dress has a casing arranged with elastic at the low waistline or may be made with a blouse body lining. It slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. Silk crêpes, satin, charmeuse, homespun, tweeds, eponge, serge, plaids, stripes or checks are suitable to use for a cape. Lower edge of cape in longer length measures 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 2½ yards of 54-inch homespun and 3½ yards of 36-inch foulard, with contrasting binding and girdle. Lower edge of dress 54 inches.

The cape is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses. The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

WARM DAYS BRING OUT LIGHT DRESSES FOR PARTY AND PLAYTIME



Dress 3768



Dress 3781



Dress 3774



Dress 3784

3768—The simple, slip-over one-piece dress annexes a sleeveless coat. Its lower edge is straight and the sleeves are attached to a blouse body lining. Use cotton ratine, linen, linen-finished cottons and plain cottons, all one material or with cotton voile sleeves and vestee, crêpe jersey alone or with silk-crêpe sleeves and vestee, or silk crêpes, sports silks, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin and pongee alone or with Georgette, or crêpe de Chine in one or two colors.

A 17-year size requires 3½ yards of 36-inch linen for the dress and sleeveless coat and ¾ yard of 40-inch cotton voile for the vestee and sleeves. Lower edge is 50 inches wide.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years, also for small women.

3781—Ruffles and flowers are always associated with Summer frocks. This fashion has both and a straight skirt that keeps to the low waistline. The closing is at the left underarm and the long body lining may be omitted. Make the dress of dotted swiss, with plain organdy ruffles and flowers to match the dots, or fancy cotton voile trimmed with plain organdy. Flesh or white can be used with a color.

A 17-year size requires 2⅞ yards of 36-inch dotted swiss for the dress, 1½ yard of 40-inch organdy for ruffles and flowers. The lower edge is 2 yards wide.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years and small women.

3745—3727—This little flower girl favors a dress with knickers and a sunbonnet for her busy vacation days. The dress is a slip-over style and the straight knickers are joined to an underbody. Pin-check gingham, cotton prints, dimity and sateen are suitable for dress and bonnet or make the dress of cotton homespun, chambray, cotton crêpe, seersucker, plain lawn, linen, linen-finished cottons, pongee and taffeta in one or two colors.

A 5-year size requires 2 yards of 36-inch cotton prints for the dress and bonnet in 20-inch head size, with ⅜ yard 36-inch plain material for tie and turnover.

The dress is practical for little girls 2 to 8 years. The sunbonnet is becoming to children, girls, misses and ladies.

Dress 3745
Sunbonnet 3727



Dress 3757
Smocking
10798

Dress 3759
Smocking
10870



3768



3781



3745



3774

3757—10798—Simplicity is the flattery of Fashion for the younger generation. This dress is a smart, simple, one-piece fashion that slips on over the head. It is made with a yoke and the lower edge is straight. The low waistline may be smocked or shirred. The smocking design is an attractive touch. This could be worked in color. The short sleeves are finished with turnback cuffs or one may have long sleeves. Pin-check gingham, pin-dot swiss, chambray, linen, plain linen, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, dimity, batiste, pongee, crêpe de Chine and pin-dot challis are especially suitable materials for this type of frock.

A 10-year size requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch lawn.

The dress is suitable for girls of 6 to 12 years.

3774—Interlaced fabric trimming and a graceful sash are Fashion's way of pleasing this young girl. This is a one-piece dress in slip-over fashion with a straight lower edge. The low waistline may be arranged with a casing and elastic and the blouse body lining is a matter of choice. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, cotton crêpe and cotton voile in one or two colors, or crêpe satin, crêpe meteor and charmeuse alone or with sleeves and sash of Georgette or silk crêpe. For the dress without the trimming use gingham, cotton prints, foulard and crêpe jersey.

A 16-year size requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine. The lower edge is 54 inches in width.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, and small women.

3784—There is a real party air about this lovely frock that makes it suitable for evening wear or less informal daytime occasions. The waist is a draped, fitted fashion closing at the left underarm. The full skirt is straight and follows a normal waistline where it joins the body lining. The short sleeve puffs and the scalloped lower edge are attractive. Use taffeta, gros de Londres, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, satin and crêpe meteor, or the waist could be made of taffeta with a skirt of lace flouncing.

A 16-year size requires 3½ yards of 36-inch taffeta and ¼ yard of 36-inch organdy for collar. The lower edge of drop skirt is 54 inches; of skirt 2½ yards.

The dress is a lovely fashion for misses of 16 to 20 years.

3759—10870—These are days of sense as well as smartness in clothes. So small girls wear simple little one-piece frocks with bloomers of the same material. This dress is a slip-over style and the lower edge is straight. The separate bloomers are joined to an underbody. Fancy smocking is suggested and gives an Empire line to the dress. This design could be effectively worked in an attractive color contrast. Use plain lawn, cotton voile, batiste, handkerchief linen, dimity, cotton crêpe, pin-dot swiss, pin-check gingham and chambray, or if little daughter would be more dressed up, pongee and crêpe de Chine are suitable.

A 6-year size requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch batiste.

This dress is suited to little girls of 1 to 10 years.



3784



3757



3759



Dress 3740

Dress 3686

Dress 3720 Dress 3742

Dress 3716

Blouse 3729
Skirt 2686

Cape 3733
Dress 3736

Dress 3756
Embroidery design 10948

Other views and descriptions on page 94

Dress 3721

Dress 3702

Dress 3751

Dress 3753

Dress 3743
Hat 3727

Dress 3761
Embroidery
design 10590

Dress 3741
Hat 3727
Embroidery
design 10890

Suit 3755

Rompers 3719

Dress 3708

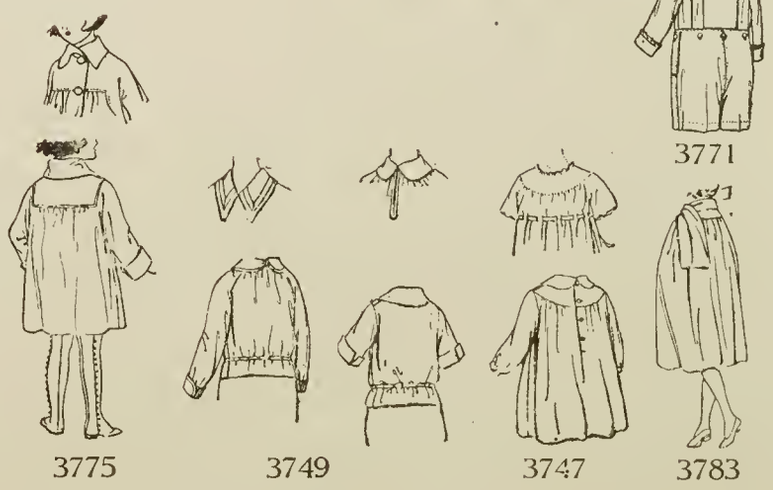
Other views and descriptions on page 97



NEW JUNE CLOTHES FOR TINY FOLK



Suit 3771



3777—The diminutive coat in cape effect is the smartest wrap for tiny girls. It is a suitable coat for the active age of girlhood when the pride of ownership can not long restrain exuberant spirits. The plait at the back and the small round yoke give this coat a decidedly new air. There are many cool days during early Summer when a wrap like this one is necessary. The wide sleeves and collar are finished with a double row of silk braiding. Suitable materials to use for such a coat are tweeds, homespun, camel's-hair, cheviot, serge, wool velours, wool ratine, taffeta, silk faille or pongee.

An 8-year size will require 2¼ yards of silk faille 40 inches wide.

The coat is becoming to juniors and girls 4 to 15 years.

3749—Those new plaited skirts, gingham suspender skirts or linen jumper dresses require plenty of guimpes or blouses for Summer wear. Made of soft cotton voile they may be either left untrimmed or embroidered with the new cross-stitch designs. This blouse with raglan sleeves has a soft fulness at the neck to make it becoming for the girl in her early teens. The elbow sleeves are finished with cuffs and the neck has a new collar. Make this blouse of cotton voile, batiste, crêpe de Chine, China silk or pongee. A very pretty effect can be obtained by using a delicately colored batiste and binding the edges of the collar and cuffs with a contrasting color batiste.

A 12-year size requires 1⅛ yard of cotton voile 40 inches wide.

The blouse is smart for girls 6 to 15 years.

3749—Every young girl's Summer wardrobe includes one or two of the new jumper frocks, dresses which call for separate guimpes or blouses. White fabrics are not the only materials suitable for these guimpes; checked designs in gingham, batiste or voiles make attractive guimpes. This one with the set-in sleeves adopts a more tailored air. The collar, cuffs and band down the front are finished with a very narrow frilling. For this guimpe use dimity, gingham, cotton poplin, madras, pongee, China silk, crêpe de Chine or checked silk. The elastic at the waistline gives the guimpe a neat comfortable fit and at the same time can be arranged loose enough for the growing girl.

A 10-year size will require 1⅞ yard of gingham 32 inches wide for the dress.

The guimpe is very smart for girls 6 to 15 years.

3751—3783—This little straight cape is quite winning in its simple style. One may make it with a scalloped edge if desired. The one-piece dress slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. The low waistline may have a casing with elastic. For the cape use tweeds, homespun, wool jersey, serge, tricotine, soft twills, checks, stripes, silk crêpes, taffeta, etc., and make the dress of cotton crêpe, crêpe voile, cotton voile, gingham, chambray, pongee, taffeta, crêpe jersey, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etc. The hat is simple to make. Use taffeta, faille silk, satin, gingham, cotton ratine, etc.

A 14-year size requires 1¼ yard of 54-inch homespun and 2⅜ yards of 32-inch pongee.

The cape is nice for juniors and girls 2 to 14 years. The dress is good for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

3775—2648—She may wear this little coat opened or closed and know that it is becoming worn either way. The treatment of the belt which comes through at the front allows a fulness at the back. This hat is especially designed for ribbon but can be made of any fabric. It comes from a set including a four-gored hat and one with a one-piece crown. Tweeds, homespun, wool ratine, wool velours, cheviot, serge, silk faille, taffeta or pongee are suitable materials for this type of little coat.

A 9-year size will require 1⅝ yard of serge 54 inches wide. The hat for girls or 21 inches head measure requires ½ yard of grosgrain 36 inches wide.

The coat is attractive for girls 4 to 12 years. The hat is nice for girls, children, misses and ladies.

3747—10704—After the afternoon nap a fresh cool little yoke dress like this one is dainty to wear. The fulness under the arm comes from inverted plaits and gives the dress a straight lower edge. Or the dress can have a gored underarm seam. The simple touch of embroidery is a delicate design. It should be worked in French knots. A baby's dress made on this design is simple for the young mother to make at home. For the child's dress use batiste, nainsook, lawn, cotton voile, dimity, mull, handkerchief linen or flouncing. For an infant's dress use soft materials like batiste, nainsook, lawn, dimity or handkerchief linen.

A 2-year size will require 1½ yard of nainsook 36 inches wide for the dress.

The dress is nice for infants and children up to 3 years.

3763—3332—10817—Sunny Sunday mornings in June are times to wear dainty new coats like this one. It is a double-breasted type with a cape and cuffs. The embroidered motifs and scallops are effective. The design should be worked in a combination of eyelets or satin-stitch, French stemming and scallops. Make the coat of henrietta, cashmere, serge, broadcloth, wool taffeta, faille silk, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, washable corduroy or piqué. For the hat use faille silk, taffeta, piqué, linen, cotton poplin or material matching the coat.

A 2-year size will require 1¾ yard of silk crêpe 40 inches wide. The hat for a child or 19 inches head measure requires ½ yard of taffeta 36 inches wide.

The coat is pretty for children ½ to 4 years of age. The hat is for little girls and girls 2 to 12 years.

3771—Running brooks and meadow streams are magnetic attractions for a boy with a boat! And they are also the scene of many a tumble-in, disastrous unless he wear little wash suits like this one. The straight trousers run up on the waist of this suit and the only finish necessary is machine stitching. If you desire a suit of one material, use piqué, chambray, galatea, linen-finished cotton, madras or cotton poplin, or make the waist of cotton poplin or lawn with serge trousers, or a crêpe de Chine or pongee waist with faille silk, sateen, velvet or corduroy trousers. A dimity for the waist and poplin or linen for the trousers are good.

A 4-year size will require 1⅛ yard of 27-inch dimity and 1⅛ yard of 36-inch linen for trousers, collar, cuffs and straps.

The suit is practical for boys 2 to 6 years.



Dress 3762

Blouse 3779
Embroidery design
10941

Blouse 3698
Embroidery design 10954

Blouse 3765

Blouse 3547
Dress 3782

SIMPLICITY DISTINGUISHES SUMMER BLOUSES OF THE PEASANT TYPE AND OTHER SLIP-ON FASHIONS

WORN OVER THE SKIRT OR WITH JUMPER STYLES

3762—Clothes for warm weather should be soft and cool-looking. This is an ideal Summer fashion of the softer sports type. The simple slip-over blouse has an attractive neckline with the new shirring which arranges the fulness most becomingly. It is repeated on the pockets and at the wrists of the long sleeves. There is a choice of shorter sleeves. A narrow string sash is worn with the blouse. The skirt is straight and may be accordion plaited or gathered. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor and pongee for the dress with an accordion-plaited skirt. For the dress with a plain skirt, cotton crêpe, cotton voile, crêpe voile, crêpe jersey, sports silks, tub silks and pongee are suitable materials.

36 bust requires 4⅞ yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge of accordion-plaited skirt with plaits drawn out is about 2⅞ yards.

The dress is attractive for ladies of 32 to 40 inches bust. It is also a suitable style for misses.

3779—10941—The separate blouse these days seems to belong to the costume with which it is worn, probably because it is worn over the skirt and follows the season's low waistline. The blouse slips on over the head and closes under the left arm. The arrangement of the soft gathers at either side gives a bloused and belted effect to the fashion. The sleeves may be longer. An all-over embroidery adaptation is used. The design is worked in seed beads and one-stitch or bugle-bead embroidery. Use Georgette, fine cotton crêpe or cotton voile, beaded or embroidered to give body to the material, or make the blouse of crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, printed crêpes, printed silks, cire satin, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, crêpe jersey, pongee and heavy cotton crêpe.

36 bust requires 1½ yard of 40-inch fine cotton crêpe.

The blouse is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3698—10954—The revolution in far-away Russia had its fashionable echo in the revival of interest in peasant styles. The blouse of the peasant type has come into special favor among the season's new fashions. This one is made in slip-over manner with a smart, comfortable raglan sleeve gathered close about the wrist. The sleeves may be in shorter length, however. The collar is becoming, but a collarless neckline is also possible. Cross-stitch trims the blouse and its simplicity adapts it especially to this style. The design is a combination of cross-stitch and beading. It may be worked in colors. Make the blouse of cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, batiste, net, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, chiffon cloth, silk voile, pongee and China silk.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards of 40-inch cotton voile.

The blouse is suitable for ladies of 32 to 40 inches bust measure. It is also smart for misses.

3765—Summer finds fashion's fancy dwelling on blouses. All are attractive and becoming and the above particularly so. Worn with a skirt of the same color it could give a costume effect with its low waistline and sash ends. The kimono sleeves may be in a shorter length and there is the possibility of a round neckline if one prefers it to the square. The back closing is new, also the fabric trimming used so effectively on the blouse and sleeves. Cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe or Georgette are suitable materials and could be beaded or embroidered to give them body. Heavy cotton crêpe is a seasonable fabric, or for a silk blouse crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, crêpe jersey or pongee may be selected.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe for the blouse.

This blouse is a suitable style for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3547—3782—The jumper style is especially smart with the straight lower edge and sash ends fashionably fringed. It is a one-piece dress of the slip-over type. The blouse, in peasant fashion is a slip-over and arranges its fulness with smocking, tucks, shirring or gathers. The waistline may be normal or low. Use gingham, chambray, cotton prints, cotton homespun, linen or dotted swiss for the dress, with a blouse of cotton voile, batiste, net or fine cotton crêpe; or make the dress of silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, satin, pongee, with a crêpe de Chine, Georgette, China silk, pongee, chiffon cloth or silk voile blouse.

36 bust requires 2 yards of 54-inch novelty cotton homespun for the dress and 1¼ yard of 40-inch cotton voile for the blouse. Lower edge of dress is 1½ yard.

The blouse is becoming for ladies 32 to 40 inches bust, also for misses. The dress is suited to ladies of 32 to 44 bust.



3762



3779



3698





3765



3547



3782

Bathing-suit 3766 | Bathing-suit 3769 | Bathing-suit 3778 | Bathing-suit 3773 | Dress 3780 Embroidery design 10914 | Dress 3785 Blouse 3632

GAY PRINTS, BRIGHT GINGHAMS, AND THE SUMMER SILKS "GO IN"

FOR BATHING OR THE SEASIDE STROLL

3766—Along the seashore one is sure to see the knickered bathing-suit. The attractive blouse of this suit slips on over the head and may be made with an elastic in a casing at the low waistline or with a belt which is shirred on elastics at the hipline. The cap to this suit is smart and close-fitting with its right-handed bow. Suitable materials are wool jersey, silk crêpes, heavy crêpe de Chine or plain taffeta. For a suit with plain belt use surf satin, gingham with wool jersey, gingham, cotton prints with chambray, all surf satin, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards of wool jersey 54 inches wide, ⅜ yard of 54-inch contrasting-color wool jersey and ⅞ yard of 36-inch silk for cap.

The bathing-suit is good for ladies and misses 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3769—Ruffles may go in where straight skirts fear to tread and come out looking as perky as before their salt bath! The little separate knickers are just full enough to be comfortable, and the blouse, which slips on over the head, has a fulness at the bust welcomed by modern mermaids. The smart little hat matches the suit. Make the suit of plain taffeta, check taffeta, gingham or of chambray, or for a suit without ruffles use silk crêpes, heavy crêpe de Chine, crêpe jersey, plain taffeta, check taffeta, surf satin, foulard, gingham, chambray, etc.



3766 3769 3778

36 bust requires 4⅝ yards of 36-inch taffeta and ½ yard of 36-inch taffeta for the hat.

The bathing-suit is suitable for ladies and misses 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3778—Gingham may have had a checkered career this season, but it looks just as fresh and new in a bathing-suit. The blouse part of this suit, which slips on over the head, has the oddly cut sleeves, the belt and pockets finished with a colored rickrack braiding. The knickers are separate and there is a becoming tie-at-the-side cap to this surf outfit. For this suit use wool jersey, gingham, chambray, cotton prints, chintz, silk crêpes, heavy crêpe de Chine, surf satin, plain taffeta, check taffeta, foulard or crêpe jersey.

A 36 bust size will require 4 yards of gingham 32 inches wide and ¼ yard of 36-inch linen for collar, 1 yard of 36-inch silk for cap, and rickrack braiding.

The bathing-suit is becoming to ladies and misses 32 to 48 inches bust measure.

3773—The lithe and agile sea-maid who loves water sports can attempt successfully the simple satin swimming-suit, with the fulness at the sides The closing of this blouse, which slips on over the head, comes at the shoulders. The separate knickers have a snug band at the knee. Use gingham, chambray, cotton prints, wool jersey, surf satin, plain taffeta, check taffeta, heavy crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, foulard, crêpe jersey or surf velvet or chambray or wool jersey knickers with gingham blouse, chambray knickers with cotton prints, etc.

A 36 bust size will require 3⅝ yards of 36-inch satin and 1⅛ yard of 36-inch satin of contrasting color for the collar and cap.

The bathing-suit is appropriate for ladies and misses 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3780—10914—The "varying shore" of the sea marks a great gulf between vacationers. The yoke of this one-piece dress is smartly embroidered as well as the straight band on the lower part of the skirt. There may be an elastic in a casing at the low waistline or a blouse body lining, and the dress has a straight lower edge. The embroidered motifs are effective Work the design in one-stitch embroidery or bugle beads. Use cotton crêpe, cotton voile, Georgette, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine in two colors or figured with plain crêpe, jersey in two colors, foulard and taffeta, or gingham, all one material, etc.

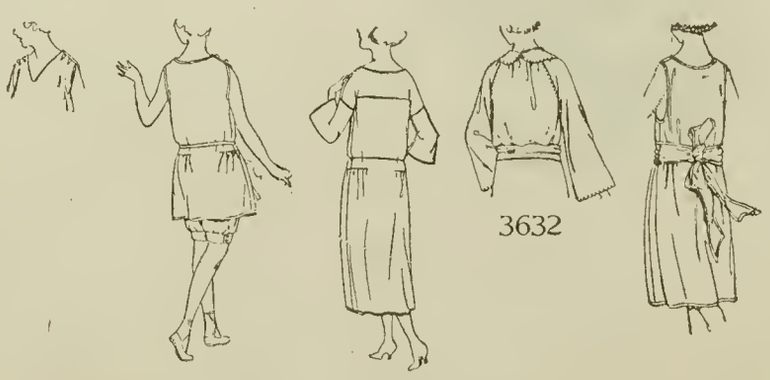
36 bust requires 2⅛ yards of 40-inch Canton crêpe (cut crosswise) for the dress and 1⅜ yard of 40-inch contrasting Canton crêpe. Lower edge of the dress 54 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3785—3632—For the young girl the one-piece frock in jumper style with surplice effect is most becoming. This one as well as the raglan blouse in peasant style slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. For the dress use gingham, chambray, cotton homespun, cotton prints, linen, dotted swiss, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, satin, taffeta, pongee, etc. Make the blouse of cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, batiste, net, crêpe de Chine, etc.

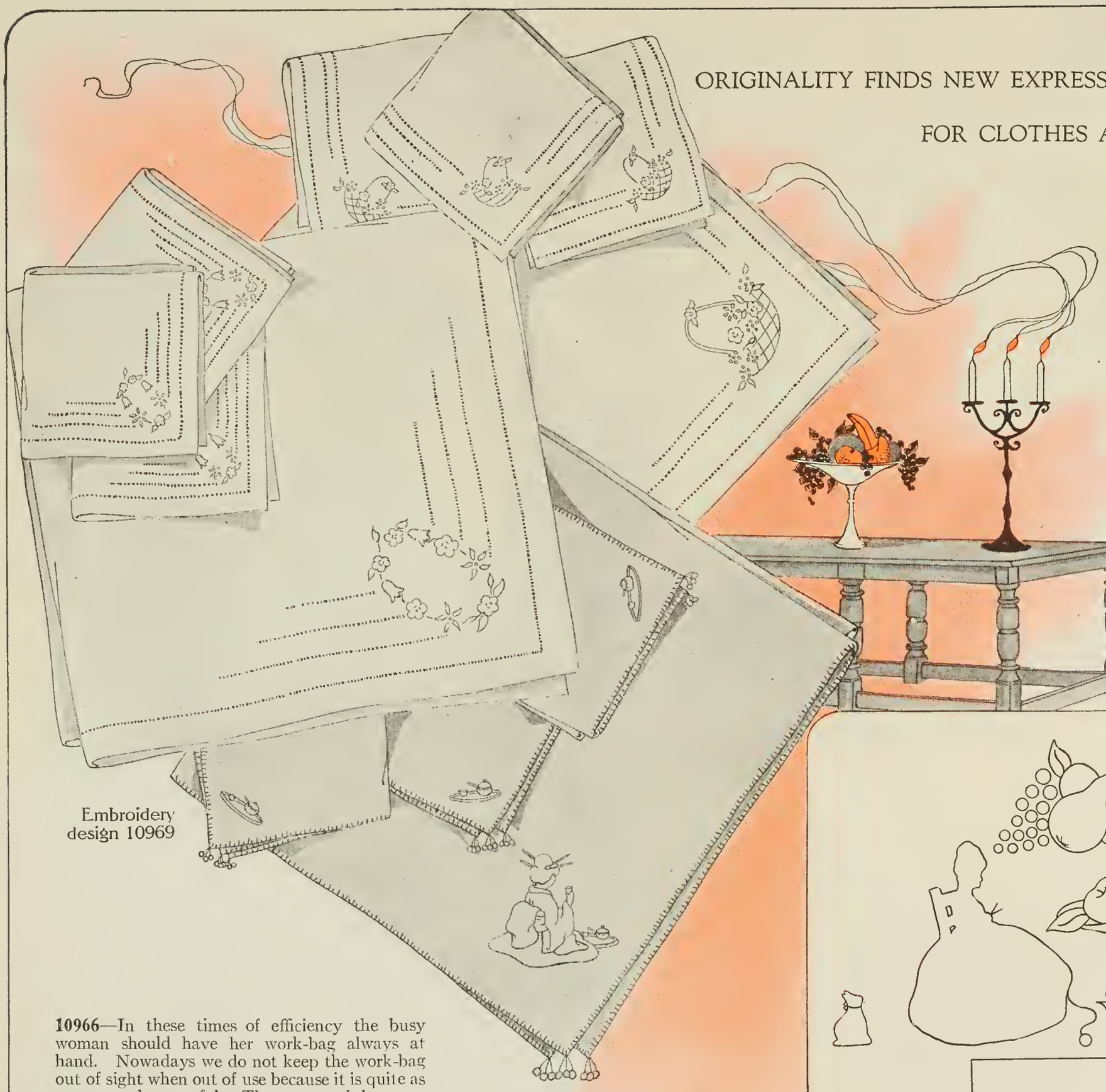
A 34 bust or 17 to 18 year size requires 2½ yards of 36-inch cotton print, with 1¼ yard of 40-inch lawn for guimpe. Lower edge of dress 54 inches.

The dress is attractive for misses or small women 16 to 20 years. The blouse is becoming to misses 32 to 34 bust; also for ladies.



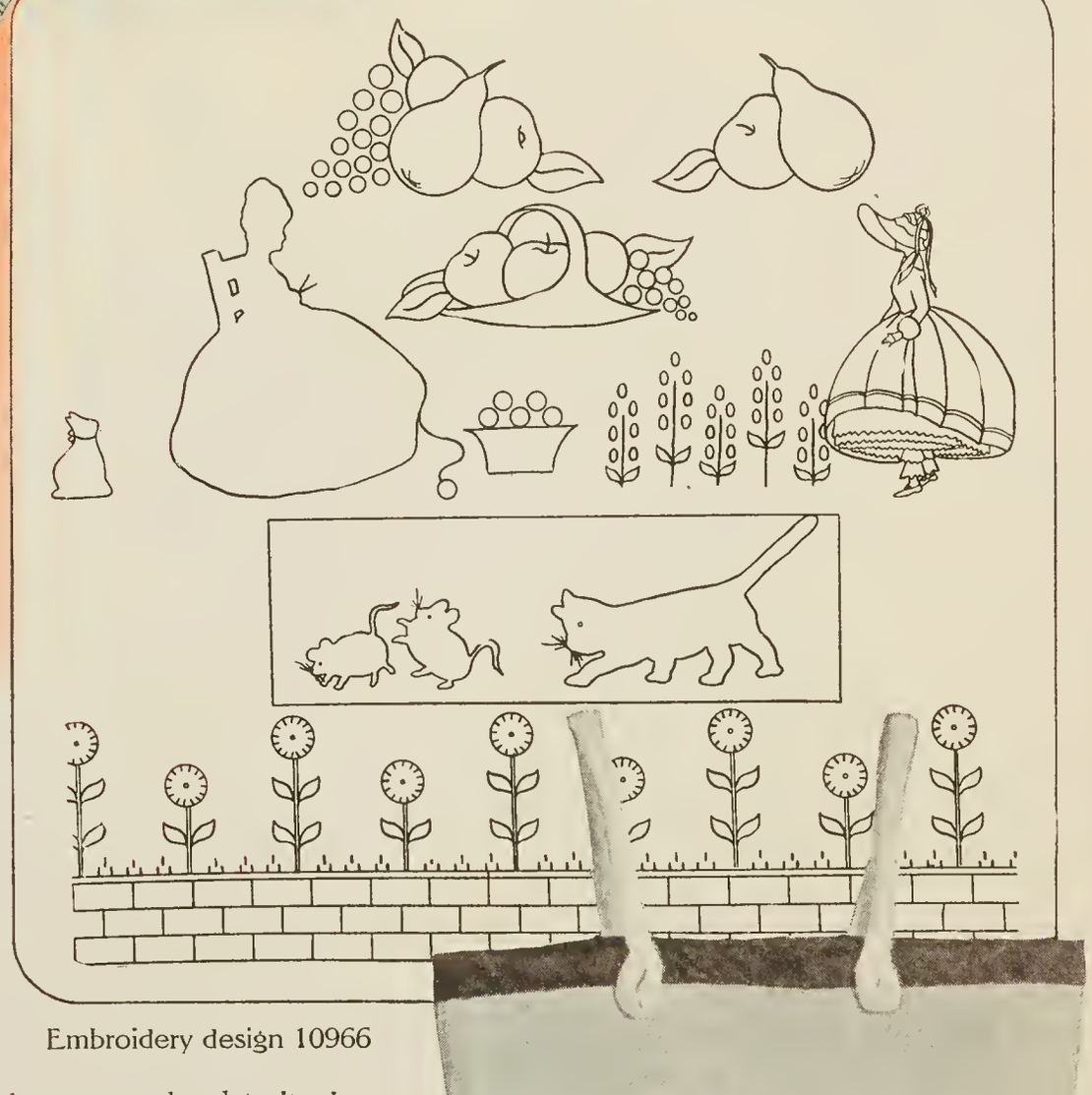
3773 3780 3785

ORIGINALITY FINDS NEW EXPRESSION IN THESE EMBROIDERIES FOR CLOTHES AND LINENS



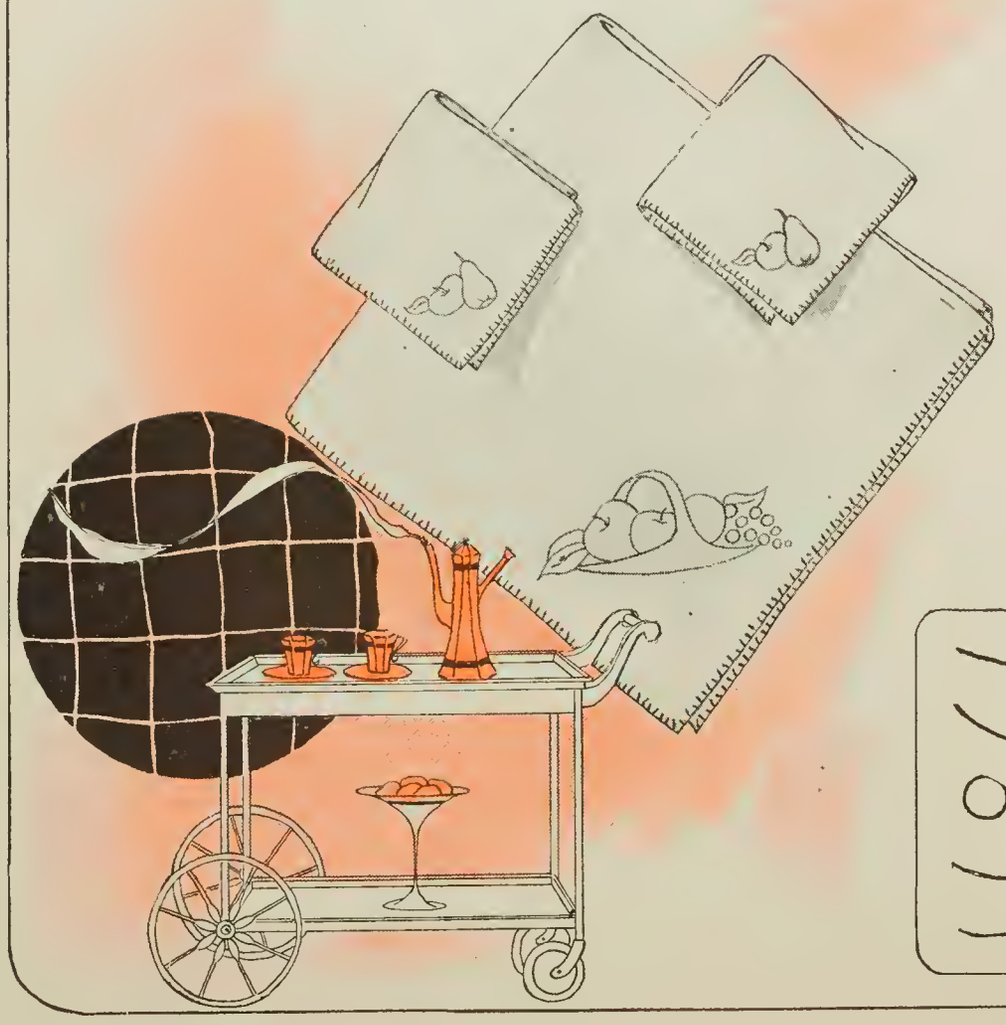
Embroidery design 10969

10969—The intimate chat over the tea-cups is even more delightful when under them there is an attractively embroidered tea-cloth. Napkins to match complete the set and you may select one of these three new designs. All are easy to work in French knots, satin-stitch, outline, and lazy-daisy embroidery. Drawn threads may be effectively used. A simple wreath is suggested for a corner decoration or you may prefer the basket design. And more original still is the third idea of a quaint little lady of far-away Japan seated before her tea-tray. This figure may be embroidered in the corners of the tea-cloth with a tiny tea tray in two corners of each napkin. Outline embroidery in color could be used or the design could be worked in the popular appliqué. The edges of this set are finished with blanket stitching and this adds a dainty touch. This design is suitable for one tea-cloth 40 inches square and 6 small corners to match, 4 basket corners and 6 small corners to match, 8 Japanese figures and 12 small corners to match.

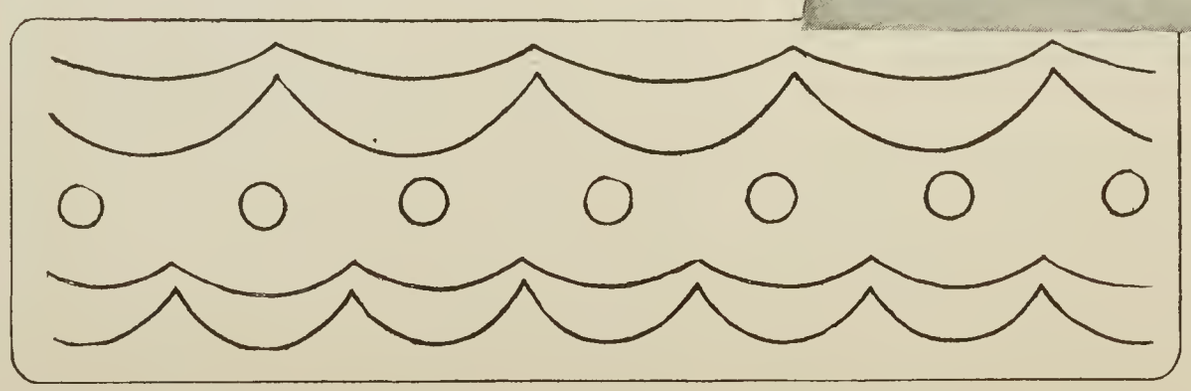


Embroidery design 10966

10966—In these times of efficiency the busy woman should have her work-bag always at hand. Nowadays we do not keep the work-bag out of sight when out of use because it is quite as ornamental as useful. The new work-bags are decorated with dainty figures in panel form worked in appliqué or outline embroidery and very effective. This particular design also includes a banding of gay little blossoms over a garden wall for children's clothes and a cat and mouse motif. For household linens there are fruit motifs alone or in basket arrangement. This design is suitable for 1⅝ yard of banding 5⅞ inches in width, 2 panels for a bag 13½ by 4½ inches, 1 motif 9⅝ by 7 inches, 1 motif 12 by 7⅞ inches and 25 fruit motifs in 9 assorted designs.



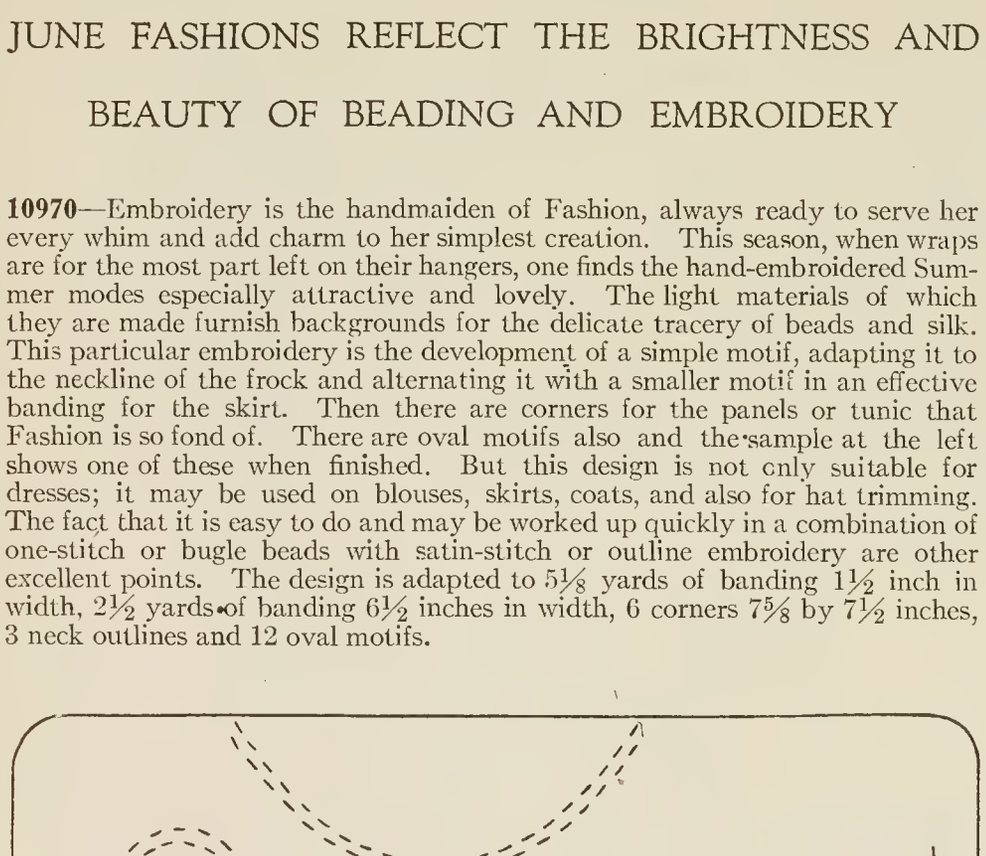
10967—If embroidery were reduced to its simplest terms it would surely be a scallop. A scalloped edge is the embroidered way of turning a hem on household linens. But there are many other uses for scallops on infants' and children's clothes. They also add a dainty finish to undergarments and appear attractively on collars, etc. This design gives a plain scallop and for special occasions one may choose the scallop and dot trimming. It is worked in buttonhole embroidery and satin-stitch and a color would be effective. This design is suited to 18⅜ yards of scallops and dots ½ inch wide and 18⅜ yards of scallops ⅞ inch wide.



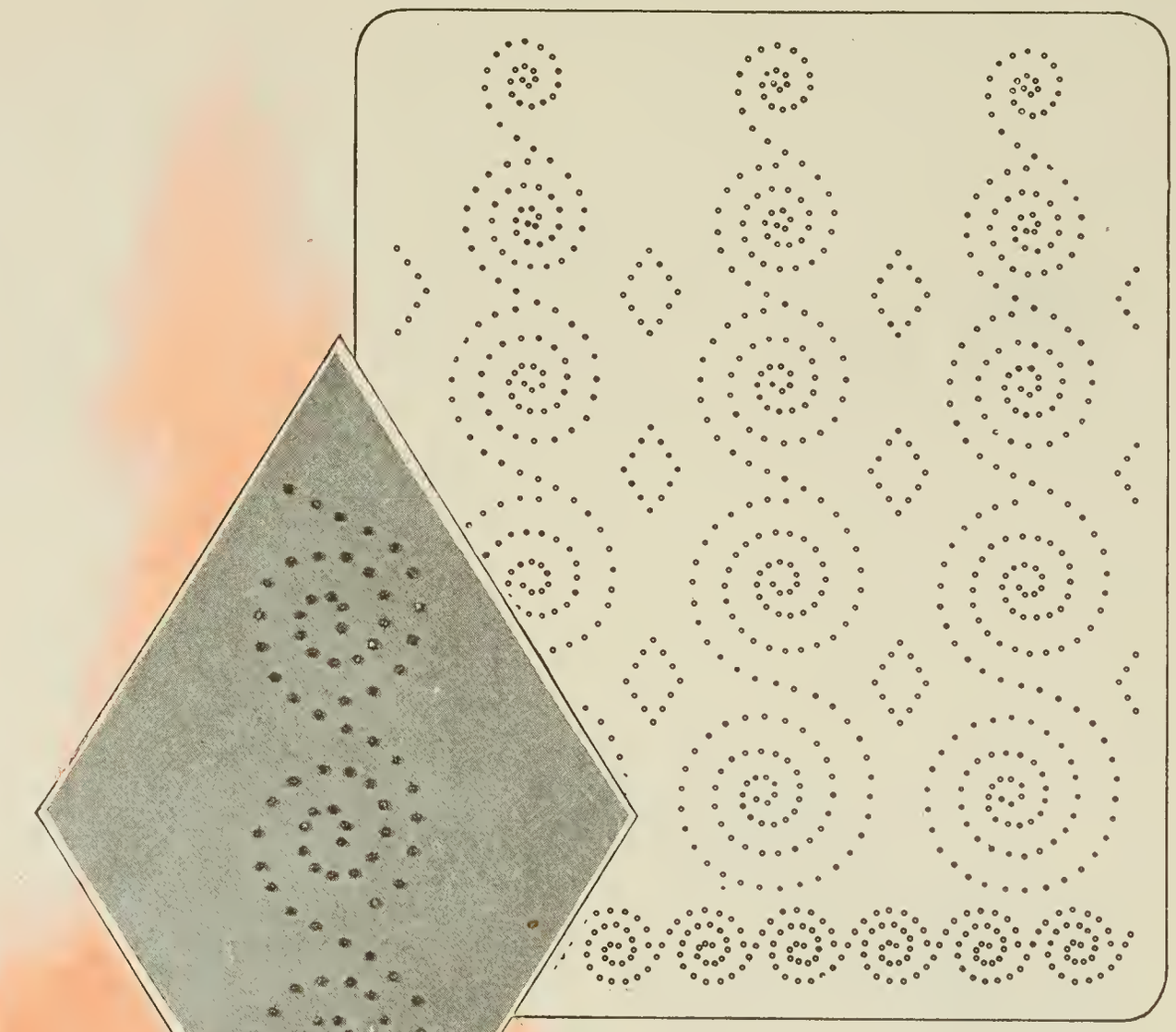
Embroidery design 10967

JUNE FASHIONS REFLECT THE BRIGHTNESS AND BEAUTY OF BEADING AND EMBROIDERY

10970—Embroidery is the handmaiden of Fashion, always ready to serve her every whim and add charm to her simplest creation. This season, when wraps are for the most part left on their hangers, one finds the hand-embroidered Summer modes especially attractive and lovely. The light materials of which they are made furnish backgrounds for the delicate tracery of beads and silk. This particular embroidery is the development of a simple motif, adapting it to the neckline of the frock and alternating it with a smaller motif in an effective banding for the skirt. Then there are corners for the panels or tunic that Fashion is so fond of. There are oval motifs also and the sample at the left shows one of these when finished. But this design is not only suitable for dresses; it may be used on blouses, skirts, coats, and also for hat trimming. The fact that it is easy to do and may be worked up quickly in a combination of one-stitch or bugle beads with satin-stitch or outline embroidery are other excellent points. The design is adapted to 5⅛ yards of banding 1½ inch in width, 2½ yards of banding 6½ inches in width, 6 corners 7⅝ by 7½ inches, 3 neck outlines and 12 oval motifs.



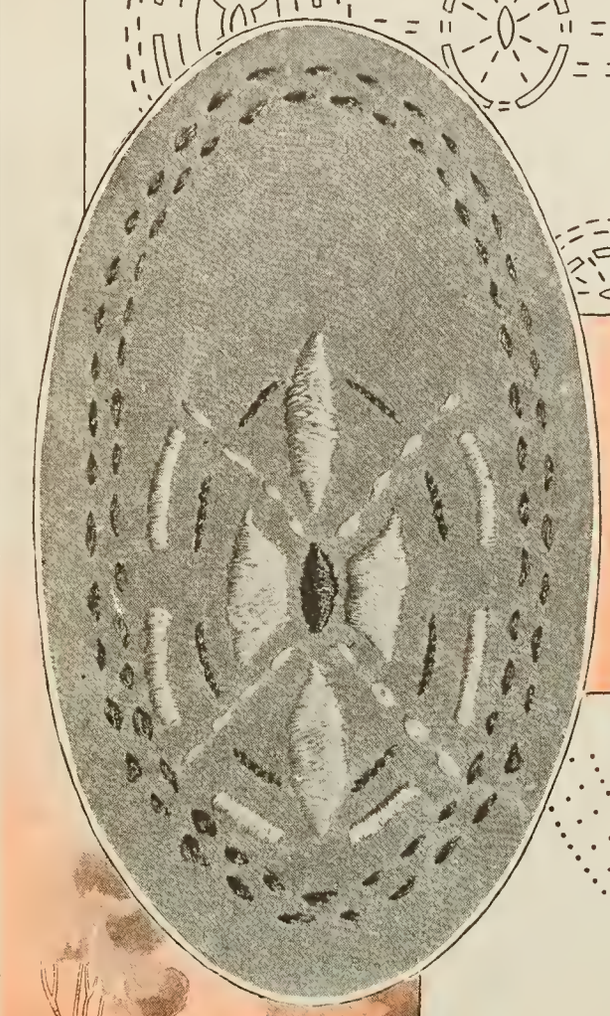
Embroidery design 10970



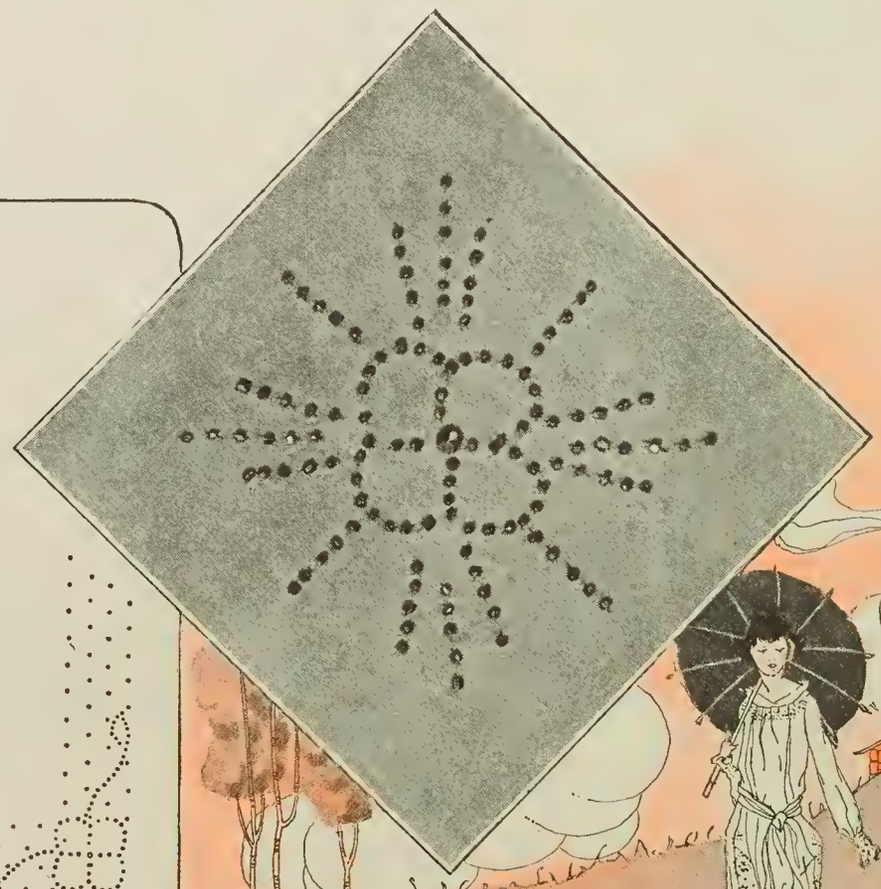
Embroidery design 10968

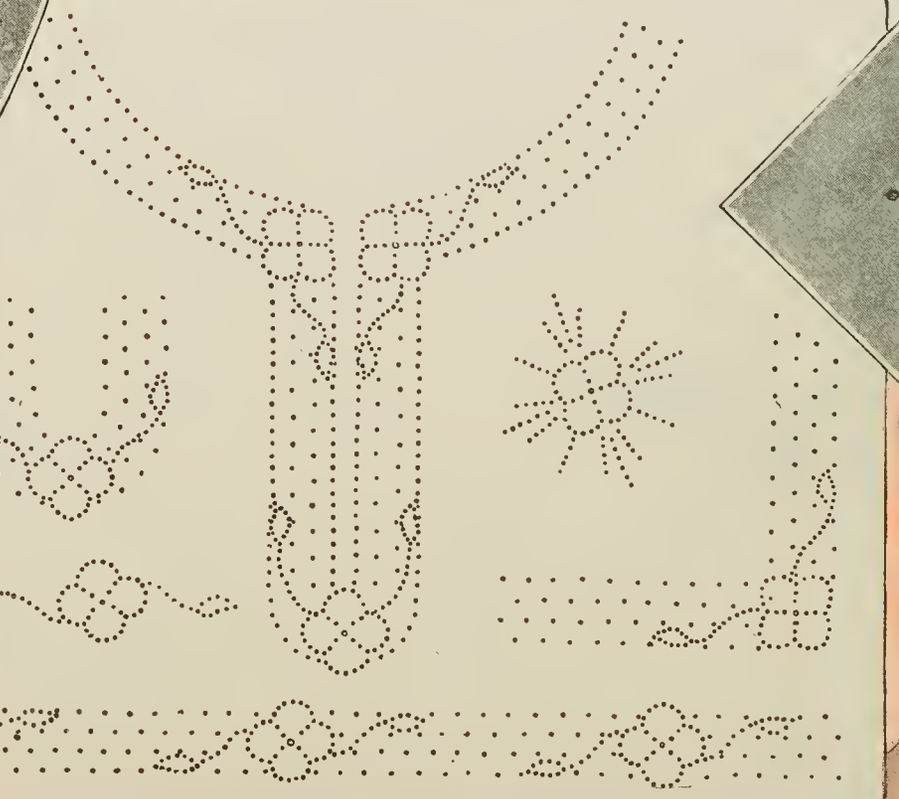
10968—Following one's fancy in embroidery usually leads along a path of bright beads. The way, however, is seldom straight, but enchantingly labyrinth-like in its many turnings until one finds oneself entirely surrounded by a beautiful design. June frocks take special delight in beaded trimming, whether they are fashioned of soft silk or sheer cotton fabrics. Beads not only increase their loveliness but in many cases give a desirable body to thin fabrics. Self-color beads are always in good taste but a well-chosen color contrast is often more decorative. Iridescent beads have added gleams and beads of opal colorings on white, or delicate tints reflect the light of real jewels. This design in the form of a very wide and a very narrow banding is suggested for dresses, blouses, skirts, panels, sleeves, vests, etc. It may be effectively worked in large beads or French-knot embroidery. This design may be used for 2⅜ yards of banding 24 inches in width and 7½ yards of banding 2 inches in width.

10971—Clothes, like people, must be different to be interesting. The woman who strives for individuality in dress appreciates the use of handwork in its attainment. Fashion is always on the alert for something original in embroidery and when it appears immediately adopts the idea. This one is designed for dresses, blouses, skirts and vests, or it also takes its place on the season's distinctive sleeves or may be used on hats. It is easy to work in beading or French-knot embroidery and is ever so effective. Color could be introduced and is favored for many new fashions. This design is suitable for 10¼ yards of banding 1¼ inch in width, 8 semicircles 3¾ by 3¼ inches, 8 corners 5½ by 7½ inches, 2 neck outlines, 10 long motifs 4¾ by 1⅜ inches and 14 round motifs 3½ by 3 inches.



Embroidery design 10971





BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF THE SUMMER SLEEVE, WHILE THE SUMMER MATERIALS LIGHTEN THEMSELVES IN VARIOUS WAYS

BY ELEANOR CHALMERS



WHEN Summer comes, New York and Paris reach the parting of their fashionable ways. Paris prepares for warm weather with silk dresses and light wool suits, while New York turns its thoughts to organdy and the clothes motto of "The Lighter the Likelier." This Summer it has evidently decided to make thin materials even thinner by the simple process of pulling away part of the fabric. It's done in drawnwork and hemstitching on the fine voiles and cotton crêpes and handkerchief linens, and in fringe on the heavier cotton materials and loosely woven woolens that are used for straight capes, skirts and straight-edged dresses.

"Straight" is the word for both hemstitching and fringe for they can only be done on the straight of the material. The finer Summer dresses are trimmed with drawn-work to such an extent that it makes almost a designed fabric. It goes rapidly on voile, for the threads pull out easily.

The French have a way of combining hemstitching and appliqué, applying small squares of a contrasting color at the intersection of lines of hemstitching. Squares of pale pink are appliquéd on a mist blue dress for example, dark blue on white, gray on jade green, etc. The Deltor gives the necessary directions for the drawn-work and hemstitching whenever it is illustrated on the pattern.

The same lines that are given for the hand-hemstitching and drawn-work can be used for machine-hemstitching on materials that are too closely woven to be practical for the drawn-work. Black machine-hemstitching is very smart on pale yellow or orange, French blue or flesh color, scarlet (the color of the year) on white or dark blue; dark blue on mauve, etc. Sometimes the machine hemstitching is used in rows and is cut away in such a fashion at the lower edge of the dress that it makes a ribbon-like flutter at the hem.

The fringe is nothing to make at all, just a matter of drawing the right number of threads and then overcasting the edge so that the whole skirt doesn't fray itself away when one walks. The Deltor tells when and where and how to use it and also when to use applied fringe or cut fringe.

THE sleeve has seen the importance of going short for Summer weather. The long, wide sleeve is still smart and is used a great deal for the silk crêpes and Georgettes, but the very short sleeve, just covering the top of the arm, is the sleeve of the season. There is much to recommend it, especially for warm weather. It simply isn't there as far as warmth is concerned and there is nothing to crumple on the arm. A long sleeve that breaks at the bend of the arm is awkward in organdy and swiss and is better suited to the softer voiles and cotton crêpes. The short sleeve is finished with a turnback cuff, lattice trimming, a band of contrasting material, a very narrow bias binding or in silk or satin with picot edging. The Deltor gives the finishes suited to the different materials in which the dress can be made.



PARIS is talking draped dresses and wearing straight one-piece frocks. One shouldn't on that account underestimate the probable importance of the classical draped styles. They make a very formal type of dress that is not particularly suited to Summer needs. But in the Autumn, when interest is revived in evening gowns and rather elegant afternoon dresses, the draped styles may assume a conspicuous place among the new models. All the French dressmakers are showing them and one also sees them on very well-dressed women at luncheon and dinner. They are very easy to make and not difficult to wear if one is slender and correctly corseted with the right type of easy almost straight corset.

IF YOU SHOULD ASK ME

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS:

I have just bought some rather loosely woven linen for a dress. Should it be shrunken before it is made up? Should all cotton materials be shrunk? What is the easiest way to shrink them?

NOT all cotton materials should be shrunk. Organdies, swisses, voiles, etc., lose much of their freshness in being shrunken and are always made unshrunken. The heavier cotton and linens should always be shrunken for it does not change their appearance.

For sponging, use a large table covered with an ironing blanket and a strip of heavy unbleached muslin the width of your material and one half its length. Clip the selvage at intervals taking care not to cut too deep. The material will shrink more than the selvage. Lay your material face down on the table. Wet the muslin in cold water and wring it out. Spread the damp muslin over half of your material smoothing out all the wrinkles in the muslin. Fold the other half of the material over the muslin and roll the material and muslin together in a tight roll.

Let it lie overnight covered with a piece of muslin and a newspaper so that the moisture will be retained. The next morning unroll your material and press it dry as you unroll it. In shrinking a double-width material open it out to its full width and shrink it the same way, using a double width of muslin.

MY DEAR MRS. CHALMERS:

I am using pattern 0000 for silk crêpe 40 inches wide. I bought the amount of material given on the pattern envelope but I can not cut out my dress from that amount even with the Deltor. Is the quantity of this pattern wrong for the 40-inch material? I am using a 36-inch bust size.



NO, THE quantity given is exatcly right. I think the trouble must be with the width or length of your material. Did you measure it before cutting? We find that a good deal of silk, etc., sold as 40-inch material, measures only 38 or 39 inches. Sometimes, too, a clerk will make a mistake in cutting and give you material that is a little short or that has been badly cut and is the right length on one edge and too short on the other. Always measure both the length and width of your material before cutting into it and be sure you have the right amount.

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS:

What is the best way to cut bias strips for bias bindings used on a neck edge? Must they be a true bias?

THE binding for an edge should be cut on a true bias of the material. To keep a perfect bias, the strips should be an equal width throughout the entire length. For a true bias, spread out your material on the table and make a mark on it seven inches from the corner on both the selvage and the cut end. Lay the yardstick across both these marks and draw a line with chalk. Make as many marks as you will need strips of bias, making the strips the right width. Cut your strips carefully, following the lines and using sharp scissors. If your material stretches easily, the edges will stretch a little in cutting. If you are cutting a number of strips, test the bias line from time to time by laying the yardstick across the material and using a new edge if the old one has become uneven.

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS:

Will you tell me what is the correct way to order the Butterick patterns regarding the size. My bust round the fullest part measures forty-two inches and my chest measures thirty-eight. How shall I order for a dress? K. L.

The bust measure should be taken over the fullest part of the bust close up under the arms and straight across the back. The tape measure should be held easily and not snugly. Order dresses, coats, blouses, etc., by your bust measure.

WHAT YOU CAN'T DO WITHOUT THE DELTOR

BEGINNER'S LUCK

SHE was a shrill little woman with angry eyes and a most objectionable manner which increased in objectionability when she found she could not compel the saleswoman to take the Deltor out of the pattern and sell her the pattern for twenty-five cents. It was highway robbery to charge for telling her things she already knew, she said. She never used the Deltor. She had sewed for years, and probably it was true, for her clothes had the tight, hard-and-fast look that dates back to the whalebone and crinoline period. While she was still struggling between her anger and avarice and her desire for the pattern, another woman came to the counter. She was exquisitely dressed with the elegance that is a combination of perfect simplicity, fine material and flawless workmanship.

"Now are you *sure* that pattern has the Deltor?" she asked.

"Yes, I'm sure," said the saleswoman smiling. "Do you find it helps you?"

"Helps me?" echoed the woman. "It makes my clothes for me. I never made a dress until I heard about the Deltor. Of course I knew how to sew, but the Deltor tells you when and where and what to do. I don't know a thing about dressmaking myself, but I follow the pictures and when I've finished, my things look *right*. That's the test, isn't it?" She moved away, a graceful, lovely figure in her gray frock and wide gray hat with its simple bow of satin ribbon drooping at the side. The shrill little woman watched her covertly and the contrast was so pitiless that the saleswoman was moved to compassion.

"There's a reason for beginner's luck with a Deltor," she said. "You see a beginner isn't handicapped by trying to do things in old-fashioned ways. Styles change in the way clothes are made, just as they change in the way clothes are cut. That's the value of the Deltor. It shows you the new way. It's a science in itself, just to follow the changes in the actual making and finishing that develop each season. The Deltor experts study the changes here and abroad and then show women the right way in the Deltor. The service is really ridiculously cheap when you think of all that goes in it—the layouts that save your material and prevent mistakes in cutting, the new way of putting together, the French finish and trimming."



"Yes," said the little woman no longer shrill, "when you think of it, fifty cents is nothing when it means you'll have a lovely dress. After this I'm going to use the Deltor."

FROM EXPERIENCE

IT WAS a small country town, a town where money has not been plentiful this last year. The customer asked the price of the pattern and the saleswoman answered:

"Fifty cents," and added quickly, "of course it has the Deltor."

"Of course," replied the customer rather grimly. "If it didn't I wouldn't buy it. I'll tell you my first experience with the Deltor and then you'll understand why I don't mind paying fifty cents for a pattern. Last Summer I bought gingham for four dresses, two for myself and two for my daughter. A seamstress has always made our things, but when I heard about the Deltor I thought I'd try it.

Well, I'd always bought five yards of gingham for a dress. You know it's narrow. So I bought five yards as usual for each of the dresses and then I got the patterns with the Deltor. When I got through cutting I had five yards left. A yard and a quarter from each gingham, all different colors. We used it, of course, with chambray and dimity for dresses for my little granddaughter, but I had my lesson. After that I got my pattern first and I see to it that it has a Deltor."

THE LOST DELTOR

THE saleswoman remembered the customer and also the pattern she was buying.

"But I sold you this pattern only the other day," she exclaimed, thinking the customer was making a mistake. "They look quite different when they are illustrated in the Catalog and the Quarterly but it's the same pattern. Wouldn't you like another style this time?"

"No," said the customer. "It's for the same dress, but I've lost the Deltor. At first I thought it was silly to buy another pattern so I thought I'd buy the fabric trimming and flowers, but I couldn't find anything to match my material and if I had it would have cost me six or seven dollars for the trimming. It's much cheaper to pay fifty cents for another Deltor."

"And more satisfactory," said the saleswoman, "for all the expensive French dresses are trimmed with their own material."

THE LARGE HAT APPEARS FOR EARLY SUMMER BRIMFUL OF FRENCH CHIC

Photographs by Underwood and Underwood



Loops of satin ribbon disposed between mousseline roses encircle a transparent cloche *of fine* crin *from Germaine Page*



To string a ring of fabric flowers of rose-colored satin around the crown of a wide-brimmed hat is Jane Blanchot's way of trimming a hat of beige crin *for Mlle. Gina Kelly*



All shades of yellow, from pale primrose to clear shades of orange, are smart. Germaine Page uses citron-yellow crin *wreathed with flowers*



Large hats sit lightly on their wearer by virtue of the character of their straw and trimming. Théo Hamard makes the wide-brimmed hat below of loosely woven straw and trims it with a single plume of ostrich



The French color code still signals black over white in much of its millinery for early Summer. A hat of white crin *is trimmed with black satin ribbon by Lyett and worn by Liliane Baron*



The toque never outwears its welcome in season and out. Germaine Page has made a particularly well-bred version of it in Havana-brown silk draped and drawn under small wings at the sides

Dress 3606
Embroidery
design 10941

Dress
3637



Dress 3770

DRAPED GOWNS VIE WITH DRAPED VEILS FOR JUNE BRIDES

3606—10941—From the realm of her dreams might have come this wedding-gown so white and softly shimmering. The almost sleeveless blouse of this frock dips low at the front and back and falls gracefully where it meets the straight skirt at a low waistline. The dress slips on over the head and closes under the left arm. The sunburst design of the skirt is new. Work it in a combination of large wooden paillettes or seed beads and one-stitch or bugle-beads. For a wedding-gown or an evening frock use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, or Georgette. Lower edge of skirt 1¾ yard.

A 36 bust requires 3⅝ yards of 40-inch Georgette.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 inches bust.

3637—Supremely happy is the June bride who wears a gown with lace somewhere about it. Here it comes in the loose panels and lower part of the sleeves of this dress which slips on over her head. There may be a long body lining marked for a camisole top and the straight skirt and panels join the blouse at the low waistline. For a wedding-gown use crêpe satin or crêpe meteor all one side or combining dull and shiny surfaces of the material, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile.

A 36 bust measure requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch crêpe satin and 1⅜ yard of 40-inch all-over lace. Lower edge of the gown measures 54 inches.

The dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust.

3770—For the bride of statuesque loveliness the newest of the new, the draped frock is ravishing. Such a slip-over dress is graceful and easy to make. It closes under the left arm and may be made with a long body lining marked for a camisole finish at the top. Lining the sleeves with color makes an attractive frock for afternoon wear. For a wedding-gown use moire, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, or crêpe satin. Fine cotton crêpe or crêpe voiles are suitable materials to use when planning a simple home wedding.

A 36 bust size requires 3⅝ yards of 40-inch moire. Lower edge of foundation skirt measures 50 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3477—10753—The lilt of this wedding-gown for the bride comes in the airy falling side draperies. Round the neck and on the skirt of this one-piece dress are rose and pendant motifs. Work them in a combination of beading or French knots and embroidery. The dress slips on over the head and may have a detachable cape. There may be a blouse body lining or an elastic in a casing at a low waistline. For a wedding-gown use silk crêpes or heavy crêpe de Chine plain or broché, crêpe meteor, or crêpe satin. For other wear use these materials or foulard.

A 36 bust size requires 3½ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe (without the hem). Lower edge of the dress 53½ inches.

The dress is appropriate for ladies and misses 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3606

3637

3770

3477

Dress 3477
Embroidery
design 10753

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

JUNE 1922

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER



THE PICTURE ON THE BIG DELINEATOR HAPPENED IN PEOPLE LAND. THIS PICTURE HAPPENED IN BEAR LAND. WHICH DO YOU LIKE BETTER?

BLACK LIZARD TELLS HIS STORY

Photographs by courtesy Museum of Natural History, New York



I'M BLACK LIZARD. Here's my picture—what do you think of me? Pretty handsome boy, eh? The skeleton is my twin brother who was killed last week by a snake. Your editor has been writing about those great-great-great-great-great-grandfathers of mine, the Thunder Lizards. So I says to her, says I: "Give *me* a chance to talk, won't you?"

Well, my color is a nice shiny black, with yellowish spots. I'm not an American citizen, I'm a foreigner, and live in Europe.

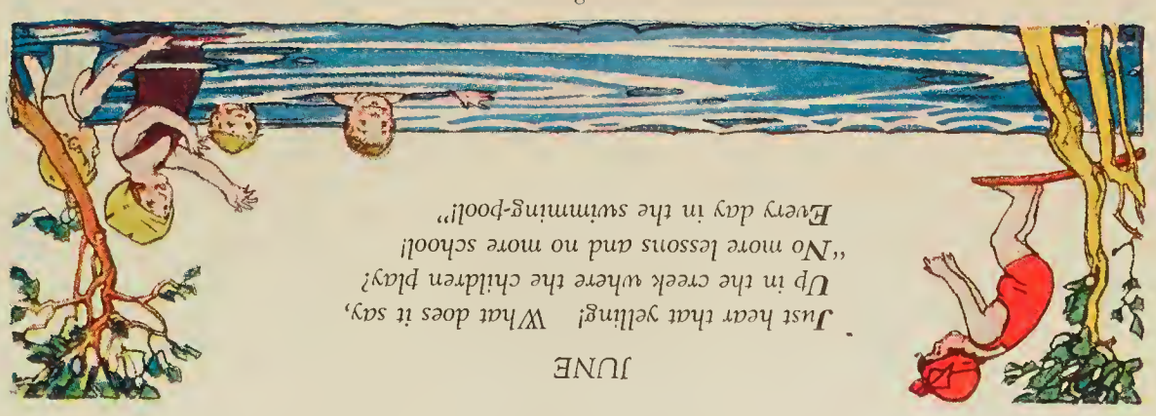
Just between you and me, how do you like that tail of mine? Quite a tail, eh? O boy, you ought to see me lash it around when I get mad! Whew! Just let a snake try to catch me, and I swing that tail around and crack him a good one on the coco! (Excuse my slang.) Some of my lizard first cousins can drop their tails off if anybody grabs them.

One distant cousin of mine is so lazy he has stopped using his legs. So now he has just two little bits of legs so tiny you can scarcely see them! He wiggles along the ground like a snake, but those two silly little legs run and run just the same, although they don't help him one bit!

But, say, you ought to see my cheeks swell up when I'm mad! And I'm very proud of my tongue. Sometimes when I'm running along like lightening, I keep that tongue out to feel the ground, just in case something interesting turns up, like bugs. I have teeth too. I really don't eat much, just chickens and rats and frogs and worms and bugs—that's all!

Well, so long, I must wriggle off now and see my wife, Lizzie.





JUNE

Just hear that yelling! What does it say,
Up in the creek where the children play?
"No more lessons and no more school!
Every day in the swimming-pool!"

MY LITTLE PAGE



Only it's YOUR LITTLE PAGE *this month. Here are two nice letters you wrote me*

Luverne, North Dakota.

DEAR Miss EAGER:

I like THE LITTLE DELINEATOR. I would like very much to have it every month. I like to read stories. I go to school every day. I will get a silver seal soon. I am in the Fourth Grade. I am ten years old. I have a little black kitten, that I named Black Baby. I have a big red rooster. His name is Long-Legs. He talks to me, and he says, "Give me some more corn." I have a new white apron with blue duck for pockets. I like many little dolls. I like to play with them. My sister has a yellow pony. We can ride on her. I have a little sled and wagon. I like to play school with my dolls and books. From,

ILSE CHRISTUARSE.

New Rochelle, N. Y.

DEAR AUNT HARRIET:

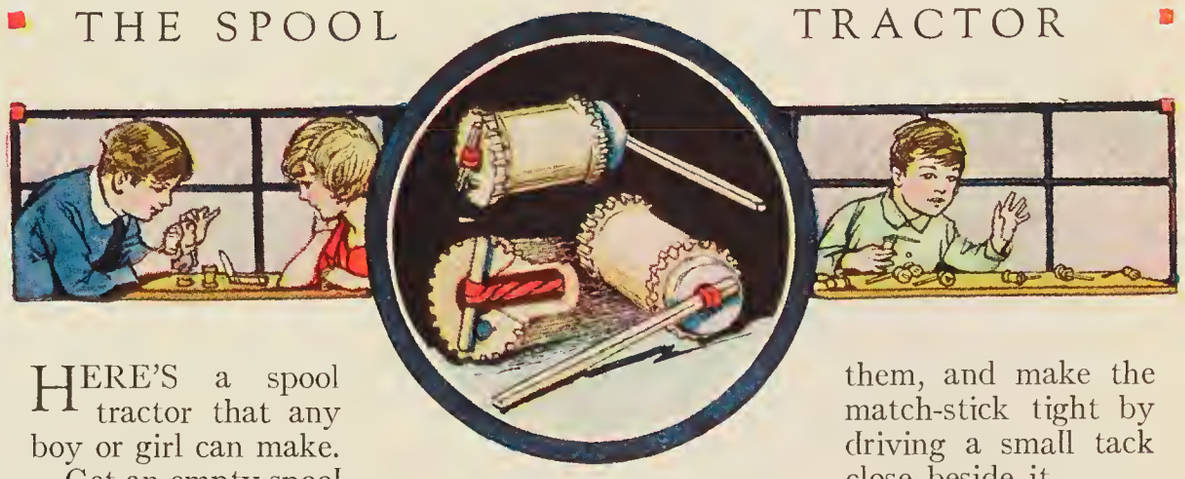
I am going to call you Aunt Harriet if you don't mind, because it sounds a little cozier than the other names.

I am thirteen years old but I like THE LITTLE DELINEATOR very much.

I go to high school and am in my first year.

Please excuse any incorrect English as I am saving all my correct English for an examination on this coming Monday. With me luck! SELMA STAMMEL.

THE SPOOL TRACTOR



HERE'S a spool tractor that any boy or girl can make.

Get an empty spool from mother and make notches around both ends with a penknife. Then get at least three rubber bands and stick them through the hole in the spool. (Don't cut them.) The easiest way is to thread a big needle, tie the thread to the rubber bands and pull the needle through the hole.

Stick a little piece of match-stick through the bands at one end to hold them, and make the match-stick tight by driving a small tack close beside it.

At the other end, stick the bands through a small piece of candle, in which you have first cut a round hole. Then slip a small stick through the ends. Wind up by turning this stick, and so twisting the rubber bands. Then set the tractor on a smooth table—and see what happens!

You can have great fun with your tractors on the next rainy day.

THE FUNNIEST DREAM YOU EVER HAD



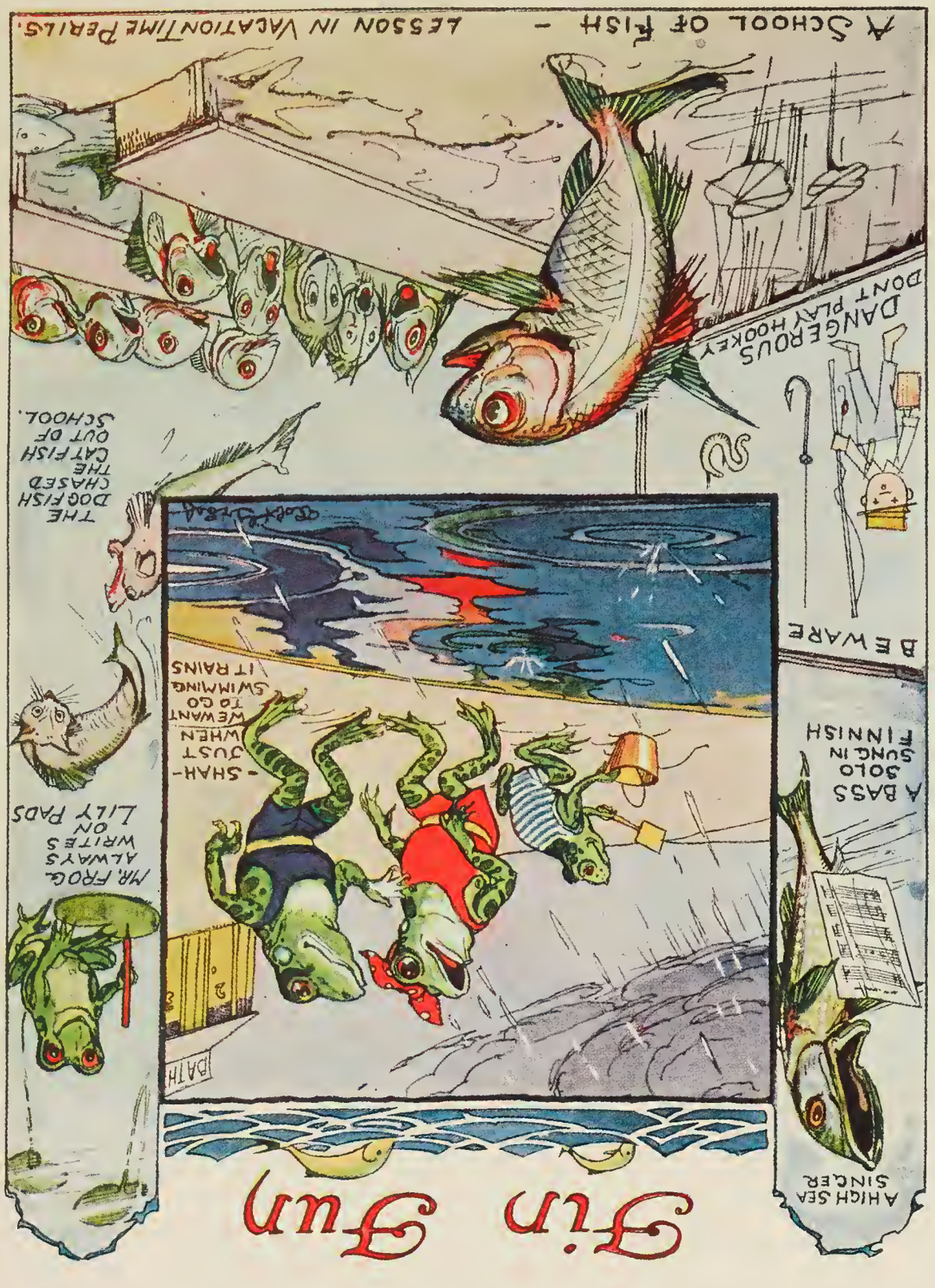
EVERYBODY has funny dreams. What's the funniest dream you ever had? When I was a little girl I dreamed once that I was racing around the aisles in school smashing all the ink-wells and throwing all the erasers out the windows!

Write me the funniest dream YOU ever had. If you just can't remember a funny one, tell me the scariest one. But I'd rather have a funny dream.

The boy and the girl who send in the funniest dream that makes other children laugh, will *each* win a very funny book called "Dr. Doolittle." "Dr. Doolittle" is about a man who was doctor to all the animals and sailed to Africa to take care of the sick monkeys. I am sure it will make you laugh.

This is a very easy contest. Every child [who reads THE LITTLE DELINEATOR ought to try for it. And maybe you will be the child to win that funny book.

Send your dreams by June 20th. Give your name, age and address. If you are too little to write, you can tell mother what to write. But mother must write it just exactly as you say it and not put in any words of her own. Address Dream Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, care of the Big DELINEATOR, New York City.





THE LITTLE HOUSE-DAUGHTER

PAINTED BY A SWEDISH ARTIST NAMED ASTRID KJELLBERG

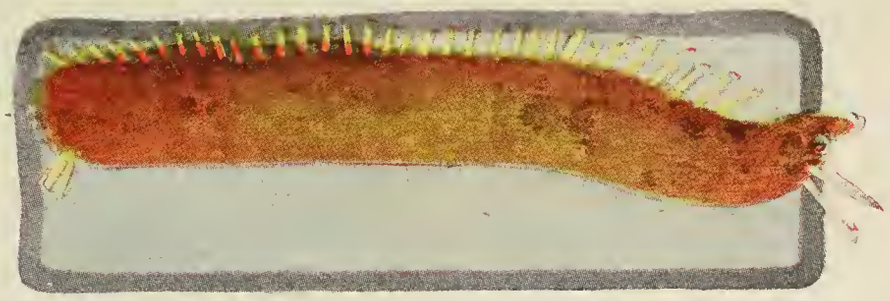
I THINK girls will like this picture. But perhaps boys can not understand how nice it feels to be a little girl in a clean dress and sit by a big window in the sun, sewing and sewing on something pretty, with green trees and green grass to look at outside and sweet pink flowers to smell inside.

The little Swedish girl is darning her own best pair of socks to wear next Sunday. Or maybe she is mending dad's. Which do you think?



MANDY AIG-PLANT

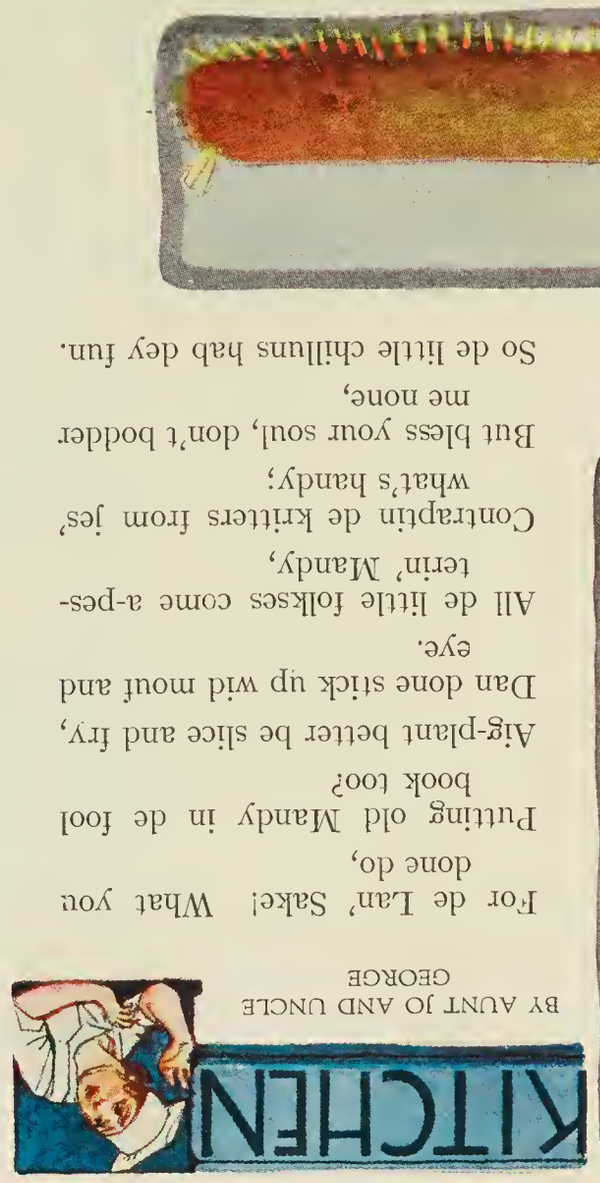
For de Lan' Sake! What you done do,
Putting old Mandy in de fool book too?
Aig-plant better be slice and fry,
Dan done stick up wid mout and eye.
All de little folkses come a-pester-tein' Mandy,
Contraptin de kritters from jes' what's handy;
But bless your soul, don't bodder me none,
So de little chilluns hab dey fun.



FARMER CY AND OUR CATERPILLAR

Gosh all Hemlock, what a crazy idee,
Makin' more worms to pester me!
Carrots are good to bile and eat,
Spiles 'em stickin' on eyes and feet.

Caterpillars do nothin' but harm,
Hain't got no use for 'em down on the farm.
I sell my carrots to pay the rent,
But humbugs ain't worth a gol durn cent.



BY AUNT JO AND UNCLE GEORGE

KRITTERS

LITTLE PIGGIE-WIGGIE

A lemon your good cook will loan,
From cardboard cut the parts as shown;
Make tiny slots in piggie's skin
And stick his legs and ears therein.
Be sure and give his tail a twist,
Two cloves for eyes make up the list,
And when you ask for lemonade
Poor piggie will be *quite* afraid!

WIN THE BEAR PICTURE!

MR. GRAEF, the artist who painted the funny bear cover, thinks this is the best cover he has ever made for THE LITTLE DELINEATOR. Do you think so too? Wouldn't you like to win the big colored picture just like the cover, all framed to hang up in your room?



Write a letter to your editor, telling what page you like best in our LITTLE DELINEATOR this month, and *why*. The most natural letter (that means, it sounds as if you really meant it and no grown person helped you too much) that helps your editor most, will win the Bear Picture. If you are too little to write, mother can write for you, if you tell her exactly what to say. Be sure to say *why* you like the page best. Write to Miss Harriet Eager, Editor of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, care of the Big DELINEATOR, New York City.

BE SURE TO READ THIS, TOO!

THE Big DELINEATOR has let us have some pretty red covers made, to hold twelve LITTLE DELINEATORS—a whole year. They have nice stiff red backs, just like a book, with "THE LITTLE DELINEATOR" printed on them in gold letters. They would look so nice in your bookcase. There is glue already inside, so all you do is to wet the glue and put each LITTLE DELINEATOR in its place.

I wish we could give them to you free, but they cost us exactly twenty-five cents a piece, so if you want one, you will have to send us twenty-five cents. Ask mother to buy one of these red covers because then you can keep all your LITTLE DELINEATORS together, and she won't have to be picking them up all the time. Send your quarter (stamps or cash) to The Cover Man, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York City.







THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT

Edited by MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

NOTHING is more important to the home-making of DELINEATOR readers than the series of articles announced on the editorial page of this number, and which the Editor of THE DELINEATOR has secured from specialists on the care of children. Children are the most important assets in human affairs and all the brains of the specialists can't work too hard or too soon to tell fathers and mothers how they can make the next generation a better one. Look for the first of these articles in the next number of THE DELINEATOR.

HEALTH TO LITTLE AMERICANS

HEALTH to little Americans! This is the ideal of the Child Health Organization of America, of which the great child specialist, Dr. L. Emmett Holt, is President.

This organization is undertaking a nation-wide campaign to give better health to American school children. It is working to get scales and weight tables installed in every school, with the periodic weighing of the children and special treatment for those who are under weight; to teach children the rules of health, to establish more playgrounds, better school sanitation, free or low-priced medical care for children.

These A. B. C.'s of health it strives to teach every child in America:

Take a daily bath.

Brush the teeth at least once a day.

Drink water often, at least four glasses a day.

Eat plain, wholesome foods, such as cereals, fruits, green vegetables, brown bread.

Drink at least a pint of milk and avoid tea and coffee.

Eat sweets only after meals.

Have a daily bowel movement.

Play out of doors.

Sleep out of doors when possible, and always with windows open.

What are the health conditions in your town? If they are not ideal write to the Health Department of THE DELINEATOR and we will tell you how you can organize your community for better child health.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

THE war gave us very definite evidence that simple goiter is much more common among persons living inland than among those living on the seacoast. The physician interested in experimental medicine now tells us that this simple goiter is largely preventable. It is due to lack of iodin in food, in drinking water or in air. The sea is the great storehouse of iodin and when we move away from it, we are apt to modify our diet and exclude its main sources of iodin, sea food and sea moss. Gradually as the stored sources of iodin are depleted in one, two or three generations, goiters may develop.

In three cities in Ohio, inland cities in what is known as the goiter belt, some large iodin-feeding experiments have been conducted on the school children. Twice yearly, for ten-day periods each, measured doses of special iodin salts have been fed to those children whose parents consented to the experiment. As a result of several years' experience with this experiment, the conclusion has been reached that lack of iodin is a main contributing cause to simple goiter. To prevent the onset of goiter two practical possibilities are therefore at hand. The first is to increase the use of sea foods in the diet and the second is, under the direction and observation of a good physician, to follow the plan of simple medication carried out in Cleveland, Akron and Warren.

Of course, there still remains the possibility of moving back to the seashore and breathing its iodinized air, of bathing in its salt (iodin containing) water and of eating largely of its native food.

FLAG DAY

MEMORIAL DAY in May, Independence Day in July, Armistice Day in November are to celebrate victory and independence.

Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays in February are not so much tributes to great men as to principles of Americanism for which these men lived. On June 14th, the American flag will wave from the Atlantic to the Pacific in justification of lives lost and property sacrificed for freedom.

Citizen and foreigner on our shores will pledge allegiance alike to the American institutions.

The nation's flag is not always an emblem of war. It is a challenge to build a nation's institutions strong for defense and its men fit for survival. Until there is a common effort for courage to make and to submit to good laws, to win by honest effort, to maintain health that men may be fit, the flag may have to be a signal for brutal defense. The meaning of the American flag is more now than ever a call to the American mind for intelligence and honesty without which any nation may crumble.

It takes more courage to be unselfish and to study to keep fit than to arouse the courage of armies. During the world's war no sacrifice was too great to protect the homes of any land.

Betsy Ross sewed into the Stars and Stripes a desire for the protection of American homes. Men and women are determining the standard of citizenship by the standard of American homes, since the citizenship of the country is made up of men and women trained and made well or ill according to the measure of intelligence of these homes. Every mother who is proud of her son because he has the courage to fight for his country is equally proud of his health of body and mind to protect the mental and moral stamina of the country.

Pageants, songs, tableaux, recitations, readings, speeches on Flag Day should instil this idealism. A pageant or tableau of Betsy Ross and the story of how the first flag was made, forms an effective Flag Day exercise.

One beautiful selection especially adapted for reading or reciting on Flag Day was written by that great statesman and patriot, Secretary of the Interior in President Wilson's cabinet, Franklin K. Lane. If you would care to have a copy of this selection, "The Flag," write to the Home-Makers' Department enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope and we shall be glad to send it to you.

THE DELINEATOR Calendar JUNE

Home-Making is a seasonable job. The Home-Makers' Department tells you what to do and when to do it

NOTABLE DATES IN JUNE

9th—Frid.—Full Moon
14th—Wed.—Flag Day
17th—Sat.—Battle of Bunker Hill
21st—Wed.—Longest Day of the Year
26th—Mon.—First A. E. F. Troops in France

THIS IS THE MONTH

To plan Flag Day and Commencement Day celebrations.

To entertain the brides.

To plan Summer vacations.

To arrange weekly family picnics.

To put up Summer hammocks and garden furniture.

To lighten housework for hot weather. See "Watch Your Step in the Dining-Room," in this issue.

To dress the living-room in Summer clothes. See "$50.00 Spent on the Living-Room," in this issue.

To think about the care of the baby in hot weather. See "A Heatless Summer for the Baby," in this issue.

To work in the garden. Mr. Lemmon has a helpful article in this issue.

To budget Summer canning and obtain good equipment. Budget printed on this page. An important article on equipment elsewhere in this book.

To protect food against spoiling. Read important article on this subject in this number.

To buy gifts for the bride. New suggestions in "Say It With Showers," in this issue.

To make Summer and sports clothes. Consult fashion pages.

To resolve to have a home and to begin to plan for it. THE DELINEATOR is publishing a valuable series of articles on this subject.

BUDGET YOUR CANNING

CAN neither too much nor too little this year.

Nancy H. McNeal, Junior Extension Specialist in Home Economics at Cornell University has worked out a family canning budget as a guide to the housekeeper.

This budget is based on an estimate of the canned foods that a family of five needs during eight months of the year, to keep healthy. A large amount of tomatoes is given because they are particularly valuable in the diet. Oranges have the same virtues, so if considerable amounts of oranges are used the amount of tomatoes may be decreased in proportion; but tomatoes or oranges should be used freely by young children as well as adults.

The amount of canned green vegetables should be decreased in proportion to the amount of vegetables stored, such as cabbage, carrots, turnips, celery, etc. As many of such foods as possible should be stored rather than canned.

Of course fresh foods should be substituted, when possible; therefore, if fresh fruits and vegetables are available for longer than four months, the amount of preserved foods should be decreased accordingly.

These foods may be prepared for serving in very many different ways to give variety.

MISS McNEAL'S CANNING BUDGET

Vegetables

Tomatoes	70 qts.
Spinach and other greens	50 qts.
String Beans, Asparagus, Corn, Peas	105 qts.
Fruits	225 qts.
Conserves, Preserves, Marmalade, Jelly	45 qts.

A budget may be made from this for any length of time or for any number of persons.

Family of five—eight months or thirty-six weeks		*One Person One Week*
Tomatoes	70 qts.	1½ cup or about 4 servings
Spinach	50 qts.	1 cup or about 2 servings
Asparagus, String Beans, Corn, Peas	105 qts	2½ cups or about 7 servings
Fruit	225 qts.	5 cups or about 10 servings
Conserve, Preserve, Marmalade, Jelly	45 qts.	4/5 cup or about 4 servings
Prunes	30 lbs.	½ cup or about 2 servings

To use this amount of preserved food in eight months' time each person in the family would take—

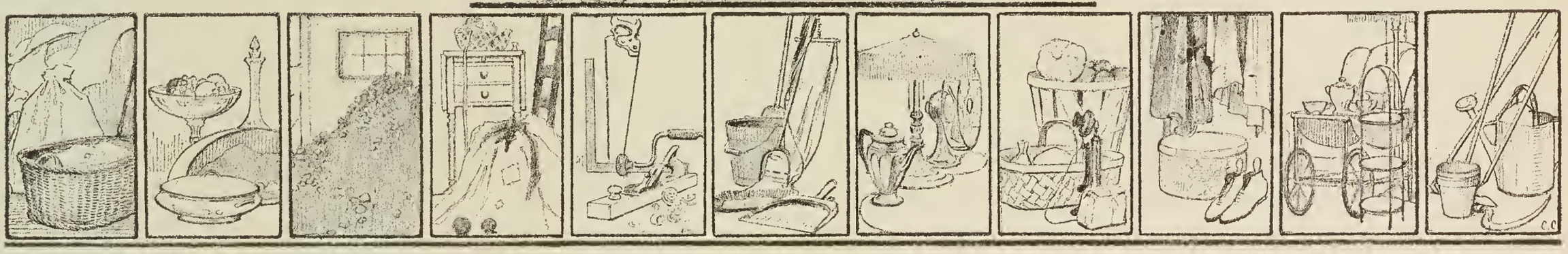
Tomatoes	about 4 times a week
Green vegetables	" 6 " " "
Corn and peas	" 3 " " "
Fruit	" 10 " " "

SAVE A DOLLAR

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department



"Help us to help others, that others may help you." Here is a new Department that will appear each month. THE DELINEATOR will pay ten dollars each month for the best suggestion for saving the housekeeper's time, money, labor, fuel or food. We will pay five dollars for any suggestion we print on this page. Send in the idea that saved you a dollar to the *Home-Makers' Department*



SAVE ASPARAGUS STALKS

ASPARAGUS is boiled and the whole stalk put on the table, to be eaten with various sauces. People nibble off the tops and leave the bottoms, making one-half of this expensive vegetable a total waste. Instead of doing that, cut off the stalk where it begins to be tough, and simmer the tops. Cut the tough ends in two and drop them into a pot of weak broth, which can well be made from the bones of a roasted fowl. Let that pot simmer for half a day on the back of the stove, thicken it with flour and milk, take out the almost-gone stalks, serve with croutons and you have a good soup at no cost save that of fuel.

SAVE THE PEA-PODS

MANY delicious flavors can be imparted to soups by utilizing the bits of vegetables which are usually thrown out. Pea-pods, washed and wrapped in a thin cloth to facilitate taking them from the pot, may be dropped into a broth made from pieces of left-over roast and will give a very distinctive flavor to what would otherwise be rather an insipid dish.

SAVE VEGETABLE TRIMMINGS

A SOUP made on the basis of a few bones is a light vegetable one, in which the green tops of leeks, leaves of celery, stalks of parsley, ends of carrots and the hard heart of a cabbage, diced, are tied in a thin cloth and simmered for about two hours.

SAVE SPINACH STALKS

CREAM of spinach soup is made by chopping the stalks very fine and simmering them in weak lamb broth until they are very tender, when the soup is thickened as usual. French chefs prefer these stalks to the leaf as they are more pungent, and, of course, this leaves the other part of the vegetable to be served separately at another meal. The iron so much needed in the diet which is such a valuable ingredient in spinach is heavier in the stalk than in the leaf, which is an added reason why they should not be contributed to the garbage-can.

SAVE TOUGH LETTUCE LEAVES

WHEN lettuce begins to run to seed, the green grocer will sell you about all you can carry home for ten cents. Pluck out the center, where the flower has begun to form, pull the heads apart and when you have a small pot of peas within ten minutes of being done, drop in the lettuce. You will not only eke out your scanty peas but will discover a new dish, the cost of which is much less than that of peas alone.

SAVE EVEN THE SPROUTS

A SPROUTING onion might be thought to be the most hopeless of cases, so far as its usefulness is concerned, but from such an onion there can be grown the finest of young table onions. Not only that, the vegetables can be made exceedingly decorative.

Place four or five of them in a pretty Chinese dish, sprinkle a handful of sand around the roots, add just enough water to cover the bottom of the dish, and stand it in a sunny window. You will discover that to the eye you are growing the aristocratic Chinese lily. The sprouts will shoot up and in about a week you can begin to have young onions to eat and to use in your salads, thus cheating the green-grocer and the garbage-can at one stroke. Cut the sprouts down close to the bulb and they will continue to produce new ones for a long time.

SAVE THE CAULIFLOWER LEAVES

THE large leaves of the cauliflower have a taste which is half-way between Brussels sprouts and young cabbage, and are altogether a pleasant surprise. They need about half an hour's boiling and may be served with butter, with cream sauce or with meat gravy.

SAVE CELERY TOPS

CELERY should be carefully bought with the two-way cooking in mind. If the hearts are bought, a very high price is paid whereas just as much of the vegetable for table use can be secured by buying the less fancy stalks, in which the tops are much longer and can be used for creamed celery. In making this dish, be sure to put in quite a number of the whiter leaves, which add pungency to the flavor.

SAVE THE CORN-COBS

CORN-COBS, from which the kernels have been cut, impart a very tasty, sweetish flavoring if boiled with a meat stew. When the dish is done, take out the cobs and scrape off all that adheres to them back into the pot. You will be surprised to see how unusual a "kick" this will give to a plain bit of meat.

SAVE THE COTTON BAGS

COTTON bags, used by millers, are very useful to home-makers for clothing, draperies and various household purposes. The manufacturers are now using printers' ink which does not easily wash out, and housekeepers are perplexed to know how to make the same use of bags that they have in the past. A manufacturer gives us this method by which some bags may be utilized without an advertisement appearing on the surface of the garment.

Lay the bag out on the table and cover all the printing with a thin layer of common lard. After all the printed parts have been covered roll the sack up. After it has lain for the three days, it should then be unrolled and washed in boiling water. The lard having loosened the ink, the printing will immediately boil out and there will be a clean sack.

SAVE THE STOVE

A SOFT, clean cloth dipped in melted paraffin will give the stove a smooth, attractive surface. Kerosene-oil on a soft lintless cloth may be used on the nickel afterward to effect a polish.

SAVE THE EGGS

AN EGG which has been cracked so that it leaks from the shell may be preserved by pasting over the opening a strip of paper wet with some of the white of the egg.

The small amount of egg left in the shell, or in the bowl after beating aggregates several dozen in one kitchen in the course of a year. A bit of tissue or waxed paper will clean the shell and a spatula will clean the bowl and save valuable food.

To keep yolks of eggs from drying keep them covered with cold water until ready to use.

SAVE ON STOCKINGS

DO YOU ever get discouraged when you find your leisure time is merely darning time? There will be less darning and a longer life to stockings if you buy them plenty large enough. This gives space for the foot to slide and saves much wear.

Silk stockings will wear much longer if they are laundered every day, for perspiration left in silk rots it. Make a warm (not hot) suds from a mild soap or soap flakes. Squeeze the suds through the stockings, rubbing as little as possible. Then turn the stockings inside out and squeeze the water through again, to make sure they are thoroughly clean. Wring gently. When almost dry, iron with a warm (not hot) iron.

Use two cups of salt to a gallon of cold water to set the color in black stockings that have a tendency to run. This may have to be used before every washing for stockings of this kind.

SAVE WEAR AROUND BUTTONS

MENDING the holes made by the tearing out of a button is usually a difficult task. An efficient way, particularly for children's clothes, is to sew the new button to a square of material similar to that of the torn garment, so as to leave it attached to a square of cloth larger than the hole to be repaired. Push the button through the hole from the back. The attached square of material will form a patch on the underside. Fell this down, catching the torn edges of the holes as you sew.

This makes a neat darn and also serves as a reinforcement. In making children's clothes where the buttons are especially apt to be torn out, it is a good idea to run an extra strip of material, or a piece of tape under where the buttons are to be. Then when the buttons are sewed on, the stitches should go through the double thickness.

SAVE ON FINE CHINA

FINE china nicks particularly easily when it is warm. A towel in the bottom of the dish-pan will save much danger of chipping. Use a mild soap in washing painted or gilt-edged china and wash one piece at a time. Much fine china, especially that which is made in China, is rough on the bottom. Soft paper, or blanket-stitched Canton-flannel pads should be kept between dishes with rough backs to prevent the decoration on the front from being scratched, worn or chipped. Avoid using water that is too hot, in washing dishes, and put plates into it edgewise so that both sides will expand with the heat alike.

SAVE ON BLANKETS

HOW can a bed look tidy if the blankets are worn? To avoid this, put two worn blankets together, cover with silkolene and stitch with worsted. This makes an attractive comforter, and if you choose the silkolene and worsted to harmonize with the color scheme of the bedroom, the formerly worn blankets will be a decorative asset.

SAVE FOOD

THE scum which forms on foods when cooking as in custards, sauces and cereals may be prevented by pouring over the surface a little water or a little milk. In the case of boiled dressing pour over a little oil.

To avoid the scum on cocoa stir it briskly with an egg-beater before removing it from the fire.

SAVE ON BRUSHES

BRUSHES should be hung up. They should never be allowed to stand on their bristles as this mats them and tends to make the bristles fall out. In using a broom, sometimes use one side and sometimes the other; this will make it wear evenly and so last longer. An oil mop will wear longer if it is not hung too near the heat after washing it. The bristles of a carpet-sweeper or a vacuum cleaner can be well cleaned of hairs with a button-hook or a pair of scissors.

SAVE ON SILK UNDERWEAR

A SILK chemise that has worn out around the top can be made into a nice undervest. Cut off the worn part; make a new hem with an opening in the middle of the front; run a ribbon through the hem so that the vest can be gathered in on it to make it fit the figure, and attach two ribbon shoulder-straps. Worn silk nightgowns can be cut into chemises in the same way, though these are usually so long, even after cutting off the tops, that some of the bottom must be cut off and a new bottom hem made.

SAVE THE MARRED FURNITURE

LEATHER upholstery may be cleaned with any cleansing fluid suitable for leather shoes or gloves of the same color. If the leather does not need cleaning but merely brightening, it may be rubbed with such an oil as paraffin, lemon, neatsfoot or linseed.

The wooden parts of the furniture may have the greasy film removed which is often present on much-used furniture by washing it with lukewarm water to which has been added one tablespoonful of kerosene to the pint of water. One part at a time should be washed and rubbed at once with a dry cloth. The furniture may be polished by rubbing with a mixture of two parts boiled linseed-oil and one part of turpentine. This is carefully rubbed into the grain of the wood and the surplus oil removed with a woolen cloth. If the furniture has scratches they may be obscured by applying a small amount of water-color appropriate for wood which matches the color of the furniture. If the scratch is slight a good furniture polish will contain enough dye or stain to cover the scratch.

Scratches on mahogany may be retouched with a permanganate of potash solution in the proportion of one ounce of potassium permanganate crystals to one quart of water.

Boiled linseed-oil if rubbed in will darken the wood to some extent.

White spots may be removed from furniture by applying linseed or sweet oil, allowing it to stand for an hour or so, then rubbing vigorously and repeating the process if necessary.

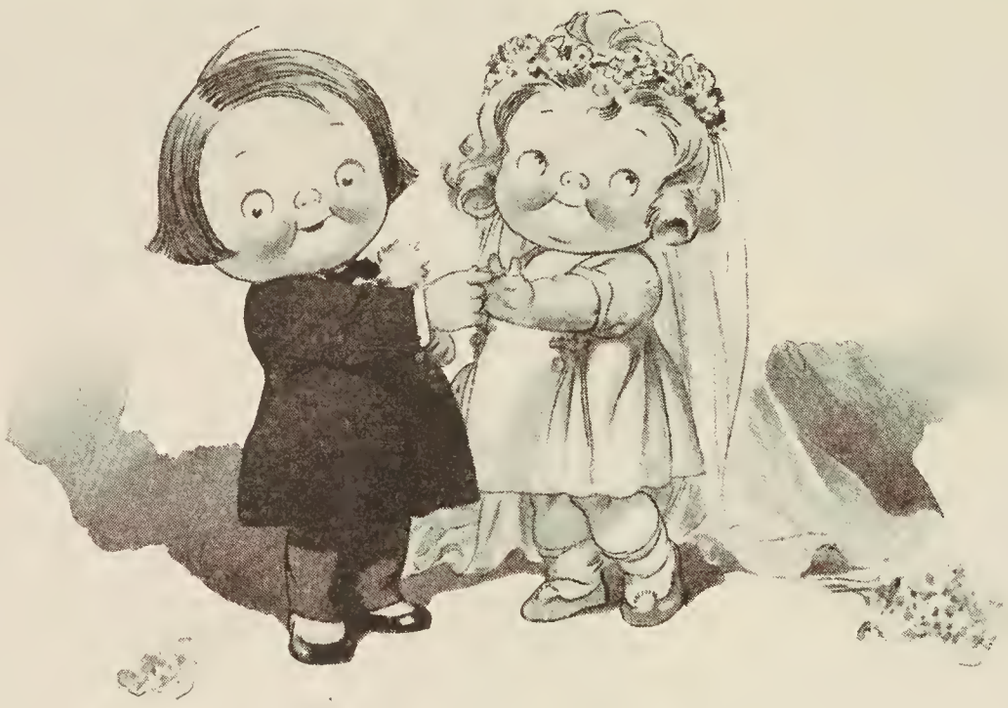
Painted wood should be washed with clear water or soap and water. Whiting applied with a damp cloth will usually remove spots and finger-marks.

SAVE PEACH SKINS

DO NOT throw away peach skins when you have served sliced peaches. Put the skins of five peaches, and the pits to which any of the peach is clinging, in a saucepan with a tablespoonful of sugar and a cup of water. Cover tightly; simmer for ten minutes, strain into a jar and keep in a cool place. This juice, added to lemonade gives it a delicious peach flavor. It is also good to flavor sauces.

THE GREAT BREAKFAST FOOD—GOOD, HOT SOUP

She's a dandy housekeeper
So I said, "Let's go!"
For she's a Campbell's housekeeper
And has her soup just so.





"—and they lived long and happily ever after."

Let Campbell's Soups help. Every taste of them puts an extra sparkle in your meal—they're so delicious and nourishing and tempting. Go to your grocer today and select an attractive Campbell's assortment, including your favorite soups and several "new" kinds for variety. Then see how much more everybody enjoys their food.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is the favorite of millions—the best-liked soup in the world. Taste it and you'll know why! Luscious sun-sweetened tomatoes—aristocrats of the vines—give to it their pure tonic juices, enriched with smooth, golden table butter and the most delicate of piquant spicing. A bright spot in any meal!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

"Sixteen uses for Campbell's Tomato Soup!"

An enthusiastic Campbell's admirer writes us: "I serve Campbell's Tomato Soup in sixteen different ways and every one is perfectly delicious!" She most strongly recommends to her sister housekeepers the use of Campbell's as a Cream of Tomato, as a tomato sauce for meats, fish and salads, and as an attractive addition to spaghetti, rice, eggs or vegetables.

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



WATCH YOUR STEP IN THE DINING-ROOM

Save yourself five hundred and seventy steps a day by applying the system explained on this page

By Flora Rose and Beulah Blackmore

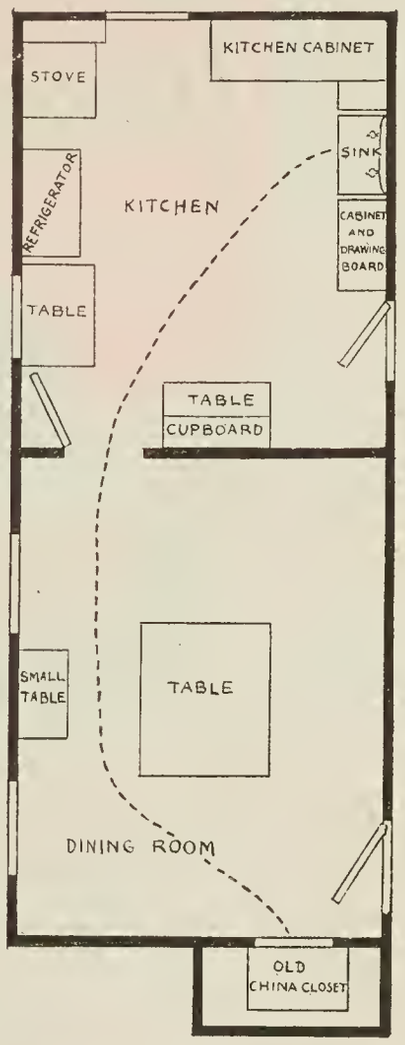
This is the second of the series of time and labor saving studies made for THE DELINEATOR by experts. The July article will tell you how to save time and labor in caring for the baby

THE dining-room is not a workshop in the same sense as the kitchen. Here attractive arrangement of furniture demands first thought. Nevertheless, thought should be given to cutting down the work in the dining-room.

The pedometer, hooked to the belt and adjusted to register and measure each step, tells an interesting story about the dining-room.

When the dining-room studied was first in use the only place to store china was in a dark closet at the end of the room furthest from the kitchen. This house boasted of no butler's pantry, and the housewife then had no wheel tray, so that trips had to be taken back and forth from kitchen to closet, a distance of thirty-five feet. In serving the meal for six persons three hundred and fifty steps were taken to set the table, get the needed china to and from the kitchen.

A watch-your-step study was made for the dining-room and resulted in a plan to reduce the labor by changing the storage place of the china and glassware, and by adding a wheel tray or table and a sideboard. A large, old, softwood cabinet rescued from the attic was painted white to match the woodwork and to make it fade into the light color of the walls.

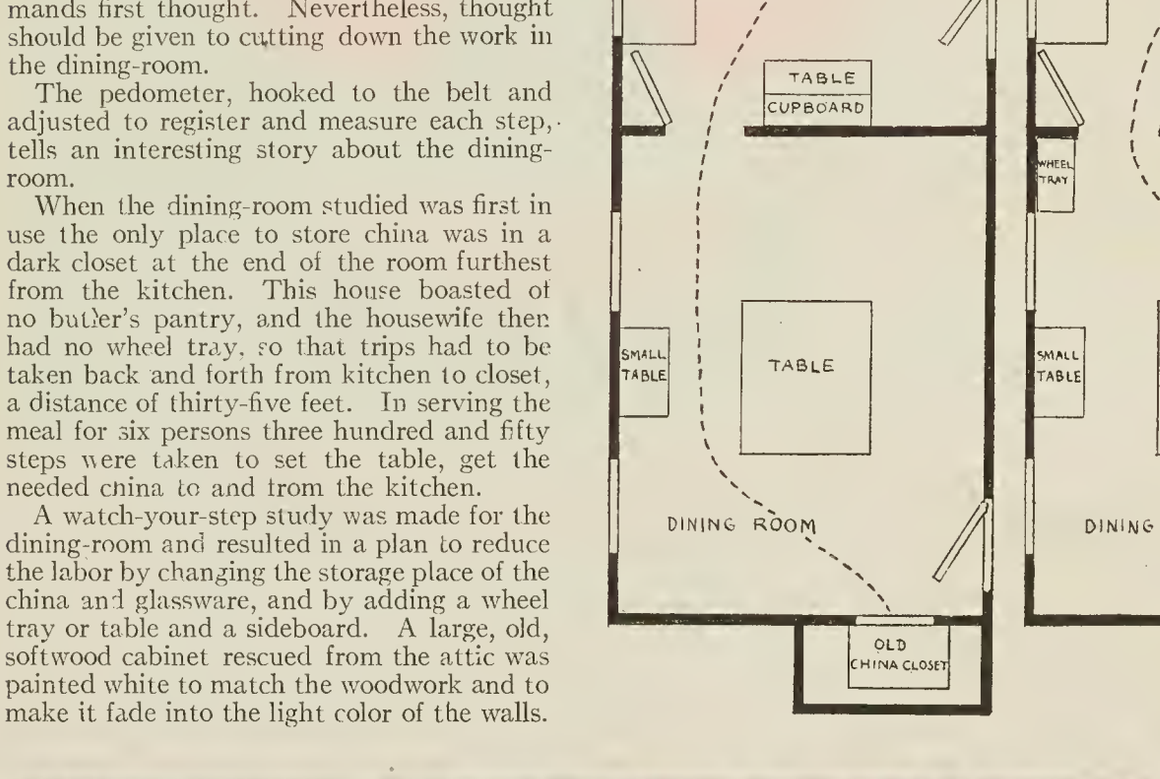




THE BREAKFAST-TABLE IS READY—AND SO COMPLETELY SET THAT NOT ONE STEP IS TAKEN DURING THE MEAL



BREAKFAST IS OVER—AND MORE STEPS ARE SAVED BY CAREFULLY STACKING THE DISHES FOR THE JOURNEY TO THE KITCHEN



CARRYING THE DISHES FROM THE KITCHEN TO HER CHINA-CLOSET MEANT WALKING ACROSS THE ENTIRE DINING-ROOM

By no stretch of the imagination could it be called a beautiful piece of furniture. It was, however, capacious and inconspicuous in line and color, and it did not mar the attractiveness of the room sufficiently to overbalance its convenience. This cabinet was placed against the wall which is next the door opening into the kitchen. Now, light inside and with glass doors it wears its heart upon its sleeve, for all its contents can be seen at a glance. Since it and the wheel tray have been in use the steps taken to set the table for breakfast and carry the dishes to and from the kitchen have been reduced from about 350 to 160. This makes a daily saving of 570 steps or about one-fifth of a mile as shown. In a year this would amount to 208,050 steps or about seventy-eight miles. Traveling at a rate of three miles an hour this means a saving of twenty-six hours. Allowing at least fifty cents an hour for the skilled labor of the housekeeper, this amounts to thirteen dollars saved in one year.

The housewife is using the time that these conveniences are saving her to earn the money to buy a fine new cabinet.

The table is now the center of a small circle, with the principal working part of the circle close to the kitchen. The old closet is used to hold surplus equipment.

The china in the cabinet is arranged so that all those things most frequently in use are kept in one part of the cabinet. This facilitates table setting.

To store the linen and silver, an old mahogany bureau was converted into a sideboard, its top drawer was removed, a shelf put in its place and the opening covered with a curtain, so that the linen in constant use could be easily reached. This improvised sideboard looked attractive and furnished a storage place easily gotten at for the linen and silver in daily use. The first of the three remaining drawers is filled with open paste-board boxes of suitable width and length to hold various sizes of table silver. In the second drawer is kept the table-linen in frequent use, and in the last drawer further immediate supplies.

The wheel tray, besides being used to transport dishes between dining-room and kitchen, is also used as a serving-table during the meal. It enables the housekeeper to serve a three-course meal to six or eight persons and remain at the table and share in its sociability during the entire meal.

Of course, the use of the tray to save steps requires learning to plan either on paper or mentally the meal and the equipment so carefully that nothing is forgotten.

The table is carefully set. Then the tray is arranged to hold everything, plates, silver, food and extras, needed during the entire meal—not forgetting a covered jar for scraps, and a rubber scraper.

As one course is finished, plates are passed to the serving end of the table, one at a time, and quietly scraped and piled on the lower shelf of the tray. A clean napkin and plate are passed around the table when it is to be crummed and each person assists in this process. At the close of a meal the table is thus left in perfect order and the dishes ready for the dish-pan.

With this method, in serving breakfast for six persons, clearing the table and removing the dishes to the kitchen, only eleven steps were taken. This breakfast consisted of fruit, cereal, coddled eggs, toast, coffee and marmalade.

Previously when the housekeeper carried the dishes out between courses, she took 120 steps to do the same amount of work. This made a saving of about one-eighth of a mile a day.



AN OLD CABINET ATTRACTIVELY PAINTED WHITE WAS PLACED NEAR THE KITCHEN AND SAVED STEPS BY ITS CONVENIENT LOCATION

Boil clothes with FELS-NAPTHA?





Be sure the soap you use has real naptha in it. If you can't smell real naptha, it isn't Fels-Naptha.

Improves every washing-machine

Fels-Naptha makes the washing-machine do even better work. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt before the washing-machine starts its work. Then the Fels-Naptha soapy water churns through and through the clothes, quickly flushing away all the dirt.

Campers write enthusiastically that Fels-Naptha washes greasy dishes and dish-cloths even in cold spring-water, and washes them *clean*. Any brook is a laundry with Fels-Naptha Soap.

© 1922, Fels & Co., Philadelphia

Boil clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish. After all the years that women have been used to boiling clothes, it seems hard to believe that with Fels-Naptha boiling isn't necessary. Yet Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go in water of *any* temperature—and makes clothes sanitary.

The real naptha combined with splendid soap in Fels-Naptha does the work, with only a little rubbing; so the temperature of the water is a matter of personal preference. Thousands of housewives tell us of the remarkable results they get with Fels-Naptha and boiling water. But those who wash clothes the Fels-Naptha way—with cool or lukewarm water—are saved the discomfort to hands, and the bother and expense of boiling. They save clothes, too, because Fels-Naptha with cool or lukewarm water does not weaken the fibre. By giving clothes a naptha cleansing and a soap-and-water cleansing Fels-Naptha makes them clean through and through. Thoroughly clean clothes last longer; and they are healthful.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners. Begin using Fels-Naptha today! Order it from your grocer.

FREE If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately, send for free sample. Write Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

WEDDING-FEASTS AND PASTRY TUBES

By Ramona Beaton Call

Do you want your party cakes to be delicious and festive looking—exactly like a caterer's. This article tells you how to make fancy cakes for weddings or any other occasions. If you are interested in a special bulletin on wedding decorations and etiquette, send a stamped envelope. in care of THE DELINEATOR, to Miss Harriet Mumford.

RIBBONS, flowers, crystal, turn the pensive mood inspired by the solemn ceremony into the mirth and gaiety appropriate to a wedding-feast. But the keynote of light-heartedness should be struck by a wedding cake, frivolous with icing frills and fancy decorations, rich with associations—and shortening.

A pretty custom is for the bride's mother to present her with the knife used to cut the cake.

Any woman who can bake a cake can make and decorate the festal-looking, three-tiered cake illustrated.

Three separate cakes of graduated sizes are made. These may all be of white bride's cake, or the middle-sized one may be a black fruit-cake, to be lifted off uncut and boxed, to be opened on the fifth anniversary. When the three cakes are baked each is iced and decorated before being set on top of the others.

In icing a fancy cake, brush all the crums off of it and give it a thin coat of icing. When it is dry give it a second coat. Have the icing thick enough to run very slowly. This method of applying icing gives a smooth glossy surface. When dry, it is ready to decorate.

TO DECORATE the cake you need a pastry bag and three pastry tubes like those illustrated. The tubes cost about ten cents each, but they can not always be bought separately. A whole set, including a bag, is more expensive, but they are good things to have, for they enable you to make fancy desserts and cakes very easily for all sorts of occasions. However, both bag and paper tubes which are adequate are very simple to make. A pastry bag is made like a small jelly bag with the point cut off. A twelve-inch square of heavy canvas should be used. Fold it from two opposite corners and sew the edges together, then cut off a point large enough to insert a pastry tube in the hole.

To make paper tubes use very tough white paper. Make it about one-third larger than the little paper pattern shown flat in the illustration and secure the sides with flour paste. When it is dry it is ready to use. The three differently shaped tubes numbered one, three and nine required to decorate the cake illustrated may be cut by the pattern and modified to fit their differences. If you do not want to bother with a pastry bag, the paper cones may be cut from a large enough sheet of paper for the wide ends to form ample funnels. A ten or twelve inch sheet of paper will be large enough. The cone with a plain round opening about an eighth of an inch in diameter is used to make the dots.

The leaf-shaped design on the sides of the cake are made with the five-pointed cone, and the decorations on the edge are made with this and a cone that is slightly flattened at the point and one of the two edges cut to form nine points.

To decorate the cake, pour the icing into the pastry bag, a large paper cone and squeeze it through the point on to the cake.

If confectioners' sugar can be bought, use an uncooked icing for decorative work, as it is less troublesome to make and more certain to be of the right stiffness.

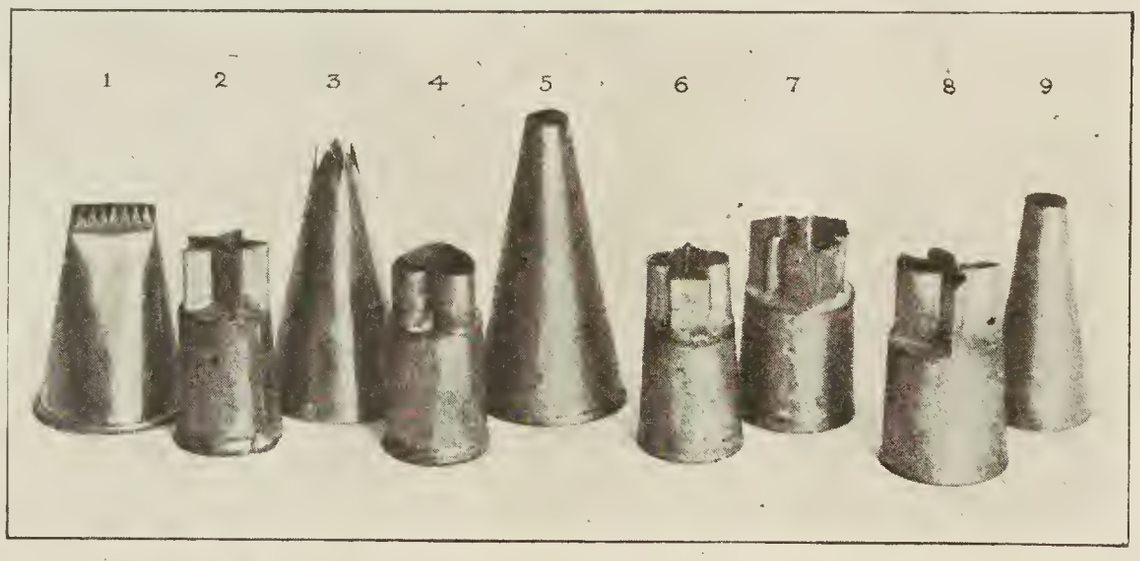
Icing for decoration or piping must be stiffer and tougher than icing for merely icing a cake; this is obtained by force of good beating and, if necessary, the addition of sugar. Take one pound of confectioners' sugar and the whites of four eggs; put the whites of the eggs—without whisking—into a bowl, add about one-third of the sugar and beat a little, add about one-third more of the sugar and beat well together until it becomes white and stiff enough to spread on the cake. For the decorative work continue beating, adding more sugar if needed to make it the required stiffness.

If confectioners' sugar is not available, the following is a good boiled icing for this cake:

Put four cups of granulated sugar in a saucepan and add one cup of boiling water. Heat slowly and stir until dissolved, then boil until a soft ball is formed in cold water or until it threads. Remove from fire and let stand a few minutes. Beat the whites of four eggs stiff, then pour the sirup slowly on to the beaten whites and add flavoring. Beat until it is stiff enough to spread on the cake. For the decorative work the icing should be beaten until it will hold its shape when forced through a pastry tube.



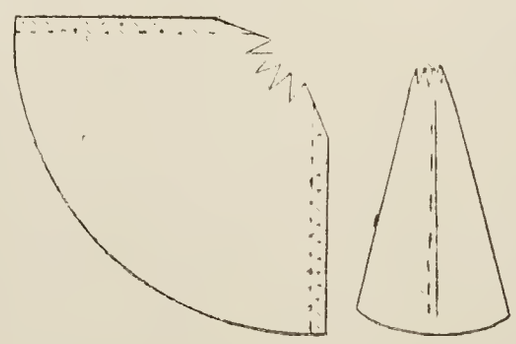
A TOWERING CAKE IS FORMED OF THREE CAKES SET ON TOP OF EACH OTHER



A SET OF PASTRY TUBES WILL TRANSFORM ANY SIMPLE CAKE. ONE, THREE AND NINE ARE USED FOR THE WEDDING CAKE



THE ELABORATE LOOKING DECORATIONS ON THIS CAKE ARE SIMPLY COMBINATIONS OF THESE FORMS



YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN PASTRY TUBES OF STIFF WHITE PAPER. MAKE THEM ABOUT A THIRD LARGER THAN THIS LITTLE PATTERN

BRIDE'S OR WHITE CAKE

¾ cup butter
3½ cups flour, measured after sifting
2 teaspoons vanilla
Whites of four eggs
1¾ cups sugar
1 cup milk
3 teaspoons baking-powder

BEAT the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the flour and milk alternately. Beat well and add the flavoring. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and to them add the baking-powder, then fold into the cake mixture. Divide this batter, baking two-thirds of it in one cake. Bake in a moderate oven.

GROOM'S OR FRUIT CAKE

TO the remaining one-third of the batter add

¼ cup cocoa
¼ teaspoon cloves
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
2 teaspoons cinnamon

MIX all together, then add one-half pound raisins, one-half pound currants, one-quarter pound walnut-meats, one-half pound dried-apple flakes, one-quarter pound almonds blanched, one-quarter pound citron cut thin, one-half cup candied cherries, one-quarter pound of candied orange and lemon peel.

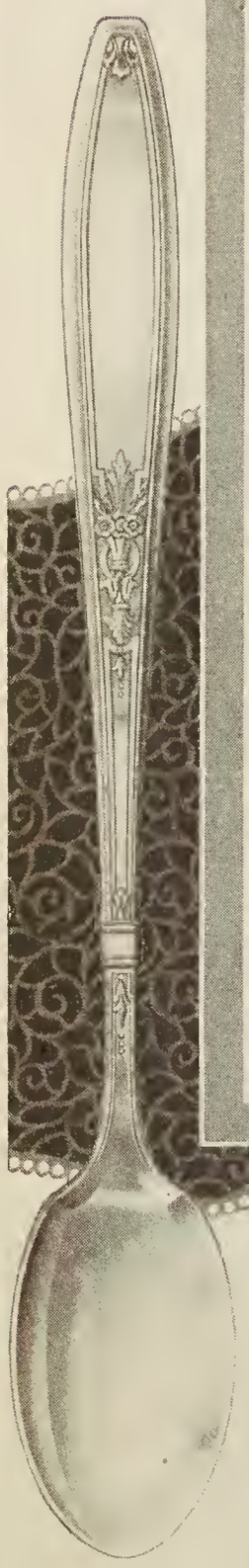
Mix well and bake in a very slow oven. The fruit-cake to be cut into small pieces to go into the little boxes should be baked in a square-cornered pan.



EACH TIER OF THE CAKE IS MADE AND ICED SEPARATELY—AND THEN THE CAKE IS BUILT TO ITS THREE-LAYER PERFECTION. A TINY, TEMPTING PIECE OF FRUIT CAKE, FOLDED IN TIN FOIL AND PUT IN A WHITE BOX WILL DELIGHT THE PARTING GUEST

Anniversary Silverware

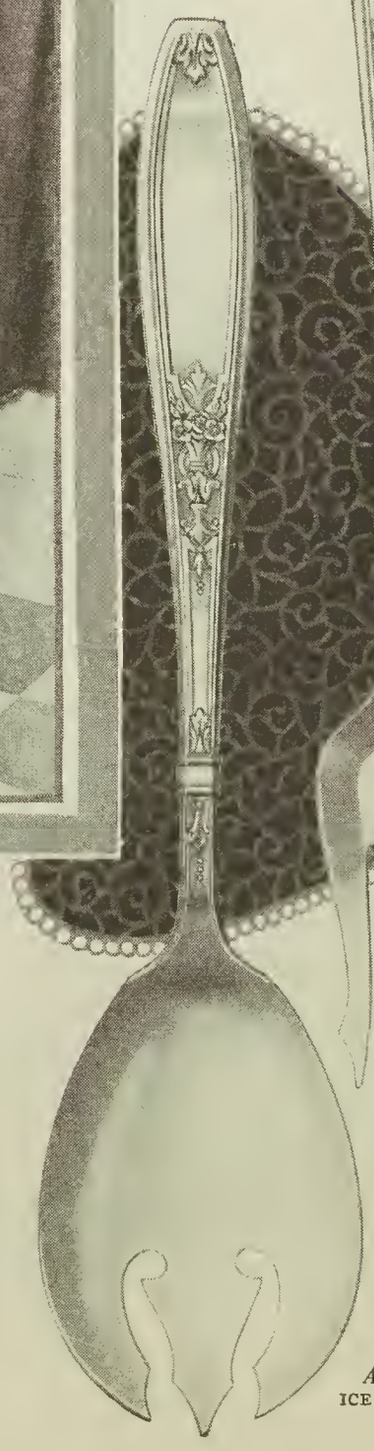




Ambassador
OLIVE SPOON



Ambassador
PICKLE FORK



Ambassador
ICE CREAM FORK

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

IN HARMONY with the joyous spirit of the anniversary or gift occasion, is the Anniversary Silverplate, "1847 Rogers Bros.," which this year celebrates its own Seventy-fifth Anniversary.

Put it on your gift list because of its special appropriateness, its widely known quality. Without extra charge, fancy serving pieces and half-dozen sets are packed in blue velvet-lined Anniversary Gift Boxes; 26-piece sets in beautifully decorated Anniversary Chests. See them at your dealer's. If not in his window, ask for them.

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS. WRITE FOR FOLDER S-17, ILLUSTRATING OTHER PATTERNS, TO THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

WHAT TO DO NOW IN YOUR GARDEN

THE PROPER METHOD OF CUTTING FLOWERS

By G. T. Huntington

THE flower-garden which can not furnish abundant color and fragrance for the jars and vases in the house and still retain its own beauty fails in the fulfilment of its whole duty. Yet many a one does just this simply because of the inexperience or carelessness of whoever attends to the gathering of the flowers which are to be brought indoors.

The proper cutting of flowers involves four things: Discrimination, a pair of sharp scissors, a pail of cold water and early mroning. As to the first, take only those blossoms which are definitely opening, and leave the buds until to-morrow or the next day. And cut, do not break, the stems. A clean cut, cleanly arrived at, means the minimum disturbance of the remaining parts of the plants as well as of the delicate moisture-carrying tubes in the severed stems, which, later on, will be the means of keeping the flowers bright and fresh in their vases.

The pail of water should go literally hand in hand with the scissors, and into it the butts of the stems must be plunged as soon as they are cut from the parent plants. Thus will you minimize the entrance of air into those same moisture tubes, with its resultant stoppage of the circulation of water to the foliage and blossoms above. If, in any way, the flowers become badly wilted, a few minutes in hot water will revive them.

Finally, do the day's cutting in the morning before the heat of the sun has reached the garden. Early-morning-gathered flowers are fresh and cool from their night's rest, and will last longer in water and be more effective room decorations in vases than if they were cut at the end of a jading, wilting day.



Large sweet-pea flowers can not be had unless the soil in the bed is extremely well enriched and the blossoms prevented from seeding. Bone-meal and old barnyard manure are good fertilizers.



Dry Bordeaux mixture dusted on the peach-trees will help to keep in check the blights which might otherwise attack them. Dust the trees thoroughly, and take pains to get it well in on all the branches.

A CALENDAR OF JUNE GARDEN WORK

"The manner of thy gardening should be as that of a swain with his lass: tender but firm, loving yet wise."

The dates given for these garden activities are based on the growing conditions normally found in the latitude of New York City. As one goes north or south from this point the season becomes later or earlier, requiring corresponding variations in the dates. Approximately five days should be added or subtracted, as the case may be, for each one hundred miles distance from the latitude described here.

THURSDAY

1. The privet hedge is doubtless growing rapidly now, and you should give it the first clipping of the year. A pair of sharp hedge-trimmers is the best tool for this work. If you cut off from one-half to two-thirds of the new growth, it will have the desirable effect of making the bushes more compact and sturdy

8. Supporting stakes for hollyhocks, helianthus, delphiniums, tall Canterbury bells, foxglove and other high-growing flowers should be put in place now to keep the plants from damage by wind. Set the stakes firmly in the ground and let them extend to the ultimate height of the plants. Use raffia or cloth strips for tying.

15. It is a mistake just to let climbing roses wander as they will; a little care and attention will lengthen their blooming season and improve their appearance wonderfully. The dead flowers should be cut off and old, unproductive stalks removed. This will make it easier to train and develop the new shoots.

22. When the really hot weather comes, you will notice that the lettuce starts to run to seed quite rapidly. This is a natural result of the heat, but if you shelter the plants from the direct sun you can check the process somewhat Cheese-cloth on frames and slats made of laths or boards can be used to produce shade.

29. Tomatoes are subject to the effects of proper pruning no less than apples or any other fruit. If each plant is reduced to one or two main stems or leaders, you get better and larger fruit. Under no circumstances should the plants be allowed to straggle and droop to the ground; tie them up to good supports.

SATURDAY

3. If there are any plants of the hot-weather vegetables like eggplants and peppers which have not yet been set out in the garden, now is the time to move them thither from the cold-frame. A good watering and the providing of temporary shade during the heat of the day will help them to become established.

10. Watch the lawn now for weeds and get after them promptly. There are several good mechanical weeders to be had, but do not use a liquid weed-killer—it is meant to be applied only where there is no other growth to be harmed. Large individual weeds can be killed by putting drops of gasoline on their centers.

17. One of the great assets of a home vegetable-garden is its ability to supply food of a fresher, higher quality than you can buy in the markets. To take full advantage of this it is essential that you gather the vegetables before they become old and tough. Food value as well as flavor is sacrificed by waiting too long.

24. Trees and shrubs which were planted this Spring should be kept well supplied with water. A heavy mulch or covering of grass clippings from the lawn, laid over the surface above the main root area will do much to conserve the soil moisture and make watering less necessary. When you do water, soak them.

TUESDAY

6. If you would have well-ripened, clean strawberries, spread straw close around the plants to keep the berries off the ground and prevent their being spattered with mud during heavy rains. A little care is needed in lifting the foliage to insert the straw, but it will be well repaid when the berries finally come on the table.

13. Rose-bugs are a genuine pest, destructive not only to the blossoms of roses, but of magnolias as well. Ordinary sprays will not touch them, but there is one, Melrosine, which is really effective. If you do not use this, you will have to jar the bugs from the flowers by hand into a can partly filled with kerosene—a tedious process.

20. The sweet peas ought to be in full swing now. It will help to prolong their flowering season if you cut the blossoms every morning, allowing none to go to seed. A plant's life work is to produce seed, and by preventing the completion of its task you force it to keep on trying for a longer period. This will not harm the plant.

27. Late plantings of certain vegetable seeds can still be made to keep up the succession of crops for your table. Beans, endive, corn, lettuce are included in the list. Cultivation of the whole vegetable area is more necessary now than ever, to kill weeds and maintain the moisture-saving dust mulch over the surface soil.



After the roses begin really active growth you may find light-colored shoots coming up from the root stock. As soon as you discover these shoots, they should be cut off close to the ground.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.

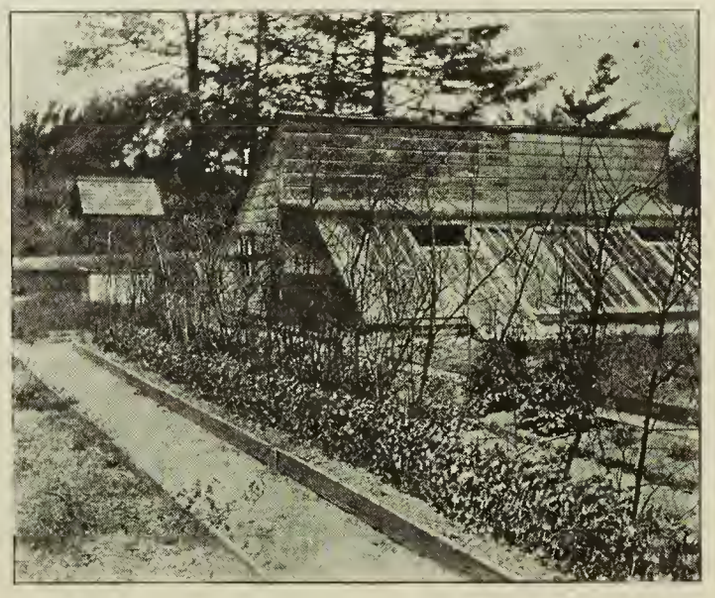
—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



Whatever flowers you gather for vases and jars in the house, be sure to select fully opened blossoms and to cut their stems cleanly with sharp scissors or pruning shears. Never break them off.



A handful of concentrated fertilizer worked in around the base of each of the tomato-plants will stimulate growth. Tomatoes are greedy feeders and must be supplied with nourishment if they are to produce properly.



Even the vegetable-garden can have neat, well-defined paths. Narrow boards set on edge and nailed to short stakes will keep the soil from spilling over into the walk. Coal ashes are an excellent surfacing material.



There are always spaces close around the vegetables and flowers where the ordinary rake is too large to be used. One of the best ways of cultivating them is to use a child's rake of narrow width instead of the standard size.



Alice, in all Wonderland found nothing so delicious as Post Toasties

EVERYBODY knows the wonderful story of Alice, and how she took a drink that made her grow into a teeny, weeny girl. And then how she ate the cake that had "eat me" written on it with currants, and grew into a great, big giantess, so tall she could scarcely see as far as her own feet.

In the delightful and fanciful story of "Alice in Wonderland," that was very wonderful food, you must admit. But not nearly so wonderful as Post Toasties are *actually*.

For these delicious, crisp, and satisfying corn flakes help little boys and girls to grow *just the way they would like to grow*. Not teeny, weeny, or not great big. But just right.

Post Toasties are the corn flakes you want—called by their particular name because of their particular quality. In crispness, flavor and "body," Post Toasties have a charm which you are sure to recognize as belonging to them, *alone*.

You can't think of a more delicious dish for breakfast or lunch than a brimming bowl of Post Toasties right from the wax-sealed package, with cream or good milk, and a sprinkle of sugar if desired. Nothing quite like that flavor, and the wonderful oven-freshness!

Post Toasties are easy to get and easy to serve, and there are many helpings from a package. All good grocers sell Post Toasties. To be sure of these perfect corn flakes, order by name and get the Yellow and Red package.

Post Toasties

— *improved corn flakes*

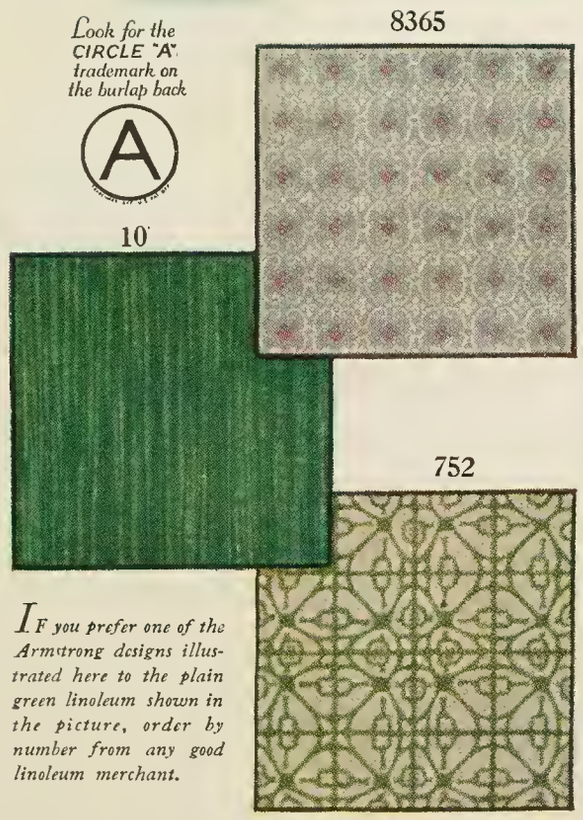
ALWAYS IN GOOD TASTE

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House



Note how pleasingly the restful green of the linoleum floor combines with the bright and cheerful furnishings.



If you prefer one of the Armstrong designs illustrated here to the plain green linoleum shown in the picture, order by number from any good linoleum merchant.

Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs

You can also buy rugs of Armstrong's Linoleum, suitable for kitchen, dining-room, or bedroom, and fully guaranteed to give satisfactory service. Send for free booklet, "Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs," showing colorplates of pleasing and artistic designs.

Linoleum Floors in America, Too

IN Europe linoleum has for years been widely used as a permanent floor for all the rooms of handsome and costly homes. Its comfort and durability have been appreciated, its decorative values studied and developed.

In America, interior decorators have found that they can blend well-chosen floors of Armstrong's Linoleum into the color schemes of rooms or suites. See, for instance, in the attractive living-room and dining-room on this page, how the floor of Armstrong's Green Linoleum sets off the reds and browns of the decorations and furnishings.

Rugs are laid on floors of modern linoleum, as on any permanent floor. And such floors never require refinishing—occasional waxing and polishing keep them looking like new.

Go into any good store and see the rich plain colors, the beautiful two-tone Jaspé effects, the pleasing inlaid and printed designs in which Armstrong's Linoleum is to be had. Ask for estimates of the cost of these modern floors put down in your home. You will be surprised to find how inexpensively you can replace worn wooden floors, or floor a new house throughout.

A good way to install your linoleum floor is to cement it down over a layer of deadening felt. A floor laid in this way remains as smooth and tight as the day it was put down.

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for suggestions as to proper patterns and colors for use in any scheme of home decoration. No charge.

All Armstrong's Linoleum is guaranteed to give satisfaction.

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By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe colorplates of fine home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DEPARTMENT
954 West Walnut Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania



A HEATLESS SUMMER FOR THE BABY

By Mary E. Bayley, R. N.

Approved by Dr. Charles G. Kerley, M. D.

IN ORDER that a baby may be kept well and happy during the Summer months, he should receive especial care. This care should be based on three main principles:

First. Guard against infection, from all sources, but especially through food.

Second. Decrease the heat production by giving less food and more water.

Third. Increase heat elimination by less and more porous clothing, better circulation of air and more frequent baths.

The most important measure in the care of a baby during the Summer months is proper food. And by proper food we mean not only that which is fitted to the baby's digestion, but food as completely free from contamination as is possible.

If the baby is breast fed, the feeding problem is quite simple, for not only is the danger of contamination reduced to a minimum, but nature, mindful of the fact that during very hot weather there is a partial intolerance for food, tends to regulate the quantity and quality of mother's milk. It is for these reasons that diarrheal diseases are not common among nursing babies. If, however, the baby is bottle fed, the Summer feeding problem becomes much more difficult.

While the three c's of milk care—clean, covered and cold—are important at all times, they are particularly so during the warmer months.

Pasteurization is absolutely necessary during the Summer months, unless one is sure beyond a doubt as to the milk supply, which would mean the breed of cattle from which it is obtained, cleanliness of the milker, the utensils and all other things that contaminate milk.

Before mixing the formula, all utensils to be used in connection with the work should be boiled. The hands should be thoroughly washed before preparing the milk and before handling either the bottles or nipples. The milk bottle should not, even for a minute, be allowed to remain off the ice.

AFTER each feeding, rinse the bottle with cold water to prevent any milk souring in it. Every morning the nursing-bottles should be collected, washed in hot soapy water, using a bottle-brush, rinsed in cold water and then boiled. The nipples should be turned inside out, washed and boiled once a day, after which they should be kept in a weak solution of boric acid.

Disease germs usually enter by way of the mouth. Everything that is not thoroughly clean should be kept out of the baby's mouth. Such things as pacifiers or comforters are an abomination and should never be used.

The baby should not be allowed to crawl around on the floor unless on a space covered by a clean sheet or blanket.

Many cases of Summer diarrhea are directly traceable to germs carried by flies. Flies should not, therefore, be allowed to come near babies. Screen the windows and doors and keep all containers of waste food material covered. The surroundings of the home should be free from uncovered garbage, manure or rubbish of any kind. Such things attract not only flies but other insects that may carry disease. Always there should be a covered pail for soiled diapers, for should flies be allowed to come in contact with these, they may go from them directly to the baby or to his food. The baby should not under any condition be given anything to eat that a fly has touched. There is only one way to avoid this. Simply to make it a cardinal rule to place food where flies can not come in contact with it. While all rooms should be screened against flies in Summer, if this is not possible, by all means screen the baby's room. This is absolutely necessary if your baby is to have peaceful, unmolested naps.

As a protection against mosquitoes, which not only prevent the baby from receiving proper rest but may also carry disease, the carriage, hammock or bed, whether indoors or out, should be protected by netting so adjusted as to prevent mosquitoes from getting through, while not interfering with the free passage of air.

DURING hot weather not only is there a lessened desire and need for food, but the digestive power is lowered. For this reason, particular care must be exercised to avoid overfeeding. If more food is given than the baby can digest, fermentation is allowed to take place. Poisons are then generated and absorbed. These bring about fever and prostration. The resulting diarrhea is Nature's effort to rid the intestine of the offending material.

If the breast-fed baby should show a tendency to vomit or to have colic, the breast should be given every four hours instead of every three, and frequently between nursing cool (not cold) boiled water should be given.

For a bottle-fed baby the food should in warm weather be reduced by about one-quarter to one-third the ordinary amount. This does not necessarily mean that the quantity must be reduced. Simply reduce the strength of the formula by adding less milk, making up the difference with boiled water or some kind of cereal water. Give cool boiled water frequently between the feedings. Regularity in feeding is particularly important in warm weather.

The gain in weight is necessarily less in Summer than under the more favorable conditions of cooler weather. In fact, some perfectly well children do not gain during the extremely hot weather. There should, however, be no loss of weight.

The condition of the bowels is very important. Summer diarrhea may first be signaled by an increased number of evacuations with gripping pains in the abdomen, causing the baby to be fretful and restless. It may also come on quite suddenly, with vomiting, fever, gripping pains and frequent evacuations. Never forget that diarrhea is terribly dangerous to babies. Even for a slight attack send for the physician. Pending his arrival, all food with the exception of boiled water should be withheld. To relieve the intestine of the material producing the trouble, the baby should be given two teaspoonfuls of castor oil. These precautionary measures may avert a serious illness. Even after a very slight attack of diarrhea or any digestive disturbance, the baby's digestive ability is below normal. Thus the return to food must be gradual and special care exercised for at least ten days or two weeks since one attack of diarrhea predisposes to another and the second attack may occur with very little cause. That is why proper treatment at the very beginning and careful watching of the feeding during the recovery are necessary to avoid serious illness.

Infants feel the heat much more than adults. Do not be afraid to take off the baby's clothes. The fewer clothes the baby wears the better during the hot months. The Summer clothing should be loose, light and soft. When in the house, a slip and a light knitted band, in addition to the napkin, may be all that is necessary. And on excessively hot days one may dispense with the slip. If, however, the temperature should drop, as when a storm comes up or toward nightfall, the baby must, of course, be dressed in such a way as to protect from chill.

In warm weather only the thinnest cotton clothing should touch the baby's skin. In general, neither wool nor starch should be allowed in the baby's clothing in Summer.

THE diaper should be made of cotton cloth, never of any kind of flannel. The cotton cloth washes easily and is less irritating to the skin. Flannel gets hard and rough after washing and will keep the baby hot and make him sore.

If more than a month old, do not think of worrying the baby with a flannel band in Summer. A band is very apt to twist and get out of place, making him very uncomfortable. After the cord has dropped off, all that is necessary is a light knitted band with shoulder-straps. At night take off everything that the baby has worn during the day, put on a fresh band and diaper and a soft roomy night slip.

In washing the diapers use soap containing no free alkali and be sure they are thoroughly rinsed. Every diaper once used, no matter if only slightly dampened, should be washed before using a second time. After proper washing the diapers should be dried out-of-doors.

In hot weather, since an infant needs to conserve all his energy, quiet and plenty of sleep are particularly essential. For if entertained and excited, he is much more liable to digestive disturbance.

During the Summer the baby should be bathed at least twice a day. In the morning he should have his usual cleansing bath and at bedtime should be given a bath just a little cooler.

When the skin is inflamed or chafed or when the baby suffers from prickly heat, he should be frequently bathed in cool water, but soap should not be used on the inflamed skin. A starch, bran or soda bath is often used in such cases, resulting in much relief and comfort.

FOR THE STARCH BATH

JUST use a cupful of ordinary cooked starch, without adding anything to it, to a gallon of water.

FOR THE BRAN BATH

PUT a cup of bran-meal in a cheese-cloth bag, tie the bag at the top and stir this in the bath water until the water takes a milky hue.

FOR THE SODA BATH

JUST dissolve two tablespoonfuls of ordinary baking-soda in some water and add it to four quarts of water.

Fresh air is particularly essential during warm weather. Do not keep the baby in the house unless it is cooler indoors than out. Take him out on the porch, under a tree or into the park, but do not keep him shut in the house. At the same time avoid exposure to the sun. Always see that the baby's eyes and head are shielded from direct sunlight. This is just as important when he is asleep as when awake.

Proper feeding and thin, light clothing assure your baby of not only a comfortable but even a happy, healthy Summer.

Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

June's Alaska Surprise

(Something entirely new)

IN writing these "talks" I have tried not to use superfluous adjectives, but for this month's new dessert it seems there is nothing that will quite describe it except to tell you that it is the best and most unusual dessert of the season.

You will find it easy to make and the favorable comments that will be made when it is served (either when you are entertaining or as a treat for the family), will please you. Its appearance is unique and its flavor delicious. Here is the recipe

ALASKA SURPRISE

CHOCOLATE MIXTURE

1½ envelopes Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water — 1 teaspoonful vanilla
1 quart milk — Few grains salt
3 squares unsweetened chocolate — 1 cup sugar

Soak gelatine in cold water ten minutes. Melt chocolate, add sugar. Scald milk; add the soaked gelatine and when dissolved, the chocolate mixture and salt. Then add flavoring. Turn into melon mold, or square bread pan, first dipped in cold water and chill.

CREAM FILLING

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water — ⅓ cup sugar
1 pint heavy cream — 1 teaspoonful vanilla
1 cup scalded milk

Soak gelatine in cold water ten minutes and dissolve in hot milk; then add sugar. Set bowl containing mixture in pan of cold water and stir until mixture begins to thicken. Add cream, beaten until stiff, and flavoring.

When chocolate mixture is very firm, remove enough of the center to make room for the Cream Filling, leaving walls about three-fourths inch thick. Fill with the cream mixture and replace chocolate mixture over the top. Chill. Fruit may be molded in the cream filling if desired.

NOTE—Either one of the above recipes may be used as a dessert alone. Chocolate ice cream may be used in place of the chocolate mixture in which to mold the cream filling.

FREE

If you wish other recipes to serve when you entertain, as well as for every-day home meals, send for my free booklets "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." Just enclose 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

166 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.



Plain Sparkling Gelatine for general use

Contains Lemon Flavoring. No. lemons required



Teeth You Envy

Are brushed in this new way

Millions of people daily now combat the film on teeth. This method is fast spreading all the world over, largely by dental advice.

You see the results in every circle. Teeth once dingy now glisten as they should. Teeth once concealed now show in smiles.

This is to offer a ten-day test to prove the benefits to you.

That cloudy film

A dingy film accumulates on teeth. When fresh it is viscous—you can feel it. Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth. Tartar is based on film. Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

Must be combated

Film has formed a great tooth problem. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. So dental science has for years sought ways to fight this film.

Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. A new tooth paste has been perfected, to comply with modern requirements. And these two film combatants are embodied in it.

This tooth paste is Pepsodent, now employed by forty races, largely by dental advice.

Other tooth enemies

Starch is another tooth enemy. It gums the teeth, gets between the teeth, and often ferments and forms acid.

Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva to digest those starch deposits, but with modern diet it is often too weak.

Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant with every application. It also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus Pepsodent brings effects which modern authorities desire. They are bringing to millions a new dental era. Now we ask you to watch those effects for a few days and learn what they mean to you.

The facts are most important to you. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 857

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 943, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family

You'll enjoy it

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Get the agreeable after-effects of a naturally alkaline mouth.



SAY IT WITH SHOWERS

By Grace de Forest Smith

A BRIDE'S bouquet of aluminum ware, given to a bride in New Haven, was a great success. A group of friends of the bride may each contribute her share, first getting up a list so that there will be no duplicates. The articles in the bouquet illustrated were all of the heaviest alumnium, which will last a lifetime; but less expensive articles could be selected. This "bouquet" cost about forty dollars. The list includes all of the essential things. Of course many more can be added if the expense does not have to be considered. The wash-boiler, which represented the box for holding the bouquet, was not included in the list.

GLASS SHOWER

AMONG the newest things in glassware is a very pretty glass tray with a set of six bottles with gilt decorations for the dressing-table. A pair of candlesticks which come in white with gold decorations or in colors is another effective dressing-table gift.

Handsome compote dishes of etched glass large enough to hold a can of fruit or a pair of good-looking oil and vinegar cruets would make the recipient happy. There is a new tea-set for iced tea, all made of glass, beautifully etched, consisting of a teapot, ice-bowl, sugar-bowl, lemon-dish and six glasses. A set of twelve individual glass saltcellars and tiny glass spoons, with the bowls of the spoons of colored glass, is meant for the Summer-time when the salt refuses to run.

A very attractive set is of orange glass in small compote form which stands on a small glass plate. They are nice for fruit cocktail or dessert.

Glassware for baking could be included in the glass shower. Among the new things in this ware can be found a platter for baking fish and dishes with two compartments so that two things may be baked at once. Pie and pudding look very inviting in this ware.

LINEN SHOWER

AT ONE successful linen shower a clothesline was hung across a room. As the guests arrived, they pinned their gifts on the line with small clothes-pins, and when they were all there the bride was brought in. Since linens are still quite expensive, the large cloth is reserved for formal occasions and doily squares and strips for the center of the table with squares to match have taken their place. These launder easily and make the table attractive. Towels, table-linen and bed-linen of all kinds are appropriate for the linen shower. Linens not so often remembered are a small embroidered cover for the tiny pillow to go between the shoulders and a cover for hot muffins which is shaped like a square, with the corners cut out, folded over so as to keep the biscuits warm. These are hand-scalloped and embroidered.

CHINA SHOWER

IT IS also a good idea for a group of friends to give a bride a dinner-set of china. Very lovely ones can be bought now at "before-the-war prices." There are many beautiful designs in French china at a small price.

A set of handsome salad or dessert plates with depressed centers so that they may be used for soft puddings which are ordinarily served in saucers is quite new. Some of them have a decoration of fruit in the center, with a convential border design.

Luncheon or grill plates make the serving of a meal quite simple for a bride if she does not keep a maid. The plates have three depressions in them, for the meat and two vegetables, and come in the informal blue-and-white ware. These have become very popular in the last year and are inexpensive.

Fish sets also make a good present.

Salad sets of twelve plates, with bowl and fork and spoon for serving, come in gay colors and ought to give the table a festive air; and, by the way, salad served from the bowl, and which has been tossed around in the dressing, tastes just twice as good as when served on individual plates.

OBLONG dishes with a decoration of ears of corn for serving corn and oblong celery dishes with a dozen small individual dishes to match for holding the salt are new.

Lovely odd cups and saucers are always acceptable and, if only a small amount of money can be expended, they make a very welcome gift.

English earthenware jugs for those who do not like glass water-pitchers keep the water colder than glass and are surprisingly artistic.

An oblong plate with a depression in one end in which rests a cup makes the serving of afternoon tea much simpler, as this plate, besides holding the cup, provides a place for the sandwich and cake.

Toast-racks come in china, also an individual coffee-pot and hot-milk jug, individual mushroom dishes with a glass dome to keep them hot, cereal-sets and a plate set in a metal container which holds hot water and will keep a meal hot a long while without drying it, as the oven does, are among the small and unusual gifts which can be given without fear of duplication.

Very pretty individual ramekins or custard-cups are also a good choice.

Fireproof earthenware is being made into attractive new shapes with fluted edges and is becoming increasingly popular, and a few pieces added to the bride's shower would not be amiss. They can be had in all white with a slight gilt edge or in white with a light-brown outer side.

Blue and white breakfast sets make useful and attractive gifts. They can also be used to make a sick person's tray tempting.

New Lingerie for the Month of Brides

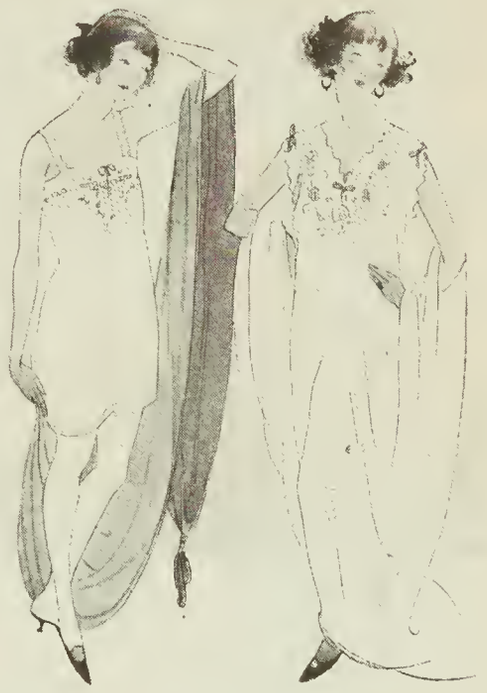
with the novelty which Paris approves and Priced to your Liking



No. 646—No 367 No. 597



No. 7444
No. 6927



No. E—298 No. P—60

No. 4105
No. 3872

LINGERIE for the June bride—lingerie, too, for the brides of summers past. What shall she wear? What say the great dress designers of the lingerie which is in truth the foundation of every costume?

This is a season when novelty shall rule. Orthodox fashions in lingerie have given place to really new creations. You will find the stores filled with such lingerie as you never before have seen. Look in these fascinating garments and in almost all of the styles which you recognize as being practical and beautiful, as well as new, you will find the little blue-and-white "Dove" label.

"Dove" Lingerie leads in novelty. "Dove" Lingerie leads in practicality. Best of all "Dove" Lingerie leads in the return to the old price level. Exotic though your tastes may be, you will find "Dove" styles that gratify such tastes without exceeding the limits you set on price.

New Cottons Rival Silk

Has the cotton lingerie of old seemed crudely practical—lacking beauty? Ask your favorite store to show you the new "Dove" styles. Here are novelty materials never before used in lingerie—laces and ribbons which you will recognize as superb in quality—real artistry in the uses of hemstitching, embroidery, cat-stitching. Colors, too, are new and this year strike a vivid color key.

"Dove" Lingerie of cotton is not costly. The prices will surprise you. For clever adaptations of uncostly but good materials, and ingenuity in trimmings have replaced mere blind expenditure of money. And, since cotton dresses this year will maintain their vogue, cotton lingerie becomes equally important. Your lingerie wardrobe will hardly be as complete as you wish it to be without a few of the delightful new "Dove" garments.

Illustrated: Center Panel

No. 7444—"Dove" Camisole-Bodice. One-piece embroidery front and back; embroidered shoulder straps to match. Satin ribbon run at neck.

No. 6927—"Dove" Sport Under-skirt of excellent white sateen; shadow-proof, double panel back and front. Scalloped bottom; elastic at waist.

No. 4105—"Dove" Vest-Chemise of flesh-colored batiste. Finished with hemstitched points and picot edge at neck and bottom.

No. 3872—"Dove" Step-in Bloomer to match No. 4105 Vest-Chemise.

Upper Left Panel

No. 646—"Dove" Camisole of radium silk in all new shades. Hand-embroidered; hemstitched; satin ribbon run.

No. 367—"Dove" Sport Under-skirt of satin. Double panel front and back. Elastic at waist.

No. 597—"Dove" Night Robe of crepe de Chine in all new shades. Hemstitched points and two-tone satin ribbon bows.

Upper Right Panel

No. E—298—Camisole style Envelope Chemise hand-embroidered with Calado stitch. Hand-sewn throughout.

No. P—60—"Dove" Philippine hand-embroidered and hand-sewn Night Robe of white batiste.

DOVE Undergarments

Beautiful, well-made Lingerie

Sold by Leading Stores Everywhere

SOFT SATINS—firm-woven radium—sheer crepes de Chine, all are used in the new "Dove" Lingerie of silk. Here, too, the range of colors has been broadened. They are soft and dainty—but they are irrepressibly *new*. They open for every woman splendid possibilities in combination with the sheer, transparent silks so much in vogue for outer garments.

"Dove" Lingerie of silk is not only masterfully designed but is made with equal care. Sizes are accurate; proportions insure comfort and freedom of movement.

Hand-Made Lingerie

From the Philippines and Porto Rico we have brought scores of new Night Gowns, Envelope Chemises, Vests and Step-in Bloomers all hand-embroidered and sewn entirely by hand. Chaste and simple as this lingerie seems in a season of hectic color and riotous novelty of style, it has a vogue all its own. And "Dove" Philippine and Porto Rican garments may be depended upon for quality. They are not to be classed with the nameless hand-embroidered lingerie which is skimped in cutting and carelessly finished.

Look for the "Dove" Label

"Dove" Night Gowns, Envelope Chemises, Bloomers, Camisoles, Under-Skirts and Pajamas are shown now in a good store near your home. Each garment bears the little-blue-and-white label with the word "Dove" and the dove picture. If you have any difficulty in finding "Dove" Lingerie, write us direct and we will see that you are served.

D. E. SICHER & CO., Inc., 45-55 W. 21st Street
New York, N. Y.
"World's Largest Makers of Lingerie"

To-day you can make your frocks with the success of an expert

Home sewing has now become an entirely new thing



DRESSES that no one will believe you made yourself!

A year ago you would have laughed at the idea of re-creating a Paris gown at home—to-day you can calmly do it.

You can sit down to sew knowing your dress will be perfect—in its style, its lines, its very finish.

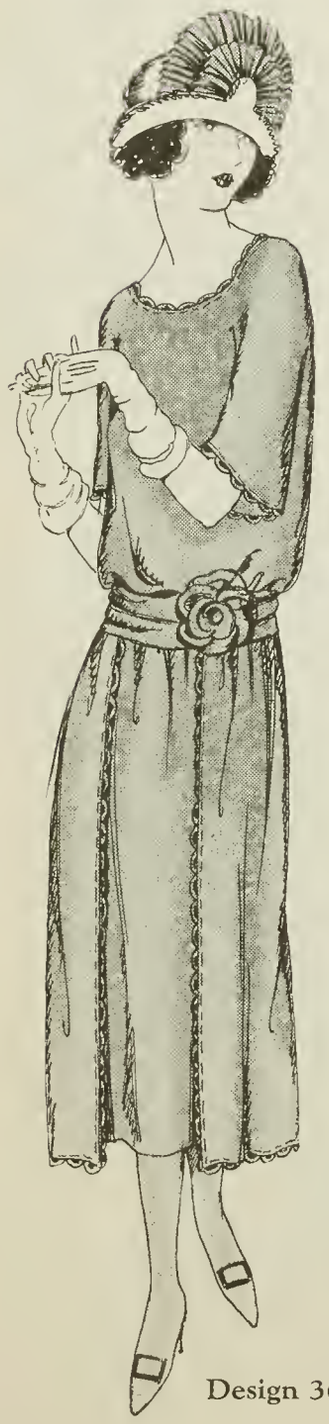
The Deltor, now included with every new Butterick Pattern, gives you the deft success of a professional in your sewing. You make anything you want.

Every Butterick Pattern you buy has been actually made up and fitted on a living model before the pattern is put on sale. Its Deltor is an exact record, in pictures and words, of that expert dress-making which takes place in the Deltor fitting-room. It tells you everything.

With it you know exactly what to do and when and how to do it.

You select your materials like an expert. The Deltor gives you a list of just what fashionable materials are best suited to the lines of the particular model you have selected. A frock, for example, designed for taffeta might quite lose its style in a softer material like Georgette or silk crêpe.

You lay your pattern swiftly and easily by the Deltor cutting layout that shows *your* size pattern laid out on *your* width material. In fact your chart is even for the particular view you prefer of the pattern you have bought. You do not waste an inch. You cut with all the cleverness of the Butterick cutting expert who made the layout. Women who have sewed all their lives are amazed at the saving. You will find that cutting this expert way you need from ¼ to 1⅜ yard less material on every garment you make.



Design 3637



Design 3601

Design 3637 *The fabric trimming and a fabric flower to accent the low waist, say very clearly that this frock is new. The Deltor shows you just how to make them.*

Design 3601 *A fabric flower to accent the low waistline and cascade draperies that fall to an uneven hem line give charm to this dress.*

Design 3631 *The sleeve Paris has made famous gives character and charm to this stylishly simple frock. With the Deltor it is very easy to make.*

Design 3676 *The cape dress is almost a necessity this Spring, and this one is especially easy to make, when you have the Deltor to guide you.*



Design 3631 Design 3676

500 designs for the New Season—BUTTERICK

Putting your dress together never took so little time. There is none of the old uncertainty, the experimental basting, the ripping out. There before your eyes, your Deltor has every step in pictures. You put your frock together in the same knowing way the expert did. You yourself create each lovely line with the same cleverness.

And you finish your dress with that delightful perfection you have loved in costly frocks. You no longer have to compromise because something is "too hard for you." If your dress has the stylish bateau neck that is so difficult to finish, the Deltor will show how to finish it so professionally that there is not even the ghost of a pucker.

No matter what new fashion feature your dress calls for—the cape back, the low moyen-age waistline, with its new blousing fulness, that new fabric trimming—you know that the Deltor will show you exactly how to handle it successfuly.

Every bit of the Deltor applies specifically to just that particular garment on which you are working—it is really a complete, illustrated dressmaking course, for that particular garment.

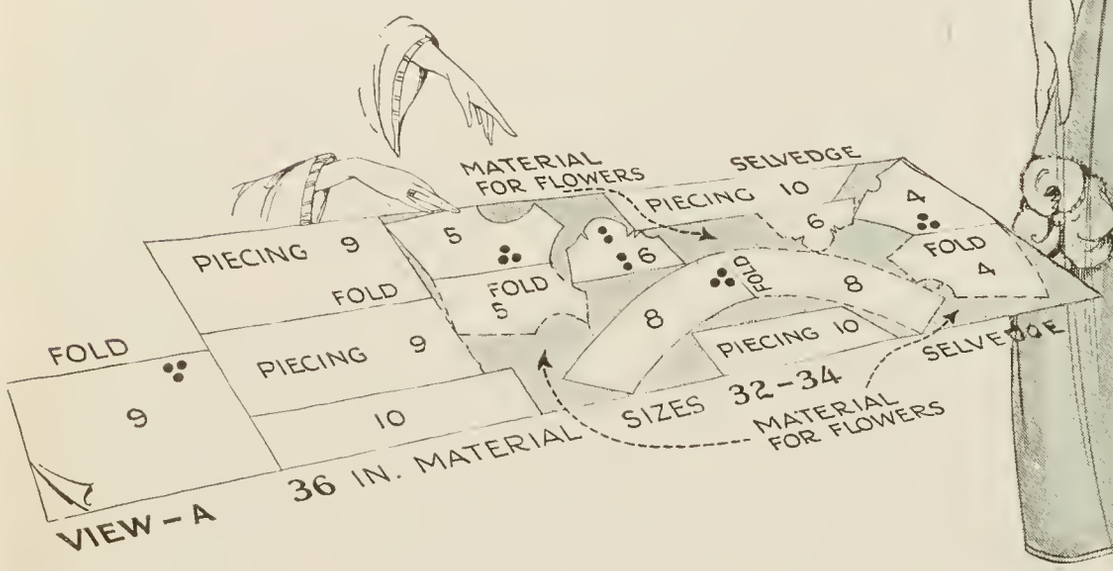
Just as Butterick's fashion service has always been the most complete in the world, now the Deltor dressmaking service is so complete, that with it you sew into your dress all the lines, the grace and the style of the original model, the very spirit of the Rue de la Paix, that fashion center of the world.





When you buy a Butterick Pattern you will find the Deltor in the envelope. Every new Butterick Pattern (30c to 50c) now gives you this complete service. It is the greatest dressmaking help to women since the paper pattern itself.

Butterick, New York, Paris, London.





You put your dress together like an expert

Every dress is easier to put together one certain way than it is any other way. This quick sure way that a professional would handle its making is what the Deltor gives you. You know just what to do first, what next.

The pictures and directions are so clear, so explicit, that with the Deltor you can make clothes you never dared attempt before.

Cutting the new way saved $7.50 on one dress

"I bought my material before my pattern and then when I got my pattern with the Deltor I found I had 1⅜ yard more material than I needed if I followed my Deltor cutting layout. Fortunately I was able to return my piece of goods and get the smaller amount. So I saved $7.50 as my material cost $5.50 a yard," writes one enthusiastic woman.

The Deltor that now comes with every new Butterick Pattern insures you a cutting layout that exactly meets your need. It gives cutting layouts for every size the pattern comes in, laid out on every suitable width of material. They are made by cutting experts. You just select the picture of *your* size pattern laid out on the width material *you* are using, pin and cut accordingly. It saves you time and material.

Design 3701—The fichu is seen again in Paris, and with the low waistline, makes this frock very new.



You give your dress perfection of finish

The method of finishing a dress the expert determines by the material in which he is working. This expert decision is what you have with the Deltor. It shows you just how to trim and finish, in the material you are using, the particular fashion features of your dress. For every point the Deltor gives you an expert's decision and method. When your frock is done everything about it is right, authentic.

PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR—*now on sale*



The man who puts the bubbles in it

YOU have perhaps noticed the silvery bubbles in Clicquot Club Ginger Ale and that they stay in it a long time.

"Putting in the bubbles" is an important part of making Clicquot. The spring water, drawn from the bed-rock through aluminum pipes, is quite cold but not cold enough.

By refrigeration, the temperature of the water is forced down almost to freezing. Then the water is carbonated. *That's* what makes Clicquot so lively, so full of sparkle.

Warmer water would not take the carbonation so well, nor would it hold it so long after the bottle is opened. So the man who puts the bubbles in Clicquot watches the thermometers and keeps the temperature just right.

And every part of the making of Clicquot Club is just as carefully guarded. No ginger but real Jamaica ginger is used; only pure cane sugar sweetens it; and the happy blend of Clicquot is made with the addition of fruit juices. No wonder *"They all like it."*

Order Clicquot Club Ginger Ale by the case. Should you desire a change in flavors at times, you can get a mixed case with Ginger Ale, Sarsaparilla, Birch Beer and Root Beer.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY
Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

Ginger Ale
Sarsaparilla
Birch Beer
Root Beer

Clicquot Club
Pronounced Klee-Ko
GINGER ALE

DELICIOUS PICNIC LUNCHES

By Alice Blinn

Quickly prepared lunches for hike, motor trip and camp-fire, planned and tested by The Home-Maker's Department

THE cardinal rule for a picnic is simplicity; plan food that is as easy as possible to prepare, so that picnicking will be a real rest for the housewife.

WALKING PICNICS

FOR the day's hiking trip or mountain climb, the lunch should be prepared so that each person as far as possible carries only his or her own portion. A satisfying and hearty lunch may be enjoyed by each person carrying:

Four full-size sandwiches — Fruit
A cookie or two — A tea bag
Candy or sweet chocolate — Sugar for tea
A tea cup

This leaves to be carried in turn, one or two cans condensed or evaporated milk, small pails for carrying water and boiling it; and matches. Picnic sandwiches must be juicy and succulent without being soggy. The moist sandwich is obtained by the use of generous amount of salad dressing either boiled or mayonnaise. A supply should always be in the refrigerator ready for the call "Let's go picnicking!"

Here are four rules which keep sandwiches from being either dry or soggy:

1. Cut the bread evenly and in thin slices.
2. Soften the butter by creaming it with knife.
3. Spread *both* slices of bread *evenly* with the softened butter. This keeps the bread moist but prevents the filling from soaking into the sandwich.
4. Wrap each sandwich in waxed paper to prevent drying and the absorption of flavors from other parts of the luncheon.

OF THE four sandwiches one may be succulent, one of meat, one a meat substitute and one sweet. The succulent filling may be thin slices of Bermuda onion, or thinly sliced cucumbers, or plain lettuce or cress, or thin slices of cooked beets, or shredded celery, and *always* salad dressing.

The meat sandwich may be thinly sliced cold roast beef, veal, pork, chicken or ham with thin strips of pickle and salad dressing.

The meat substitute sandwich may be peanut-butter thinned and softened with cream or made by spreading first with peanut butter, then with cream and lastly with salad dressing, a slice of onion in the peanut butter sandwich adds zest. It may be of cottage-cheese or American cheese. Never use just dry slices of cheese for these. Cream the cheese as you would butter, then season and moisten with mustard, red pepper, Worcestershire sauce and cream or salad dressing. Lettuce or onion may be added. Cold baked bean pulp, seasoned and moistened with dressing makes an excellent filling.

The sweet sandwich may have a thin layer of cream-cheese and then currant-jelly or any *tart* preserve such as cherry and plum preserves or orange marmalade. The cookie should be a hermit or other moist fruit-cookie. A jar of hermits is another form of preparedness for the picnic season. Don't forget the bit of sweet candy or sweet chocolate—the open-air and exercise bring on a craving for the unadulterated sweet. Lemon drops and similar hard candies are particularly good. Choose a juicy fruit. An orange is perhaps the best, a juicy apple is good; peaches and pears do not carry well on the person, but lemons are excellent with sugar. They may take the place of fruit and candy. If the water for tea must be carried some distance, use several small pails and thus divide the load. Choose those with wooden handles or else wind them with cloth or paper to save stiff fingers. The aluminum or agate cups are best to carry, for they can be tied around the waist with no danger of breaking.

Where the picnic does not include so much exercise that the party is too tired to cook, slices of bacon, wieners, may be added or even individual pieces of steak or chops. Any of these may be stuck on the end of a sharp pointed, two-pronged, green cut branch and broiled over the coals of a picnic fire. Even a potato each will not greatly add to individual burdens and it may be roasted in the embers. If the potato is first washed and then wrapped in heavy wet leaves, the last undertaking is more likely to be successful.

AUTOMOBILES PICNICS

THOSE who picnic via automobile have at their choice a ready-to-eat lunch or a ready-to-eat lunch plus something to be prepared, as coffee, steak, bacon or potatoes. Since equipment can be easily carried, a pan may be taken along in which to fry the bacon, thus saving the fat. Thick slices of bread dipped in the bacon fat and toasted over the fire are a delicious innovation.

Many ready-made dishes carry well, keeping hot for some time in the bean-pot which may be used for stews and escallops as well as for beans. The bean-pot withstands reheating in the hot ashes of the picnic fire.

FISH FOR LUNCHEON

IF THE picnic party include fishing (and catching) one must know how to clean and cook the fish. Small trout may be easily cleaned by tearing out the gills with the thumb and forefinger and drawing the entrails out with them. In a larger fish the gills are cut free from the lower jaw back of the head and a slit is cut along the under side of the fish from head to fin through which the entrails are drawn by the gills leaving the fish clean inside.

The scales are removed with a blunt knife using long strokes down the body. Those near the gills and fin require a crosswise stroke. The side fins and head are cut off and the back, fin and spines pulled out by making an incision on either side of them. When scaled, the fish is opened, washed in cold water and wiped dry. Large fish should be split in half for broiling and the spine removed. Some fish, such as bull heads, should be skinned rather than scaled.

For fried fish take along corn-meal or crums, bacon, salt, pepper and a lemon. Small fish are fried whole. Break the backbone to prevent curling, rub in corn-meal or cracker-crums, or dip in a batter of flour and water—pancake flour will do—and fry in hot bacon fat. Season with salt and pepper when it begins to brown.

Before frying fish over the picnic fire grill rub the grill with the bacon to prevent sticking. Lay the strips of bacon across the fish and broil over a hot bed of coals allowing time for the center to cook through. Small fish may be broiled over a hotter fire.

A LUNCH EVERY ONE MAKES

SINCE one person too often does all the work of preparation, the type of picnic-meal that each one may help to get on the spot is most satisfactory when a conveyance is at hand. Here only the makings of sandwiches are taken; the bread in the loaf, the butter in the print, the carving-knife, knives for spreading, a jar of salad dressing, a jar of peanut-butter, a bottle of cream, some cold meat and cheese, a glass of preserves or jelly, onions, fruit, cookies, the makings of a salad. Check off mentally the processes to be gone through as the basket is packed in order that nothing be left behind. Here is the time when the larder may be raided in an emergency. Cold boiled potatoes, corned beef, an onion and some bacon, a knife and a frying-pan—and there is a promise of a wonderful hash. Potato salad is another possibility. Lettuce may be washed and placed in a glass jar or wrapped in paper and kept fresh and crisp.

When milk can be kept cool and sweet it is often a much relished picnic beverage especially if no drinking water is available.

Sugar, salt, pepper, cream or condensed or evaporated milk, butter, the coffee and its pail, or pot, a pan for cooking, cups to drink from, plates, knives and forks, are on the list to be checked over at the very last and then every one must ask "Have you thought of the matches?"

—As a last word—Don't forget to clean up the rubbish and extinguish the fire.



To Make Old Furniture Look New— Use Valspar Enamels

PORCH furniture finished with Valspar Enamels can be freely washed—can be left out in sun and rain without losing color or lustre. Valspar Enamels are fine pigments carefully ground in durable, waterproof Valspar—the varnish that won't turn white.

You will find Valspar Enamels easy to use. They work freely under the brush, dry dust-free in two hours and hard in twenty-four.

Porch furniture needs a durable, lasting finish. Don't waste time with inferior enamels. Valspar Enamel, wherever used, including automobiles, *starts* bright and *stays* bright.

Valspar Enamels are made in 12 beautiful lasting colors, also in Black, White, Bronze, Aluminum, Gold, and Flat Black. Send for complete color chart. For sample can use coupon below.

VALENTINE & COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832

New York Chicago Boston Toronto London Paris Amsterdam

W. P. FULLER & Co., Pacific Coast

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
ENAMEL



The famous Valspar boiling water test

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 cents
VALENTINE & COMPANY, 456 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps, amounting to 15c for each 35c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample of each product supplied at this special price. Write plainly.)

Dealer's Name .....

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Valspar Enamel ☐
State Color .....
Valspar . . . ☐
Valspar Stain . ☐
State Color .....

Del. 6-22

Heirloom Plate

From Generation to Generation



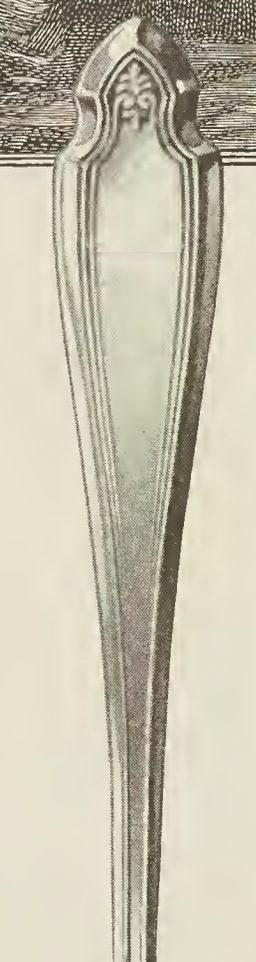
Memories

HAPPY memories cling to the silver which has been handed down to us from generation to generation. These heirlooms — sanctified by age and cherished for their associations, are the dearest of our possessions.

Today, as of old, silverware is the most highly appreciated of wedding gifts. The bride of 1922 will exclaim with pride and delight at the gift of Heirloom Plate, for this modern silverware has an irresistible appeal.

Heirloom Plate is useful, practical, beautiful; the expression of master silversmiths. It is so enduring that the makers guarantee it for 100 years. Truly a silverware fit to hand down from generation to generation.

Examine Heirloom Plate at the better shops. Buy it both for gifts and for your own service. Illustrated literature and the name of a dealer near you upon request.



Cardinal Pattern
Pastry Fork

WM. A. ROGERS, Ltd.
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO TORONTO

HOUSEHOLD HELPS

By Myra T. Leadbetter

AN OCCASIONAL eye-shopping trip through the house-furnishing shops pays, for it reveals new and very helpful equipment that may be bought for modest sums. The four conveniences illustrated have been tested and found valuable.



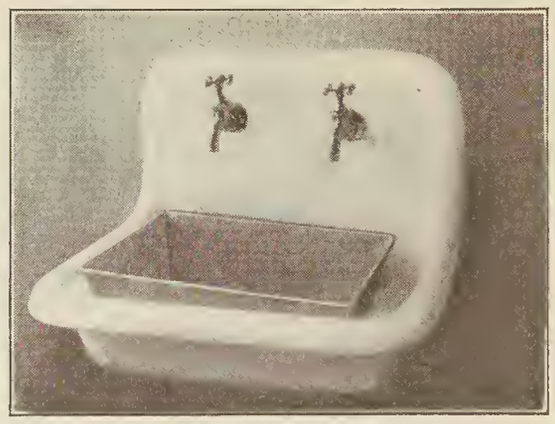
THE ODOR-EATER

ONIONS, fish, melons can live with other foods in peace in one ice-box when this odor-absorber is present. This simple device pictured here will absorb from foods odors which you like for your table but dread to have in the ice-box. It is very small and will not take much room on the top shelf. This is where you should keep it if you want to have a thoroughly sweet-smelling ice-chest.

This odor-absorber is made of the same porous substance used in gas-masks. Every few weeks it must be heated in the oven to remove the odors it has absorbed. This leaves it fresh and as absorbent as ever.

THE SMOKE CONSUMER

EVEN if you don't object to your husband's after-dinner smoke you probably do object to having your curtains smoke-spoiled. The smoke-lamp will absorb these smoke fumes. It has a container for wood alcohol, a wick and a glow-ring. The wick is lighted for a few minutes, then put out, and the glow-ring begins to operate. The smoke is consumed and the air is left light and fresh.



A DISH-PAN THAT DOESN'T ROCK

THIS new oblong dish-pan stays steadily in its place, firmly balanced on legs with rubber shoes which protect the white sink from being scratched. Besides having the advantage of being the same shape as the sink, it has a stopper and on the under side a wire strainer. After the dishes are washed, you simply pull the stopper in the pan and all the grease and stray food which may have escaped the scraper are caught by the drain-pan. This prevents stopped plumbing and greasy sinks.



A BASKET THAT SAVES STEPS

A FLEXIBLE basket, strong and light, makes the carrying of clothes easier. This basket will save many trips. You can use it to carry the laundry to the tubs or to the clothes-line. You can dump all of the waste-paper baskets in it and with one trip empty them. You can carry wood to the fireplace from the cellar and remain clean. And then when you are through, it will hang flat against the wall out of the way.



Some people drop a little perfume on to the wick. When this is done, the room, besides being freed of smoke, is lightly scented. Clothes-closets may be treated in this way occasionally to give a delicate perfume to the clothes. In doing this, however, be careful not to let the glow-ring come too near the clothes, as of course it is red hot. The smoke-consumer is five inches high and is finished in brass, bronze, copper, and silver plate.

It is a good idea to keep one basket at the top and one at the bottom of the stairs, and during the day, whenever you find something on one floor that belongs on the other, put it in the basket. Instead of making a special trip for each misplaced article you can carry an accumulation when some other errand takes you up or down stairs. These baskets come in various sizes. For further information send stamped and addressed envelope to Household Helps Editor.

Famous makers of lingerie fabrics and dresses make washing tests

Find this is safest way to wash fine cottons

FINE cottons are as perishable as silks. One careless laundering is enough to fade the delicate colors or to ruin the fine textures that women now demand for their lingerie dresses and blouses.

The manufacturers are as much concerned as the wearers in finding an absolutely safe way to wash expensive cottons.

The makers of Anderson ginghams and Betty Wales Dresses felt it was so important to solve their laundering problems that they had thorough washing tests made.

The letters from these two companies tell many interesting things these tests showed about the safe way to wash cottons, and why, as a result, they are urging the use of Lux.

Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—*it is free.* Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. E-6, Cambridge, Mass.



Betty Wales Dressmakers
New York



Lever Bros. Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We had the materials which are to be used in our summer dresses tested in Lux. Each fabric, pastel shades of Edelweiss organdie and dotted Swiss, and checked gingham, was given the average launderings it would receive.

The fabrics lost color only slightly, and kept their original fresh crispness. A harsh soap or soap flake would have affected the color and taken away the "life" of the material.

Washing an organdie is about as severe a test as Lux could be put to, as this material has the most perishable finish of any commonly used cotton fabric.

The excellent results we obtained with Lux are due in part to its form, which does away with rubbing, but more especially to its extraordinary mildness and purity.

Very truly yours,

Betty Wales Dressmakers

DAVID & JOHN ANDERSON, LTD
MANUFACTURERS

Lever Bros. Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Six of our most popular designs in ginghams were tested with Lux. Each design was given the average number of launderings for a tub dress.

The chief charm of a gingham, to most women, is its coloring. We were, therefore, much pleased to see how the various designs kept their colors. Even at the end of the launderings, the fading was slight. In some designs, six or eight colors were used, but in no case did the colors run into each other.

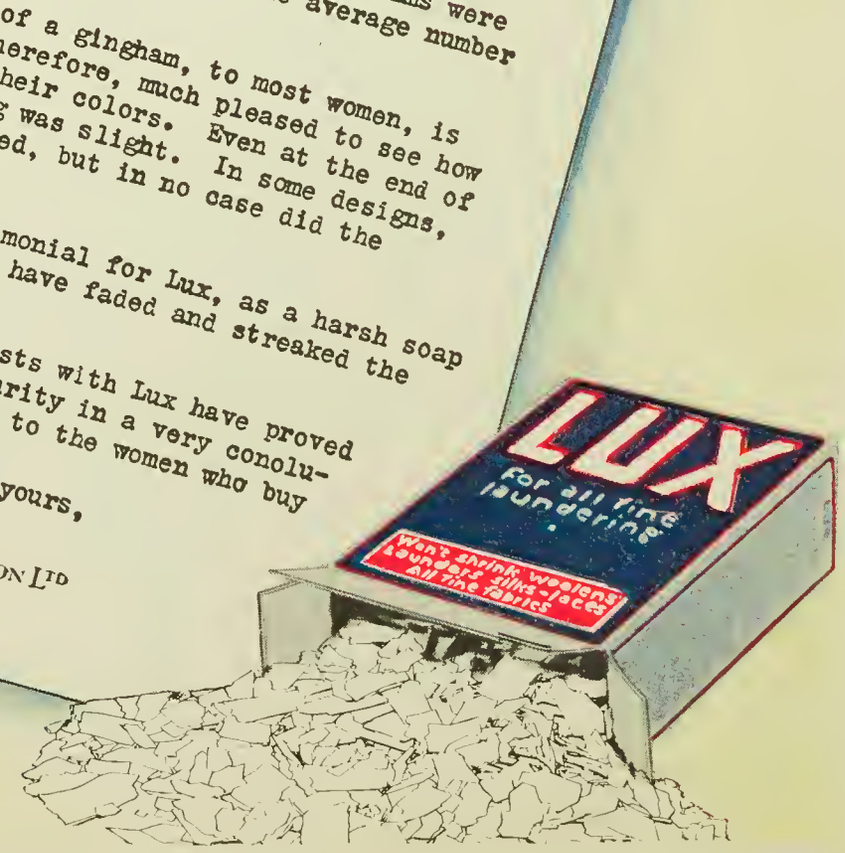
This is a real testimonial for Lux, as a harsh soap and rubbing would undoubtedly have faded and streaked the colors.

The results of the tests with Lux have proved to us its entire mildness and purity in a very conclusive way. We shall recommend it to the women who buy our ginghams.

Very truly yours,

DAVID & JOHN ANDERSON LTD

TRADE D J A MARK



LUX

The Hinds Cre-Maids have beauty rare
Each one is a perfect dream
For they always use each day with care
· HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM ·



Copyright 1922
A. S. HINDS CO.

These are the dainty maids who bring
To you this useful, beautiful thing,
To soften your skin in a healthful way
Making it lovelier every day;

Dry, rough hands grow fresh and smooth,
Windburn and Sunburn, Hinds will soothe.
"Catchy fingers" soon disappear,
Muddy complexions change and clear;

Daily use on your hands and arms
Gives you the skin that always charms.
Health and Comfort are hidden there
A smoothness fine and a perfume rare.

Truly a treat in life's daily scheme,
You'll find Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

This attractive HINDS WEEK-END BOX contains six trial size packages of the fascinating Hinds Cream Toilet Requisites—pure, fragrant, refined, beneficial. Charmingly boxed in old rose.
50c Postpaid.

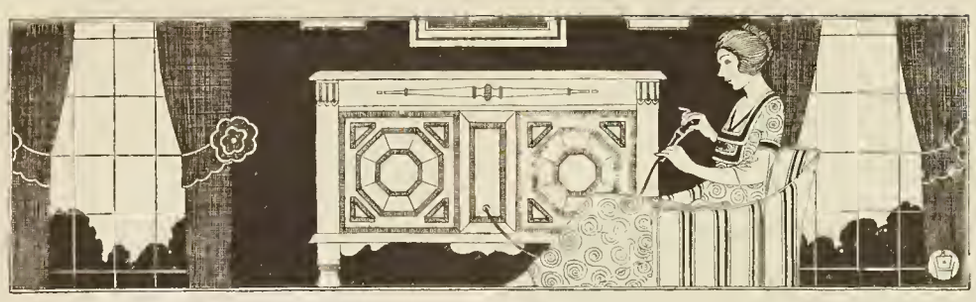


All druggists and department stores sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. We will mail you a small sample for 2c or trial bottle for 6c. Booklet *Free.*

Ask your dealer for Hinds Cream Superior Toilet Requisites, but if not obtainable, order from us. We will send postpaid in the U. S.

A. S. HINDS CO., Dept. 39, Portland, Maine





CHOOSING THE JUNE RECORD

By Horace Johnson

IF YOU WANT more information about the records mentioned in this article or about records suitable for some particular recreational or educational need, Mr. Johnson will be glad to send it to you on receipt of a request accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope directed to him in care of THE DELINEATOR.

SOMEHOW I have the feeling that this year, 1922, will have more June brides to its credit than previous years. This prevalence of the matrimonial germ may be due to the great interest attached to the recent marriage of Princess Mary of England to Viscount Lascelles, though I think if people are going to marry they'll do it anyhow. At any rate I believe in preparedness, so I am devoting most of the space this month to records of wedding music.

Wedding music to most people means the Prelude to Act II of the Wagnerian opera "Lohengrin," and the Mendelssohn Wedding March from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The music of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, entitled "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is written in cantata form. An exceptionally fine roll for reproducing-pianos has been made of this march by Lester Donahue. He has played it with all the joyousness and happiness of spirit which is necessary for accurate interpretation.

"Lohengrin" was given in Weimar, Germany, on August 28th, 1850, for the first time, having subsequent performance in the great musical centers of Europe. The Wagner opera was heard at the Metropolitan in New York in Italian during 1874, but it was not until the season of 1884 that it was performed there in the original German. There have been many records reproduced of the wedding music but the most satisfactory disk of all I have heard, is the prelude played by Victor Herbert's Orchestra. It is a record which not only can be used with success at wedding ceremonies but will be a delightful addition to a record library.

There are other musical selections which are just as necessary complements for weddings. They are the true love-songs—songs which carry the spirit of sincerity. Such songs are Edvard Grieg's "Ich Liebe Dich," Cadman's "At Dawning," and "Because" of d'Hardelot.

THE first of these songs, "Ich Liebe Dich," is probably one of the finest love-songs ever written. It is not over-sentimental in its expression, and it has a melody which can never be forgotten, once heard. Marie Rappold has made a re-creation which embodies all charm; her diction is splendid and her voice has registered with color and warmth.

"At Dawning," by Charles Wakefield Cadman, is one of the best known of American songs and has been sung more often than any other composition of the composer. It is only two pages in length, simple in form and construction, but it has a melody which is incomparably beautiful, and which suits the text in admirable manner. Barbara Maurel has made a reproduction of this selection. There is a coolness and calmness in her interpretation which accurately expresses the sentiment of the song.

D'Hardelot's "Because," an English ballad, is as well known as "At Dawning." It has a particular appropriate fitness for wedding use because of the thought expressed in the lyric. The last verse of the song reads as follows:

Because God made thee mine,
I'll cherish thee.
And pray this love
May make our love divine,
Because God made thee mine.

Theo Karle has made one of his best reproductions with this song accompanied by an orchestra.

The new records which have appeared on the monthly bulletins of the phonograph companies are steadily improving in merit and careful preparation. There have been several exceptional violin disks issued recently, one of which I want you to know about. The first is Eddy Brown's rendition of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Song of India." It might be well to mention here that this is a record of the Rimsky-Korsakoff composition in its original unadulterated form, and is the melody upon which the popular dance tune, "Song of India," is based. Mr. Brown has incorporated all the plaintive and seductive atmosphere of old Hindustan which this song depicts. It certainly is a record worth owning because of its perfect portrayal of violin technique.

The other violin solo is Jascha Heifetz's conception of d'Ambrosio's "Serenade." This selection has a sprightly and delicate melody, which calls forth the imagery of Pierrette dancing. Mr. Heifetz begins the selection with a sparkling pizzicato passage, then plunges into the piquant, yet pungent melody with a firm vibrant tone.

AMONG the recent operatic arias published is a disk of Rodolfo's aria from "La Bohème" sung by Mario Chamlee. "La Bohème" is numbered among the most popular operas presented to-day. It is full to overflowing with graceful melody, and of the most charming is the aria Mr. Chamlee sings. His voice, a tenor of rare color and beauty, has registered splendidly.

Another operatic selection worth hearing is Frieda Hempel's performance of Ombra Leggiera (The Shadow Song) from Meyerbeer's "Dinorah." This selection is one of the most famous of coloratura arias, and one which artists hesitate to sing because of its vocal pitfalls. Mme. Hempel has recreated the difficult cadenzas and flute-like passages with clean-cut accuracy.

There are several new records of popular music which attract attention. "Cutie," a snappy little tune from the musical comedy success "The Blue Kitten"—so successful that six dollars and sixty cents a seat is asked and received—is a contribution made by Yerkes' Flotilla Orchestra. There is certainly enough variety of instrumentation used in this selection to command attention. The melody, attractive and catchy, is not obliterated by embellishment, and this aggregation of exponents of the dance achieve success with their efforts.

"My Mammy Knows," (which carried with it the connotation to me of that college glee song of "Old man Moses, he sells roses. Red as a Rose is Moses' nose is," when I wrote the title), is a popular song, Southern in flavoring. Old Black Joe has been introduced to set the atmosphere already suggested. It is a good tune for dancing, and the California Ramblers (perhaps that is where I got the "connotation" of roses and Moses' nose), accredit themselves in pleasing syncopatic manner.

With the addition of "Virginia Blues," which the Columbians play in a lazily seductive fox-trot, also attributed to Dixie for its creation; "Granny," equally Southern in aroma, a fox-trot built on fine lines, ably interpreted by Bennie Krueger's Orchestra; and "The Bow-Wow Blues," a novelty dance record of the same character as "The Mississippi Blues," in which the barking of dogs is imitated in realistic manner by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, there is enough excellent material to practise dancing to perfection.



MARION DAVIES



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ANITA STEWART



BETTY COMPSON

HOW FAMOUS MOVIE STARS KEEP THEIR HAIR BEAUTIFUL

The Secret of Having Soft, Silky, Bright Fresh-Looking Hair

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

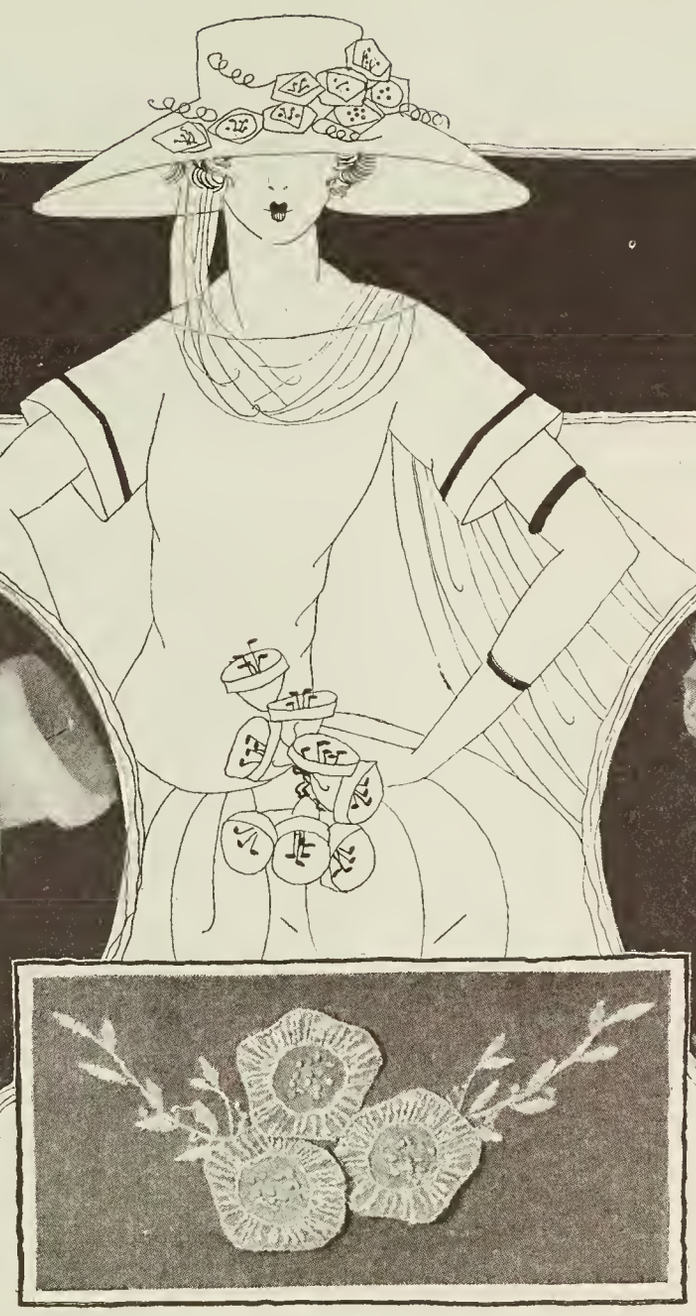
You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.





Embroidery design 10923

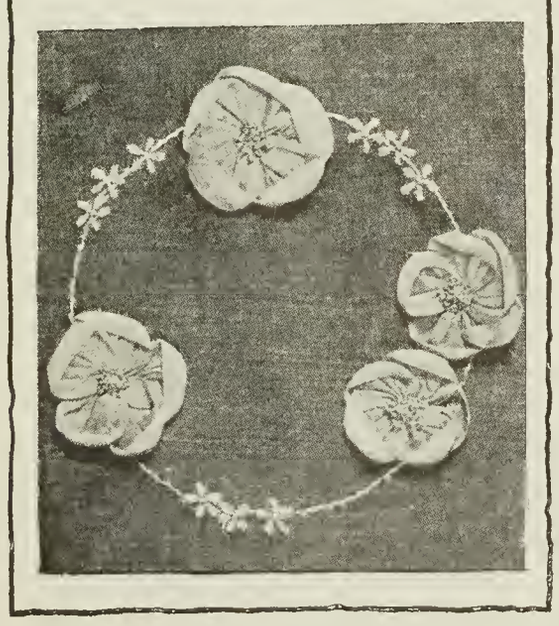




Embroidery design 10823



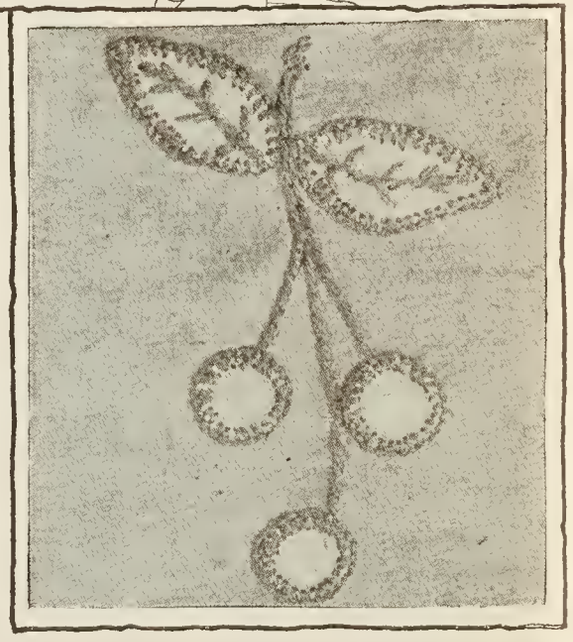




Embroidery design 10876

GAY FABRIC FLOWERS

For Frocks and Hats or Summer Bags



Embroidery design 10890

AND now comes June wafted in on scented breezes and joyous with color; each day some new flower opens its bright beauty to perfect skies. Our longing to preserve and enjoy their rare colorings and delicate form has inspired clever artifices in the realm of clothes, and fabric flowers a'bloom on new frocks or parasols are gay rivals of their originals.

Outlining in lace is an original way of suggesting the flower petal. The one above is made by using black lace on white organdy. To make it, stamp the outline of the flower from embroidery design 10923; then draw the thread along the straight edge of narrow black lace to gather it. Sew the gathered edge on the flower outline.

Those white organdy flowers are very simple to make. Cut a bias strip of white organdy six inches long and five inches wide. Fold it in half so that it is six inches long and two and one-half inches wide, then seam the long edges together. Draw the upper half down over the lower half until the raw edges meet. Wind a piece of fine white wire around some little white flower centers, which you can buy at any millinery shop, and slip them up through the center. Gather the raw edges tightly, holding the flower centers in place. Slip a seed-cup up over the gathers, twisting the wire below it to hold it in place. Turn back the top of the flower one-half inch to form a little cuff; then turn it back once more.

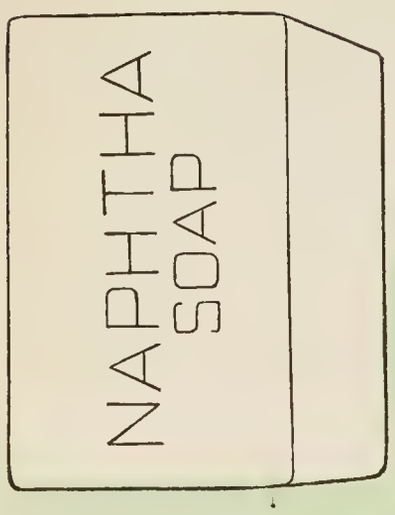
Pink organdy wreaths are dainty decoration for light Summer frocks. To make them, draw a circle on the material five and one-half inches in diameter. Cut three groups of flowers from banding in embroidery design 10876 and stamp them on the circle as illustrated. Embroider the circle in outline embroidery and the flowers in satin-stitch, using blue silk embroidery floss. Cut a piece of pink organdy two and one-half inches square. Fold diagonally and gather along the double raw edges. Make four more petals in same manner. Arrange the petals on the circle in the center of the smallest space between flowers, placing the gathered edge of each petal over the gathered edge of the previous petal. With pink silk embroidery floss, cover the raw edges in center with about twenty French knots. Make three more flowers, two for largest space, one for small.

To make the appliqué wreath in the center of the page, stamp three of the largest flowers cut from embroidery design 10823 on rose organdy, grouping them as illustrated. Cut two sprays of leaves and stamp one on either side of the flowers. Stamp the flowers on separate pieces of rose organdy. Cut these flowers out, allowing one-quarter inch all around. Cut three corresponding flowers out of organdy for the backs. Cut each flower out of buckram and thin cardboard, without allowing the extra one-quarter inch all around. Lay the organdy flowers face down on the ironing-board and, placing the cardboard flower directly in center of organdy flower, iron the edge up over the cardboard to give an even edge. Take cardboard out and place the back and front of each flower together, with the buckram flower slipped between them. With rose silk embroidery floss buttonhole the edges together, taking fine stitches. Work the short straight lines in outline embroidery. Place each flower on the corresponding flower stamped on the garment. Work the dots in French knots through both flower and material to hold the flower in place. Do not sew edges down. Work the outline of the flower center in outline embroidery. Embroider leaf stems in outline, the dots in French knots and leaves in satin-stitch.

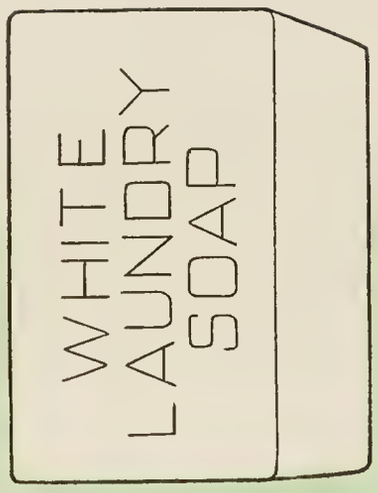
When pansies' thoughts are turned to clothes, the effect is pleasant. These pansies of gingham and organdy are easy to make. Cut four circles of blue organdy and five circles of blue-and-white-checked gingham three and one-half inches in diameter. Place an organdy circle over each gingham circle and have the edges picoted by machine. Run a gathering-thread one and one-half inch along the edge. Draw gathers up tightly and arrange the petals as in illustration and sew the centers to the material. Finish center with a small ball of cotton batting covered with gingham. With mercerized embroidery cotton take three long stitches over the center of the three lower petals.

Poppies are pretty in organdy. To make these, cover a small ball of cotton with blue organdy. Place little blue flower centers all around it. Wind fine wire around them, leaving an end for the stem. Cut a strip of blue organdy ten inches long and five inches wide. Seam the short ends together. Measure up two inches from one raw edge and make a crease all the way around. Measure up two inches from the opposite edge and make a crease in the same manner. Fold the center down between the creases so that the two creased edges are side by side and form the top of flowers and the two raw edges are at the lower edge. Run a gathering-thread three-eighths of an inch from the top, drawing it up so the flower is about two inches in diameter. Run a gathering-thread through lower edge of the flower. Slip flower centers up through flower, draw the gathering-thread up tight. Slip a seed-cup up over the stem to cover raw edges. Twist the wire below to hold it in place.

For little girls' clothes appliquéd cherries are attractive. Stamp the motif from embroidery design 10890 on French-blue organdy. Appliqué cherries and leaves in rose linen, and buttonhole in rose wool; work stems and leaf veins in outline stitch in rose wool.



+



=



Speed

Quick-cleansing naphtha soap saves time and energy because it saves boiling and hard rubbing.

Safety

Fine white soap means: white clothes come out *white*; colors are preserved in their original freshness.

Soap Arithmetic

Soap arithmetic is just like school arithmetic.

In soap arithmetic we can and do add *naphtha* soap + *white* soap to make P and G The White Naphtha Soap.

So, instead of having to use one soap for speed and another soap for whiteness and safety, with P and G The White Naphtha Soap you can clean quickly + safely both in *one* operation.

The same cake of P and G The White Naphtha Soap which *quickly* separates the dirt from children's mud-pie clothes without boiling or hard rubbing, will safely take stains out of your fine table-linen and leave it glistening white.

Wipe finger-marked woodwork lightly with a cloth dipped in P and G White Naphtha suds—the paint is instantly cleaned. Wash dishes quickly with P and G—gold decorations are unharmed.

Good reasons, don't you think, why P and G The White Naphtha Soap has the largest sale among all laundry soaps in America.

for Speed
and Safety



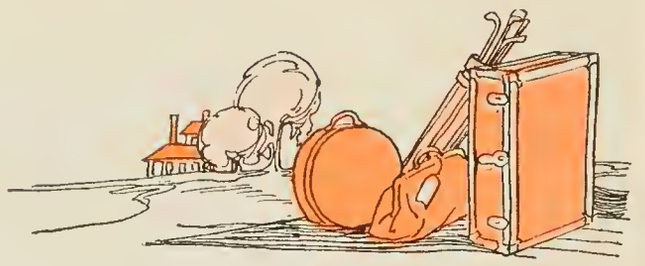
Not merely a naphtha soap;
Not merely a white laundry soap;
But the best features of both combined.

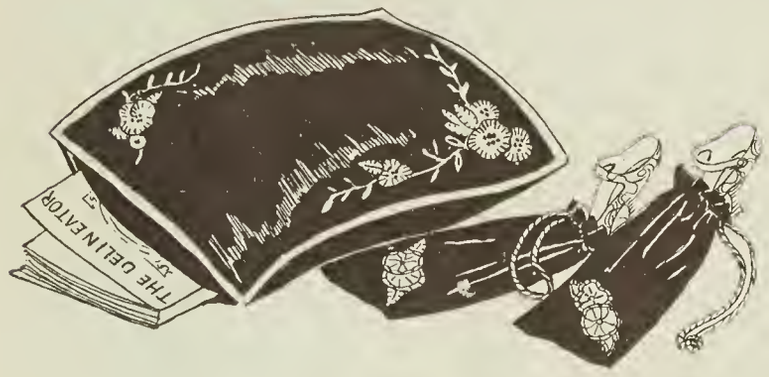
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A TRAVEL SHOWER FOR THE JUNE BRIDE TO FIT OUT HER TRAVELING-BAG

BY MARIE ASHLEY





A pillow with a magazine pocket appliquéd from design 10823 and pretty slipper-bags with attractive appliqué from design 10877

A DECIDEDLY new sort of shower in which all the bride-to-be's friends can join, is the one which furnishes her traveling-bag with all those comforts to make a pleasant trip.

All the articles are made of black sateen lined with old-blue sateen. The appliquéd flowers are of chambray in lavender, rose, yellow, old blue and tan. The leaves are in green. Mercerized rope embroidery cotton is used for the blanket-stitching and embroidery. The edges are bound with old-blue bias binding and old-blue silk cord ¼ inch in diameter is used for handles on the bags. The directions for appliqué will be found with the designs.

PILLOW WITH MAGAZINE POCKET

ON A piece of black sateen 12 by 18 inches, appliqué motifs from design 10823 in 2 corners. Cut a piece of black sateen 12 by 13 inches and bind one 12-inch side with black bias binding. Baste the other 3 sides to top of pillow. Cut a piece 5 by 12 inches and bind one 12-inch end with black binding and sew the remaining 3 sides to the opposite end of the pillow. Fasten the opening with a snap-fastener. Cut a piece of sateen 12 by 12 inches and bind 1 side with old-blue bias binding. Baste the remaining 3 sides to pillow on top of larger back piece. This forms a pocket for magazines. Bind pillow all around with blue binding.

SLIPPER-BAGS

ON A piece of black sateen 16 by 14 inches, appliqué motif from design 10877, 2 inches from the edge on one of the 14-inch sides and 2 inches from the lower edge. Seam the two 14-inch sides and lower edges. Line the bag with old-blue sateen, stitch ½ inch from top, then stitch ½ inch below this stitching. Run a blue silk cord through this casing. Make another bag in the same way. Paint the steel part of the shoe-trees with black enamel and the wood with old-blue oil paint. Paint a little yellow flower on the toe section.

STRAPS FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

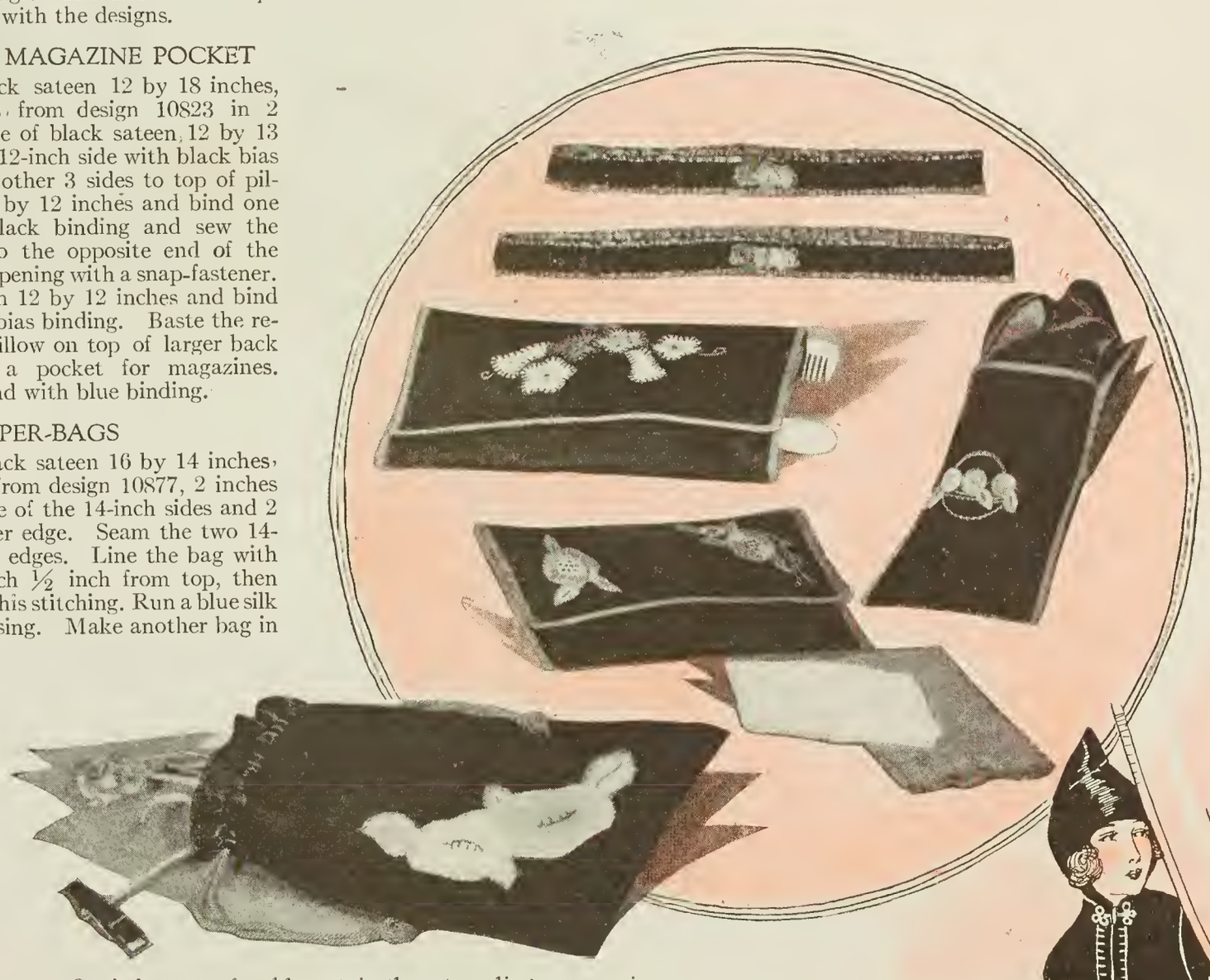
TAKE a piece of old-blue satin ribbon 3 yards long and ¾ inch wide and a piece of ½-inch black satin ribbon of the same length. Place the black on top of the blue with the blue edges extending beyond the black and sew them together on the edges of the black ribbon. Insert a piece of ⅜-inch elastic 23 inches long between the ribbons, sew the ends together and finish joining with three tiny ribbon rosebuds in rose, lavender and blue. Make another strap in the same manner using ribbons 32 inches long and elastic 20 inches long.

TOILET-ARTICLE CASE

CUT a piece of black sateen 11 by 18 inches and a piece of blue the same size. Appliqué the motif illustrated from design 10948, 1½ inch from edge of one short end of the black piece. Cut a piece of blue sateen 6 by 11 inches and bind one of the longer sides with black bias binding. Baste the other 3 sides to one end on the right side of the large piece of blue sateen to form a pocket. Cut a strip of blue 11 by 2 inches. Round both corners on one 11-inch side and bind this edge with black. Sew a large piece 1 inch above the pocket. This will form a flap for the pocket. Cut a piece of blue 7½ by 6 inches. Bind one 6-inch side with black. Baste this pocket in corner of opposite end. Cut a piece of blue 6 inches square. Round 2 corners and bind all but the straight side with black bias binding. Sew the straight side to the large piece opposite pocket to form a flap. Fasten flaps with snap-fasteners. Make 2 small pockets 4 by 4 inches, facing each other in the center of case. Bind the openings with black. Cut a piece of blue bias binding 5 inches long. Crease it in thirds and stitch it on these creases to the center of case between the small pockets. Sew blue bias binding over all raw edges and apply the blue piece with pockets to the black piece as a lining. Bind edge all around with blue bias binding. Fold the case in thirds.

BAG FOR RUBBERS

CUT 2 pieces of black sateen 16 by 5½ inches. Appliqué small basket motif from design 10948, 2½ inches from the end in the center of one piece. Work the basket in blue outline embroidery and the handle in chain-stitch. Place this piece on top of the other piece with wrong sides together. Bind the short end nearest the motif with old-blue binding. Fold the double-faced strip, bringing the end with the motif 2½ inches from the opposite end which serves as a flap for the bag. Bind the edges all around with old blue and hold the flap in position with a snap-fastener.



One's luggage should contain these traveling accessories to make a journey a joy

Some of the essential articles of traveling comfort are shown in the center group. This includes the straps for lingerie, etc., a convenient toilet-article case with appliqué from design 10948 and a handkerchief-case appliquéd from design 10823. Rubbers when not in use are a problem unless one has a bag for them. This is appliquéd from design 10948. Hangers likewise are awkward to pack, which explains the special bag with appliqué from design 10964 for these necessities. At the right is a Pullman robe to protect one from the dust of the sleeping-car. This is a very practical garment and with its bright spots of appliqué and blanket-stitching is also decorative

HANDKERCHIEF-CASE

CUT a piece of black sateen 10 by 15 inches and a piece of old-blue sateen the same size. Appliqué motifs from design 10823 in 2 corners of the black and place the black over the blue with the wrong sides together. Bind the short end without embroidery with blue bias binding. Measure down 4½ inches from opposite end and fold bound edge up to this mark to form a pocket. Bind all edges with blue bias binding.

BAG FOR HANGERS

ON A piece of black sateen 18 by 14 inches, appliqué the motif illustrated from design 10964, in one corner 1¼ inch from the side and lower edge. Seam lower edge and side of bag. Line the bag with blue sateen. Form a casing, by a row of stitching 1 inch from top of bag and another ½ inch below this row. Run a blue silk cord through this casing for handles. Wind old-blue ribbon round a folding wire coat-hanger and tie a rosette in the center. Wind the wire part of skirt-hanger with ribbon and paint the wooden part with black enamel. Hang skirt-hanger on hook in center of coat-hanger.

PULLMAN ROBE

MAKE the robe of black sateen, lining the hood with old blue and finishing the fronts, lower edge, seams at top of pockets, and sleeves with blanket-stitching in old blue. Appliqué motifs as illustrated from design 10964.

COAT-BAG

TAKE a piece of black sateen 36 by 25 inches. Fold in half and seam the shorter sides and lower edge. Appliqué the motif from design 10895, 1½ inch from the lower edge and sides. Outline the leaves and flowers with couching cotton, couching it on with black. Line the bag with old-blue sateen. Make a casing at top of the bag as described for other bags and run a blue cord through this casing to form handles.

HAT-BAG

MAKE this bag the same width as the coat-bag but 4 inches shorter. Appliqué the motif in the center of the front as illustrated from design 10948.



Clothes soon show the stains of Pullman travel. The coat-bag appliquéd from design 10895 and hat-bag with appliqué from design 10948 shown above will prove very useful

Pullman robe 3168; embroidery design 10964



They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe



One of the newest Keds. With either brown or white trimming. Welt construction, composition sole. For young girls and women.

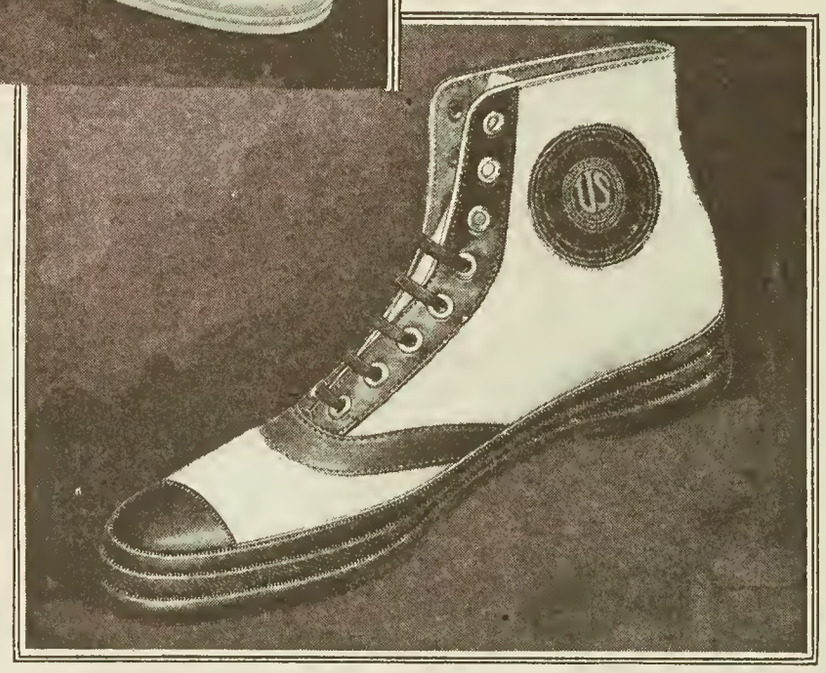


One of the children's Keds—made on a Nature last. A similar pump with a low heel, with a strap or without, is made for women and young girls.



One of the most popular all-purpose Keds. For street, for home, for sport. Comes also in a low model. For children and grown-ups, too.





The boys' favorite in the Keds line. Heavy reinforcements and ankle patch. Smooth, corrugated or suction sole.

"The greatest blessing that has been offered to mothers in a very long time"

So speaks a well-known orthopedic physician of the comfortable canvas rubber-soled shoe

AND millions of mothers will agree with him. The perfecting of Keds as a whole line of canvas rubber-soled shoes has made it possible for the mother to secure this blessing—this healthful foot freedom for her entire family.

Sandals and pumps for little tots, sturdy athletic trims for romping boys, and pumps, oxfords and high shoes in attractive styles for young girls and older girls and mothers themselves.

A welcome relief from stiff hot shoes! Tired feet can now return to their natural form and breathe, and foot muscles can be strengthened. Keds are anatomically correct. And then Keds have a snap in their lines and finish which makes them popular even on the verandas of exclusive clubs.

Why mothers insist on Keds

Mothers have learned to ask for Keds by name and to insist on getting them. They find them very different from ordinary canvas rubber-soled shoes.

They know that the quality of the rubber from our own Sumatra plantations means long wear—even on the most active children. The fine, strong canvas looks better and wears longer. And all the details of finish—the stitching and reinforcements—the careful workmanship throughout—every detail is worked out to give better appearance and longer wear.

Look at the various models, the pumps, the high shoes and low, the oxfords and the sandals. If your dealer doesn't carry the kind you wish, he will get it for you.

But remember, Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company, the largest and oldest rubber organization in the world. If the name Keds isn't on the shoes, they aren't real Keds.

You will be interested in our booklet, "Outdoor Games for Children." Write for a free copy to Dept. S-2, 1790 Broadway, New York.

United States Rubber Company



Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Keds were originated and are made only by the United States Rubber Company. The name Keds is on every pair. It is your guarantee of quality and value.



From a drawing by
J. HENRY
© ARCO, 1922

Why do English women have such wonderful complexions?

Send for this Free Booklet

DO YOU know why dry, hot air from old-fashioned heating equipment is bad for your complexions?

Do you know why florists insist upon mild, healthful *radiator* warmth for their delicate flowers?

Do you know why children "take cold" in a hot room?

These questions, and others of vital interest to your warmth and health are answered in the free booklet offered below. It tells ten ways to cut your coal bills and describes the IDEAL TYPE A HEAT MACHINE and ARCOLA—two heating investments that pay for themselves in the fuel they save.

If you are planning to build or remodel, the booklet will prove invaluable. It is free. Just clip the coupon and mail.

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If you plan to build put an x here ( )

Concluded from page 19

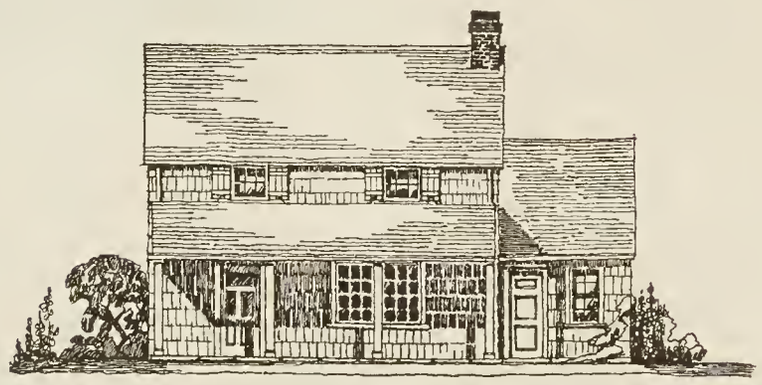
WHERE POE ONCE LIVED AND LOVED

chintz and placed in the center of the room, facing the fireplace.

Here the use of a mahogany or dark-oak gate-legged dining-table might be well, conveniently pushed aside after the meal hour. Four or six black painted chairs bearing stenciled designs of fruits or flowers would be appropriate and easy to have mingled with the larger type of living-room furniture.

A small table near the sofa might hold a metal or china base lamp. A paper shade, whose design could reflect the apple green of the woodwork, would be entirely suitable for general lighting purposes. Brass or colored china bowls are effective containers for flowers, and if placed near a mirror the reflection makes a charming picture.

If a sense of proportion and balance could be used in the placing of the large and necessary pieces of furniture, the smaller and interesting things would easily find their places.



FRONT ELEVATION



SIDE ELEVATION

THIS bungalow cottage has been modeled after the romantic Poe cottage. It has been modernized and the interior altered to make it more comfortable. It is an ideal bungalow for Summer use, but it may be adjusted to an all-year-round home.

There are only four rooms in this little house. On the first floor the big room is eighteen by twenty-two feet. It is intended to be used both as a living-room and dining-room, and the stairs to the second story are in the mantel end of the room. There are six windows and three exposures on this plan, assuring sufficient ventilation for Summer use.

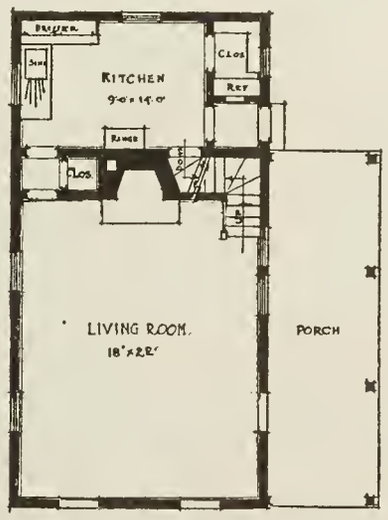
Back of the big room is a good-sized kitchen. As it has two windows and an outside door, it might easily be used for a combination kitchen and breakfast-room.

There is but one chimney with two flues in this house which heats the living-room and kitchen.

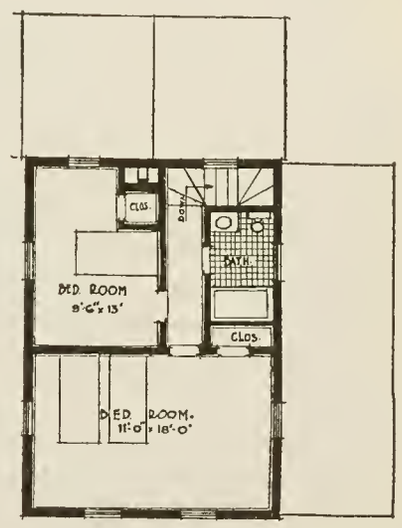
There are two bedrooms, one large and one small, a bathroom and two big closets on the second floor.

This house should make an ideal home for a young married couple or a family with one child. It would lend itself admirably to an addition if in a few years you wish to add a few more rooms to it.

The cottage as it is planned here calls for shingled construction, but it could be built as well of clapboards. It would be entirely practical to build a cellar under the kitchen only, although an air space should be planned for under the living-room. The foundation and cellar materials could be of concrete, stone or brick. The choice of these materials would depend largely on the kind most available. In some sections it is more convenient to obtain brick than concrete and should it be necessary to blast for the foundation, stone would be decidedly cheaper. If shingled, it would be best to leave it in the natural wood, if dark wood is used, or a stained stemmed wood which takes on a silver-grayish tone. If clapboards are used, they should be painted white and a shingled roof of soft sage green with the shutters of the same shade and the trim painted white.



FIRST-FLOOR PLAN



SECOND-FLOOR PLAN

This kind of cottage calls for door shutters, rather than slat shutters. In the Poe cottage they are door shutters with heart-shaped ventilators.

The mantel in the interior of this house should be very plain, long and rather low to be in keeping with the rest of the cottage.

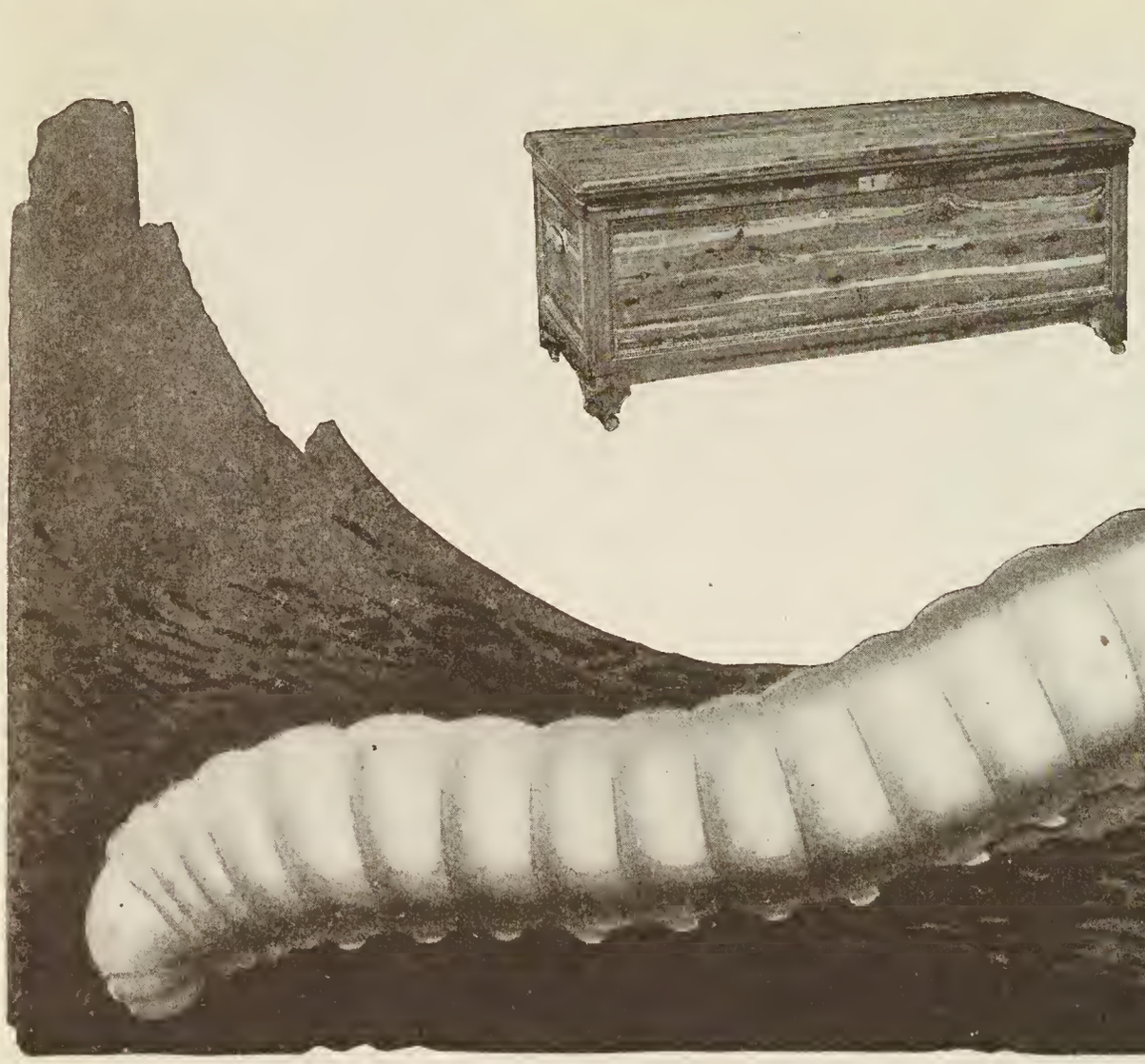
Wide-plank flooring is very expensive now, and inlaid floors are not the best for this type of cottage, but would be permissible.

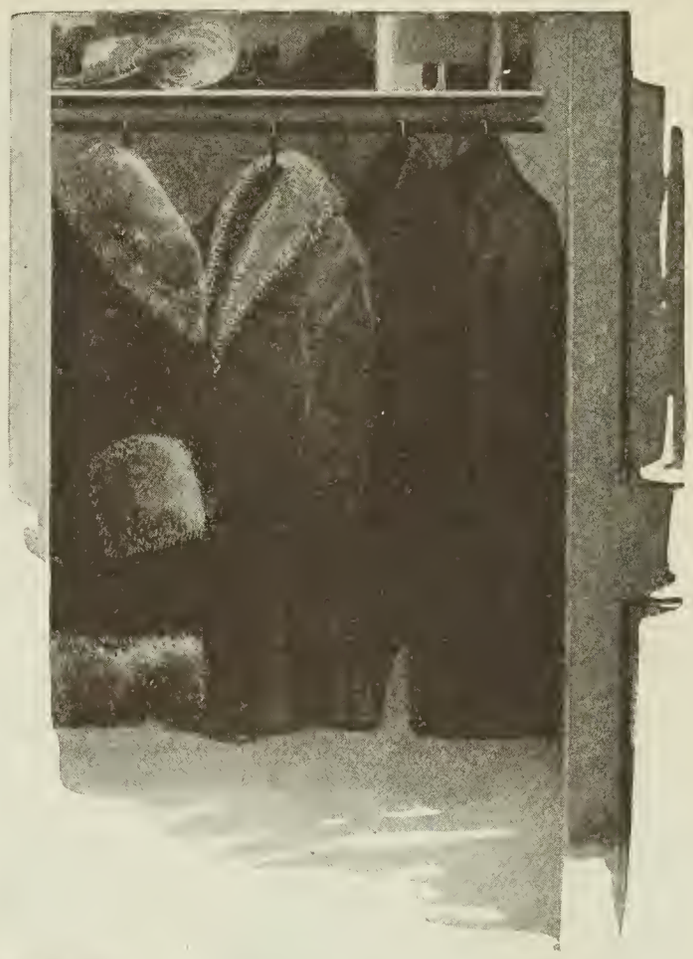
Plastered walls, painted or left rough, are more in keeping than wall-papers, but there are simple cottage papers which would be appropriate. These should be as plain as possible to avoid over-decorating this unpretentious cottage.

MR. DONN BARBER, one of the most famous architects, has become interested in better small homes for America. Mr. Barber is known best for his Hall of Justice in Washington, which is admired by tourists and praised by foreign as well as American architects. He has been made famous by his Travelers Tower and his Academy of Fine Arts.

He has, however, given much of his life to the study of the small-house problem, and has designed some of the most beautiful homes in America. Mr. Barber has passed upon and approved these plans for the Poe cottage.

If you desire to duplicate this little house, send two dollars to THE DELINEATOR for the working plans, which you may take to your own architect or contractor.





Protect Your Clothes and Furs From Moths

DO IT THE SURE, CONVENIENT, INEXPENSIVE WAY

Keep your garments, wraps and bedding stored in a well-made, moth-killing

Genuine Red Cedar Chest

Millions of dollars worth of clothing, furs, blankets and textile goods are destroyed every year by the ravages of moth-worms.

If *you* have never suffered such loss you are lucky, but you never can tell when your turn is coming unless you take proper precautions.

Preventing the loss of a *single* good garment or fur piece will much more than repay you for the cost of a good Red Cedar Chest.

It is not the fluttering little winged moth-miller that does the damage. These insects merely *start* the trouble by laying the eggs from which the worms that do the mischief are hatched.

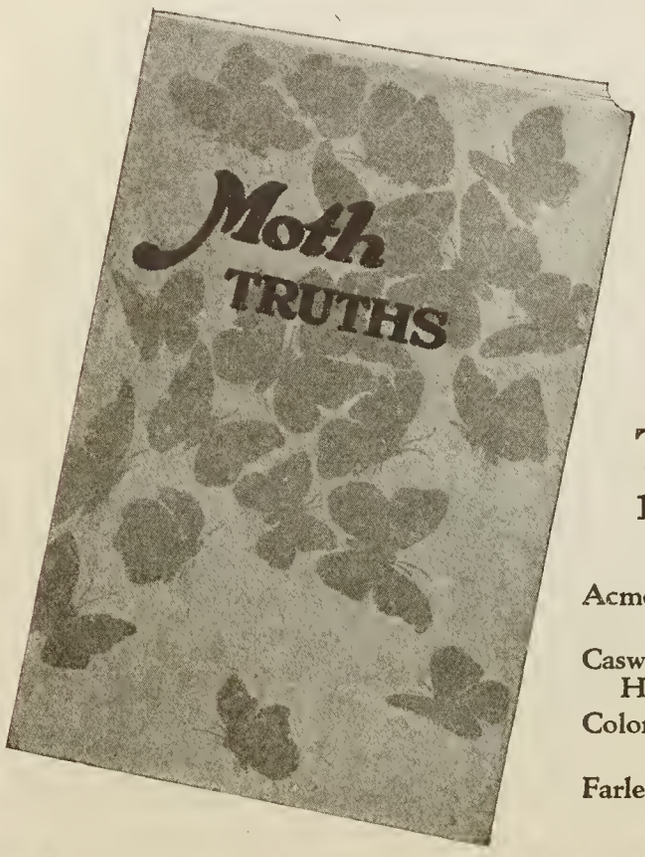
Red Cedar Chests kill these young worms before they grow enough to do any harm.

The United States Department of Agriculture

recently had a series of tests conducted by two of its experts to determine the value of Red Cedar Chests as protection against damage by moths. The Department's Report of these tests shows how these chests "are effective in protecting fabrics from clothes-moth attacks" —because "cedar chests do kill young larvae" (moth-worms.)

The flying moth-miller lays eggs. Those eggs hatch larvae (young worms.) If allowed to live, grow and develop, those worms eat your fabrics. But they *can't* live, grow and develop in a Cedar Chest because the *odor of the cedar kills them.*

A Red Cedar Chest is the best clothes insurance—a handsome piece of furniture made in any desired finish to *match period furniture*—and a convenient means of storage.



CEDAR CHEST WEEK, MAY 15th to 20th

will be a good time for you to pick out *your* Chest. Every good furniture dealer will have a full stock of designs from which to select—and it will be just the time when you are laying your furs and Winter things away. They will be safe in your Cedar Chest.

ASK your furniture dealer or write to us for a copy of this valuable booklet. It tells you, in full, what the Department of Agriculture tests proved about the value of Cedar Chests—how to care for your garments to insure their safety—and points of quality to be sure of when you buy a Cedar Chest. It is fully illustrated, extremely interesting and contains information that will save you from loss.

IT'S FREE—If your furniture dealer has no copy for you, we will gladly send one to you on request—no charge.

THE CEDAR CHEST MANUFACTURERS OF AMERICA

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The following named Cedar Chest Manufacturers are the sponsors of and responsible for this advertising.

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Farley & Loetscher Mfg. Co., Dubuque, Iowa

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Hill-Hoel Mfg. Co., South Bend, Ind.

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How Women Save Money With Mirro

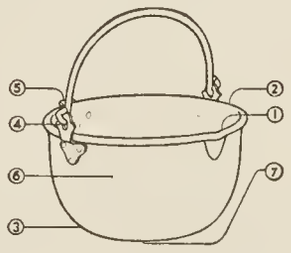
You can benefit from the experience of several million women who have found the way to save money on their kitchen utensils.

These women have learned through experience that Mirro Aluminum cooking utensils last far longer because they are made of thicker, harder, more durable, pure aluminum.

Not once only, but many times during its long life does a Mirro utensil, such as the Preserving Kettle shown above, save the replacement cost of a short-lived article. And Mirro prices are very moderate—every woman can afford Mirro.

Each Mirro utensil carries the guarantee of the world's foremost maker of aluminum ware, with a successful experience of nearly thirty years.

Get this Mirro Preserving Kettle today. It will demonstrate the economy of Mirro. You may buy Mirro ware at leading stores everywhere. Send for Mirro miniature catalog No. 14.



Here are the seven special features of this Mirro Preserving Kettle:

1 Well-formed, easy-pouring lip

2 Solid, tightly rolled, sanitary bead, free from dirt-catching crevices

3 Smooth, rounded edges—easily cleaned

4 Handle ears permit handle to be moved to any one of three different positions without coming in contact with sides of utensil

5 Tilting handle with eye for hanging

6 Beautiful Mirro finish

7 Famous Mirro trade-mark which is stamped into the bottom of every piece, and your guarantee of excellence throughout

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General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

Every Mirro Utensil Bears This Imprint

MIRRO ALUMINUM *Reflects Good Housekeeping*



TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF PRESSURE-COOKER—THE ONE ON THE LEFT IS FOR ELECTRICITY, THE OTHERS FOR THE RANGE

CANNING WITHOUT A CASUALTY

New methods and equipment for canning and for cooking tough meats

By Winifred Moses

How can you do the finest canning with the least danger of spoilage? The Home-Makers' Department has thoroughly tested the various canning methods for DELINEATOR readers. It tells its conclusions in this article and explains how each piece of equipment should be used

MANY housewives still find it difficult to can meats and such vegetables as asparagus, beans, corn, peas and greens, so that they won't spoil. Practically the only safe way is to cook them at a high temperature and in so far as we know the best and safest method of doing this at home is to use a pressure-cooker.

The pressure-cooker is easy to handle and not difficult to use. It consists of a kettle or retort with a cover that makes an air-tight connection by means of bolts and wing nuts. In the bottom of the kettle is a rack or platform. The cover is fitted with a pet-cock which can be adjusted to let out air or steam or to keep in the steam and thus raise the pressure; a safety-valve which can be adjusted to control the pressure at any point desired as three, five or ten pounds; a steam-gage which indicates the number of pounds pressure with the corresponding temperature.

Pressure-cookers are made of iron or aluminum. The aluminum cookers are easier to handle than those made of iron. They also have extra containers by means of which several dishes may be cooked at one time in the cooker.

The pressure-cooker is useful for cooking as well as for canning. Foods that require long cooking, such as the tough cuts of meat, the whole cereals, or dried beans, may be cooked under pressure in a much shorter time than by the ordinary method. The cooker may also be used as an ordinary steamer for steaming puddings or as the container in the water-bath method of canning. If the cooker is fitted with separate containers, it may be used to cook a whole meal.

Though the initial cost of a pressure-cooker is high, it may be used for many purposes, will economize on fuel and with proper care will last for twenty years.

The pressure-cooker is not equally well suited to the canning of all foods. The softer fruits or vegetables lose their shape and the finished product presents a less attractive appearance if cooked at a high temperature. The steam cooker is considered better suited to preserving fruits of this type.

RULES FOR USING THE PRESSURE-COOKER

1. Put the cooker on the stove and put in the rack. Add sufficient water to come up to the rack but not to cover it. Let the water get warm.

2. If the canner is equipped with a crate put the jars in the crate and lower it into the kettle. If the jars have been filled with hot liquid just before putting them into the cooker, less time is required to raise the temperature than if they are cold when they are put in. If two tiers of jars are to be put in the cooker, place a rack between them. Adjust the cover and place all the bolts in

Continued on page 71



MEAT LONG PAST ITS TENDER YOUTH, THE PRESSURE-COOKER REJUVENATES AND MAKES DELECTABLE



A COOKER WITH THIS EQUIPMENT SAVES LABOR AND FUEL BY COOKING THE ENTIRE MEAL AT ONCE

Continued from page 70

CANNING WITHOUT A CASUALTY

position; then begin screwing them down by hand in rotation. Do *not* finish screwing down one bolt before starting the others. A better connection is obtained in this way. Finish tightening the nuts with a wrench provided for this purpose.

3. Open the pet-cock and allow it to stand until a fine stream of steam appears, then close it. Shortly after this, the pointer on the dial will begin to move or register pressure. Five pounds pressure or a temperature of 228 degrees Fahrenheit should be registered in a few minutes, ten pounds pressure in eleven minutes and fifteen pounds pressure in about fifteen minutes. As soon as the desired pressure is reached, lower the heat and keep the steam at that pressure for the desired length of time. Do not allow it to fluctuate.

4. When the time required for processing is up, turn out the heat or remove the cooker from the fire. When the pointer on the dial registers zero, open the pet-cock gradually and allow the steam to escape.

This is important, for if the pet-cock is opened and the steam released before the pressure is down to zero, the liquid escapes from the jars and there is danger of forcing out the rubbers.

5. Unscrew the bolts, remove the cover and lift out the crate of jars, being careful to keep them out of a draft to prevent breaking, clamp them and turn upside down to test for leaks.

6. Clean the cooker thoroughly.

PRESSURE-COOKER TIME-TABLE FOR CANNING

Foods	Minutes
Asparagus, carrots, greens String-beans	40
Corn (whole grain), lima beans, Shell beans, squash, succotash	50
Tomatoes and corn— (Corn scraped)	60
Fish	90
Meat	105

This time is estimated from the time the desired pressure is registered on the gage. Heat penetrates more rapidly to the center of the can that is loosely packed than one that is closely packed.

STEAM COOKER

THE steam cooker is made of copper or tin. It is square and equipped with shelves. It requires only one burner instead of two as does the water bath and, being equipped with shelves, will hold at least sixteen cans. It is thus economical of both space and fuel. As the temperature in the cooker never quite reaches that of boiling water, the cooker is adapted for canning only foods that contain acid, to which acid or sugar has been added and which are watery rather than close fibered. Therefore, it should not be used for canning meat or corn, beans, peas, asparagus, or greens, but is suitable for acid fruits and vegetables.

Fruits canned by this method retain their shape well. It is also said that the flavor of the fruit is better if canned at a temperature below boiling.

RULES FOR CANNING WITH THE STEAM COOKER

1. Fill the bottom of the cooker with water, put it over the fire and close the door. When the water is boiling, put in the cans and close the doors of the cooker.

2. Estimate the time for processing from the time the water boils after the cans are in and cook one-third longer than in the water bath. Do not open the doors during the time of processing.

3. Remove the cans, clamp, and invert.

4. Carefully wash and dry the cooker. This is important, for the cooker is made of tin and copper and acquires rust and verdigris if not properly cleaned.

The steamer is excellent for steamed brown breads and puddings. Whole meals may be cooked in it. It is light, easily handled and occupies little space. It is economical in the use of fuel. However, its initial cost is high, though not so high as that of the pressure-cooker. It is difficult to clean and if not cared for properly there is danger of leakages.

WATER BATH

ANY container that can be fitted with a rack that will hold a number of cans and sufficient water to cover them and has a tight-fitting cover, can be used for canning by the hot-water bath method. A wash-boiler, fitted with a rack, makes an excellent canner, though it is rather cumbersome. The commercial canners of this type have the advantage in that respect and are fitted with wire racks with handles which facilitate the lifting of the jars.

The water-bath method may be used for canning fruits and acid vegetables. It is also used for vegetables and meat, and if the process is continued long enough and the finished product stored in a cold dark place, there will be very little spoilage.

THE FIRELESS COOKER

THE fireless cooker is sometimes used for canning. The cans are put on a rack in a fireless cooker container and covered with water. The cover is adjusted and the whole boiled for five minutes. The container is put in the cooker which is then closed and left for the required time, about five hours. Only loosely packed fruits can be prepared in this way.

OVEN CANNING

ANOTHER method that is being advocated for canning is in an oven equipped with a heat regulator. Certain fruits such as tomatoes which do not require a high temperature to sterilize them may be canned in this way. The disadvantage is that since dry air of the oven is not so good a conductor of heat as boiling water, it requires more heat. The oven should be set for 235 degrees. Another disadvantage is that the finished product is not so attractive in appearance as that done by other methods.

Remember that cans should be such that they can be sealed perfectly. They should be of simple construction with straight sides and wide mouths so that they can be easily packed and washed and have few parts to lose. The glass should be without bubbles or cracks, the edges smooth.



Had Your *Iron* Today?

Not Merely Delicious

This Raisin Pie Supplies Quick-Acting Energy to Tired, Hard-Working Men

HE'LL thank you for its luscious flavor, but more for the *refreshment* in this incomparably good dessert after his long business day. A man's food is of paramount importance.

Raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound. They are 75 per cent *natural fruit-sugar*, and *this kind* of sugar is in practically predigested form.

So it doesn't tax him, and he is conscious of its nutriment almost immediately. With such refreshment he feels fit—and ready for anything you want to do that evening.

Raisins are rich in food-iron also—good for the blood.

Wise women cater to these needs of men.

Pie is man's ideal dessert and Sun-Maid Raisins from California's sun-bathed valleys make a pie de luxe.

Tender, meaty, thin-skinned fruit-meats. The juice forms a luscious sauce. Add these features to your pie crust and then taste the result.

Here's a recipe if you want one. Try it if you haven't a favorite of your own.

See what *he* says when he tastes pie like this.

Raisin Pie

2 cups Sun-Maid Raisins
1½ cups boiling water
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
1 tablespoonful grated lemon rind
Juice of 1 orange
1 tablespoonful grated orange rind
1 cup chopped walnuts

Cook raisins in boiling water for 5 minutes, pour into it sugar and cornstarch which have been mixed. Cook until thick, remove from fire and add other ingredients. Bake between two crusts. Walnuts may be omitted if desired. All measurements for this recipe are level.

SUN-MAID RAISINS



For Spring Fever

Luscious little raisins full of energy and iron—sold in 5c packages everywhere.

Renew the energy that Spring Fever saps.

Try them. At all stores.

Sun-Maids are selected raisins produced from California's finest table grapes.

The Seeded Sun-Maids, called Muscats, are sterilized and wrapped in wax paper, all ready for your use.

Always ask for Sun-Maid brand and get the finest raisins grown. Raisins are 30 per cent cheaper than formerly—see that you get plenty in your food.

Send coupon for free book containing 100 tested recipes for delicious raisin foods.

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DEPT. A-206, FRESNO, CALIF.

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

SUN-MAID RAISIN GROWERS,
Dept. A-206, Fresno, California.

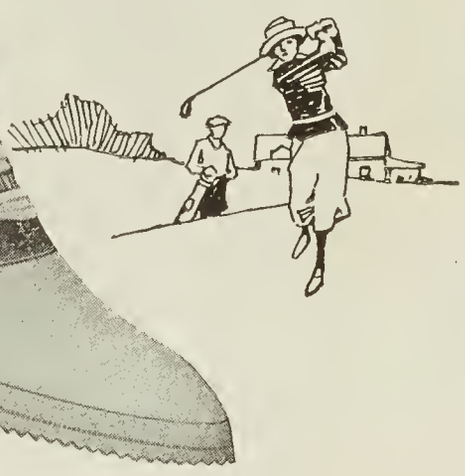
Please send me copy of your free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes."

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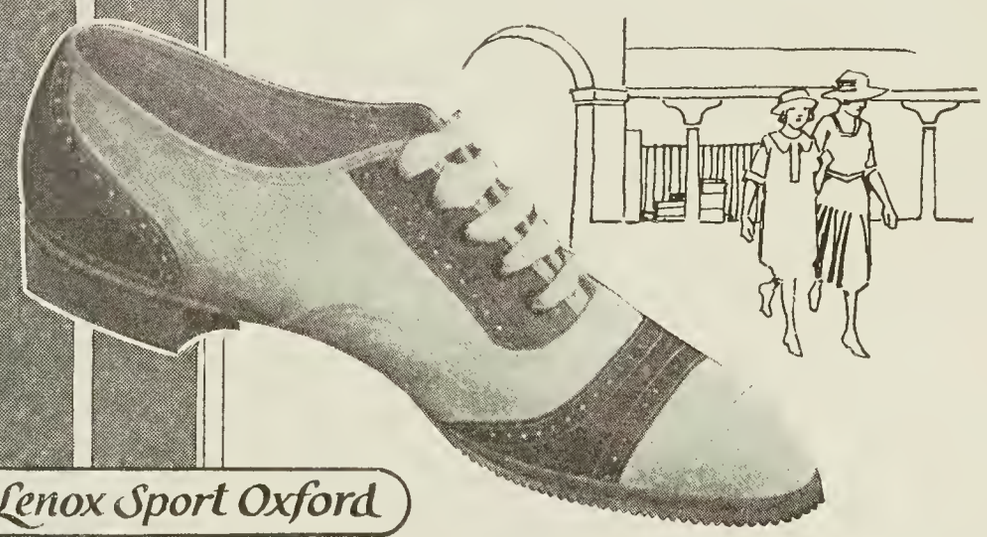
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Everyone should own at least one pair of ~~HOOD~~ shoes for Comfort - for Economy - for Health!



~~HOOD~~ *Lenox Fairway*

The Lenox Fairway is a splendid golf shoe. Cool; allowing the feet freedom in action; close fitting, yet sufficiently pliable to provide an unusual surety of "grip." Smart in appearance and extremely durable. The Fairway is also a desirable "hiking" shoe—and a vacation necessity.



~~HOOD~~ *Lenox Sport Oxford*

Here is an ideal informal Sport Oxford. Afternoons on the lawn, in the car, for neighborhood visits, and for many similar purposes. Keep cool and comfortable, and save the expensive leathers. A well built canvas shoe is light, graceful and attractive, yet slow to show the signs of wear.



~~HOOD~~ *Fenway* CROSS STRAP *Sandal*

Particularly the children should wear Cool, Comfortable, Canvas!

Do grown-ups always realize the number of hours children are on their feet, playing and romping, indoors and out. The growing young feet demand the freedom that only an extremely pliable shoe can give them. Hood Fenway Cross Strap Sandals are "savers"—save the feet, save money, save the floors, save noise—and keep the kiddies cool and happy.

HOOD RUBBER PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc.
Watertown, Mass.

Ask any Dealer

or Send for THE ~~HOOD~~ CANVAS FOOTWEAR BUYING GUIDES

Rubber — Canvas ~~HOOD~~ FOOTWEAR

OUTWITTING DEMONS THAT SPOIL FOOD

How to keep food fresh and sweet in hot weather

By Louise Fox Connell

THERE is something impish in the passion foods have for spoiling the minute a warm day gives them the excuse. But by learning certain secrets of managing a refrigerator you can make food keep much longer.

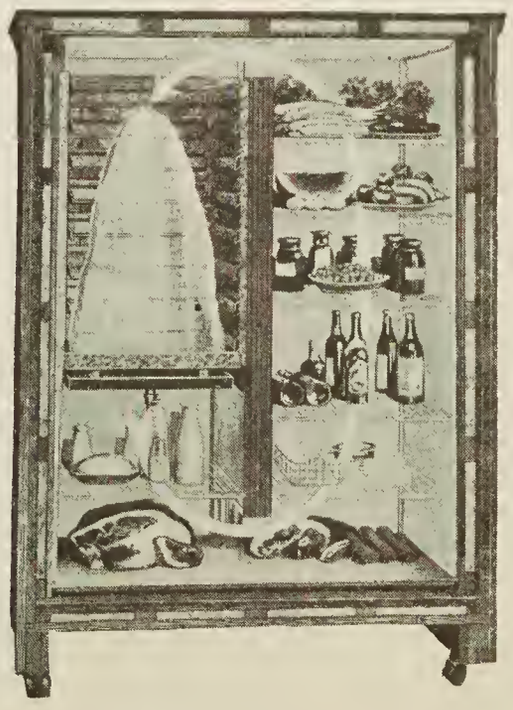
Refrigerators keep food best when they are divided down the middle, with the ice in the top division on one side, one or more shelves just under the ice compartment and the other shelves occupying the other half of the ice-box beside the ice compartment. This gives better circulation of air than when the ice compartment occupies the entire top of the refrigerator; although because of the lack of wall space these tall, narrow refrigerators are sometimes necessary.

Cold air falls, of course; first it goes to the shelf directly below the ice compartment. It takes the warmth from the foods there and passes across to the bottom shelf on the other side. Being now a little warmer, it rises through the other shelves to the top one beside the ice and back on to the ice where it becomes cold and clean once more and starts circulating again.

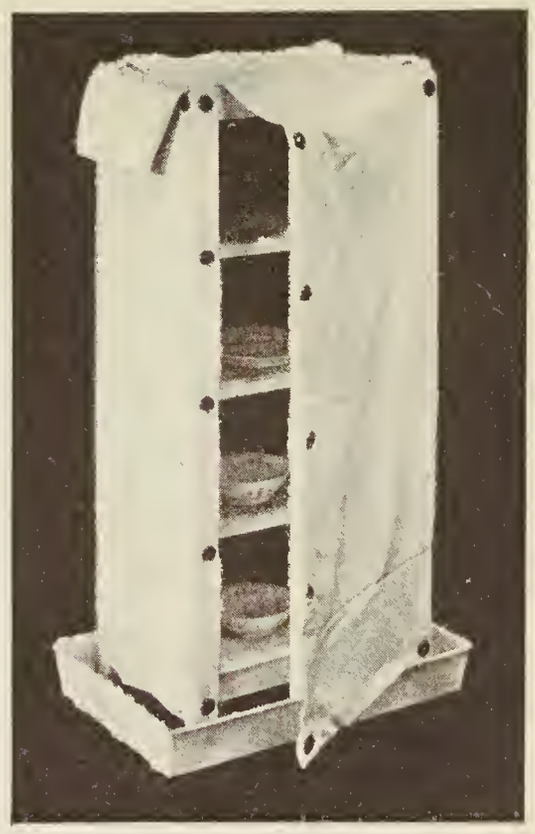
Keep butter (in a crock), milk, meat and poultry in the bottom shelf directly below ice compartment; for this is the coldest and the most odorless spot in the refrigerator. Fruit, cheese or anything with an odor should be kept on the top shelf, for this is the last stop that the air makes and so it does not have a chance after this to perfume neighboring foods. By the way, there is a device on the market, pictured on another page in this issue, which absorbs ice-box odors and prevents them from getting into foods where they do not belong.

THE wicked bacteria that make food spoil are as thirsty for water as pond lilies. They can not thrive and grow in a dry atmosphere; for this reason a dry refrigerator keeps food much better than a moist one. There are excellent dry refrigerators on the market, but if you already own one which is moist, a pound of salt kept in a pan in its bottom shelf will absorb some of the moisture. As often as the salt becomes saturated, dry it over the stove, crush out the lumps with a rolling-pin and put it back again to drink the superfluous moisture.

In your exasperation at the speed with which ice disappears in Summer, do not



TO GET THE BEST RESULTS FROM THE COLD CURRENT, KEEP THE FOOD IN THIS ORDER



CUPBOARDS WITH SCREEN SIDES ARE EASILY MADE AT HOME

yield to the temptation to wrap it in newspapers. It is true that this makes the ice last longer, but we do not have ice for ice's sake, but to keep the food; and when you wrap in the coldness of the ice you are preventing it from getting to and keeping the food. Examine the catch on your refrigerator; unless it seals the door tight shut, get a man to fix it as soon as possible, for every little air leak means that food-spoiling germs get in.

YOU will use less ice in the end and keep foods better if you keep the ice compartment completely filled. In this way there is less room for warm air to steal into it and speed up the melting of the ice. Also it enables you, with a good refrigerator, to keep the temperature from rising above forty-eight degrees at which point bacteria begin to develop, and slowly spoil the food. The less often ice-box doors are opened the longer both ice and food will last. Keeping food in the ice compartment adds compound interest to your ice bill.

Nowadays there are a number of electric refrigerators for family use which save trouble and keep food constantly cold and dry year in and year out. When one of these refrigerators is installed, it is attached to the electric-light wiring. Some of these refrigerators require water and have to be attached to the plumbing. Some require cool air and must connect with a cool cellar. Once a refrigerator of either type is installed it operates itself.

THE machinery is enclosed in a small compartment and need never be tampered with. These refrigerators, though still rather expensive for the average family to buy, save ice bills and are fool proof; that is, since they operate themselves they cut out the risk of food spoiling through the housewife's forgetting to order ice. They also keep the food compartments at an even temperature, never below freezing-point or above forty-eight degrees. Ice can be frozen in five and one-half to six hours for table use and ices or mousses can be frozen in the refrigerator. Electric refrigerators are perfectly dry, as the refrigerant is in the form of a chemical enclosed in pipes and so does not give out moisture. The cost of operating an electric refrigerator depends on local prices of electricity. It consumes about two kilowats a day; which in most localities amounts to only a few cents.

FOR the woman who bemoans the fact that she is already cursed with an old-fashioned, damp ice-box which she can not afford to scrap, there are two crums of consolation—a crum of fish and one of salad. For fish, lettuce, watercress and celery keep better in a bad old wet box than they do in a dry one!

The great hotels and restaurants do not keep fish in their regular refrigerators. They have special ones, filled with cracked ice on which the fish reposes, almost as damp as if he were in his native element. A good substitute for this is to wrap the fish in a wet towel so that, even in a dry chest he will be kept damp.

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OUTWITTING DEMONS THAT SPOIL FOOD

Lettuce, cress, cucumbers, radishes and celery should also be kept in damp cloths; for, like flowers, they need moisture.

The great cold-storage plants keep eggs in good condition for five or six months provided they are refrigerated within a few hours after being laid. Two hours of lying in the sun will do more to spoil an egg than weeks in a good ice-box. Do not wash eggs until you are ready to use them, as a natural waxy substance which is easily washed off fills the pores of the shell and prevents them from absorbing air and moisture.

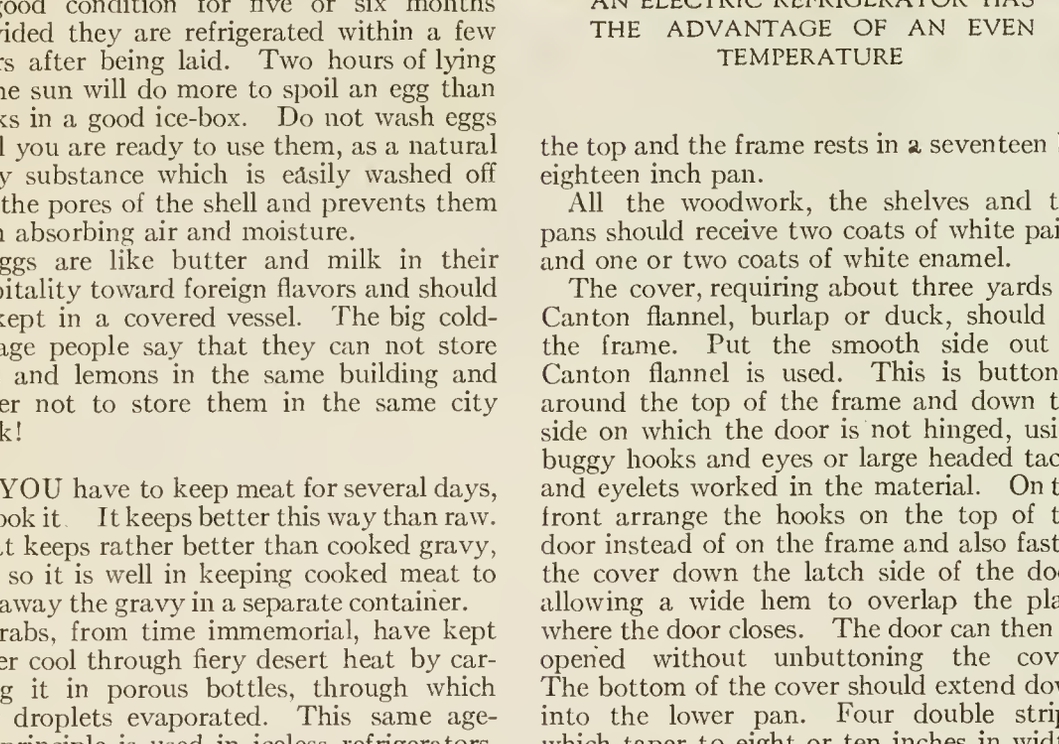
Eggs are like butter and milk in their hospitality toward foreign flavors and should be kept in a covered vessel. The big cold-storage people say that they can not store eggs and lemons in the same building and prefer not to store them in the same city block!

IF YOU have to keep meat for several days, cook it. It keeps better this way than raw. Meat keeps rather better than cooked gravy, too, so it is well in keeping cooked meat to put away the gravy in a separate container.

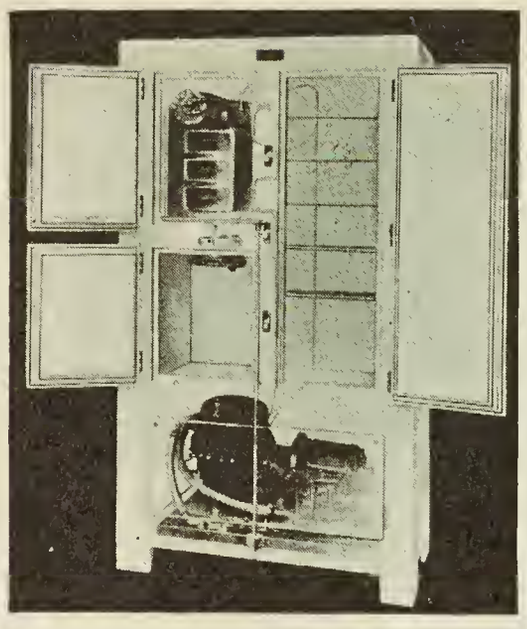
Arabs, from time immemorial, have kept water cool through fiery desert heat by carrying it in porous bottles, through which tiny droplets evaporated. This same age-old principle is used in iceless refrigerators. They are not, of course, to be used where ice is available and none of them work well in damp climates where evaporation is slow, but in dry climates they are valuable. The earthenware one shown in the picture must be soaked every few days in water until it has absorbed all it can. Then put it where the air circulates freely. These are large enough to keep milk, butter, bags of uncooked meats and vegetables. A similar one may be roughly improvised by turning large well-soaked flower-pots over your most perishable foods.

Cupboards with four sides of screen, with a tight-fitting cloth cover which is always kept damp, make good iceless refrigerators. Screen cupboards can be bought for these or they can be made at home.

A wooden frame is made with dimensions forty-two by sixteen by fourteen inches and covered with rustless screen wire. The door, mounted on brass hinges, must fit closely and can be fastened with a wooden latch. The bottom is solid, but the top should be covered with screen wire. Adjustable shelves can be made of solid wood or strips or sheets of galvanized metal. Shelves made of poultry netting on light wooden frames are probably best. These shelves rest on side braces placed at desired intervals. A bread-making pan, fourteen by sixteen inches, is placed on



THIS SIMPLE ICELESS DEVICE IS EFFECTIVE IN DRY CLIMATES



AN ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR HAS THE ADVANTAGE OF AN EVEN TEMPERATURE

the top and the frame rests in a seventeen by eighteen inch pan.

All the woodwork, the shelves and the pans should receive two coats of white paint and one or two coats of white enamel.

The cover, requiring about three yards of Canton flannel, burlap or duck, should fit the frame. Put the smooth side out if Canton flannel is used. This is buttoned around the top of the frame and down the side on which the door is not hinged, using buggy hooks and eyes or large headed tacks and eyelets worked in the material. On the front arrange the hooks on the top of the door instead of on the frame and also fasten the cover down the latch side of the door, allowing a wide hem to overlap the place where the door closes. The door can then be opened without unbuttoning the cover. The bottom of the cover should extend down into the lower pan. Four double strips, which taper to eight or ten inches in width, are sewed to the upper part of the cover. These strips form wicks that dip over into the upper pan.

KEEP the upper pan filled with water. The water is drawn by capillary attraction through the wicks and saturates the cover. Capillary action starts more rapidly if the cover is first dampened. The refrigerator should be placed in a shady place in a strong breeze. When the air is full of moisture, the refrigerator will not work as well.

If you have a cold cellar, a wire-screen dumb-waiter going to it from the kitchen makes a serviceable step-saving food-safe. The dampness of a cold cellar may be reduced by keeping a pail or two of lime in it. When this has taken up all the moisture it can, it becomes powdery. It then must be renewed.

Most raw vegetables keep well in a cold cellar in open wire vegetable closets which can be bought for the purpose. Squash and turnips need plenty of air and dryness. They should be kept on the top shelf with space between all vegetables. Cabbages should be wrapped well in newspapers.

A cold cellar should be in the north side of the house and should be well ventilated. Always keep its windows open at night but closed during the daytime.



Is Baby's Health Worth 25 Cents?

I suppose a lot of mothers don't quite understand what my Baby Book is like. Perhaps they think it is really a Mennen advertisement.

As a matter of fact, I hardly mention Mennen Products. My book is a text book—a daily, hourly guide on how to raise a healthy, happy baby. Does Baby eat too little or too much? Are habits irregular? Is weight unsatisfactory? Is there a tendency towards always dangerous constipation? Is Baby's skin irritated? Is the food formula right?

Do you really understand this marvelous, sensitive atom of human chemistry which depends on you absolutely for life and normal development?

My book places in your hands just about all that science has learned about baby culture. Some of the greatest living doctors have told me that it is one of the most valuable books ever printed and that every mother ought to own a copy.

"Why," you ask, "does The Mennen Company sell my book for only 25 cents?"

For two reasons, probably. First, because they want to win your friendship. And second, because I can, with absolute sincerity, tell every mother that Mennen Borated Talcum is in my opinion the purest obtainable, is made in accordance with the best balanced formula and is the safest to use on Baby's flower-petal skin; and that Kora-Konia is positively the most wonderful preparation I have ever used for a baby's severe skin irritations—chafing, prickly heat, diaper and teething rashes. Kora-Konia possesses remarkable healing virtue, but is not a talcum. Please try it.

I do hope that every mother or prospective mother or grandmother or prospective grandmother who reads this will sit right down and send 25 cents (35 cents in Canada) for a copy of my Baby Book.

Lovingly,

BELLE



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To free your skin from blemishes—*the right way*

YOUR skin was so smooth and clear yesterday—today it is spoiled by unsightly little blemishes! How did they come there? And how discouraging it is—just when you were most anxious to appear at your best!

A skin specialist would tell you that blemishes are generally caused by infection from bacteria or parasites which are carried into the pores of your skin by dust in the air.

Don't let your skin lose the clearness that is its charm. To free your skin from blemishes, begin tonight to use this treatment:

JUST before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear, hot water, then with cold.

Special treatments for each type of skin and its needs are given in the booklet which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment *your skin* needs.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use.

A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.



A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the new Woodbury's Facial Cream, Woodbury's Cold Cream, and Woodbury's Facial Powder, together with the treatment booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch."*

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1906 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1906 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English Agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

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Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

HAIR AND HAZARDS

By Celia Caroline Cole

There isn't a woman out of a hundred who couldn't be better looking, more charming, more lovable, if she would give a little thought to it. Think about yourself and if you need advice write to Celia Caroline Cole, Editor of the Beauty Department, of THE DELINEATOR, whose mission in life is to help other women to be happier

ONCE, when we were little, somebody told us that if we ate all the crusts of our bread it would make our hair curl. And we have never since *utterly* trusted anybody. And we wouldn't eat crusts if we were starving.

What is this deep-seated longing in women for curls? Even the type who shouldn't have even so much as one ripple wants curls. We know it, because we hunt all over the heads at the theater for one head that isn't marcelled or permanent-waved or curled. All, all are like the waves of the sea, beautifully, restlessly rippling.

Why? Seekers after beauty—all of us. Waved or curly hair falls more naturally into lines of beauty than straight hair. The high lights in the hair shine out more in curls. Also curls simplify life. With one swirl and a few jabs we have a coiffure and are free to devote the rest of the day to running the world as it should be run.

And nobody needs to do without curls in this enlightened, swift-moving day. There are all kinds of curlers, from rags to great iron machines, and waving lotions, and water waving. And almost any hair on earth that is clean and healthy and cared for can be taught to curl at the temples by just putting a bit—such a little bit—of pomade or oil on the scalp at the temple after you've brushed your hair; and you'll find it not only beginning to curl but to get thick as well. The hair about the face gets the worst of it—always—the dust from the street, the cold-cream or water when you cleanse your face—it needs extra food if you want it healthy.

THE main trouble with hair is that we interfere so much with Nature and so unintelligently. All she wants us to do is to keep our hair clean and give it a little exercise.

Don't wash any oftener than once a month and exercise by brushing rather than massage.

If you are one of those persons who thinks you have to wash your hair every week, wash it in lukewarm water, not hot. The weekly shampoo with hot water weakens the glands in the scalp so that they expand and do not contract actively, then the oil overflows, and you have excessively oily hair for several inches from the scalp, and then dry and brittle ends; a weekly shampoo also keeps the pores of the scalp wide open and the impurities of the body—oils and so on—go out through those open pores and make the hair greasy and clinging. It takes very strong hair to stand a weekly shampoo—better take treatments in connection with it—tonic or intelligent massage.

THERE is a better way, we think, to keep your hair clean than washing it every week. Have two good brushes and wash one of them every day—brushing your hair with a dirty brush is inhuman treatment to one of your best friends. Your brush should have long flexible bristles, for they are the only kind that will thoroughly cleanse the hair and not break it. Then get a cleansing tonic—pour a little tonic in a saucer, take absorbent cotton about three inches square and, wadding it up, make a sort of sponge of it; now brush your hair out with the brush you've been using; then part the hair, beginning in the center, and make the parts not over three-quarters of an inch apart; dip your cotton sponge in the tonic, squeeze it out a little so that the tonic won't go all over the hair, and rub it lightly on the parts. When you have got it all over your head, take a soft hand-towel and dry your head just as you do after a shampoo. Never use a Turkish towel. It breaks the hair and it leaves lint.

When your hair is almost dry, give your scalp a little massage to get the circulation up and the scalp loose—a tight scalp means an undernourished topknot; then take your clean brush, holding it firmly by the back just behind the bristles, not by the long handle, but almost as a military brush is held—this gives a better stroke and accomplishes more in the brushing. Separate your hair into strands and brush, always brushing upward and outward from the scalp not down flat against it, and brush with long strokes that go to the end of your hair.

The cleansing tonic can be used every day if the hair is in very bad condition, either too oily or too dry or sick with dandruff. But if your hair is normally healthy, use the tonic only once or twice a week, but brush every day. Brushing not only cleanses the hair and the impurities the scalp sends off but it polishes it and gives gloss.

Each must find out for herself the best way for her hair, we suppose. But we

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HAIR AND HAZARDS

believe in the shampoo every three months as firmly as we do in ultimate salvation for everybody because our own topknot got cured that way and also got curly. When we took our dying tresses to a place we know about, they were like an oily cap. We had tried violet ray, weekly shampoo, 'n'ever'thing, and we just got worse and worse. When they told us we couldn't wash our hair for three months and if we tried to cheat or slip in a little shampoo before that time we needn't come back to them, we thought we had to go into exile somewhere until we served our term, but it wasn't a month before our hair began to be fluffy and once more friendly to our face; and in two months it was the way it used to be in the nice days of our youth, fluffy, and the lights come back into it, and a little pleasant, healthy curl added to it.

WE TALKED to a man the other day who has been all over the world studying hair; for forty years he has done nothing else, and he says: "If you're born to have thick luxuriant hair, you'll have it; severe sickness may interfere with it for a time, but it will right itself; you are born with a slender or thick wrist—and you're born with thick, or thin hair. There is too much pretense and artificiality about caring for the hair. Nature made it and understands it, and she'll take care of it if you don't hinder her and are willing to help her a little in a world that is full of a kind of dirt and destruction she didn't count on when she started in on hair—motors and factories and tenser living. Keep it clean and exercise it by brushing."

Hair also needs a little oil as food when people live tensely and nervously. The skin of a nervous person is usually dry all over face and head and body. And hair that has much water on it decidedly needs oil foods to take the place of the natural food that is washed out.

The reason dandruff is so common is that it is a germ and contagious. There are two kinds of dandruff—the kind that is as fine as powder and can't be seen, and the kind that shows thick and scaly and falls about one's shoulders. The first is serious and hard to overcome. It causes irritation and falling hair. It can be cured by the right kind of lotion—there are too many. Beware of the spurious ones; one place cures it by removing the epidermis with iodid. The second kind of dandruff is not so harmful and far more easily cured. A great percentage of so-called dandruff cases are merely a dry skin which peels off the scalp. This is caused by acidity, indigestion, or irritations where the dust has collected on the scalp and has to be washed off every week or ten days instead of being brushed out daily.

We have said that the hair has a health all of its own quite independent of the health of the body; that's true; but just as no part of you is utterly free from any other part of you, just so fever, nervous strain, general exhaustion do affect the hair; they affect the circulation. Massage—the right kind of massage—gives relaxation, loosens the scalp, brings good circulation to the roots.

GREAT caution should be used in finding proper tonics. Tonics are good to bolster up the hair through any bad time and cleansing tonics are almost essential in these enlightened days of dust and despair. It is not generally known among the public, probably, but denatured alcohol is being used in many tonics nowadays. It is free of tax and therefore extremely cheap. There are manufacturers of tonics who claim that wood alcohol is a disinfectant, but it is nevertheless a terrible poison and risky to use where there may be an abrasion of the skin or scalp. Only the smallest amount of alcohol possible is put in the best hair tonics.

Then there is this little matter of dyeing. As we grow older, our hair fades, we miss the lights in it, but dyeing is a very tricky affair. Though we may not know it, our skin loses its high lights, too, and Nature, the blessed old artist she is, fades harmoniously hair and skin and eyes together. The art of coloring the hair is to keep in harmony with your face and eyes. Stick to the natural coloring as closely as possible.

And now back to curls. If your hair has a little bit of curl in it, get a waving lotion, only be sure that it is not a harmful one, and a set of combs, and while you're reading your morning chapter in the best book in the world or doing the dishes or manicuring your nails take a bit of absorbent cotton and dampen your hair with the lotion; then put your combs in, six or eight of them, where you want the ripples to come and let them stay until the hair dries. You'll have a lovely soft wave not so stiff and artificial as the usual marcel. After you have done this a few times you'll find the wave staying by you through thick and thin.

Permanent waving with the machine is not destructive if it is done exactly right. If you're going to be permanent-waved, you ought to know fully as much about your waver as you should about the man whom you are going to take on for life. We have found that most people who have a permanent wave every six months or a year have dead-looking hair, no softness and no lovely lights, but it is possible to keep both if you have a safe waver and good tonics.

We found a hair-dresser the other day who really knows his business—he's the only one we have ever found; they usually get all blurred up with the fashion. Follow the fashion if you like, but always adapt it to your face—look at your nose and the curve of your chin and the line from your shoulder to your neck and the side of your head. This man says the thing that he finds most difficult in dressing women's hair is their reluctance to get away from the way they are used to. When you look at yourself, you see only one, possibly two, angles—everybody else sees your whole head. You may be doing your hair so that it is very nice front view or profile but the line of the whole head is faulty. Not only must you think of your whole head but your body as well; if you are short, your hair should be dressed so as to make your head small, unless, of course, you are fat. The charm of hair is its softness and gleam. Simple shining hair like a soft, befriending frame around the face, is the thing that stirs poets into lyrics and lovers into matrimony.

THERE are several good spots on your head where your chignon can be and there is always at least one spot where it absolutely must not be. Watch out in relationship to your nose and chin and the shoulder line—don't have your knot of hair emphasize a bad line or feature in your face. Personally, we think nobody should ever think of hair in terms of style. It should always be just a lovely, simple, natural, shining allurement to the onlooker, and to the owner intelligent opportunity to befriend or enhance the face.

Bobbed or long, it doesn't matter—make your hair the kind that belongs to your type. Don't be content with tight, slinky, horrid old hair done up any old way. Give it a chance to show what a good friend it can be. As a matter of fact, it is the second-best friend your face has—the first is that inside you, the thing that is back of your face.

1. The way to wash your hair: Always let the water run over it from the spray thoroughly before you put any soap on it. Use pure soaps, shaved off, and boiled with water until dissolved. Never rub a cake of soap on the hair. Then wash in water that is not too hot, rinse in the bowl, then wash again with soap, and rinse in at least two bowls of clear water before you spray it. Keep on spraying long after you think you have sprayed enough. The main difficulty with washing your own hair is that you don't get the soap out. Dry in the sun if possible.

2. The way to wash brushes: The proper care of a good brush is almost as essential as the use of it. It should be washed almost every time it is used. Swish it through warm water and soap suds made from a good plain soap; rinse well in warm water, then cold, and dry in the open air. This care will double the life of any brush.

3. The way to massage: Massage with the base of the palm, steadying the palms by the fingers pressed lightly but firmly on the scalp. Do not let the palms move but hold them firmly and move the scalp in a circular motion always up from the face instead of down toward the face. Never press hard with the fingers.



Save Young Teeth from Grit

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The most effective and trustworthy method of keeping children's teeth bright and smiling is the use of a gentle "washing" non-gritty dental cream.

COLGATE'S CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY

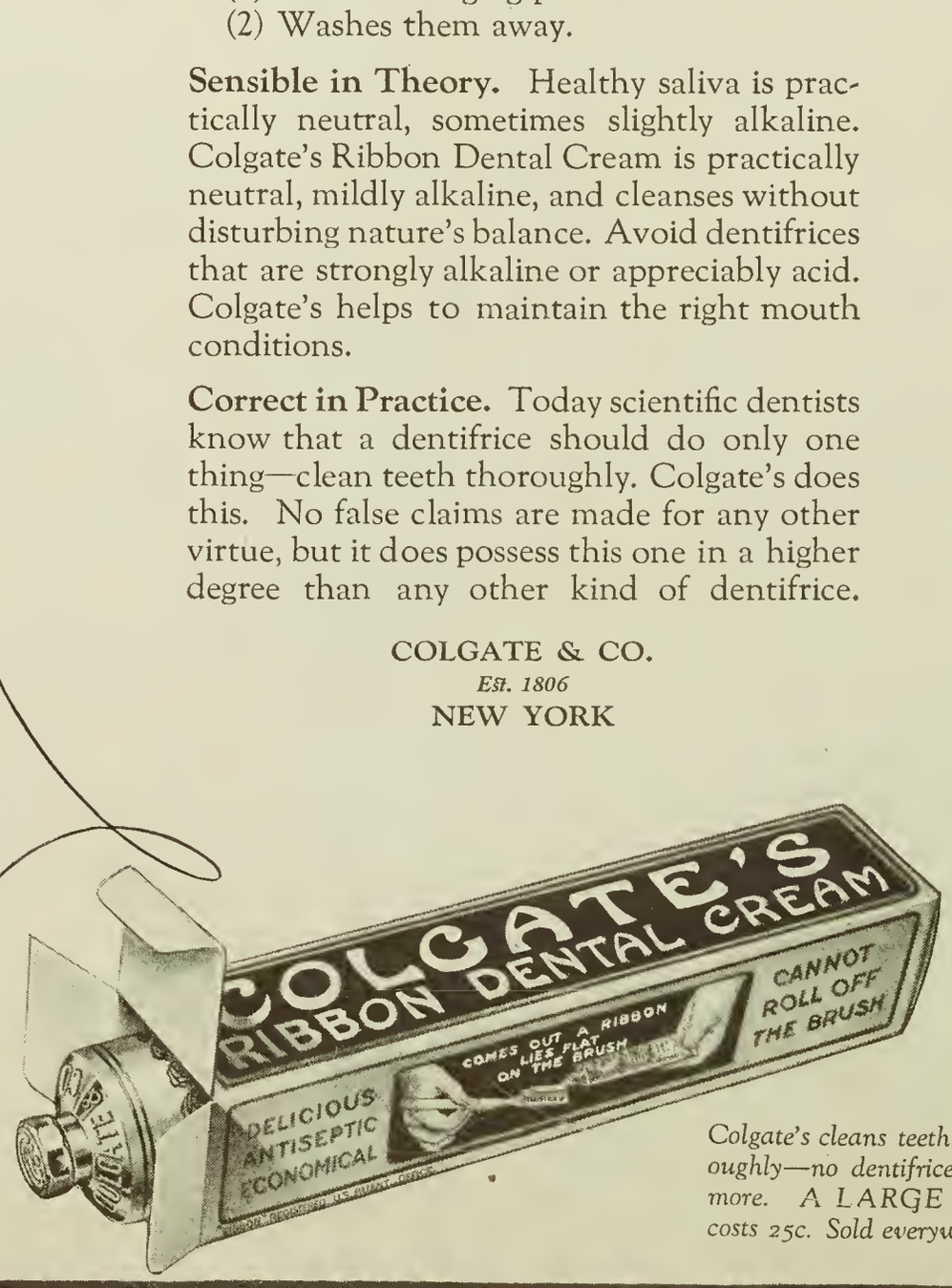
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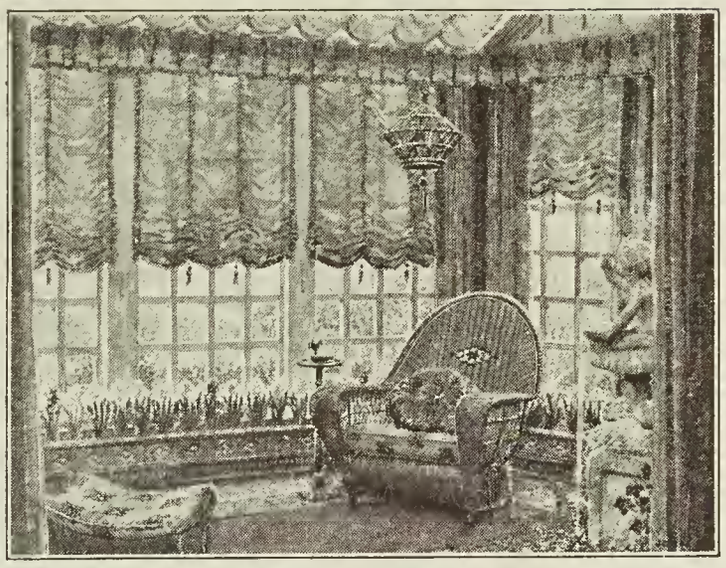


Colgate's cleans teeth thoroughly—no dentifrice does more. A LARGE tube costs 25c. Sold everywhere.

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Orinoka Guaranteed Sunfast colors are *dyed fast in the yarn* at our own mills by our own special process. We *know* they are *fade-proof* because we give every color a far more severe test than it could possibly have in service. Do not merely ask for "sunfast"—insist on "*Orinoka* Sunfast" and look for this guarantee tag attached to every bolt of Orinoka Guaranteed Sunfast and Tubfast Draperies.



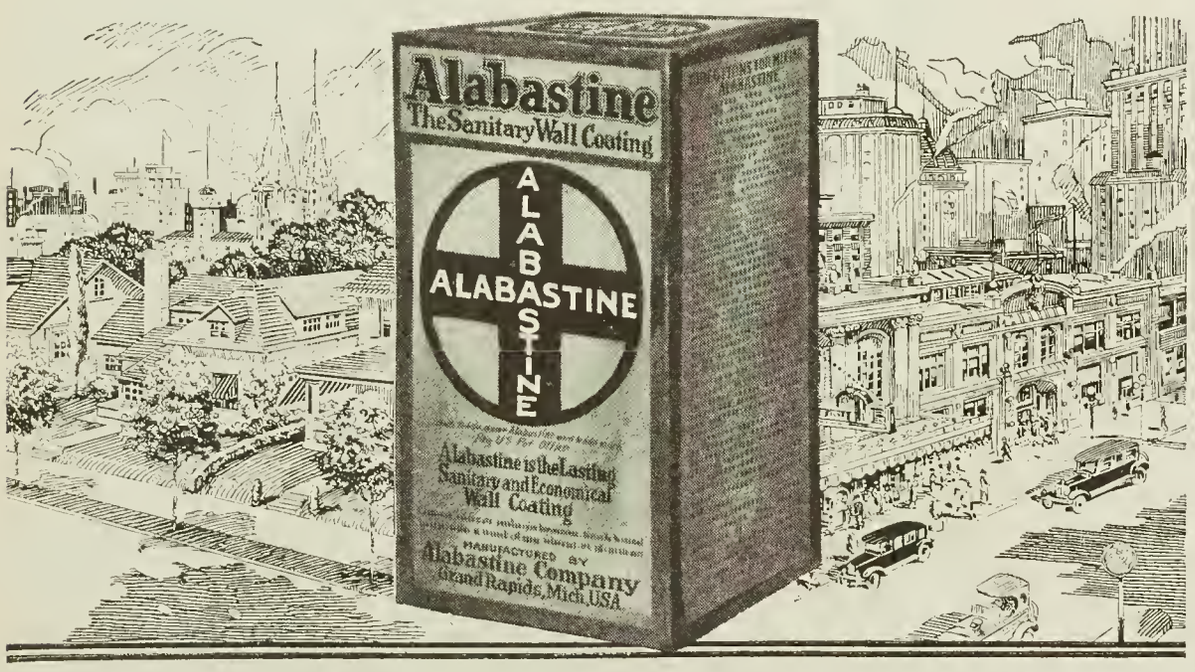
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Orinoka Guaranteed Sunfast Draperies come in a wide variety of colors, patterns, and weaves; from dainty, sheer casement cloths for use against the glass, to heavier weaves for over-draperies and portieres.

The new Orinoka booklet, "Color Harmony in Window Draperies," prepared by a New York decorator, contains many illustrations of charming window, door, and bed treatments, together with reproductions of the fabrics, all in color; also practical directions for choosing materials, making and hanging draperies.

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Even the inexperienced secure beautiful wall treatments with Alabastine. For Alabastine simply mixed with pure cold water, can be applied to any interior surface. You can do the work yourself if decorators are not available.

Alabastine does away with rooms that are dull and gloomy. It gives soft, velvety tints, cheerful and restful, making your home as bright, tasteful and expressive of refinement as the best in the land. And you can do this at little expense. For Alabastine comes in many standard colors which intermix to form others so that you can secure exactly the right tint to harmonize with your rugs and draperies.

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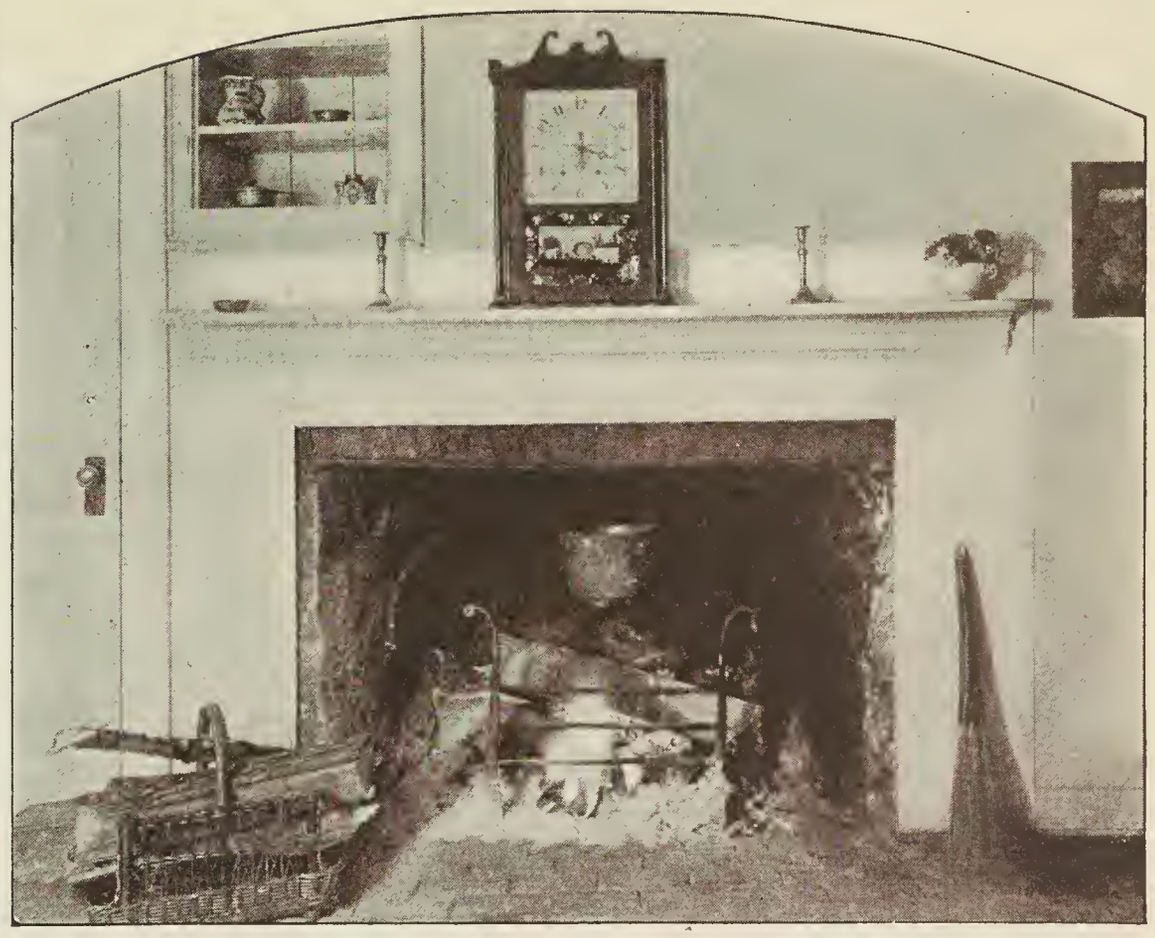
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THIS SIMPLE ARRANGEMENT BROUGHT DISTINCTION AND CHARM TO THE FIREPLACE. THE OLD CLOCK AND CANDLESTICKS MAKE AN INTERESTING GROUP

SPENDING $50.00 ON THE LIVING-ROOM

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

You can waste fifty and a hundred dollars and a great deal more than that on almost any room. Money in a room should be an investment. If you plan to change any room in your house or to refurnish a part of it and you wish advice on these important subjects, write to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Editor of the House Decoration Department, THE DELINEATOR

WITH the blooming of early flowers comes the longing for open windows and restless desire to do something to the interior of our house. Those of us with limited incomes must put thought and labor in the plan to get the most for our money in rearranging and decorating.

As the living-room is a gathering-place for family and friends and the room most commonly used, let us concentrate our thoughts and money on the most effective changes for it.

In this case fifty dollars was all that could be spared to obtain the necessary things the room lacked and to purchase the light, cheerful stuffs that suggest coolness and freshness.

To get the most for our money it is necessary to decide what is most needed to put the room in condition to accept changes in decorations and furniture.

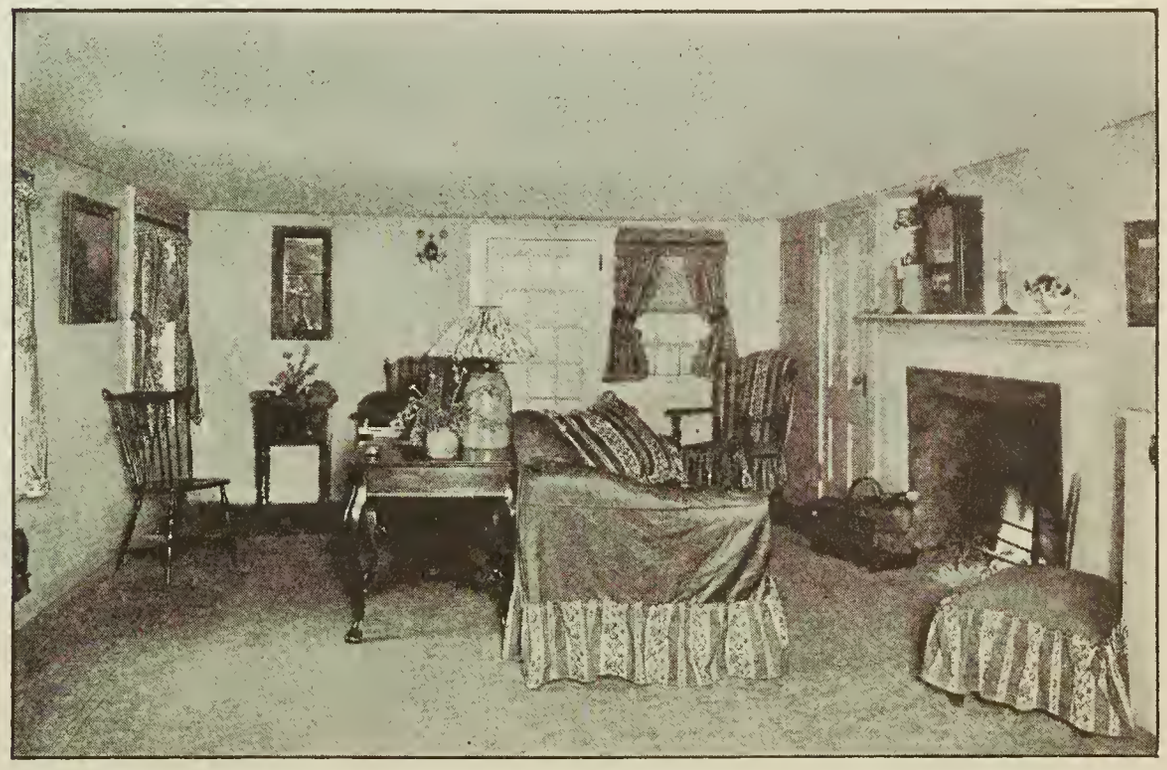
First and foremost—has it a background for any furniture or decoration?

This room had been painted the previous year—the walls a buff color, the woodwork and ceiling white and the floors stained a dark brown. In it the large velvet furniture seemed dull and hot. The most essential thing was to make it appear comfortable and cool. With so many cheerful fabrics to choose from in the shops, it was easy to decide on slip-covers of an attractive and simple design.

These were made at home. Carefully cut newspaper patterns of the sides and backs of the furniture were first made. Time and tape were saved by making French seams on all the slips. Sage-green sateen fifty inches wide, priced at fifty-nine cents a yard, and a medium-weight cretonne one yard wide at fifty-four cents were employed to make the change. The large sofa was covered with a combination of the materials. The curtains were entirely of cretonne with tie-backs of green sateen.

THE total cost of material for three windows, two chairs, a sofa, footstool and two cushions, one sateen, and one cretonne, was twenty-one dollars and thirty-two cents.

Concluded on page 77



THIS WILL SHOW WHAT SLIP-COVERS. REARRANGEMENT OF FURNITURE AND THE ELIMINATION OF PHOTOGRAPHS AND UNNECESSARY OBJECTS WILL DO



A COMFORTABLE ROOM, BUT WITHOUT THOUGHT OF WALL SPACE OR PROPORTION. MANY VASES AND PHOTOGRAPHS GIVE A CLUTTERED APPEARANCE

Concluded from page 76

SPENDING $50.00 ON THE LIVING-ROOM

The room had never had a clock or reading-lamp. Several years before a suitable old clock had been bought at auction for one dollar and fifty cents. Both the exterior and interior were in sad need of repair. With small bits of wood, a pot of glue and a box of water-color paints the frame was restored, and at a cost of four dollars the local jeweler cleaned and replaced the missing parts.

The lamp seemed more of a problem, as there was no oil lamp about suitable to have wired for electricity. To buy a base and shade large enough to meet the demands of the room would have taken all the remainder of the money and more, so we bargained for an old snuff-jug that had been long on the shelf of the general store. We bought it for fifty cents, and a local electrician wired it for four dollars. Having saved on the base so successfully, I was in a position to purchase an attractive paper shade.

For reading and general light a thick paper or parchment should be used, as most silk shades absorb the light and are good only for decorative purposes. The plaited paper shade we selected suited the brown snuff-jug base and cost ten dollars and fifty cents.

We planned to rearrange the furniture in order that the fireplace might be given the importance which it bears to the cheer and comfort of the room, and as all well-regulated hearths should have a wood box or basket, a simple green wicker basket was chosen at six dollars and forty-four cents to hold the chunks of chestnut.

The hearth brush, made by the sensitive fingers of the blind, cost two dollars.

We had spent our allotted sum, so the remainder of changes had to come from the eliminations of unnecessary furniture and ornaments. Like weeds in a garden, they gather and obscure things of beauty.

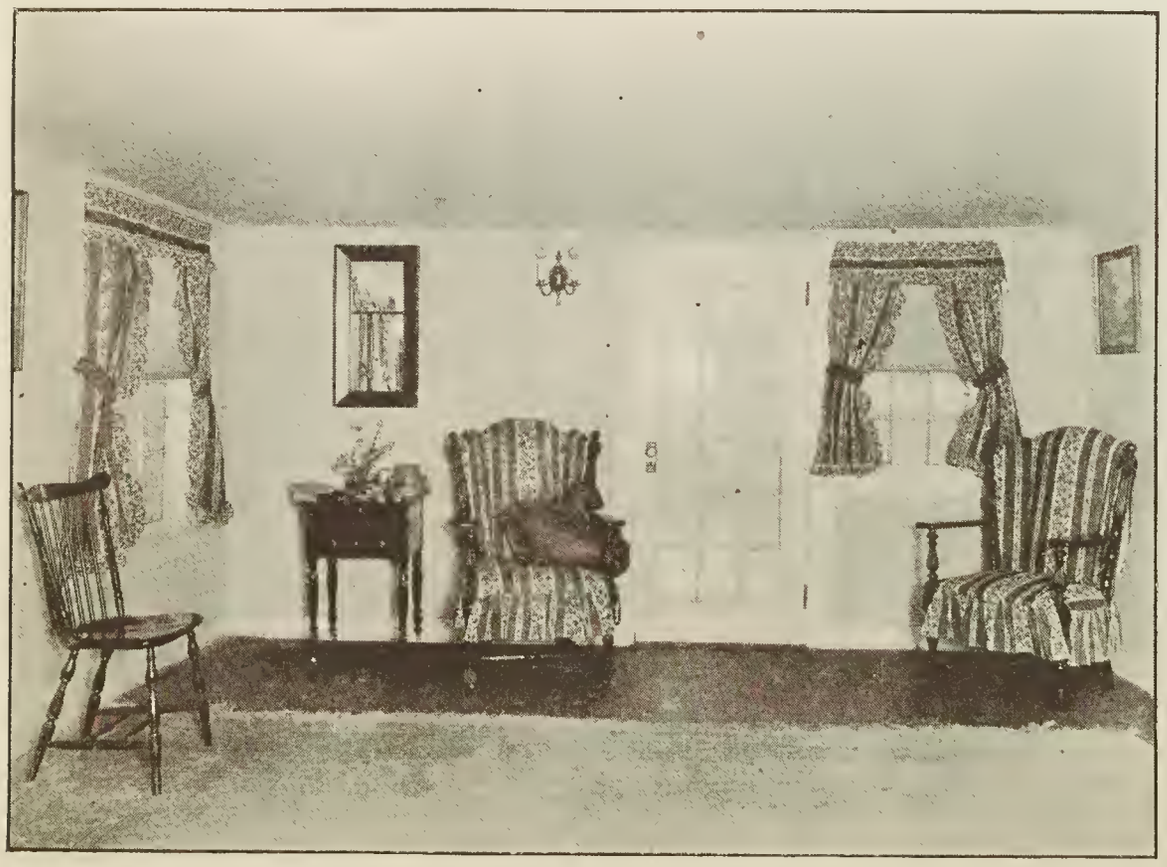
Let a few things of good quality and grace have space. Before placing them, form a picture in your mind how they will blend in color and height with the surroundings. The less to dust during the warm months, the greater joy your living-room will be.

Always considering first background and floors, there are many ways in which to spend fifty dollars on a living-room.

SOME might necessarily feel the need of painting or papering, and the entire sum may be used in that way. Others may choose to refinish the floors with a stain, varnish or paint, and purchase rugs to replace the worn carpet or a carpet instead of rugs.

Others may choose to spend it on one piece of furniture—a chair or table. Perhaps you need a carpenter to build a window-seat or bookcase. It is also possible that you have the necessary pieces of furniture to make the room comfortable, but none of the things that tend to make it interesting, such as mirrors, pottery or brassware.

Whatever it may be, consider the type of house you live in, the proportions of your room, the situation of the room regarding sunlight. They directly influence your choice.



Photos by Brown Bros.

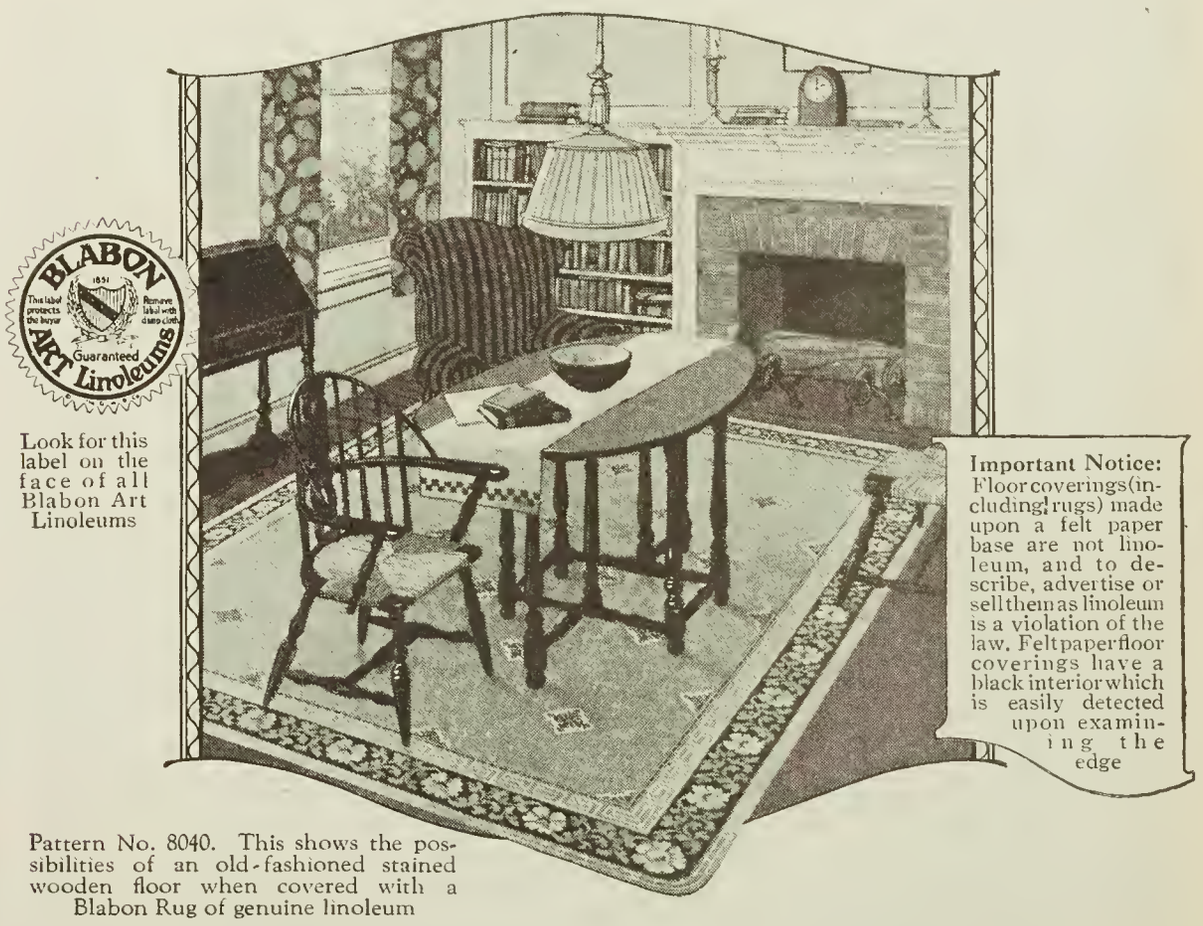
THE SHORT RUFFLED CHINTZ CURTAINS HELD BACK BY SHIRRED SATEEN BANDS PERMIT SUNSHINE AND AIR TO FLOOD THE ROOM



TRADITIONAL purity and quality give Pears' its enviable position in the homes of people of taste and refinement.

"Good morning!
Have you used Pears' Soap?"

Pears' SOAP



Look for this label on the face of all Blabon Art Linoleums

Important Notice: Floor coverings (including rugs) made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum, and to describe, advertise or sell them as linoleum is a violation of the law. Felt paper floor coverings have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge

Pattern No. 8040. This shows the possibilities of an old-fashioned stained wooden floor when covered with a Blabon Rug of genuine linoleum

A Blabon Rug of genuine linoleum — not a costly woven rug!

For beauty of pattern, richness of coloring and length of wear, a Blabon Rug vies with even the fine grades of fabric rugs. Yet a Blabon Rug costs so much less!

It is mothproof, sanitary, and lies flat without fastening. Little care is required. No vacuum cleaning, no hard sweeping, no beating is necessary. Blabon Rugs make housework easier.

Visit your dealer and see the Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum in an assortment of sizes in beautiful designs and color combinations.

For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. If your dealer hasn't Blabon Rugs write us.

THE GEORGE W. BLABON COMPANY, Philadelphia
Established 71 years

BLABON RUGS of genuine Linoleum



Will your baby be healthy?

THAT depends largely on prenatal care, says Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, President of the National Maternity Center Association. In the July DELINEATOR he tells expectant mothers exactly what they should do in order to keep themselves well and have healthy babies. He tells them, for instance, exactly what to eat, to wear and to do each day—it's very important.

This article, by Dr. Lobenstine, is the first one of a series on the care of the child, that will appear in THE DELINEATOR. They will be written by famous child specialists—Dr. L. Emmett Holt, Physician-in-Chief of the Babies' Hospital, being the general adviser and writing some of the articles himself. Every mother, in fact, every woman should cut out these articles and keep them.

ZONA GALE—*author of* "MISS LULU BETT"

—has written a story for the July DELINEATOR that could have taken place in the very same town from which hailed the famous *Lulu Bett*. "For Show" is a story of what happened to people who "put on airs." Better read it!

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER
made famous by "PIGS IS PIGS"

tells the story of *Martin* a sour old grouch who suddenly cackles out loud, a toothless grin on his "dried nut of a face." What made him grin for the first time in eighty years? This amazing story, "Martin Forgot," will be in the July DELINEATOR.

A few of the high spots you will not want to miss in the

JULY

DELINEATOR

20 cents a copy *$2.00 a year*



Brown Bros.

THE ODOR OF CEDAR CHESTS IS REPELLENT TO MOTHS

SOME HOUSEHOLD PESTS

By Glenn W. Herrick

NOW IS THE TIME to combat flies, mosquitoes and other household pests. By taking measures to prevent them now, you will be spared being overrun this Summer. An authority on insects, Professor Herrick of Cornell University, tells just how to combat each troublesome pest

FROM time immemorial insects have frequented the dwellings and storehouses of men and have caused not only great personal annoyance but have wrought serious destruction. As soon as it was definitely determined by reliable experimental evidence that mosquitoes carry malaria and yellow fever, all insects which enter the house assumed an importance. The experiments of Dr. Walter Reed and his associate in Cuba on yellow fever, and the brilliant work of Manson, Laveran and Ross on malaria, paved the way for our growing knowledge concerning the intimate and dangerous relation of many of these tiny animals to man.

HOUSEFLIES

WHILE this account is being written, newspapers are running articles on the housefly and many of them contain editorials admonishing the world to "swat the beastie" now and kill the first few flies of Summer in order to prevent the swarming hordes that otherwise would come later.

This is good advice, but swat as the world may, there will be houseflies in July, so long as unclean back alleys, stables, garbage piles, and refuse heaps remain as breeding places. The housefly always manages to survive the Winter and enough individuals appear in the Spring to start the new generation which must be fought with all the weapons known to us.

The housefly in all of its stage is a lover of filth; it can not breed and increase if it is unable to find suitable material in which to deposit its eggs. Moreover, it must be remembered that one fly can deposit several hundred of its tiny white eggs, and that these hatch in any period of time from eight to twenty-four hours, while the maggots attain their growth in five to seven days and the adult flies appear a few days later. Thus a new generation of flies may appear in ten days to two weeks during warm weather.

The housefly lays its eggs, preferably on horse manure, although it will breed in any stable manure, human excrement, decaying garbage or even dirty waste paper. Its gravest danger, of course, lies in the fact that it often carries on its sticky feet and hairy body and within its alimentary tract, disease germs of various kinds, some of which it leaves wherever it alights. It is therefore, important to health to control the fly.

These methods of control consist: (1) in eliminating the breeding-places of the insect; (2) in actually destroying the flies; (3) in preventing the flies from entering the house.

In eliminating the breeding-places, cleanliness is of prime importance. Stable manure should be removed frequently or stored in tight, dark boxes or rooms until it can be drawn away.

Manure may be treated with hellebore (poisonous to man), one-half pound stirred into ten gallons of water and allowed to stand twenty-four hours. This amount applied with a common sprinkler-pot will treat eight bushels of manure. Open toilets should be prohibited, while garbage and other decaying vegetable matter should never be allowed to accumulate.

When the flies actually appear, they should be caught in traps or on sticky fly-paper or killed with any other approved weapon. Formaldehyde, a teaspoonful in a teacup of equal parts of milk and water slightly sweetened, and then set about in saucers, is sure death to the flies. Draw all of the shades in a dining-room, for example, except one which should be left up a few inches; set a saucer on the ledge remaining light. The room will be cleared of flies in a short time. No fly should be allowed to live in the kitchen or dining-room a moment longer than necessary. Formaldehyde is suitable for the purpose. Care should be used not to get it

Continued on page 79



WOOL BLANKETS CAN BE PROTECTED FROM MOTHS BY A GENEROUS SPRINKLING OF NAPHTHALENE FLAKES

Concluded from page 78

SOME HOUSEHOLD PESTS

near the eyes as it is injurious to eyesight.

The only method of preventing flies from entering a house is by thorough cleaning and careful screening of doors and windows. The kitchen is the most difficult room to screen effectively and yet the most important because it is there that most of the insects enter and congregate.

MOSQUITOES

THERE are over sixty species of mosquitoes in the United States, yet not more than half a dozen of them are common about our dwellings. Mosquitoes have become of special interest to us of late years because of their relation to disease. For example, there are four species that carry malaria and one species that carries yellow fever.

The species which annoy us most, however, do not carry disease germs injurious to man as far as is known.

Mosquitoes must have water in which to breed and maintain themselves on the earth. In general, they deposit their eggs on the water, though some are placed upon the sides of receptacles just above the water. The common house mosquito breeds in almost any water it can find near the household—small brooks, pools, rain-barrels, cisterns, tin cans, and even in bottles containing water.

The best way to prevent mosquitoes is to destroy their breeding-places. Get rid of old tin cans, drain ponds, cover rain-barrels and cisterns with netting. Treat streams and ponds that can not be drained with kerosene oil once every two weeks and stock those ponds and garden-pools with goldfish or, better, the top minnow (*Gambusia*).

The itching and irritation caused by a mosquito "bite" may be relieved by a diluted solution of ammonia, a five-per cent. solution of carbolic acid (poisonous if taken internally), or a one-per cent. lotion of menthol.

COCKROACHES

COCKROACHES next to bedbugs are among the most offensive insects that frequent the dwellings of man. Wherever they go they leave a particularly nauseating "roachy" odor, which can be removed from their runways only by thorough scrubbing. Food tainted with it is fit only for the garbage-can. All our domestic roaches, except one, have come from foreign countries through the channels of commerce and we have given the world but one in exchange, the American cockroach, but in some respects this species has made up for all of the foreign ones from which we are suffering.

All sorts of traps, powders and poisons have been recommended to destroy roaches, but these insects are very wary, especially the croton bug. Perhaps the most successful weapon is *sodium fluoride* which has recently come into use as a roach-powder. It is proving effective when thoroughly applied.

It is a fine white powder, commonly available at the drug-store, and is not injurious to man unless taken in large quantities. Apply the powder pure or diluted one-half with flour or similar substances. Scatter it about the haunts of the insect and blow it into the crevices in which the roaches hide.



CLOTHES KEPT IN MOTH-PROOF BAGS HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF NOT GETTING WRINKLED

CLOTHES MOTHS

SUNLIGHT and air are the best available agents of destruction of these tiny insects. Before you put away the garments for the Summer hang them in the air and sun and brush them thoroughly to dislodge the eggs and larvæ that may be on them. Woolen bedding and blankets should have the same treatment and, when laid away, from one-half to three-quarters of a pound of naphthalene flakes or moth-balls should be scattered throughout the layers in an average-sized trunk or chest. Garments often worn or blankets often used are not in danger of infestation. The odor of cedar-chests and closets is repellent to the moths and a protection to the materials stored in them. It is doubtful if the odor will actually kill the eggs or the caterpillars.



MOTH-PROOF BAGS ARE SATISFACTORY PROTECTORS FOR WINTER CLOTHING

Moth-proof paper bags and boxes are now available and are very satisfactory. Temperature of 120° to 128° Fahrenheit maintained ten minutes or more will kill the eggs and caterpillars and no doubt will also destroy the moths. Such temperatures could probably be maintained in a kitchen by supplementing the range with an oil-stove or two.

Infested materials might be placed in a kitchen for heating and incidentally these degrees of heat will kill cereal pests.

A teacupful of carbon bisulfid in a shallow dish placed inside of a tight trunk or chest will kill larvæ and moths. The gas is inflammable and will explode and care should be taken to keep away from it with a light of any kind.

BEDBUGS

THE old-fashioned remedies are effective and on a small scale are most easily applied. Kerosene oil forced into cracks and crevices with a hand-syringe or feather is most efficient. Several treatments in succession with three or four days between applications in order to give time for untouched eggs to hatch are necessary. A mixture of corrosive sublimate (poisonous to touch as well as internally), one ounce, alcohol, 1 pint and spirits of turpentine, one-quarter pint, is effective for treating bedsteads.

Fumigation with sulfur, at least two pounds to each one thousand cubic feet of space, is effective in a tight room, but sulfur fumes often bleach wall-paper and tarnish gilt frames and nickel fixtures.



The Story of The Cracked Piano

"I had a beautiful mahogany upright piano and by reason of shutting our house up for several months—with poor climatic conditions—I found that the surface of the piano had become dull and covered with tiny cracks.

"I tried several polishes but they did nothing more than make the condition seem more noticeable. Then I tried

LIQUID VENEER

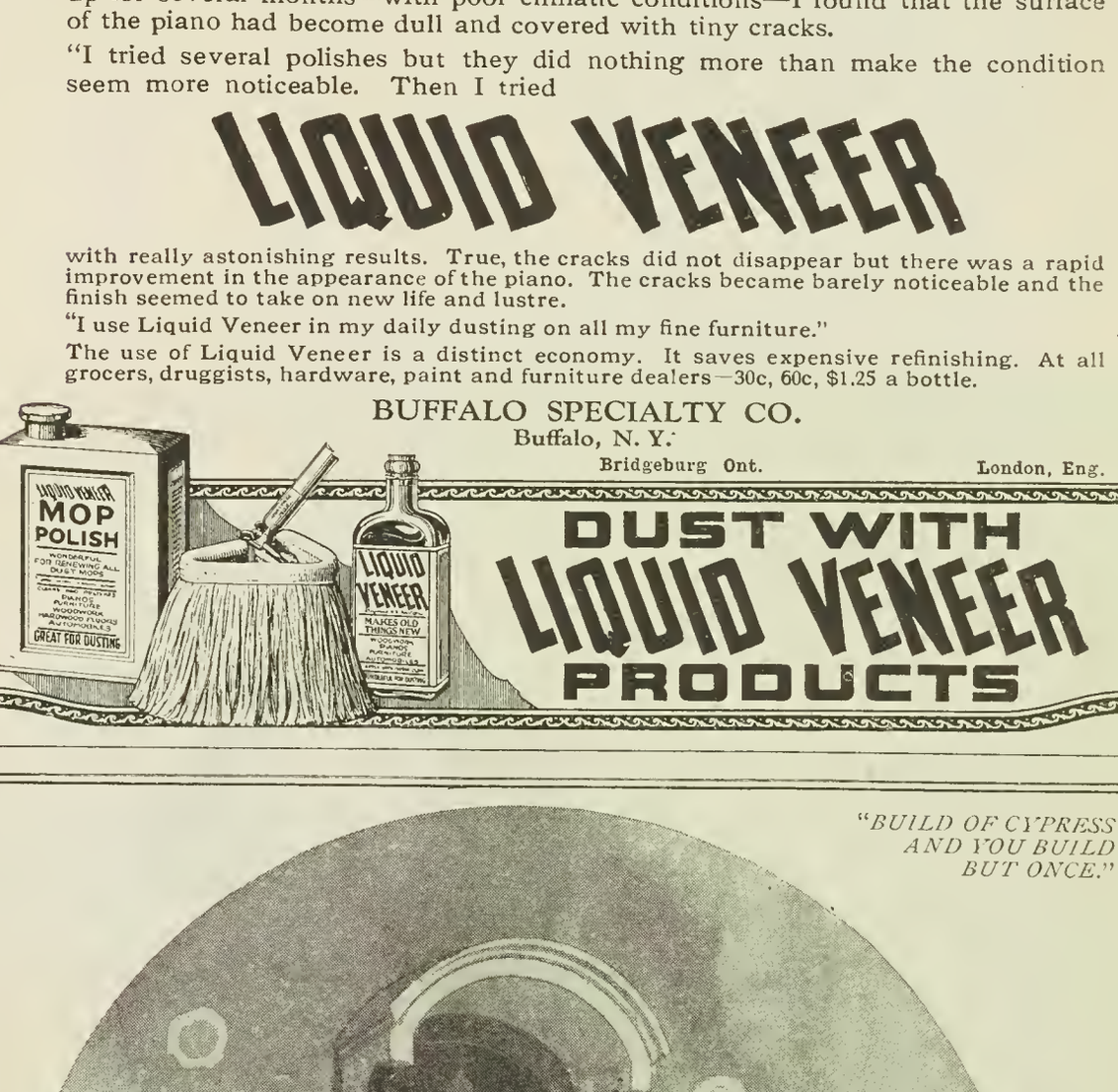
with really astonishing results. True, the cracks did not disappear but there was a rapid improvement in the appearance of the piano. The cracks became barely noticeable and the finish seemed to take on new life and lustre.

"I use Liquid Veneer in my daily dusting on all my fine furniture."

The use of Liquid Veneer is a distinct economy. It saves expensive refinishing. At all grocers, druggists, hardware, paint and furniture dealers—30c, 60c, $1.25 a bottle.

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DUST WITH LIQUID VENEER PRODUCTS



Tide Water Cypress "The Wood Eternal"

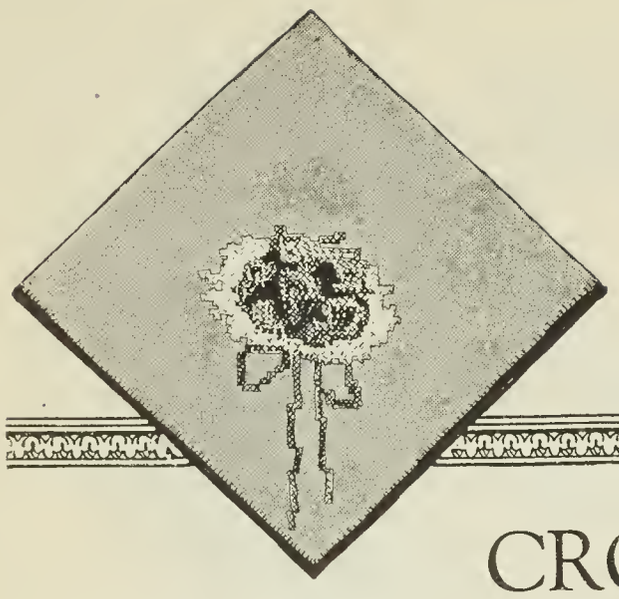
You Both Love to Linger

a moment on your own Cypress door-step to enjoy your own Cypress entrance-hood and those delightful Cypress trellises—and back of your happy pride is the great satisfaction of knowing that your investment is a solid asset, because with "the 'Wood Eternal' all over the place" you're pretty well insured against the repair-bill bugaboo. It's a very comfortable feeling. It pays to insist on the genuine Tidewater Cypress, the true "Wood Eternal." Ask the lumberman to show you the Cypress trade-mark on every board or bundle.

Vol. 28 is the Trellis and Arbor Book. 68 pages, 27 pictures. 19 working plans with specifications. 2 valuable Vine Charts. FREE on request. (Also ask for Vol. 43, a surprise book.)

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CROSS-STITCH

Charm and Color into Your Household Linens

IT IS the newest as well as the oldest idea in embroidery. The Summer *Needle-Art* will show you many delightful designs in full color—low, Italian compotes full of brilliant-hued fruit, baskets of flowers for luncheon-sets and buffet scarfs, a dainty teapot for the corner of a tea-cloth, butterflies, wreaths or fruit motifs for napkins, and small, exquisite designs for colored-linen handkerchiefs.

Fabric Flowers



Another color page illustrates flowers made of odd bits of ribbon, silk or other fabric to trim your Summer hat or dress.

The newest appliqué designs in gay colors for Italian luncheon-sets, bedspreads, card-table covers and aprons are also illustrated.

The New Sweaters

are also given the prominence due to their popularity. They are shown in all the newest Summer colors, with full directions for making.

Sets of hats and scarfs, hats with collars and cuffs, scarfs with bags to match, are also shown in color. These are easily made and are very smart.

Indeed, everything new and desirable in embroidery for yourself, your family and your home is shown you in the

SUMMER

NEEDLE-ART

At the Butterick Counter



NOTHING IS MORE EFFECTIVE THAN THE SNOWDROP BLOSSOMS OF DOGWOOD

WILD SHRUBBERY

for beautifying home grounds

By Florence Taft Eaton



WILD SHRUBS MAKE DECORATIVE AND VIVID PERENNIAL POSSESSIONS

For hedges, garden corners and borders, hardy, colorful shrubs and plants are to be had for the picking in near-by woods and fields. An expert collector tells the kinds to look for and how to use them to best advantage

HOW conditions as to location and environment have changed since we built the new house, thirty-odd years ago! Elm Street was a quiet "road" while we were bringing up our lively brood, and, practically, might easily have constituted a portion of the communistic playground formed by our and the neighbors' back and front yards. The "neighborhood" was populous, but quiet and safe, and all that we mothers had to do was to let our flocks loose after breakfast with the usual parental cautions, feeling perfectly safe until they should return periodically for regular meals, "middle lunches," and the ordinary childish needs for permissions, comfortings or suggestions. About all we had to guard against in the way of perils was the daily ambling by of the Lelands' easy-going horse, as the good deacon took his afternoon drive.

Then came the automobile, increasing in numbers and attendant dangers, culminating in the steady stream which literally filled our quiet Elm Street both day and night, on the way to Camp Ayer, in war time.

Front piazzas were abandoned, back ones built, hedges increased in number and height, and shrubberies were hastily assembled, that our remaining shreds of privacy might be safeguarded.

AMONG other planting, we resolved, being a family addicted to wanderings afield and to accumulating the treasure from woods, river banks and meadows, to start a wild shrubbery. Do you know how lovely they can be made, and what beautiful wild shrubs the countryside will furnish, and how gratefully they accept transplantation? There is such a delight, too, in searching for and obtaining rare or even ordinary specimens, in deciding upon favorable locations, in setting with care and petting them through the uncertain first season, and, more than all, in seeing them put forth bud and blossom the succeeding Spring, with the realization that they are now perennial possessions.

There are numberless wild shrubs that bear this transplantation well and that will richly repay the care and attention bestowed upon them. Wild roses make lovely hedges or shrubbery fillers and should always be included in wild corners and borders. Enrichment and liberal watering cause them to display luxuriant masses of lovely bloom, enchanting although ephemeral. They are easily obtained, and you may pull up roots whenever and wherever you come upon them and the spirit moves.

Clethra (sweet pepper) neighbors delightfully with them, and is one of the most satisfactorily transplanted of all wild shrubs. Do you know its delicious odor? Nothing like it when driving along country roads in July, and its glossy, dark-green leaves and racimes of starry white blossoms make it most ornamental as well. Wild barberries are beautiful shrubs to set in the home grounds, and have the advantage of being effective at all seasons; their pendant sprays of golden Spring blossoms changing into deep crimson berries, which decorate the bushes all Winter, offering a perpetual feast to the birds. We appropriate some of the spicy and tangy flavor for our own use in some of our apple jelly and conserve. We have one tremendous specimen of wild barberry which has formed the backbone of our old shrubbery for thirty years, and looks as if it would be good for thirty more. It gives us numberless seedlings, which we utilize at will.

OUR living-room windows look upon our new wild shrubbery which we started last year, and into which we set some of our choicest acquisitions. On our trips afield we often dig or pull up seedlings of small shrubs easily transported and sure to live, and set them in an extemporaneous nursery, partly protected and shaded by our currant bushes; these we care for and pet until of proper size to put in permanent position. Into one corner of the new shrubbery a big shad bush was so cunningly transplanted from the far-off river bank as apparently never to realize its change of location.

We watched it with alternations of hope and fear, but it never even drooped, and this Spring the swelling buds are rewarding us for the many waterings and mulchings bestowed upon it last year. We expect a shower of snowy blossoms later in the season. By it we set two or three pink azaleas which had lived in the currant-bush nursery for some years—being slow growers—and last June they gave us several clusters of glowing rosy blossoms, from which every light breeze wafted breaths of delicious odor. We neighbored these with laurels, also raised from small seedlings, and they too luxuriantly fulfilled the promise given by the bud clusters

Concluded on page 92

THIS EXCHANGE MAKES MONEY

By Jean Yoell

Keep your finger on the pulse of popular demand and minimize sentiment. These are the principles which underlie the success of the New York Exchange and which the women who are making that success recommend. This article tells you how the business manager increased the profits more than two hundred per cent.

MAKING a woman's exchange pay is not an easy thing to do. But it can be done—and the New York Exchange for Women's Work, the first woman's exchange in the world, is the first to prove it. By way of celebrating its forty-second birthday it has moved into a brand-new building—its own—on Madison Avenue and is there conducting not only a full-fledged women's specialty shop, but a vocational bureau, a restaurant, and a training school for its consignors, all of which cooperate toward comfortable living for the thirteen hundred women whose work finds a market here.

This achievement is due to the indefatigable work and enthusiasm of the forty women directors, but especially to the business acumen of Mrs. Ida Jane Dutton, the business manager, who in two and a half years succeeded in increasing the profits more than two hundred per cent. And Mrs. Dutton says that what she has done can be done by any woman's exchange if the same principle is applied.

"A philanthropy of this sort," she says, "must be run entirely according to business methods. Sentiment should be kept in the background along with the board of directors and the consignors. In the foreground, only one consideration should stand forth—popular taste and popular demand. Find out what women are buying for their homes, their children, their friends and themselves—the things they like best, those they like the least. Then instruct your consignors accordingly. The result can not fall short of real success." Following her own advice, Mrs. Dutton has had the satisfaction of seeing her theories proved.



In order to understand just how sound business sense revolutionized the philanthropy, a little history is useful.

The New York Women's Exchange was started in the Fall of 1878, by Mrs. William G. Choate, whose charitable thought was to help in some way the wives and widows of those wounded and killed in the Civil War. Economic independence was difficult for women in those days, for there were few avenues of employment open to them. Besides, many of these war-stricken women had families to look after and they could not work outside of the home. So Mrs. Choate conceived the idea of a free market or exchange where women could bring the products of their needle or of their kitchen and find there a ready sale.

This first woman's exchange had a humble beginning at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street, in two small rooms. It did much good. It soon grew from a few consignors in the beginning to several hundred, when it was found necessary, at the end of about five years, to move into larger quarters at 334 Madison Avenue.

Here the exchange continued for over thirty-five years, many invalid fingers working for their own living, fashioning articles which were sold by the good women of the exchange, many mothers being enabled by the products of their kitchens and their needles to stay at home and rear their children under their own eyes, many old folk feeling the blessing of independence even while remaining at home with their families.

BUT the exchange was not self-sustaining. It was an intermittent drain on the purses of the members of the directorate. Seldom could the treasury meet its overhead expenses. This held true of women's exchanges all over the country—for this one was the parent of numerous progeny—until two and a half years ago when the board of directors decided that something must be done to put women's exchanges on a business basis. They knew if one could be made to pay, others could.

For some time their attention had been drawn to Mrs. Dutton, who was in charge of their West End Avenue branch, the only branch able to sustain itself. They asked her to come to the main exchange as a business manager. The offer was accepted and a peaceful but powerful revolution was begun. Sentiment, of which there was a surplus, was eliminated in favor of efficiency.

A THOROUGH inventory was taken from attic to cellar. Each department was given a thorough going-over. It was discovered that year after year, season in and season out, unsalable articles were being made and put on sale, with the inevitable result that much time, material and energy were wasted. Then, too, many models were old-fashioned or lacked artistry. If they sold, they were not an advertisement, for they created no demand in the minds of those who saw them. This, of course, was not true of the entire enterprise, but it was so in enough instances to create a deficit where there should have been a surplus in the treasury.

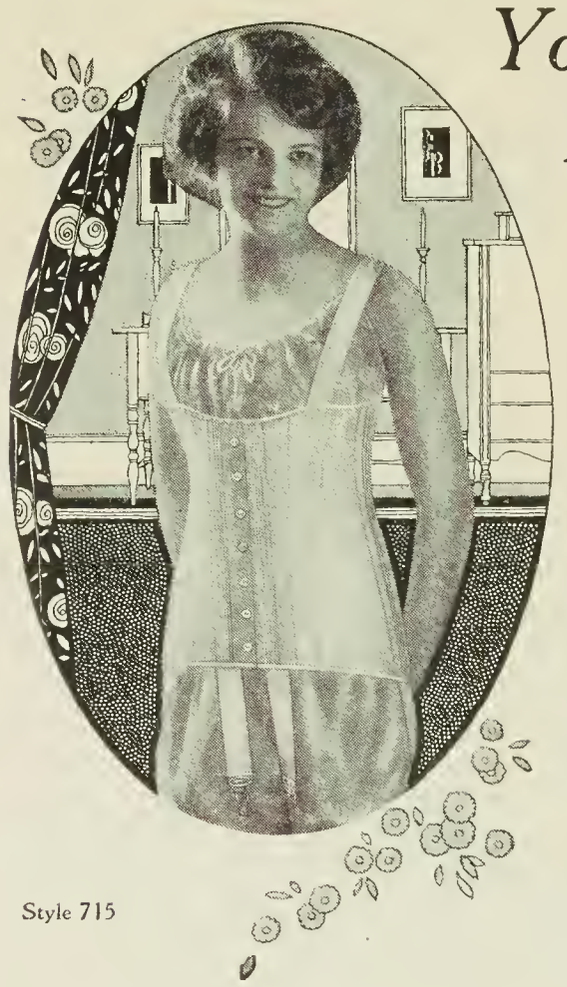
Mrs. Dutton made her report to the board of directors. They were willing that she should have her way, but they felt that a delicate task in human understanding lay before Mrs. Dutton. Many of the consignors were old gentlewomen, who for many years had been sending in their needlework, and they hesitated to wound the feelings of these old folk by telling them that their work was out of date. Then, too, there were the shut-ins, women of all ages, whose delicate health did not permit them to go to the shops where they could see the changes in style and popular demand from month to month. But Mrs. Dutton knew that she was equal to the task. And so she went ahead.

First of all, she visited the specialty shops and department stores, studying the articles which found ready sale. She talked with the saleswomen and found out what needle products sold at one season of the year, what at another. At grocery stores she solved the problem of supply and demand as applied to preserves and jellies. Visits to bakery shops and to tea-rooms furnished her with a knowledge of cake and pastry values. Talks with the stewards in high-class restaurants revealed the intrinsic worth of the various dishes, the extent of their popularity, and whether or not they furnished left-overs for future luncheons and dinners, whether or not, in other words, they paid for themselves.

With all of this knowledge segregated into proper pigeonholes in her mind, Mrs. Dutton began her house-cleaning. First, all articles and products which did not sell readily were eliminated. The materials were salvaged to be used by the consignors for other articles. Mrs. Dutton then called on the directors for models of the latest design. Members of the board who traveled abroad brought in frocks, knitted garments, lingerie, samples of beadwork, new ideas in decorated china and porcelain, the very latest decree in fancy-work of all kinds from Paris, London and Vienna.

And then the board met with the consignors and told them just what they were going to do. The new models were displayed and those consignors who had been bringing in things which were not always salable were shown how with very little study and trouble their skill could turn out new articles, infinitely more fun to make, and just as

Concluded on page 82



Style 715

Youth and Style Belong Together!

Fashions seem planned for the slender, supple lines of the youthful figure!

That is one reason why the Ferris Corset Waist is so popular with all ages. It carries the beauty of a lovely figure, which is the priceless possession of girlhood, into the dignity and poise of gracious womanhood.

Ferris Corset Waists come in attractive washable materials, both pink and white. There are styles for women as well as misses of all ages; with or without shoulder straps; button or clasp front.

Send for free catalog illustrating all styles of Corded Corsets, Corset Waists, Sport Corsets and Maternity Corsets.

Ask for Ferris at the leading stores. The genuine has the name

Ferris GOOD SENSE

on the garment.

THE FERRIS BROS. CO.
5-7-9 Union Square West
New York

Ferris Corset Waists



Minute Tapioca

An all-year Dessert

Chocolate Minute Tapioca

ADD ½ cup Minute Tapioca, ½ cup sugar, pinch salt, to 3 cups hot chocolate or cocoa, made proper strength for drinking. Boil in double boiler 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from fire, flavor with vanilla. Serve cold with sugar and cream. If a thinner consistency is desired, 4 cups of hot chocolate or cocoa may be used.

Serve Minute Tapioca often. It is made of purest tapioca flour, thoroughly steam-cooked under ideal factory conditions. It has a delicate flavor and is easily digested. *It requires no soaking.* Cooks thoroughly in 15 minutes. Always sold in the red package with the blue band. Send for free Minute Cook Book and folder of new receipts.

Minute Tapioca Co., 46 Jefferson Street, Orange, Mass.
Makers of Minute Tapioca, Minute Gelatine, and Star Brand Pearl Tapioca



Cousin Martha's Advice to Brides

I KNOW the housewifely pride that you will feel (and justly!) in the vegetables you pack, in the fruit, preserves and pickles you put up—in your own kitchen.

But, my dear, I want to save you the disappointment which comes when packed foods and delicacies lose their color and flavor before they are eaten.

The secret of preserving the natural freshness and flavor of food lies in the proper selection of containers. My grandmother knew, and told me when I was a bride, that stoneware is the ideal container for all foodstuffs—for meats, vegetables, soup stock, bread, cakes, cookies, preserves—in fact, all foods whether packed or fresh. But countless sizes and shapes of jars have since been added—from a pint up, for rice, raisins, tapioca, cereal, spices, cocoa, sugar, coffee, tea, dried fruit, salt, and everything you keep in your pantry or kitchen.

You should read Dr. Goudiss' book. Dr. Goudiss is the great food authority, you know, and he makes the most interesting economy suggestions for keeping foodstuffs, and gives wonderful recipes, endorsed by the U. S. Government, for packing, canning and preserving. The nearest company listed below will send you this book on request. Be sure to write for it.

Yours as always,

Cousin Martha

Pfaltzgraff Pottery Co.	York, Pa.
U. S. Stoneware Co.	Akron, Ohio
Red Wing Union Stoneware Co.	Red Wing, Minn.
Paducah Pottery Co.	Paducah, Ky.
Buckeye Pottery Co.	Macomb, Ill
Louisville Pottery Co.	Louisville, Ky.
Zanesville Stoneware Co.	Zanesville, Ohio
Uhl Pottery Co.	Evansville, Ind.
Western Stoneware Co.	Monmouth, Ill.
American Clay Products Co.	Zanesville, Ohio
White Hall Sewer Pipe & Stoneware Co.	White Hall, Ill.
White Hall Pottery Works	White Hall, Ill.

P. S.—I know that Grocery, Department, Hardware and General Stores have all styles and sizes of stoneware jars and jugs for every purpose. C. M.



Mail Coupon to Nearest Company

Gentlemen: Please send me your book of economy suggestions, with Dr. Goudiss' recipes, and those compiled by U. S. Government officials.

Name .....

Address .....

.....



Served Instantly

Put half a teaspoonful of Faust Soluble Coffee in the cup. Add boiling water and you have a perfect cup of coffee. No grounds, no mess, no waste. Faust Tea also in soluble form.

C. F. BLANKE TEA AND COFFEE CO.
Dept. 3 St. Louis, Mo.

Concluded from page 81

THIS EXCHANGE MAKES MONEY

pleasing to the public and therefore just that much more valuable both to buyer and seller.

A teaching bureau was organized where the women were shown how to copy the new models. Dear old spinsters who had been decorating china after the mode of Queen Victoria now fashioned luster cups and saucers in all of their fairy hues of dawn and twilight, sunrise and sunset. Frocks for dozens of little Dorothys were made of charming colors and materials and were decorated with embroideries just as charming, in quaint flower clusters or perhaps parrots, or canary birds, or elephants.

The new kinds of material of hitherto unheard-of delicacy and the colors which enchanted by their gaiety interested the women so greatly that the problem of introducing these new ideas, new designs and the new method was simplified to a great extent.

THERE were individual designs for school dresses for older girls, and serge or taffeta models for holidays and Sunday. Dancing-school outfits, matinée bags—everything to make the young girl comfortable and pretty, and therefore happy, were turned out by these nimble fingers.

Old-fashioned satin boxes or pincushions or work-boxes were deserted for the more intriguing porcelain ladies, whose whimsical faces smile above elaborate gownings of the Louis Quinze or the Empire period as they stand guard over the telephone receiver or help to subdue the boudoir lights.

There were the things for the baby, that rich harvest that is always with us. Morning-glory shades in bootees, jackets, kimonos; daintiest of linen garments, small and delicate enough to fit into an egg-shell; warm, soft coverlets in satin and wool for the bassinet, the cradle or the perambulator.

And we must not forget the grown-ups. For them were new and chic models for hats, tea-gowns, dressing-sacks, lingerie and bead chains. For the household there were table-linens, embroidered towels, comforts, bedspreads, some colorful, some subdued, all of a rarity to tempt alike the bride and the matron of longer standing.

The cake department was checked up every day. In this way it was soon found what it paid to make and conversely what it paid to eliminate. The restaurant received the same treatment.

And presto, change! Almost over the week-end, what had been a charitable institution depending upon the generosity of its directors for support, became a well-organized business enterprise, paying not only its own expenses but redounding to its consignors in terms of comfortable livelihoods.

THE business had thrived so far beyond its quarters that it was time to look for another home. The value of the property on Madison Avenue, which was the gift of friends of the organization, had increased far beyond all expectations, and it was found that it could be sold for enough not only to buy a new home but also to equip it and to start several new projects for developing the work of the exchange. This was done and on September 27, 1920, the exchange opened its doors as a real household department store—with everything to sell for women, children, babies and the home, except hardware, furniture and fuel.

In so far as possible the furniture and equipment were the work of the consignors. The restaurant tables were built by a consignor. They are of plain pine, but of simple and artistic line. They were painted a soft shade of green to match the woodwork—the painting also being the work of a consignor. Up-stairs the furniture was painted and decorated by a consignor. The rag and rush rugs were made by a consignor. And so it goes from basement to top floor; each one the result of the ingenuity and ability of the consignors.

In the restaurant four-fifths of the food is prepared by consignors. In the shops it is the same down to the last detail—wherever it was possible consignors were given the work of equipment and decoration.

Every department is paying: The gown shop, the lingerie shop, the linen shop, the rug shop, the china store, the cake shop, the delicatessen counter, the knitted-goods department, the fancy-work shop. It is a veritable shoppers' paradise.

For not only can she assure herself that her purchases are the latest and most attractive but also that they have the qualities of skilful making and individuality.

A new project is the voeational bureau, where women seeking employment may classify their talents and where work is found for them which is both pleasurable and remunerative.

IT IS the purpose and dream of this New York Exchange for Women's Work to be the efficiency pattern for women's exchanges all over this country and the Old World. It is a pet idea of Mrs. Dutton, who says of it: "There should be a woman's exchange in every city and town and village of the world, a place where women in the homes and on the farms may bring their preserves, cakes, cookies, doughnuts, fruit, nuts, knitted garments and scarfs, and the products of their needles, to be sold without a middleman, for the greatest possible profit to the producer.

"It is not possible to set down a detailed account as to how this may be done, for one community differs so in its products and its tastes from another. But in every community there are demands which must be supplied, and in every community there are women with sufficient business sense to make such an exchange both self-sustaining as an institution and profit-making as an investment of the time and energy and materials of its consignors.

"There are always grandmothers who make better doughnuts than other grandmothers. There are always some women who like to knit better than others, and whose knitting is therefore done with more artistry and more care. There are others whose leisure is best spent in sewing. Every town has its champion cake-maker.

"All of these talents can be put to good use. No matter how small an exchange, it can be made profitable if those who manage it exercise business wisdom and keep their hand upon the pulse of popular demand. Up-to-date and popular models for all kinds of work should be always on hand. They can be procured either by gift of the directors or, where this is not feasible, through the pages of the women's magazines.

"The woman's exchange can be something more than a mere exchange of material products—it can become an exchange of ideas and ideals"

I WEIGHT MY MIND

BY KARLE WILSON BAKER

I WEIGHT MY MIND AS BEST I CAN TO KEEP IT CLOSE TO EARTH
WITH CHUNKY LITTLE PLATITUDES AND BITS OF TWISTED MIRTH;

FOR DUST WILL GATHER IN THE HOUSE AND SHIRTS UNMENDED LIE
UNLESS YOU LEARN TO KEEP YOUR MIND FROM GADDING IN THE SKY.

AS WELL DETAIN A PUFF OF SMOKE, OR COBWEB-BIND A BIRD!
ANSWERING TO A SUDDEN CALL SOME INNER EAR HAS HEARD,

IT CIRCLES UP FROM CLOUD TO CLOUD, JOYOUS, UNSATISFIED,
CRYING AND CRYING AFTER GOD—AS MINDS HAVE ALWAYS CRIED.



FREE
Trial strip of Tirro. Mail coupon below

Save her this new way







It makes little difference what's broken; Tirro, the new waterproofed mending tape, will mend it. Sticks to china, glass, metal, cloth, rubber. Use it on leaky garden hose, rubber gloves, torn umbrellas, crockery. Insulates electric wires; seals and labels preserving jars—the modern Handy Andy of the house and garage.

Mends some things permanently, others temporarily. Bauer & Black, specialists in tapes for 28 years, make it. You can color it to match the article mended. Try it.

Three Sizes: Small, 15c; Medium, 25c; Large, 50c

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Tirro **MAIL THIS For Free Strip**

BAUER & BLACK,
2500 Dearborn St., Chicago.
Mail me a strip of Tirro.

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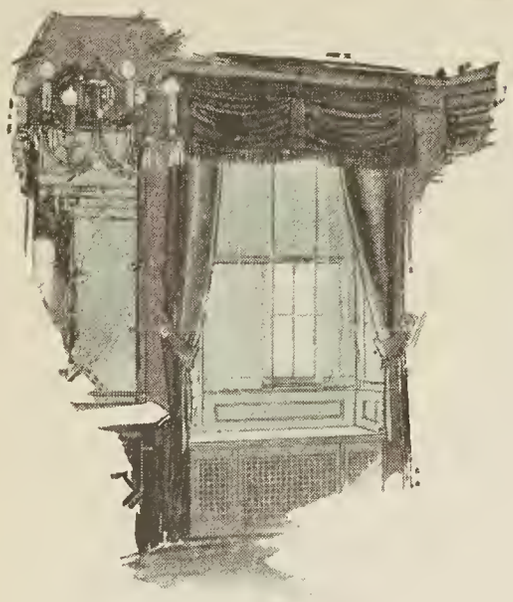


NESTLÉ'S MILK FOOD is already modified Easy to prepare and Easier for Baby to digest

Send for Sample and for 72 page Mother Book-FREE

Nestlé's Food Company
611 Nestlé Bldg, New York

GO INTO BUSINESS for Yourself
Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off!
W. HILLYER RAGSDALE, Drawer 121, EAST ORANGE, N. J.



FAMOUS WINDOWS

~THE BLAINE MANSION

THE home of Maine's greatest son and beloved statesman, James G. Blaine, is now the Governor's Mansion, at Augusta, Me.

And such a home! How classic an example it is of the true Colonial, how fascinating its rich simplicity!

Only highest quality appointments could keep company with this Colonial treasure—which accounts for the fact that Hartshorn Shade Rollers and Shade Fabrics are in use throughout; their dignified appearance and their absolute reliability made them *necessary*.

In hotel and club, college and home, the name "Hartshorn" associated with Shades and Shade Rollers is a guarantee of the elimination of all shade troubles.

Hartshorn SHADE ROLLERS AND WINDOW SHADE FABRICS

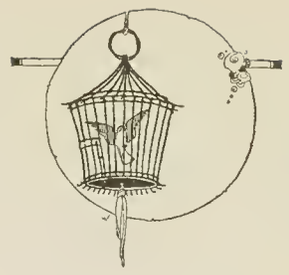
STEWART HARTSHORN CO.
250 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Use O-Cedar Polish

The O Cedar Polish Way



30c to $3.00 sizes



Continued from page 10

THIS FREEDOM

which, running parallel, with the perception of their superior position, had permeated her childhood years.

She's left the school. She's living in the splendid house in Phillimore Gardens looking for a post. She's found a post. She's private secretary to Mr. Simcox. She's left the splendid house in Phillimore Gardens. She's living an independent life. She's going to Mr. Simcox's office, *her* office, every day, just like a man. She's living on her own salary in a boarding-house in Bayswater.

What jumps! One clutches, as at flying papers in a whirlwind, at a stable moment in which to pin her down and describe her as she jumps. One can't. The thing's too breathless. It's a maelstrom. It's an earthquake. It's a deluge. It's a boiling pot. It's youth.

One clings, *faute de mieux*, to the intention to tell of her life only the things in her life that contributed to her record, as records are judged. There shall be enormous omissions. They shall be excused by vital insertions. She shall be glimpsed, first, in the splendid house in Phillimore Gardens, in the desperate business that getting a place for a woman in a business house was when women in business houses were far more rare than are silk hats in the city in 1922. It was desperate. Uncle Pyke and Uncle Pyke's friends were the only channel of opportunity and Uncle Pyke and Uncle Pyke's friends refused to be a channel of opportunity.

AUNT BELLE rallied them and baited them and told them they were "great big grumpy things" and Aunt Belle, in her crowded drawing-room, loved talking about the search for work and did talk about it. "Has to earn her own living," Aunt Belle would chatter, "and is going into business! Oh, yes, ever so many girls who have to earn their own living are going into business now. Come over here, Rosalie. Come over here, dear child, and tell Mrs. Roodle-Hoops what you are going to do. The dear child!"

But nothing done.

Just that glimpse and then comes Mr. Simcox.

Mr. Simcox was first met by Rosalie while walking with Aunt Belle and beautiful cousin Laetitia in the Cromwell Road. He came along carrying a letter in his hand with the obvious air of one who will forget to post it if he puts it in his pocket and probably will forget to do so in any case. He was as obviously "a man of about fifty-six"—that curiously precise figure, neither a ten nor a five, always used for men who look like Mr. Simcox looked and always continued to look while Rosalie knew him, and probably always had looked.

Mr. Simcox was short and had two little bunchy gray whiskers and wore always a pepper-and-salt jacket suit, unbuttoned, the pockets of which always bulged and the skirts of which, containing the pockets, always swayed and flapped. When he talked, he was always talking—if that is understood—and when he was busy he was always frantically busy and looking at the clock or at his watch as if it were going to explode at a certain rapidly approaching hour and he must at all costs be through with what he was doing before it did explode.

He had been in the Bombay house of a firm of indigo merchants and there had known Aunt Belle and Uncle Pyke. He had retired and settled in London and he now came very briskly up to Aunt Belle, to Rosalie and to beautiful Laetitia, greeting them and bursting into full stream of chatter while he was yet some distance away; and, having been introduced to Rosalie, whizzed presently to "I really came out to post a letter" and flapped the letter in the air as if it were a bothersome thing stuck to his fingers and refusing absolutely to be stuffed into a post-box.

"Why, there's a pillar-box just there, you've just passed it," cried Rosalie.

"Why, so there is!" exclaimed Mr. Simcox, jumping round to stare at the pillar-box as if it had stretched out an arm and given him a sudden punch in the back, and then spinning toward Rosalie and staring at her rather as if he suspected her of having put the pillar-box there while he was not looking; and while Mr. Simcox was so exclaiming and so doing Rosalie had said, "Do let me just post it for you. Do let me," and had snapped the obstinate letter from his fingers and posted it and was back again smiling at Mr. Simcox, whom she rather liked and who reminded her very much of a jack-in-the-box.

He said to her, regarding her with very apparent pleasure and esteem, "Well, that's very nice of you. That really is very nice of you. And it's most wonderful. It is indeed. Do you know I must have walked more than a mile looking for a letter-box and I daresay I should have walked another mile and then forgotten it and taken the letter home again." He addressed Aunt Belle: "It's a most astonishing thing, Mrs. Pyke Pounce, but I can not post a letter. I positively can not post a single letter. When I say single I do not mean I can post no letter at all. No, no. Far from it. I mean I can post no letter singly, by itself, solus. My daily correspondence, my office batch, I take out in a bundle, perhaps in a table basket. That is simple. But a single letter—as you see, a clever young lady like this has to find a box for me or I might carry the thing for days together."

"WHY, you busy, busy person, you!" cried Aunt Belle. "Fancy a basketful of correspondence! Why, what a heap you must have!"

Mr. Simcox said he had indeed a heap. "Sometimes I think more than I can manage."

"Indeed," agreed Aunt Belle, "you don't seem to have much time to spare. Why, I haven't seen you in my drawing-room for quite a month." As to Mrs. Pyke Pounce's delightful drawing-room, Mr. Simcox declared most certainly he had been there less than a month ago and most certainly he would present himself again on the very next opportunity. To-morrow, was it? He would without fail present himself there to-morrow, "and I hope," said Mr. Simcox, taking his leave, "I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing my postmistress there again." He smiled very cordially at Rosalie and went flapping away up the street.

"Oh, isn't he an ugly little monster!" cried Aunt Belle.

"But I think he's nice," said Rosalie. "What *is* his business, Aunt Belle?"

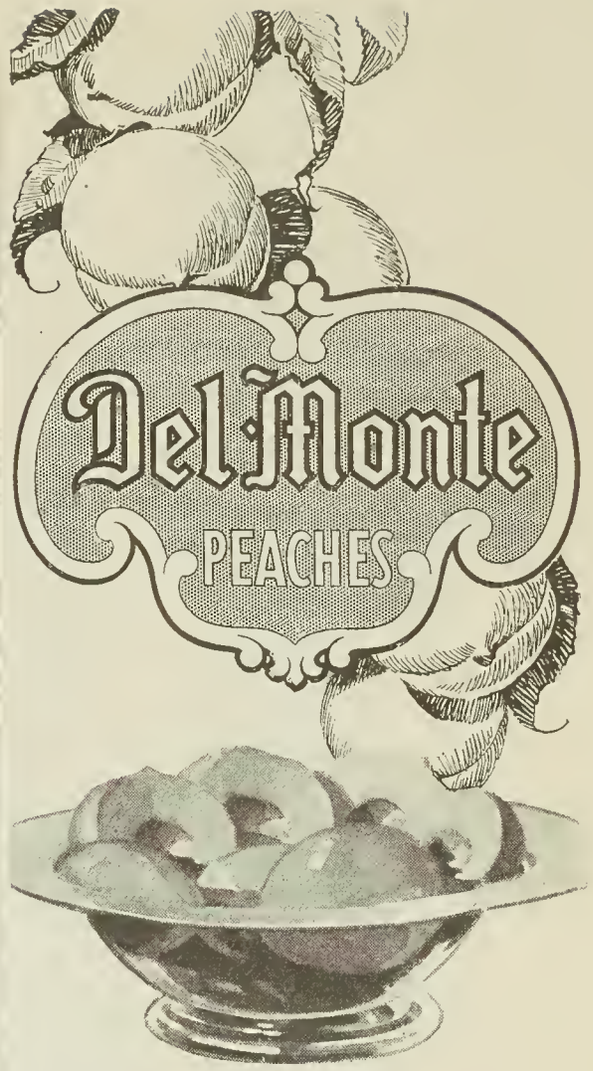
Aunt Belle hadn't an idea. "But he's very busy. You heard him say how busy he is. Rosalie, he might know of something for you. We'll ask him, dear child. The funny, ugly little monster! We'll ask him. He might help."

He did help. A very short while afterward Rosalie received the appointment of private secretary to Mr. Simcox; twenty-five shillings a week; one pound five shillings a week! Office hours ten to five; Saturdays ten to one; holiday a fortnight a year—a man's work, a man's weekly salary, a man's office hours. The ecstasy of it—the ecstasy!

THE matter with Mr. Simcox was that, in India a man of affairs, in England he found himself a man of no affairs and a man who "lost touch." On a leave from the Bombay house of the indigo firm he had been prevailed upon by his mother and his maiden sister to remain at home and look after them and he had done it and they had done it and they had died and he had never married and he had now no relatives, and by this and by that (as he told Rosalie early in her installation) he had dropped out of his friendships and, as he expressed it, "lost touch." He owned and occupied one of those enormous houses in Bayswater. The housekeeper resided in the vast catacombs of the basement of the enormous house; Mr. Simcox resided in the immense reception-rooms, miles above, of the first floor; the three suites above him, scowling gloomily across a square at the twin mausoleums opposite, were unoccupied and unvisited; on the first floor Mr. Simcox had his office. The business done in this office, which Rosalie was now to assist, and why it was done, was in this wise and was thus explained to Rosalie:

Mr. Simcox, more than ever dropped out and more than ever having lost touch after the deaths of his sister and mother, found himself irked more than anything else by the absence of correspondence. He had been accustomed in India to a big receipt of letters—

Continued on page 84



always ready to serve

Here's delightful freshness and variety for your daily table—luscious, sun-kissed Del Monte Peaches from the world's finest orchards—canned with all their natural fresh charm and delicacy.

Think of the convenience of having them, as well as the many other appetizing Del Monte Fruits, always at your command—ready to add their wholesome goodness to your daily menu in an endless variety of tempting, thrifty dishes.

There are so many economical ways to serve them—just as they come from the can—in fresh, enticing salads, in dainty desserts. In scores of recipes they lend a new note—a delicate flavor all their own that never fails to tempt.

Every spring day calls for fruit in the menu to add those lighter, fresher elements, so essential to the well-rounded diet. Let Del Monte supply it in finest form and widest variety. Our new book, "Del Monte Recipes of Flavor," will help you. It contains hundreds of simple and economical suggestions for serving fruit to make every-day meals more tasty and healthful. Send for a free copy.

Address Department D
CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

DEL MONTE *Canned Fruits*



The can that makes summer last all year long



No sticky messes. No poison. Only a minute needed to blow the Black Flag into the air.

Flies Need Not Become a Plague

ARE YOU annoyed by flies even though your home is well screened? Do you, too, appreciate the danger of flies because they spread disease? Would you do away with sticky messes and dangerous poisons—ways of killing flies which are old-fashioned, inefficient and dangerous? Try clean, non-poisonous, easy-to-use BLACK FLAG.

BLACK FLAG is a simple powder of vegetable origin. It is entirely non-poisonous to human beings and animals. But it is *deadly* to insects. A single teaspoonful of BLACK FLAG placed in a folded sheet of letter paper and blown (with one's breath) into the air of a room, will kill all the flies in that room in twenty to thirty minutes. After the flies fall on the floor they may be swept up and burned. No dirt—no poison.

The only other essential is that doors and windows be kept closed during the period of treatment. Or you can use BLACK FLAG in your kitchen after leaving it for the night. In the morning all the flies will be dead.

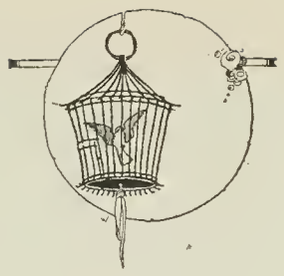
BLACK FLAG is unlike other insecticides. It is entirely harmless and may be used with safety anywhere. Absolutely no danger of poisoning to any living thing except insects. Packed in sealed glass bottles that keep its strength for years. Sold by drug, department, grocery and hardware stores, or sample sent direct on receipt of 15c. Look for the BLACK FLAG trademark and the red-and-yellow wrapped glass bottle. BLACK FLAG, *Baltimore, Md.*



BLACK FLAG

deadly to flies, fleas, roaches, waterbugs, bedbugs, ants, moths and lice on animals, birds or plants.

Three Sizes
15c-40c-75c



Continued from page 83

THIS FREEDOM

a big *dhak*, as he called it, using the Hindustani word—now he received no letters at all; and he told Rosalie that when you are in the habit of getting a regular daily post, its gradual falling off and then its complete cessation is one of the most melancholy things that can befall a man. A nice bunch of letters in the morning, he said, is like a cold bath to a young man, a stimulant and an appetizer; and a similar packet by the night delivery is an entertainment to look forward to from sunset till it arrives and the finest possible digestive upon which to go to bed. Mr. Simcox found himself cut off from both these necessities of a congenial life and it depressed him beyond conception.

"Then what? Ah! 'Then what' is *this*—" They were seated in Mr. Simcox's great office on the ground floor. The office of a man of much affairs. A very large writing-table furnished with every conceivable facility for writing, not only note-papers and envelopes racked up in half a dozen sizes, but sealing-waxes in several hues, labels, string, "In" basket, "Out" basket, "Pending Decision" basket, all sorts of pens, all sorts of pencils, wafers, clips, scales, letter-weights, rulers—the table obviously of a man to whom correspondence was a devotional, an engrossing, an exact art, and an art practised on an expensive, an impressive and a lordly scale. There were also in the office a very large plain table on which were spread newspapers, a basket containing clippings from newspapers, an immense blue chalk for marking newspapers and a very long, also a very short, pair of scissors for cutting out clippings from newspapers. A range of filing-cabinets stood against one wall; a library of directories and catalogs occupied shelves against another wall.

"'Then what' is *this*," said Mr. Simcox, indicating these impressive appointments of the room with a wave of his hand. "You ask me 'Then what?' 'Then what' is all this. 'Then what' has grown now to be *you*. I'll tell you."

IT WAS this—the oddest, most eccentric notion (not that Rosalie thought so). Mr. Simcox, cut off from letters, had determined that he must *get* letters. He *would* get letters. If the postman would not come of himself (so to speak), then he must be forced to come. And Mr. Simcox set about forcing him to come by answering advertisements. Not employment advertisements; no; the advertisements to which Mr. Simcox replied were the advertisements that offered to send you something for nothing—that implored you to permit them to send you something for nothing.

The advertisement columns of every paper are stuffed with them and soon the letter-box of Mr. Simcox was stuffed with them. The postman who never stopped at Mr. Simcox's house now never missed Mr. Simcox's house. The deliveries that for Mr. Simcox had never been deliveries were now, not deliveries, but avalanches. They roamed into the letter-box of Mr. Simcox. They cascaded upon the floor of the hall of Mr. Simcox.

A mail thus composed does not perhaps sound interesting. Mr. Simcox, once he had got into the full swing of the thing, discovered it to be profoundly and exhaustively interesting. It possessed in the highest degree the two primary essentials of a really good mail—surprise and variety.

Mr. Simcox, entirely happy, one of the busiest men that might be found in the metropolis, struck out new lines. Hitherto he had received his correspondence interestedly and pleasurably but passively. He began to take it up actively and sharply. He began to write back either graciously approving or very sharply criticizing his samples, his specimens and his free trials; and the advertisers responded voluminously, either abjectly with regret and enclosing further samples for Mr. Simcox's esteemed trial or abjectly with delight and soliciting the very great favor of utilizing Mr. Simcox's letter for publicity purposes. This, however, Mr. Simcox, courteously but firmly, invariably refused to permit.

The engagement of Rosalie was a development of Mr. Simcox's hobby as natural as the development of any other hobby, from rabbit-breeding to china-collecting. The craze intensifies, the scope is enlarged. To have a secretary made Mr. Simcox's mail and the work that produced his mail even more real than already it had become to him. Following up the personal touch that had been discovered by the criticism of samples, Mr. Simcox had opened up a line that produced the personal touch in most intimate degree; personal touch with schools and with insurance companies. He created for himself sons, daughters, nephews, nieces, wards. He endowed them, severally, with ages, with backwardness, with brilliancy, with robustness, with delicacy, with qualities that were immature and required developing, with absence of qualities that were desirable and required implanting, with unfortunate tendency to qualities that were undesirable and needed repression and nipping in the bud. He placed these children, thus handicapped or endowed, before the principals of selected schools; he desired that terms and full particulars might be placed before him to assist him in the anxious task of right selection. They were placed before him. "Your backward nephew Robin" (to take a single example) engaged the personal attention of preparatory schoolmasters from Devonshire to Cumberland and from Norfolk to Carnarvon. Similarly with insurance companies. Again dependents and friends were created, by the dozen, by Mr. Simcox. Male and female created He them, cumbered with all imaginable risks, and darkly brooding upon all manner of contingencies; and male and female, cumbered and perplexed, they were studied, and advised upon by insurance companies earnest beyond measure to show Mr. Simcox what astounding and unparalleled benefits could be obtained for them.

AT THE time when Rosalie joined him, Mr. Simcox's attention was in much greatest proportion devoted to this development of his pursuit. Under the instruction of a friend, long since dropped out and lost, who had held a considerable position in a leading assurance company he had acquired a sound working knowledge of the principles and mysteries of insurance. The subject had greatly interested him. In the phrase he used to Rosalie he had "taken it up"; and in the phrase that so often sequels and rounds off a thing suddenly "taken up" he had suddenly "dropped it." He now, by way of the new development of his correspondence, approached it again. It received him as a former habitation receives a returned native. Mr. Simcox (if the metaphor may be pursued) roamed all about the familiar rooms and corridors of the house of the principles and mysteries of insurance. "Different companies specialize," said Mr. Simcox, "in different classes of risk. A man should no more walk into one of the leading offices just because it happens to be one of the leading offices and there take out his policy or policies than he should walk into and take for occupation the first vacant house he sees merely because it is, as a house, a good house. It may be a most excellent house, but it may not be in the least the house most suitable to his requirements."

Rosalie nodded intelligently. "But how is a man to find out, Mr. Simcox?"

"WHY, I suppose only by going round to every company and choosing the best, just as I make out and send around these cases of mine. But of course no one does that—the trouble for one thing, and ignorance for another, and inability to realize their real requirements and to state them clearly if they do realize them for a third. That's what it is."

Rosalie's intelligent nodding had not ceased. She had a trick when Mr. Simcox was explaining things to her of maintaining, with eyes fixed widely upon him, a slow, affirmative movement of her head rather as though she were some engine and her head the dial, absorbing power from a flow of energy. The dial never indicated repletion. Mr. Simcox delighted to talk to Rosalie, to watch that grave movement of her head, and to hear the short occasional "Why's?" and comments that came like little spurts or quivers as of the engine in initial throbbings pulsing the power it stored.

She *was* absorbing power. The months

Continued on page 85



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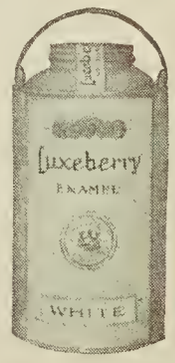
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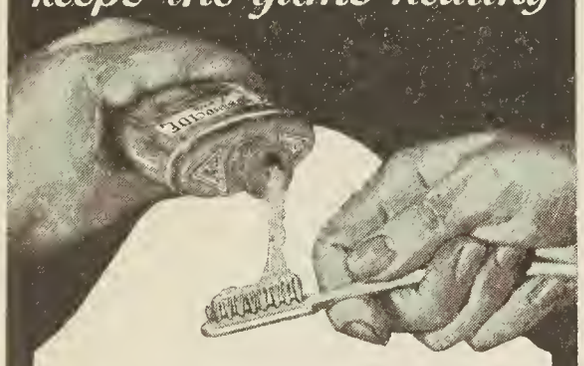
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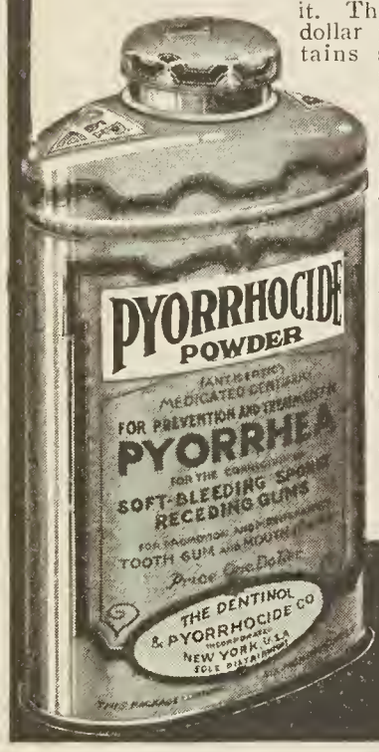
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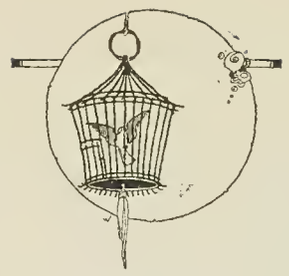
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Continued from page 84

THIS FREEDOM

were going on. The earlier initiation into Mr. Simcox's business might have had a tinge of disappointment were it not that, whatever the nature of her work, manifestly work it was, paid for, with regular hours, with an office to attend, such as a man might do. In the early days there was no realization of sham because there was the real business, to herself, of learning business methods and the whole theory and practise of office routine. She could have had no better instructor than Mr. Simcox, she could have had no better training than the handling, the sorting and the filing of his curious and various correspondence. She had become an efficient and a singularly apt and keen office clerk when, more leisured because she had mastered her duties, she might first have had time for realization that "Lombard Street" was not here, nor all the romance and mystery with which she had invested the power of counting-houses within a thousand miles of this house of most elaborate pretense. And then, at once to prevent that realization and to dissipate its cause, came Lombard Street to her in Mr. Simcox's new absorption in (to her) the mysteries and the romance and the astounding possibilities of the business of insurance.

Then one day she took a step toward applying the fascination that she found.

IT WAS the day of the conversation that has been recorded. How was the seeker after insurance to find the policies best suited to his case? Rosalie had asked; and had been told—he must go round, but he never does; he must know what there is to be had, but he never does know; he must realize exactly what he really wants, but he never does realize it; and if he does realize it he must be able to state it clearly, but he never can state it clearly.

Rosalie said in a voice consonant with the grave measure of her nods: "Of course if it was a man, as you said, looking for a house, he'd go to an agent. A house agent would tell him of houses best suited to his needs that he could choose between. Well, there are insurance agents. You've told me about them."

"Ah, but not the same thing, not the same thing," corrected Mr. Simcox. "An insurance agent, the ordinary insurance agent, is agent for a particular company. He only knows what his own company can do and he only wants his own company to do it. *That's* no good to the kind of man in the position we're speaking of. He wants some one who can tell him what *all* the companies will do for him. Some one who can hear his case, analyze it, put it before him in the right light and advise him the best way of placing it. That's what he wants. Exactly the same as these letters I send out—as you and I send out I should say. Why, I've had practical examples of it. There was a young fellow I met at your aunt's house. If he had come to me before his marriage when he was taking out a policy in his wife's favor, I could have saved him and gained her hundreds, literally hundreds," said Mr. Simcox. "He's made a most awful mess of the business. As it was, I helped him very considerably. He was very grateful, devilish grateful. He went straight to an agent of the office I recommended and did it."

"There must be hundreds like him that would be grateful," said Rosalie.

"Thousands," said Mr. Simcox. "Tens of thousands. Every single soul who insures, you may say."

"Who got the commission?" said Rosalie.

"The agent, of course," said Mr. Simcox.

"Oh," said Rosalie.

"Why?" said Mr. Simcox.

"Nothing," said Rosalie. "Only 'oh.' "

There's much virtue in an If, says Touchstone; and there's much virtue in an "oh"—a wise, a thoughtful, a speculative, a discerning "oh" such as that "oh" pronounced by Rosalie to Mr. Simcox's information that agents, and not he, drew the commissions for the insurance policies which, out of his knowledge and experience, he had advised. There followed from that "oh" its plain outcome: her suggestion to Mr. Simcox of why not make a business, a real business, of expert advice upon insurance, and (out of the make-believe intercourse with schools) a business, a real business, of expert advice upon schools? And there shall follow also from that "oh" a sweeping use of the intention (already proclaimed) to tell only of her life that which contributed to her life. We'll fix her stage from first to last, then see her walk upon it.

This was her stage: Her suggestion was adopted. It has, astonishingly soon, astonishing success. Advice upon insurance, advice upon schools, commissions from each, are found wonderfully to work in together, each bringing clients to the other. Aunt Belle's swarms of friends, their swarms of friends, the swarms of friends of those swarms of friends and so on snowball fashion, are the first nucleus of the thing. It succeeds. It grows. Real offices are taken.

"SIMCOX'S." Advertisements, clerks, banking-accounts. Appearance of Mr. Sturgiss, partner in Field & Co—"Field's"—the bankers and agents. Field's is a private bank. Its business is principally with persons resident in the East, soldiers, civil-servants, tea-planters, East India merchants. Field's is in Lombard Street (Lombard Street!). Later Field's opens a West End office. Field's is frequently asked to advise its clients and their wives on all manner of domestic matters—schools for their children, holiday homes, homes for clients over on leave, insurance, investment, what not, a hundred things. Comes to this Sturgiss, partner in Field's, an idea of great possibilities in this advisory business if developed as might be developed and run as might be run. Tremendously attracted by Rosalie as the person for the job. Makes her an offer. She declines it. Mr. Simcox's death. Dies suddenly in his office. Leaves Rosalie everything, about eight thousand pounds personal estate. And of course Simcox's. Sturgiss comes along again. Ends in Rosalie going to Field's. Lombard Street! Room of her own in the big offices. Glass-partitioned. Huge mahogany table. Huge mahogany desk. Field's open the West End office, in Pall Mall. More convenient for wives of clients. Rosalie is moved there. Manager of her own side of the business. The war comes. Sturgiss goes out. Other important officers of the bank go out. Her importance increases very much in other sides of the bank's business than her own. Press scents her out and writes her up. "The only woman banker." "Brilliant woman financier." Contributes articles to the reviews. Very much a leading woman of her day. Very much a most remarkable woman.

That's her stage. Thus she walked upon it.

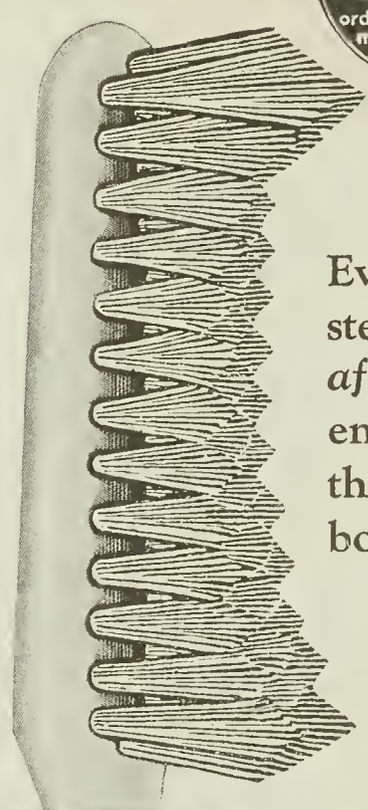
The beginning part—that tumult of youth, those dizzy jumps that we have seen her in—was frightfully exciting, frightfully absorbing. She was so tremendously absorbed, so terrifically intent, so tremendously eager, that the transition from the Sultana's to Aunt Belle's, and the start with Mr. Simcox, and the transition from Aunt Belle's to independence in the boarding-house, was done with scarcely a visit—and then a rather grudged and rather impatient visit—to the rectory home.

NO, THE absorption was too profound for much of that: indeed, for much of home in any form. Letters came from Rosalie's mother three and four times a week. In the beginning, when fresh left school and at Aunt Belle's, Rosalie always kissed the dear handwriting on the envelope, and kissed the dear signature before returning the letters to their envelopes; and she would sit up late at night writing enormously long and passionately devoted letters in reply. But she wasn't going back; she wasn't going down; no, not even for a week-end, "my own darling and beloved little mother," until she had found an employment and was established on her own feet, "just like one of the boys." *Then* she would come, oh, wouldn't she just! She would have an annual holiday, "just as men have," and she would come down to the dear, beloved old rectory and she would give her own sweet, adored little mother the most wonderful time she ever could imagine!

Rosalie would sit up late at night writing these most loving letters, pages and pages long; and her mother's letters (which always arrived by the first post) she would carry about with her all day and read again before answering.

Continued on page 86





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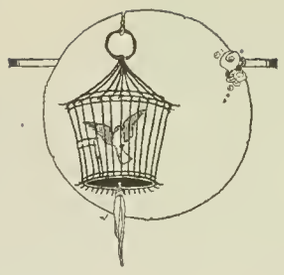
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Continued from page 85

THIS FREEDOM

And yet——

The fond intention in thus carrying them on her person instead of bestowing them in her writing-case was to read them a dozen times in the opportunities the day would afford. And yet—somehow was not done. The day of the receipt of the very first letter was generous of such opportunities and at each of them the letter was remembered—but not drawn forth. Rosalie did not attempt to analyze why not. Her repression, each time, of the suggestion that the letter should now be taken out and read again was not a deliberate repression. She merely had a negative impulse toward the action and accepted it; and so negligible was the transaction in her record of her thoughts, so mere a cipher in the petty cash of the day's ledger, that in the evening when, gone up to bed, the letter was at last drawn out and kissed and read and answered, and then kissed and read again, no smallest feeling of remorse was suffered by her to reflect that the intended reading in the dozen opportunities of the day had not been done.

AND yet— Was it, perhaps this mere acceptance of a negative impulse, a cloud no bigger than the size of a man's hand upon the horizon of her generous impulses? There is this to be admitted—that the letters, accumulating, began to bulk inconveniently in her writing-case. What a lot dear mother wrote! Room might be made for them by removing or destroying the letters from friends who had left the Sultana's with her, but about those letters there was a peculiar attraction; they were from other emancipated One Onlys who watched with admiration the progress in her wonderful adventure of brilliant, unconventional Rosalie, and it was nice thus to be watched. Or room for her mother's letters might be made by removing or destroying letters that began to amass directly touching her desire for employment—from city friends of Uncle Pyke, from Mr. Simcox. But, no, unutterably precious these! Undoubtedly precious, too, of course, those accumulating bundles of letters from her dear mother; but precious on a different plane; they belonged to her heart; it was to her head, to the voice in her that cried "Live your life—*your* life—*yours!*" that these others belonged.

She was tingling to that voice one night, turning over the employment letters; and, tingling, put her mother's letters from her case to her box.

Yes, upon the horizon of her generous impulses perhaps the tiniest possible cloud. And then perhaps enlargening. You see, she was so very full of her intentions, of her prospects. She had read somewhere that the perfect letter to one absent from home was a letter stuffed with home gossip—whom had been seen and who was doing what, and what had been had for dinner yesterday and whence obtained. But she did not subscribe to that view. She was from home and her mother's letters were minutest record of the home life; but she began to skip those portions to read "afterward." One day the usual letter was there at breakfast and she put it away unopened so as to have "a really good, jolly read" of it "afterward." In a little after that she got the habit of always, and for the same reason (she told herself), keeping the letters till the evening. One day she gave the slightest possible twitch of her brows at seeing the very, very familiar handwriting. She had had a letter only the previous day and two running was not expected; more than that, this previous letter had slightly vexed her by its iteration of the longing to see her and by very many closely written lines of various little troubles. She remembered it when she was in bed; but she was in bed then— When, next day, she read the letter, it *was*, again, an iteration of the longing to see her and, again, more, much more, of the little troubles; the residue was of the gossipy gossip that Rosalie already had formed the habit of skipping till "afterward." Altogether a vexatious letter.

After that, when the letters were frequent, it was frequent for Rosalie to greet the sight of them with just the swiftest, tiniest little contraction of her brows. Nothing at all really. Meaning virtually nothing and of itself absolutely nothing. Possessing a significance only by contrast, as a fine shade in silk or wool will not disclose a pronounced hue until contrasted with another. The contrast here, to give the thing significance, was between that swiftest, tiniest contraction of the brows at the sight of her mother's letters and the eager spring to them, the quick snatching up, and the impulsive pressing to her lips when first those letters began to come. Likewise answering them, that had been an impulsive outpouring and brimming over, now was a very slightly labored squeezing. The pen, before, had flooded love upon the page. Now the pen halted, paused, and had to think of expressions that would give pleasure.

The change did not happen at a blow. If it had, Rosalie would have noticed it. It slipped imperceptibly from stage to stage and she did not notice it.

Continued in the July DELINEATOR



Continued from page 6

DOGWOOD IN ROCK CREEK PARK

So, when the last petals had fallen from the trees, and lay, as soft and white as virgin snow on the ground, they stayed so late in the park that all the world saw them walk back together, breakfasted in the sunny alcove of the great oak-paneled, tapestried dining-room, and drove, in Eleanora's electric coupé, down to the Senate Office Building to tell her father.

The immediate result was very much what she had foretold and expected. Their arrival in the first place was ill-timed. The senator was on the point of starting to a very important committee-meeting. That he should be delayed in this laudable purpose with the announcement that he was expected to hand over his invaluable daughter to an unknown attaché who could not possibly need her, either in a private or an official sense, as much as he did, could hardly be expected to please him. Besides, the whole idea was so disagreeably and violently sudden. He had expected of course that some time—fifteen or tweny years hence was his indignant implication — Eleanora might think of something of the kind. But she was entirely too young——

"I'm twenty-one. Mother wasn't any older than that when I was born. It was lovely for me, having her so young. I don't want to be old when my children are little."

The senator, who belonged to a more discreet and less normal generation, had the grace to blush at her remark, which was more than either Eleanora or Gordon did.

"Ahem! Well, well, my dear girl, I must say—er— And I had thought of one of my own colleagues—of the proper political party, of course—as your choice—when you made a choice——"

"Oh, *father!* You wouldn't expect me to *marry* a senator! Why, I've had to live with one all my life already."

"You know, Eleanora, my opinion of international alliances."

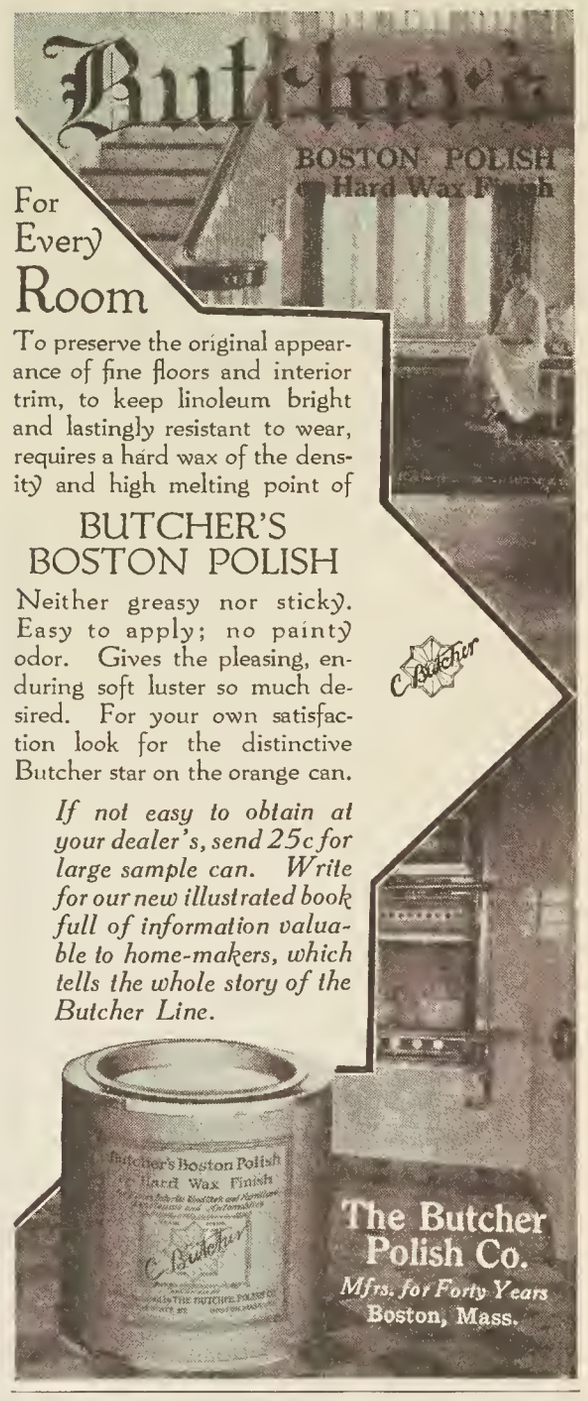
"You might change it," she murmured. "You did, about the League of Nations."

"I am talking about matrimony, not treaties——"

"Yes, father, I know. But if you could come to see the lesser thing clearly, you might the greater, too."

The clock struck eleven. The senator rose.

Continued on page 87



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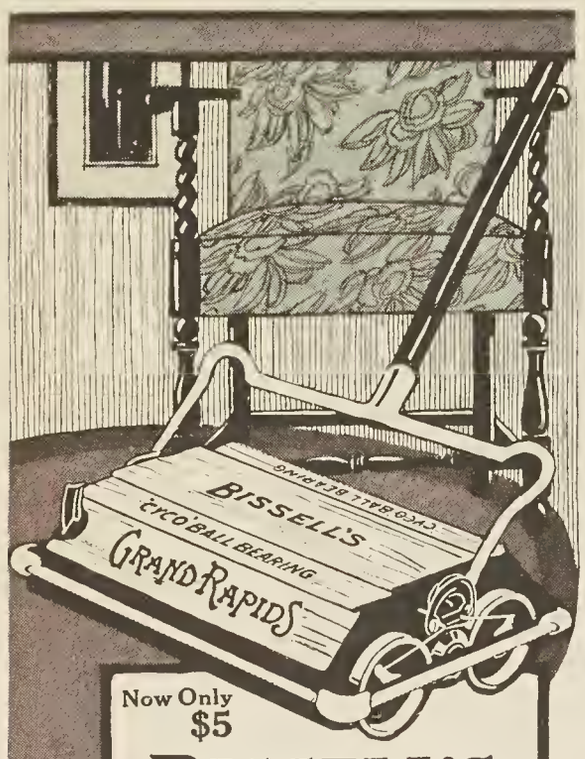


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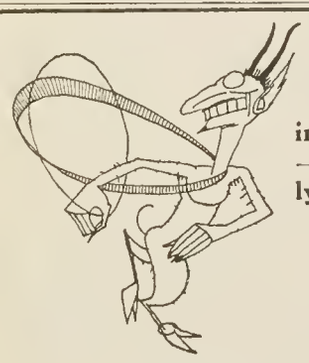
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BLUE DEVIL

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Continued from page 86

DOGWOOD IN ROCK CREEK PARK

"Really, Eleanora, really my dear—er—Gordon—as I have already told you, I am late for a committee-meeting, and I am afraid there will not be a quorum if I do not hasten away. Of course, sir, you realize that I shall need—er—to investigate your qualifications——"

"Of course, father dear, Andrew realizes that. I have told him that making investigations is your specialty. But you don't usually hold up things indefinitely by making them, do you?"

The senator snorted slightly, and glared at Gordon. But before he went out of the room, slamming the door behind him, he kissed his daughter.

After the slamming had been accomplished, Gordon kissed her, too.

The investigation revealed so little that was damaging to Gordon, and so much that was, after all, reasonably satisfactory, even to the senator, that in the course of a few weeks the engagement was announced. Eleanora stood on her feet for five hours at a stretch, against a constantly growing bank of magnificent hot-house flowers, while dozens of hearty well-wishers—and possibly a few who wished her slightly less well—filed through the crimson-and-gilt drawing-room and shook her hand or kissed her, according to the degree of intimacy with her which they possessed or wished to imply that they possessed, and then passed on into the stately dining-room and ate up the excellent food which she had provided for them. For the first time in public she had laid aside her black clothes and was dressed entirely in soft white; Gordon, when the last guest had departed and she had crumpled into the nearest chair, saw that her face was as white as her dress.

"Darling, you're terribly tired."

"Yes, rather. I must pull myself together. You know we're going to Aunt Sibyl's to dinner."

FROM the dinner they went to a ball at Rauscher's and danced together, of course, over and over again, under the smiling indulgent gaze of Aunt Sibyl and the other patronesses. As Gordon held her in his arms, his pulse beating high, he thought suddenly of the way she had clung to him and nestled against him in the sweet, silent woods of Rock Creek Park. They were even closer together now, and the diaphanous ball-dress, with its sleeveless, low-cut bodice, revealed her very differently than had the rough little homespun suit; and there had been a good deal of champagne at the dinner— Involuntarily, he thought, too, of his own phrase, "My emotions seem to be powerful enough without anything to stimulate them"—and felt, or thought he felt, her shrink a little from him——

"Did I hurt you, darling?"

"No——"

"What is the matter then?"

"Nothing—I haven't danced for so long, it seems strange, that's all."

"It seems wonderful to me, just as you said it would."

It was three o'clock in the morning when he took her home, fiercely reluctant to part with her.

"Can't I come in for a minute?"

"No."

"Just a *minute*."

"Why?"

"I want to kiss you."

"You *have* kissed me."

"I know, but not enough. Please, darling——"

He had his way, of course; and during the next few weeks, as they accepted the steady stream of invitations that flowed in upon them, lunching gayly at the Shoreham or the Willard, finishing the afternoon with a *thé dansant*, dining at one great house after another, and going on afterward to a big charity ball or a small "smart" dance, they found it was often only at such stolen moments as those which Eleanora had at first hesitated to grant that they were really alone together. The details for her trousseau and the plan for the big wedding at St. John's occupied her mornings; and she rose to face them with increasing weariness of both body and spirit. She did not care whether her bridal cake was built in three frosted tiers or in five, whether her wedding-guests ate lobster Newburg or chicken patties; lace-edged sheets, embroidered table-cloths, lingerie as fine as gossamer, soft satin that shimmered under her touch—she looked at them through a veil of fatigue that seemed to grow thicker every day, blinding her vision altogether. The arrangements went on smoothly, under her competent guidance; but she faced them with decreasing joy, then with indifference, finally with a kind of terror. She forced herself to go ahead; and when she had driven her strength as far as she felt she possibly could, she still had before her the dinners and balls, the teas and luncheons. She still had before her, too, Gordon's encircling arms and insistent kisses. There was excitement in her response to them, a thrill of triumph; but the well-spring of tenderness and joy and thanksgiving which had, at first, risen within her at his slightest touch seemed to have run dry. At last, white to the lips, she told him so.

"You—you mean you don't love me any more?"

"I do love you."

"You say you're—*afraid?*"

"Yes. Things loom up ahead of me. I can't see where I'm going."

"I'll show you."

"YOU can't—any more. I'm afraid of you, too. I thought you were going to deliver me from bondage. Instead of that, you keep—tightening the fetters. It's hideous."

"*Our love is hideous!*"

"No—but the necessary accessories to it are."

She put her head suddenly against the back of the sofa and began, very quietly, to cry. Gordon bent over her, laying his hand across her shoulder. She shivered.

"Don't you want me to touch you?"

"No—I did want to have you. I *needed* to have you. But you've spoiled it all—by the *way* you've done it. Don't—don't come near me."

"Perhaps you'd rather I went away altogether?"

Her quiet crying had become hysterical.

"Would you?"

"Yes. If you had only married me when I wanted you to, this wouldn't have happened——"

Gordon, without another word, walked out of the door. Then suddenly he turned, and came and stood over her.

"Look here," he said, "I'm afraid what I'm going to say will hurt you dreadfully, but I've got to say it just the same. I didn't want all these accessories. I told you at the beginning how I dreaded the masquerade we had before us, and you told me you rather looked forward to the gaiety of it all! I told you, too, that I felt my emotions didn't need stimulating, and the fact that they have been—stimulated a good deal—hasn't been the best thing in the world for either of us. But some way I ought to have managed to save you from working yourself to death in order to carry through our engagement and our wedding in a conventional way. I—I feel pretty well cut up to think that I haven't; and it's a thousand times worse to feel that my love—or at least my expression of it—has become a torment to you instead of a refuge. I—I don't believe I'll ever get over that as long as I live——"

HE STOPPED, his voice breaking. Eleanora did not raise her head or speak.

"I ask forgiveness from the bottom of my heart——"

He waited, and waited in vain for an answer. Then he went on more steadily.

"Just the same, I was right not to marry you that time. It wouldn't have been square in itself; but what's more, it wouldn't have been square to help you to run away from the job that's been given you to do. It isn't right for you to talk about it, or even think about it, as bondage. I've been wickedly stupid not to see how much you needed help, not to try to make things easier for you; but I never had any right to help you escape from them. You used to have a

Concluded on page 88



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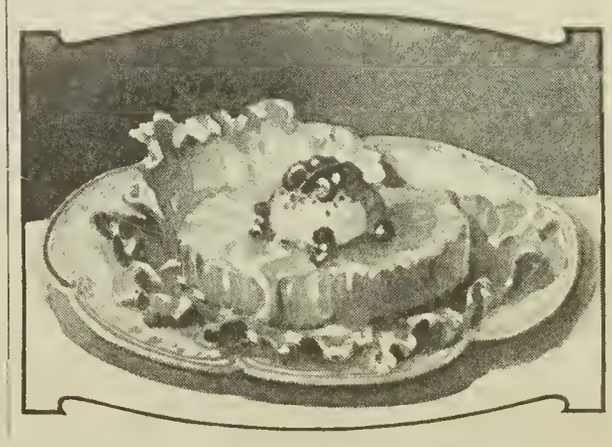
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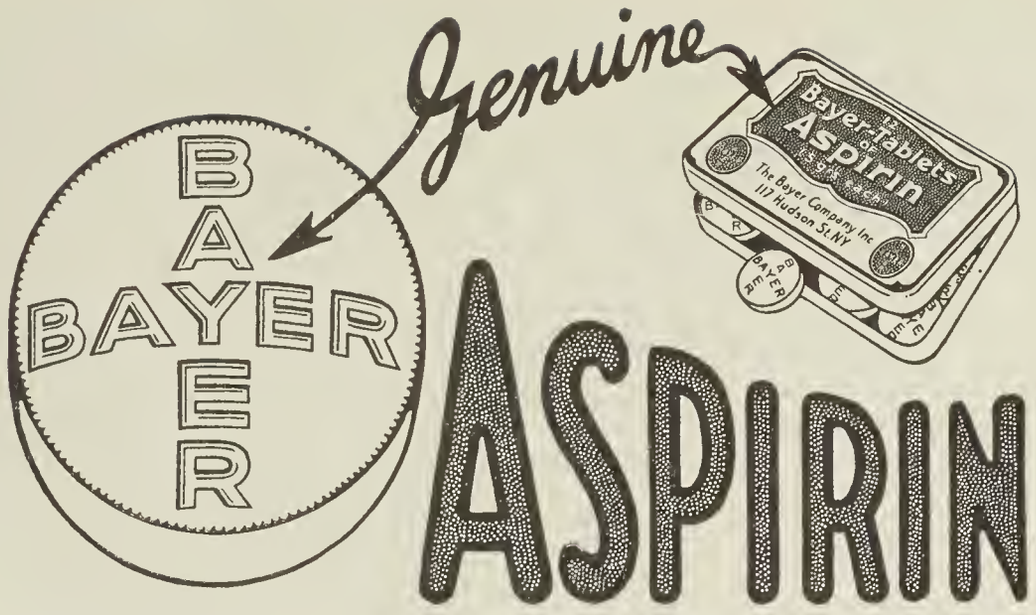
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DOGWOOD IN ROCK CREEK PARK

current saying in the States that 'politics weren't fit for gentlemen,' and because 'gentlemen' were too lazy, or too indifferent, or too dull, to cope with them, the saying became true—*but it was the gentlemen's* fault that it was! Now politics are in better repute than they used to be, because after a while 'gentlemen' woke up to their own blindness and stupidity and got into the fight and made it a clean one—you can't honestly say that the majority of men you know in public life to-day aren't honest and intelligent and hard-working!"

"I haven't said so!" cried Eleanora suddenly, springing up. "That hasn't anything to do with you."

"Hasn't it? Haven't women as well as men a part in politics to-day? Haven't you—as the head of your father's house—any responsibility in carrying out your share of the work? Haven't you any obligations to the partly social side that's so mixed up with the purely political side that they're like—like the Siamese twins? You can be a 'lady' of the same type as those defunct gentlemen—and how oppressive and wearing and empty and wicked it is—and it will go on being oppressive and wearing and empty and wicked—because you, and women like you, are willing to be *such damned slackers!* It takes money and intelligence and charm and beauty and position to do your job; lots of women would be glad to do it if they could, and they haven't got the tools; and you've got 'em—and want to lay 'em down!"

"YOU—you have no right to talk to me like that!"

"I haven't any right because I've failed you; but I'm not going to stand back and see you fail me—and your father—and your country—for all that. You're big and strong enough—even if I wasn't—to keep our love for each other as—as—beautiful as it was at first. Even I don't need to see those white blossoms we love so much to remember that they were there, and what they meant to us. Can't you fold their fragrance around your heart—and keep it there always? If you can't—it's—it's *you* that have made our guardian angels fly away!"

It was raining, an unseasonably cold, harsh rain, that made the June night black and ugly; but Gordon did not go home; instead, he turned north, and alone, in the wet darkness, sought out the trysting-place where he and Eleanora had been so happy together, and sat for hours, doggedly miserable, thinking, fighting—at last inarticulately praying. It was daylight when he went back to his rooms; as he entered them, the telephone rang sharply. Gordon unhooked the receiver and took the message. For a few moments he leaned, unsteadily, against the wall, his face ashen; then, without stopping to change his drenched clothes, he sat down and began to write:

"Dearest"—the letter ran—

"I don't think, after last night, that you want me to call you that. But I can't help it, this once.

"I've just had most dreadful news. My brother has been killed in a horrible accident. I cared for him more than any one in the world except you. Now I've lost you both. I haven't forgotten what you said about not being willing to assume more care than you had already. So even if you hadn't already decided against me, this would have done it.

"I'll leave as soon as I can get passage, so you won't have to see me again at all.

"Yours forever,

"ANDREW GORDON."

He folded the letter into an envelope. Then, before he sealed it, he slipped between the sheets a soft white flower that had lain for a long time pressed in a little leather case against his heart; and under his simple signature, he added his new title—the title of the Duke of Dunkirk.

Three hours later his hasty preparations for departure were interrupted by the appearance of his Japanese servant, bearing upon a silver tray a senatorial visiting-card, engraved, without initials, simply with the last name of the dignitary to whom it belonged, and that of the State which he represented.

"Tell Mr. Anderson that I'll be out in a minute."

He found the visitor in a visible state of excitement.

"My dear Gordon—I mean, my dear Dunkirk——"

"Don't," said the boy wincing.

"Well, well, my dear—er—*Andrew.* This is very sudden and sad of course, very upsetting——"

"I was a good deal upset before I got my cable. Eleanora's probably told you—she's thrown me over."

"As I was saying, she——"

"I'm afraid I didn't hear what you were saying, sir——"

"SHE didn't give me the impression that she was—er—thinking of throwing you over. Indeed, she came into my—er—apartment very late last night—ahem—in tears—and—er—urged me to go to you at once, in spite of the unseemly hour and the fact that, as she is aware, senators do not call upon attachés, to—er—tell you that she was sorry. She did not enlighten me for what, and naturally I did not—ahem—accede to her wishes. Then this morning she received your note by special messenger and—at the risk of my being late to a very important committee-meeting—really forced me to hasten to your side. I feel I could hardly do justice to her remarks, but I may say that they were sympathetic and affectionate, not to say—er—intense. The gist of them was, however, that she was waiting for you."

"Where?" asked Gordon. But he knew.

"She—ah—did not say. In the drawing-room, I presume."

Gordon presumed nothing of the sort. He escorted his distinguished guest to the door with scant ceremony, and turned his footsteps in the direction of Rock Creek Park.

He saw her a long way off, watching for him; but she did not wait for him to join her. He was not half-way up the hill before, hearing his footsteps, she had rushed to meet him, drawn his tired head against her breast, clasped her strong young arms around him as if she would never let him go again. And when at last she had comforted him for his brother's death as only one lover can comfort another, she spoke again of themselves.

"Darling, I have been an awful coward—a 'damned slacker!' just as you called me—but I won't be again."

"You'll be what you've always been, wonderful and lovely."

"And efficient."

"Yes," he said, slightly surprised, "efficient, of course!"

"Just to prove it to you, I've got our plans all made."

"Our plans?" he echoed. "What plans?"

"Well," she said calmly, "at two o'clock the bishop of Washington is going to marry us. At four o'clock we're going to take the Congressional Limited for New York. We'll spend the night——"

SHE hesitated for a second. Gordon caught her to him.

"At the Ritz. To-morrow morning we'll sail on the *Olympic.*

"I've engaged a *cabin de luxe.* I think we'll manage to be comfortable."

"*Eleanora—you're going with me!*"

"It sounds that way, doesn't it?" she said softly, "and by and by—some day—you'll come back with me. But whether we're in Scotland—or Washington—or Rock Creek Park—whether we're sad or joyful, or alone or in a multitude—those white trees that are the guardian angels of our love are going to keep on, blossoming, in our hearts forever."

In "For Show," a complete short story which will appear in the July DELINEATOR, *Zona Gale describes a cross-section of life in a small town when it turns out to celebrate the home-coming of its most distinguished citizen. "For Show" is in double measure a love tale—of Spring love and Autumn love. The author of "Miss Lulu Bett" takes you back to the home town and introduces you to the folks who make life worth living.*



Continued from page 15

THE DOG DOCTOR

in that event, could Micky Flynn continue to face the hardness of a loveless life? Weeping and holding Wishbone's paw seemed to work no cure. Micky was learning that great love, for all its power, has small therapeutic value unsupported by science.

Micky left his supper almost untouched and hurried back to the shed. The rude little bed was empty. Micky's sharp eyes pierced the gathering gloom and at length discovered Wishbone standing uncertainly in a corner, or rather leaning against a barrel. For a moment Micky's heart beat with renewed hope. Wishbone had got up. Then his heart sank again to lower depths than before and panic seized him.

Wishbone started convulsively, staggered drunkenly, lurched against the barrel, and then fell on his side, his legs kicking and twitching. Was this the end? Micky picked up the pathetic little burden and carried it back to the sacking. Wishbone's spasm subsided, but his eyes were glassy and his lip was drawn back from his teeth in a way that struck horror to Micky's heart. He seemed not to knew his master.

Then came an inspiration to Micky Flynn—inspiration and courage. For it took courage to go to the dog doctor's house and ring his bell. Among Micky's contemporaries, the dog doctor was esteemed a fearsome personage. His brows were so dark and bushy and he was reputed to practise such dreadful rites in his inner sanctum. He cut up animals, it was said, with saws and long, gleaming knives. The day might come when he would extend his sacrificial activities to little boys. But Micky had no fears for his own safety. It was only for Wishbone that he trembled. But the case was desperate. Better a fatal operation than this lingering agony.

DOC BARNABY was not a little surprised, when he opened his door, to find such a small, speechless little boy on his doorstep.

"Hello!" he growled. Perhaps I have mentioned the fact that Doc Barnaby's manner was at best not ingratiating and that his voice was harsh.

Micky cowered before him and then, as he felt a slight movement in his arms, burst into stammering utterances.

"My dog—he's—say, Mr. Doc, how much do you charge to cure a dog?"

"What?" roared Doc Barnaby. "Oh, you want to know——"

Then his eyes fell upon Wishbone. Doc Barnaby had little understanding of small boys. He had, in fact, never actually been one himself. But the attitude of Wishbone he understood perfectly and at a glance.

"We'll talk about that later," said he in a tone a shade less gruff. "That dog's pretty sick, isn't he? Bring him in."

Micky, struggling with his precious burden, followed Horace into the gas-lit hall.

"Bring him clear through to the back room," said he. "It's probably something infectious and I've got a dog or two in here."

Micky, overwhelmed at once with fear, hope and anxiety, followed him into the dark operating room. Doc Barnaby lighted the gas and Micky shrank back with terror. The rumors, then, were not unfounded. There was a bare, shiny white table sort of thing, with grewsome-looking levers and geared wheels. And there was a glazed bookcase containing shining implements of torture. Micky might have fled had not his legs suddenly lost all power of movement. Doc Barnaby made ready a sort of bed on the floor in one corner of the room, rolled up his sleeves and drew on a pair of rubber gloves, and then turned to Micky. He hardly looked at the boy, but he gazed upon the dog and his eyes softened amazingly.

"Poor little chap," he murmured as though to himself. "Distemper, and pretty far gone. You ought to have brought him to me before. Well, where there's life there's hope. Let me take him."

Micky, responding unconsciously to the softened tone, yielded up his precious burden. Horace took the dog and held him for a minute in his arms beneath the gas light, scrutinizing his eyes and nostrils and his staring coat.

"Yes," he said. "Distemper."

Then he did a very unogrelike thing. He held Wishbone's suffering little head for a moment against his cheek. Micky watched with wide-eyed amazement.

Lying on the low bed, the half-conscious Wishbone submitted to Horace's ministrations. He was too weak to resist, but dogs never resisted Horace, no matter what he did to them. They always seemed to understand that his mission was to help them. He cleaned Wishbone's eyes and nostrils with a bit of absorbent cotton dipped in boracic acid. He mixed some medicine carefully in a measuring-glass and poured a teaspoonful of it down Wishbone's throat. He did one or two other things to Wishbone which, as he would have said, were too technical to be described in detail. Then he washed his gloved hands in disinfectant and lighted a little gas-stove.

"We've got to get some nourishment and stimulant into him," he said. "You have to keep up a dog's strength if you're going to pull him through distemper. Heart-failure is what they mostly die of, and I don't like—What did you say his name was?"

"Wishbone," said Micky.

"Wishbone's heart action is very irregular. I don't like that symptom. But he's a mongrel, and mongrels are apt to be hardy. With careful nursing we may pull him through."

MICKY did not understand half of what Horace was saying, but he caught a glimmer of hope.

"He ain't a-goin' to—to die, is he, Mr. Doc?"

"I hope not," said Horace.

"'Cause he's—he's—" began Micky in an outburst of self-revelation, and then something in his throat swelled and choked his words and his eyes flooded with tears. Horace looked at him wonderingly. Then he put his hand on Micky's head.

"I'll do what I can," he promised. "As much as I'd do for a ten-thousand-dollar prize-winner. Let's see if the water is hot."

He mixed a wee grog of tea with a drop of whisky in it and poured it down Wishbone's throat. Then he began the preparation of a broth.

"A little every half-hour will be best," said he. "He can't take care of much at a time."

While he was busy with these matters the telephone-bell rang.

"Bother!" said Horace. "He'll have to wait, whoever he is."

Presently the ring was repeated, and as soon as he could Horace went down to his office and picked up the instrument.

"Yes," said Horace. "Hello!"

"Is that you, Docky," asked an agitated feminine voice at the other end of the wire. "This is Juliet Whitman. Please come right over. Sylvia's sick!"

Horace hesitated. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. She's been awfully sick at her stomach. Can't you come right over?"

"He's movin', Mr. Doc," called Micky from the operating-room.

"I'm sorry," said Horace at the telephone, "but I'm afraid I can't get away just now. I've got an important case here—a very important case."

"BUT this is important, too," retorted Juliet, and there was irritation in her tone. "If you don't come, Sylvia may die, and I'd never forgive you."

"Oh, Mr. Doc," called Micky, "I think he's goin' to try to get up again. What'll I do?"

"Sorry," said Horace into the transmitter, "but I guess you'll have to bring her over or else get Doctor Brown. I can't leave."

He hung up the receiver with an air of final renunciation and hurried back to Wishbone.

The racked little body was beginning to twitch with another convulsion which lasted through a half-hour of agony. Horace was just getting him quiet when the doorbell rang.

It was Juliet, who had driven over alone in her runabout with small regard for speed

Concluded on page 90



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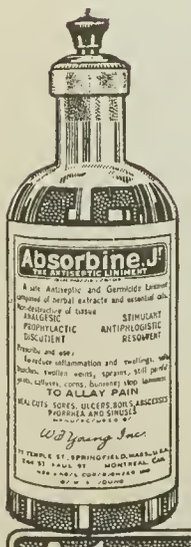




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Concluded from page 89

THE DOG DOCTOR

laws—a somewhat disheveled Juliet, with the plump Pomeranian in her arms; an angry, flashing-eyed, scornful goddess of a Juliet, who swept past him into the hall.

"I thought you cared more for me than that," she sputtered cuttingly. "I thought you had some sympathy for animals. I find I was wrong. Now please examine Sylvia, Doctor Barnaby, and see what you can do for her."

Horace, helpless and hopeless, took the pampered Pomeranian in his arms and felt of her nose and abdomen.

"Acute indigestion," he pronounced in a colorless tone. "Nothing the matter with her but too much candy. I warned you about that, Miss Whitman."

"Well," she retorted, "I came to get her cured, not to be advised."

"She'll recover," said Horace. "Probably she's already gotten rid of what ailed her. But I'll give her a dose of castor-oil."

Castor-oil! The supreme indignity. But Juliet could make no protest and Sylvia, squirming and struggling, was forced to swallow such of the nasty stuff as she did not succeed in smearing over her face.

"Now take her in here," said Horace, leading the way to his hospital ward. "On no account let her into the back room. Contagious case out there."

Juliet snatched up her pet.

"Then I'll stay in the office," said she. "What more's to be done?"

"I'll see when I've given Wishbone his broth," replied Horace.

"Wishbone? What's Wishbone? Are you doctoring turkeys now?"

Horace did not reply, but returned to Micky.

Wishbone was quiet now and seemed to be breathing a little easier.

"It'll be an all-night job, I expect," said Horace. "Can't expect to see much change before morning. He must be kept in his bed and fed every half-hour. Don't you think you'd better go home, son? I'll promise to take good care of Wishbone, and you can come in the morning. It's getting late, you know."

Micky looked up at him, and for a moment two pairs of honest eyes gazed into each other.

"All right," said Micky. "I'll leave him with you, Mr. Doc."

Juliet, watching through the half-open door of the office, saw Horace hand the urchin his cap and pat him on the head.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, Micky," said he. "I think we'll pull him through."

The door closed and Horace turned to Juliet. Sylvia was still groggy.

"Better lay her down," said Horace, "and wait half an hour. By that time I can be sure whether she's all right or not."

Juliet's lip still curled disdainfully, but she followed him into the next room and watched him put Sylvia to bed on a clean white pillow in a little wire cell.

"She'll be quiet there," said he. Then he left her and went back to Wishbone.

He had left the sick dog resting on his right side. He found him with his back twisted about and his head resting on the floor. The demons of distemper seemed unwilling to let him alone. Horace saw signs of another convulsion. They would wear the poor little fellow out if they weren't stopped. He decided on a sedative. As he was busying himself with his preparations, a noise in the corner caused him to turn his head. His hands were engaged; Wishbone was struggling again. Horace glanced hurriedly about him and his eye fell upon a corner of Juliet's skirt in the doorway.

"Miss Whitman," he cried, "you'll have to help me. Hold Wishbone and try to keep him quiet while I get this ready. He may hurt himself in one of those convulsions."

She advanced a step into the room in a haughty, accusing manner, but Horace turned back to his work. Then she glanced over at the little yellow-and-white form writhing in the corner. She hurried over and fell on her knees beside Wishbone.

"What shall I do?" she asked.

"Just hold him on the cushion till I come."

Presently he was beside her on the floor.

"Now hold his head—so."

"Now hold steady," said he.

Together they stroked the feverish little head and cleansed the glassy eyes, kneeling side by side upon the floor, his cheek almost touching hers. Together they smoothed the cushion and composed the little legs when the spasm had spent its strength. Together they murmured endearing, pitying things above him. Then they watched and waited, heedless of the flight of time.

Doc Barnaby was engaged at his gas-stove when the telephone rang again.

"I'll go," said Juliet. And the call was for her. An irate father stormed at the other end of the wire.

"DO YOU know what time it is?" he demanded. "Midnight, by gosh! And you're still down at Barnaby's. Haven't you any sense of propriety? Come home, now, at once."

"But, father," Juliet replied, "there's a sick dog here. Awful sick. And I'm helping. Doctor Barnaby needed me."

"Well, he can't need you all night. Come on now."

"All right. In just a minute."

But when she returned to Horace, Wishbone was again showing signs of restlessness, and two pairs of hands seemed more efficient than one in quieting him. Then something else had to be done, and something else, and it was one o'clock when a motor came roaring to a standstill in front of Doc Barnaby's house and the doorbell was rung with vicious insistence. Horace admitted a wrathful squire.

"Well, I must say," he exploded, "this is pretty goings on. Where's that girl?"

Juliet appeared, calm and unblushing.

"Now, father," said she, "don't get all wrought up. I brought Sylvia over, and she's only just ready to go home. Besides, as I told you, Doctor Barnaby needed me to help on another case."

But Squire Whitman was not so easily pacified. He sputtered and stormed and said things that made Horace redden to the roots of his bristly hair and flatten himself against the wall. But Juliet, though the paternal insinuations caused her to stiffen a little and bite her lip, appeared unmoved.

"I guess I can handle Wishbone now, Miss Whitman," said Horace in a thin voice.

Juliet slowly drew on her gloves and adjusted her hat. Then she fetched the now healthily snoring Sylvia.

"Now look here, father," she said, "I think you ought to apologize to me, and to Doctor Barnaby, too. You've been particularly nasty, you know. You've no right to say such things. Everything is just as I've told you."

Squire Whitman snorted. "Well, come along home now," said he, "and henceforth you're to have nothing to do with this shrimp."

THE crimson now dyed Juliet's handsome face, but it was not the crimson of shame.

"Father," she said in a low tone that nevertheless cut through the little room, "you'll have to take that back. Sooner or later. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Whether or not you have any respect for me or any consideration for him, let me tell you that Horace and I are engaged to be married, and I'll not have my future husband called a shrimp by anybody!"

The momentary silence which followed seemed charged with electricity. Horace gasped and became, to all intents and purposes, unconscious. Then Squire Whitman lunged heavily against the door.

"Good God!" he whispered hoarsely, and burst out into the night.

Juliet flashed upon Horace a brief smile that was like a glimpse of the new Jerusalem.

"He'll come around all right," said she. "Come to-morrow. Good night, Horace.

Horace came to life. He lurched forward and seized her gloved hand and pressed it to his lips. Then gradually he became conscious that he was alone in the hall, kneeling before the closed door, blinking over his glasses at the now consecrated knob.

At 3 A.M. he tucked a blanket about the mending little dog, kissed him on the top of his head, and went up-stairs, to play the "Spring Song" on his clarinet until the breaking of a golden dawn and the coming of a heavy-eyed but gladdened Micky.



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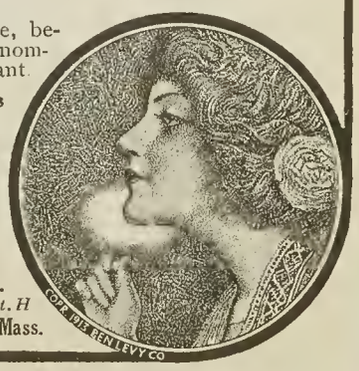
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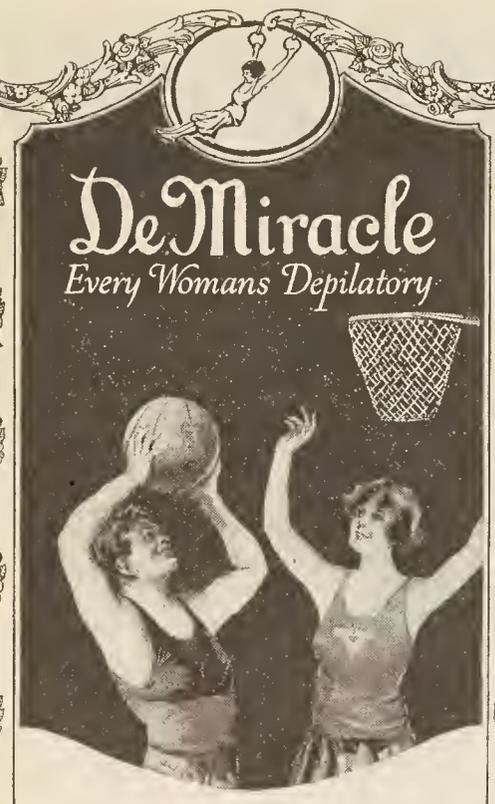
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Continued from page 12

"BELOVED SON OF—"

Pa moved uneasily in his chair. "Still, it ain't none of our business, Ma. I wouldn't rile the judge over to the auction if I was you."

Ma's chin lifted higher as she retired into silence on the subject, nor would she discuss it further.

The Carey homestead lay on the north road to the station. Ma took the short cut over the day of the auction, and it seemed as if the white rose-bush in the old burial-ground sent out a special greeting to her when she drove by. "Beloved Son of—" The words vibrated in her mind over and over. They seemed to mark the apogee in Bethiah Carey's lonely, starved life.

The grass grew tall and neglected along the roadway before the Carey home. The top of the little well-house had toppled over and lay in a weather-beaten wreck under the peach-tree. Window-panes were broken out, and many of the green blinds hung loosely from rusty hinges. Teams and cars littered the grounds, and she could see the portly figure of Henry Bidwell mounted on a box, head and shoulders above the crowd at the side door.

"Now, friends, what have we here?" he called out in an unctuous barytone. "Fine old high-boy. Tain't mahogany, but it is good Connecticut maple, just as good and twice as lasting. Won't warp or blister in bad weather. What am I bid? Do I hear a bid? Don't be bashful. If you ain't married now, you may be soon. Seize the fleeting moment and feather your nest. What am I bid, what am I bid?"

ODDS and ends of other furniture stood in the front garden waiting their turn Piled in the front entryway were books and magazines. Ma picked up a few at random. "Garlands of Verse" and "Charlotte Temple" lying beside the "Marble Faun" and "Aurora Leigh." Ma made a mental note to bid them in when the right moment came, and went on into the parlor.

It was stripped of everything but a long black pier-glass and a desk that stood by the garden window. The glass was broken here, too, and a vagabond morning-glory had ventured in, twining its tendrils around the casement. Somebody was bending over the desk, peering into the pigeonhole recesses and opening the shallow drawers. Even before he rose and faced her Ma recognized Martin Byers, the judge's handy man. He moved leisurely toward the pier-glass, examining its grape hand-carving curiously.

"Pretty good things here, ain't there, Mis' Bennett?"

"Depends on what one is looking for, Martin," retorted Ma. She looked at him suspiciously as he joined the bidding group outside. Did the judge have the same purpose as herself, sending Martin over to act for him, she wondered. As she stood beside the old desk, she thought of Bethiah writing at its worn surface hundreds of times, and the old mirror opposite seemed to give back a reflection of a vivid, gipsy-like face, framed in brown curls, with velvety gray eyes meeting her own pleadingly.

"I'll do the best I can, Bethiah," she said softly, patting the top of the desk.

When it was put up for sale, Martin called the first bid. Ma caught Henry Bidwell's roving eye with a little nod to raise it.

"Twelve dollars, twelve dollars, do I hear thirteen? Here's a fine old ante-bellum desk, most likely goes back to Revolutionary times, leastwise to 1812. In perfect condition. Yes, Mr. Byers, fourteen I am bid for it, fourteen, do I hear fifteen—" he closed his eyes appreciatively at Ma's second nod. "Fifteen. Worth at least thirty-five dollars and more, too. Made of rare old cherry, homegrown, polished like

Concluded on page 92

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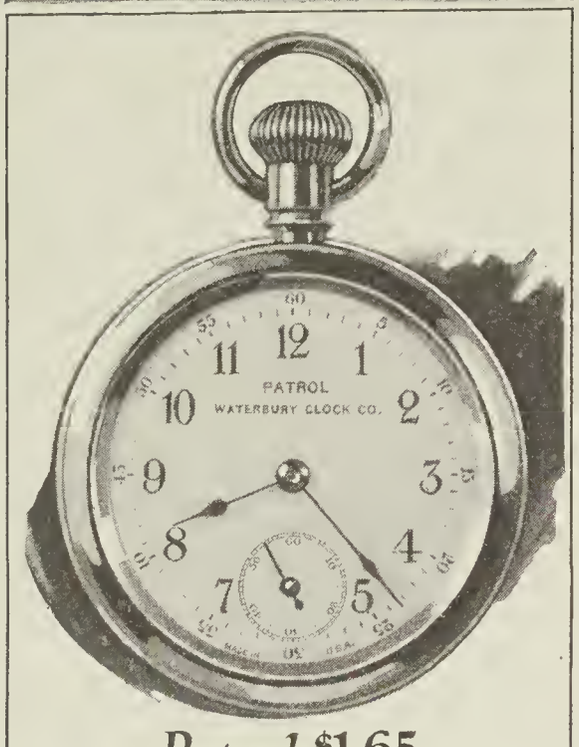
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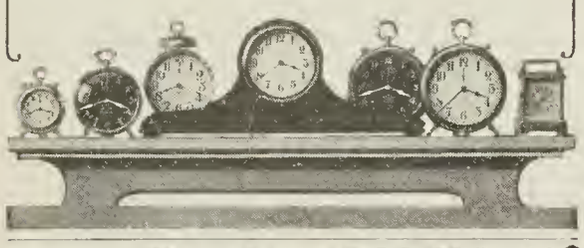
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Concluded from page 91

"BELOVED SON OF—"

ebony. Yes, Mr. Byers. Sixteen I am bid. Do I hear—thank you, Mis' Bennett. Seventeen I am bid, seventeen——"

Ma felt a gentle, deprecating tug at her sleeve, and Pa's head appeared at her shoulder. "Don't bid in that old desk, Ma," he warned. "I'm going to buy the cultivator. That ain't worth a cent over ten dollars——"

"Twenty dollars I am bid! Thank you, Mr. Byers." Mr. Bidwell bowed low as to one who possessed a superior discrimination. "Do I hear a raise? Do I hear twenty-one—twenty-two— Going, going at twenty dollars—going——"

"Twenty-five!" called out Ma suddenly, and Pa's fists closed tightly behind him.

"Twenty—" began Martin Byers on the edge of the crowd, but Mr. Bidwell ignored him completely.

"Gone to Mrs. Bennett at twenty-five dollars!" he said with finality. "You didn't want that old desk, Martin, you know you didn't. Can't afford it anyhow. I never knew you had any sentimental feelings toward Bethiah. Surprised at you at your age. Go bid on the cultivator."

But Martin strolled straight over to Ma's side, his face working nervously.

"Just as soon give you thirty dollars for that desk, Mis' Bennett, if you think you'd like to change your mind," he remarked.

"Why, I guess I'll keep it, thank you, Martin." Ma smiled back at him in her most elusive and baffling manner. "I want it as a sort of remembrance of the girl I thought a heap of."

When she drove up the winding roadway to the judge's old double house the following morning, the way to his library sanctum lay open and, hitching Ella to the ringed stone post, she stepped along resolutely from the veranda into his long French windows.

"Good morning, William," she greeted him happily. "I've brought you something from Bethiah's desk, and I knew we'd better be alone, so I didn't disturb Anna Byrd or her mother."

Her face was fairly illumined by some inner glow of satisfaction as she took the easy rocker and spread out her best gray silk skirt. The judge rose and leaned both hands on his desk, starting to speak to her, and checking himself at sight of the bundle Ma was removing from her black reticule.

"You sent Martin Byers over to bid it in, didn't you?" she pursued. "But I know that desk, too, William, and the minute I laid eyes on him I knew that you suspected just what I did. Last night I opened up the old secret drawer where Bethiah had showed me she kept her most precious remembrances. All I had to do was slide back the top piece underneath the green felt cover. I found these letters and keepsakes just as she had laid them away, and I thought I'd bring them to you."

She handed him the bundle of letters, and the judge maintained a grim silence as he took it and broke the white silk cord. Ma said no more, but watched his face as he read over the epistles he had written thirty years before to his girl love, Bethiah Carey. They were not wonderful masterpieces, but they did hold in their impassioned words the fiery, irresistible pleas of the boy who had swept all obstacles out of his path only to slay the happiness of the woman he loved and break her heart with cowardice.

"I've kept the last one," Ma said at last. "And these too, William." She handed him a small booklet covered in white kid with gold lettering, "Holy Office of Matrimony." "That's her wedding-certificate."

The judge ignored the picture of himself taken in cadet uniform during his freshman years in camp. He held out the old cabinet photograph of Bethiah so that the light would strike it to better advantage. She wore her wedding-dress, wisteria silk under organdy sheer as moonsheen, he recalled. Her curly hair was piled high to simulate matronhood. There was a look of startled happiness in her wide, beseeching eyes. And written aslant the print in Billie Bigelow's handwriting was "Mine."

Ma stirred slightly, and read aloud the letter she had reserved, in a hushed, tender tone:

"LOVE OF MY HEART, BETH—
"May it please your majesty to know that I have conquered all the dragons that lay between me and my heart's desire. Sweetheart, wife of mine, can you realize what it means to me, that to-morrow I shall hold you in my arms, and nothing on God's earth shall ever part us, beloved? When I think how you have placed all your faith and happiness in my keeping, it makes me very humble, and I only pray that God will make me worthy of this trust. A man can never compass the miracle of a woman's love and sacrifice, all the glorious gracious offering she makes of herself, why, I can't even find the words to tell you, Beth, but I'm all yours, dear, and I'll fight and hold you against the whole world.

"You did, didn't you, William," Ma concluded quietly. A shadow fell through the open window as Anna Byrd passed. The judge called to her peremptorily.

"Call up Gil on long-distance and tell him to come home. Your annulment case comes up to-morrow, a fact of which Mrs. Bennett is probably fully cognizant. There is not the slightest doubt of its being decided in my favor, but—" He smashed his fist on the desk. "I've been a damned old fool long enough. I've probably got hardening of the arteries and petrification of the heart-strings, but you've got your way, Elizabeth, knowing the weak points of the average male, and how fundamentally sentimental the best of us are."

"Or the worst," smiled Ma. "Hadn't I better put the letters and keepsakes back in the desk, William? You don't want them around here."

But the judge unlocked a drawer in his own mahogany desk and placed all of the letters and pictures inside, even to the broken white silk cord from the floor.

"Why do you suppose I sent Martin over?" he inquired. "You're a better judge than I am, Elizabeth."

Concluded from page 80

WILD SHRUBBERY

formed last season. I know of no more beautiful wild shrubs than the two last mentioned, or any more satisfactorily transplanted from forest to home grounds.

SHEEP laurel and "steeple top"—the latter much used in European landscape gardening—were massed in the foreground, clethra included as a background and fragrant foil, and this year we expect to be enchanted in blossoming time with a glowing symphony of pink and white.

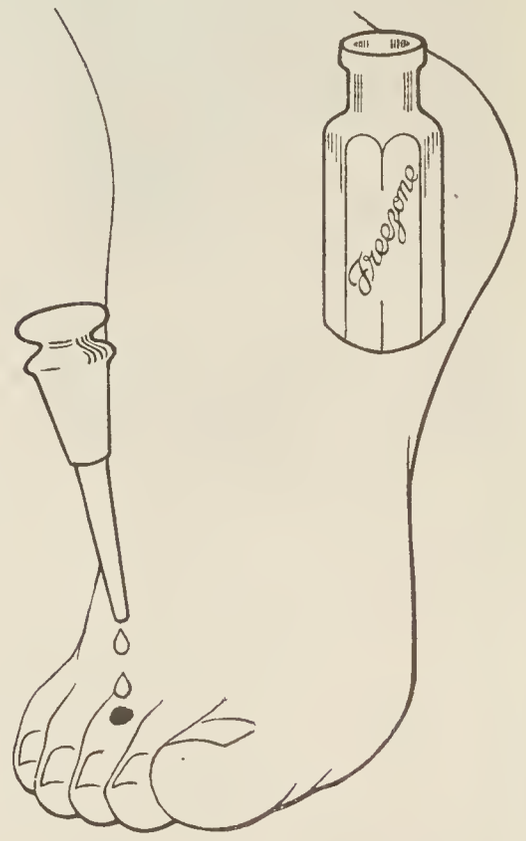
If dogwood winters well, nothing is more effective than its snowy drift of blossoms.

Wich-hazel is a necessity, as it, like the barberry and black alder, is so lovely in the late Fall; its Japanesy, fairylike golden blossoms are the last bloom of the year. Elderberry, although it lacks moisture, seems to make the best of circumstances, and our one specimen flourishes luxuriantly. Its large panicles of lacy blossoms are equally beautiful when changed into clusters of purple fruit.

We have found that it is a comparatively easy matter to accomplish transplantation successfully at almost any season, and lots of our finest specimens have been pulled up under most hazardous circumstances and set out after several hours' sojourn in boat or automobile. Of course it is best, when possible, to make the acquirement of some desired specimen the main object of a trip, to select it with thought and to dig it up carefully, with as little disturbance of the roots as possible. In this or any case, plant it with care. Dig an ample hole, throw in a shovelful of fertilizer, set in the shrub and support it (team work is desirable if the shrub is large) while filling the hole with water and sifting in the earth; then pack firmly and keep well watered till established. We are careful to mulch well with leaves in late Fall so as to make conditions of wintering as much like natural ones as possible.

Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.



REDUCE Your Weight
With or Without Music

Why not *weigh exactly what you should*, be free from sluggishness, shortness of breath, torpid liver—feel light, young and athletic? *You can.* I'm sure of it! I can help you—as I have helped 110,000 other women. To music, if you have a phonograph. Without music, if you have none.

Send for Trial Record *Free*

Learn how simple, sure, actually fun, it all is. My course, planned by a woman, is safe for women. I give personal advice for correcting your individual ailments. Entirely different. If not convinced, after 5 days, return record. The trial is **free.** *Write for trial record today.*

SUSANNA COCROFT
Dept. 53 1819 Broadway New York City

Have a beautiful, healthy complexion. Don't let unsightly blemishes hide the real beauty of your skin. Use

Prof. I. Hubert's

MALVINA CREAM

You'll be surprised at the results. Best when used with **Malvina Lotion** and **Malvina Ichthyol Soap.** Sold everywhere. Cream, 60c; Lotion, 60c; Soap, 30c. Post-paid on receipt of money order. Write for free booklet with story, "She Won a Husband," and beauty hints and helps. **Agents Wanted.**

PROF. I. HUBERT
Dept. 362 TOLEDO, OHIO



Booklet of Beauty Hints Sent FREE

AGENTS WANTED



MAXIXE LADIES' SAFETY RAZOR

ready for the occasion which requires an evening gown or bathing-suit.

AVOID DANGEROUS METHODS OF REMOVING HAIR

The ordinary safety razor is too wide for the curves under the arms. The "Maxixe" is made just for this purpose, only ¾ of an inch wide.

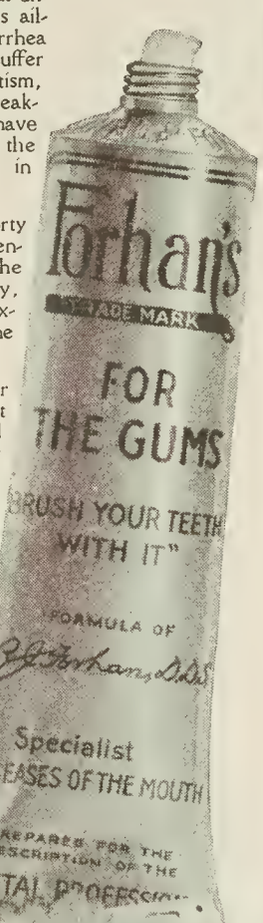
The "Maxixe" is beautifully gold plated, packed one in a box, four blades, and a cake of antiseptic soap.

At better stores or direct by mail on receipt of $1.00 or with 15 extra blades, $2.00

OVERLAND MFG. CO.
Department 10 73 West 23rd Street New York

Science proves the danger of bleeding gums

MEDICAL science proves that unhealthy gums cause serious ailments. People suffering from Pyorrhea (a disease of the gums) often suffer from other ills, such as rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders or weakened vital organs. These ills have been traced in many cases to the Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about the teeth.



Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. It begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs.

Guard your health and your teeth. Keep Pyorrhea away. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and make daily use of Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

Takes 10 Years From the Age

Graying hair ages a young face and makes you seem middle aged, even when it is premature. Restore it to its original natural color and look 10 years younger. This is simple, sure and easy, no risk of the streaked, discolored, freakish hair which is worse than gray. Nothing to wash or rub off.



Mail coupon for free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Be sure to state exactly the natural color of your hair. Better, enclose a lock in your letter. Test as directed on single lock and abide by results. Then get full sized bottle at druggist or direct.

Mary T. Goldman, 1305 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul Minn.
Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is black_____ jet black_____ dark brown_____ medium brown_____ light brown, light auburn or blond_____
Name _____
Address _____

freckles



Why tolerate them? You were not born with freckles. For years well groomed girls have removed them with

Stillman's Freckle Cream

It clears the skin, making it white and smooth. Causes no downy growth. Write to us if your druggist has no supply. 50c a jar. Mailed in plain package. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Send for booklet "Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" full of helpful beauty hints.

Stillman Cream Co., Dept. D, Aurora, Ill.

ASK THE DELINEATOR

Don't forget when writing THE DELINEATOR *for information or aid to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope and to address your inquiry to the proper department. Inquiries unaccompanied by a stamped envelope can not be answered nor will replies be made on a post-card. Only three folders on any subject can be posted for a two-cent stamp.*

BEAUTY

The Best Face Foremost in any phase of life is good feminine philosophy. Any woman can improve her complexion with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer special questions and will send folders prepared by experts on the care of the hair, skin and hands, posture, exercises, lotions and cosmetics. Tell us what subjects interest you most.

BABIES

The Prize Baby is the healthiest. Don't take any chances in failing to give your child the benefits of scientific and expert care. No matter where you live, THE DELINEATOR Infant Hygiene Department can bring that care into your home. Write for a list of leaflets which cover all the ills and potential danger-marks of infancy and childhood.

HOUSEKEEPING

The Home Economics Department has prepared, under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, a list of leaflets which will lighten the housewife's burden and make scientific home-making an easy art. These leaflets range from milk recipes to the technique of laying the table. Mention the subject in which you are interested or write for a list.

CHILDREN

The Story Hour is a pretty important time in childhood. Do you know what books to read to your children? The Children's Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in the parental job of forming good reading habits. Write in to the Children's Department, too, for a Page of Prayers for children to learn.

Measure Your Child as he grows and you will be able to keep up with his growth. Doctor Baldwin's articles on "The Normal Child" have brought us numerous requests for his list of intelligence tests, whereby parents and teachers may measure the mental and physical growth of the child. A list will be sent to you on request.

MUSIC

Nothing But Jazz. It is your fault if that phrase describes the music in your home. First impressions are the beginning of taste. You may live far from concert-halls or opera, you may not have a piano, but you can do a great deal to familiarize your children with the best in music if you select the right records. Let our Music Editor help you. Write him your individual questions, and send for lists of specially selected records.

ETIQUETTE

Are You Uncertain about the ways of the social world? Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will send you a number of useful leaflets on manners and form, covering every social quandary. "Weddings," "Calls and the Use of Cards," "Letter-Writing," "Etiquette at the Table" are some of the titles. She will answer any puzzled inquirer.

HOUSE DECORATION

Your Home Betrays You. Its appearance, its furnishings, the taste and care your rooms reveal, reflect your own personality as a home-maker. Ugly and depressing rooms no longer are necessary, because they can be transformed with little ingenuity and less money. Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Director of THE DELINEATOR'S Interior Decoration Department, will gladly answer your problems and help you with your redecorations if you will write her.

ENTERTAINMENT

Do You Hesitate to give a party because you don't know what to do with the guests? The Entertainment Department offers suggestions for dinners, dances, parties and entertainments. It will be glad to give more information, if you write the average age of the guests, the type of party and the amount of money you wish to spend.



BOOTT MILLS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
ABSORBENT TOWELING
18 INCH 25 YDS.
LOWELL, MASS. U.S.A.

When buying, look for this label in blue and gold

It Wipes Dry

Boott Toweling is a practical toweling for every-day use. It is soft and pleasant to use. It takes up all the moisture quickly without becoming soppy. After each laundering it looks like new.

A 25-yard bolt of Boott Toweling makes 24 full-sized towels at small cost. Wherever you need an absorbent material for household and personal uses—bath and face towels, roller towels, dish towels, bibs, table runners, aprons—use Boott Toweling.

Boott Mills, Lowell, Mass.

Send fifty cents for two sample towels similar to those which you can make by buying Boott Toweling by the bolt.

Boott Mills, Lowell, Mass.
Dept. DJN



Design 3584

Have You Made Your New Summer Dresses?

YOU can find out *to-day* what styles will be worn this Summer by consulting the Summer *Butterick Quarterly* now on sale. Don't wait till the weather's hot!

Even if you've never sewed before

you can make a dress like this one—with its fabric trimming, fashionable panels, wide sleeves and boat-shaped neck. The Deltor, enclosed with each new Butterick Pattern, shows you by pictures exactly how to make it from start to finish.

SUMMER MATERIALS

illustrated on the cover and in twelve full-color pages

Gaily colored cretonne—the very kind your draperies are made of—is a new favorite, and the Summer *Quarterly* will show you how to use it. There are also color pages of morning dresses, both ginghams and printed linens; color pages of afternoon dresses and Summer evening frocks. Many afternoon dresses have the new fabric trimming of flowers and fruits and latticed designs. Grown-ups and flappers have equal rights to the cascade draperies, made in silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, etc. As for the youngsters and flappers, many pages are devoted to them, four in full color. Flappers are given full recognition in the

SUMMER
BUTTERICK QUARTERLY

Glorious colors are *one* feature of these yarns

Radiant, gay colors; mellow, deep tones; and all the shades in between are found among the 237 glorious colors of Minerva Yarns. From them you can select just what you want for knitted things.

Besides, Minerva Yarns are lustrous, even, and "lofty," alluring in their soft fineness. They feel smooth to the touch and are delightful to work with.

The high quality of virgin wool in Minerva Yarns means long wear in any garment made of them.

Whatever you decide to knit next, make a point of asking for Minerva Yarns.



MINERVA YARNS

Smart fashions following the season's mode are pictured with instructions in the *Minerva Knitting Book*, Vol. IX. For sale at yarn counters, 15 cents. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 20 cents (Canada, 25 cents).

Sample Offer

Wool Flowers



Fifteen pieces of Minerva Yarns of different colors with instructions for making the wool flowers now so fashionable will be sent for ten cents (stamps or coin). Fill out this coupon.

JAMES LEES & SONS CO., (D-2)
220 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I am enclosing ten cents, for which please send me Minerva Yarns and instructions for making flowers.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGE 31

3740—Loose straps are one of Fashion's new trimming ideas. This dress is a slip-over style. The straight skirt joins the long body and the blouse body lining may be omitted. Use crêpe jersey, sports silks in plain colors, silk crêpes and crêpe de Chine alone or in two colors or crêpe jersey with body of silk crêpe, or use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin and charmeuse in two colors.

A 17-year size requires 1⅛ yard of 40-inch silk crêpe for body of dress, and 2½ yards of 40-inch contrasting silk crêpe for the skirt, straps and bindings. The lower edge is 52 inches.

This dress is attractive for misses of 16 to 20 years, and also for small women.

3720—A fichu is an attractive addition to this slip-over frock, closing at the left underarm. The skirt is straight, the waistline low and the long body lining may be finished in camisole outline. Use organdy or taffeta; or cotton voile with organdy fichu and trimmings. Taffeta, silk crêpe or cotton crêpe with a fichu of organdy is attractive, or colored organdy or lawn with white makes up effectively.

A 16-year size requires 2⅝ yards of 44-inch organdy for the dress and ⅞ yard of contrasting 44-inch organdy for fichu, cuffs and trimming. The lower edge is about 58½ inches.

This dress is becoming to misses of 16 to 20; also for small women.

3716—Lawn parties and other informal afternoon affairs make many occasions for the young girl in her soft Summer frocks. Tucks are graceful and this fashion groups them attractively. It is a slip-over dress and the skirt is straight. The low waistline is marked by a corsage of fabric flowers. Cotton crêpe, cotton voile, lawn, batiste, mull, Georgette, silk voile, silk crêpe and crêpe de Chine are especially good materials for the soft lines of this frock.

A 16-year size requires 3⅝ yards of 36-inch cotton voile. Lower edge measures about 58 inches.

This dress is an attractive fashion for misses of 16 to 20 years.

3733—3736—This smart costume has a straight cape with a round yoke and a one-piece dress of slip-over raglan type. The lower edge is straight. The elastic arrangement at the low waistline and blouse body lining may be omitted. Use silk crêpes, crêpe jersey, crêpe meteor, cotton ratine, etc

A 16-year size requires 4⅞ yards of 36-inch crêpe jersey and ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and cuffs of dress. The edges are bound with braid. Lower edge of cape is 1⅞ yard and of dress 50 inches.

The cape is for misses of 32 bust or 15 to 16 years. It is also suitable for ladies. The dress is for misses 16 to 20 and small women.

3686—June days are not more lovely than its frocks. This one slips over the head with soft fulness at the neck. The long body and short kimono sleeve are becoming. The straight skirt is tucked and adheres to the fashionable low waistline, arranged with an elastic through a casing. The fabric rosebuds are a dainty trimming in keeping with the simple charm of the frock. Cotton crêpe, cotton voile, batiste, net, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, chiffon cloth and silk voile are especially suitable materials.

17-year size requires 3½ yards of 36-inch cotton voile. The lower edge measures about 63 inches.

This dress is attractive for misses of 16 to 20 years.

3742—This Summer frock emphasizes its low waistline with a wide sash of crisp organdy. It is a slip-over style and the skirt is straight. The long body lining is a matter of choice. Make the frock of cotton prints, dimity, gingham, cotton crêpe and cotton voile. Taffeta, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes and pongee are suitable silk materials.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3⅜ yards of 32-inch gingham for the dress and ⅞ yard of 44-inch organdy for the collar, cuffs, sash and band on the skirt. The lower edge is 59 inches wide.

This dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years. It is also an attractive style for small women.

3729—2686—A slip-over blouse and plaited skirt for sports. The inverted plaits are at intervals and may be stitched to the hips or left free. The waistline is slightly raised and the lower edge straight. Use heavy crêpe de Chine, habutai silk, etc., for the blouse, with a skirt of plaids, stripes or checks.

17 years or 34 bust requires 1⅞ yard of 36-inch plain sports silk for blouse, with ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar and bindings, and 2½ yards of plaid sports silk 36 or 40 inches in width (cut crosswise) for skirt. Lower edge is about 2½ yards.

The blouse is for misses of 32 to 34 inches bust; also for ladies. The skirt is for misses 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

3756—10948—The slip-over one-piece fashion is a favorite among frocks. This one has a straight lower edge and may have a blouse body lining. A touch of embroidery is suggested. This motif may be worked in appliqué or outline embroidery. Use gingham, cotton homespun, cotton crêpe and linen, or make the frock of crêpe jersey, heavy silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, satin, pongee and sports silk.

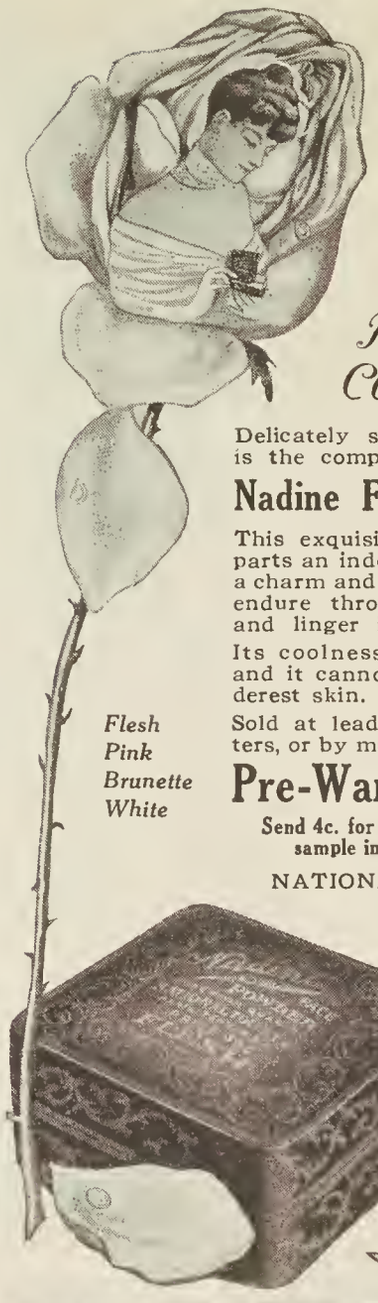
A 16-year size requires 2⅞ yards of 36-inch cotton voile for the frock and ⅜ yard of 40-inch contrasting color for the collar and cuffs. The lower edge is 54½ inches.

This dress is becoming to misses 15 to 20 years; also for small women.



3740 3686 3720 3742

3716 3729 2686 3733 3736 3756



A Rose-Petal Complexion

Delicately soft and refined is the complexion aided by

Nadine Face Powder

This exquisite beautifier imparts an indefinable charm—a charm and loveliness which endure throughout the day and linger in the memory.

Its coolness is refreshing, and it cannot harm the tenderest skin.

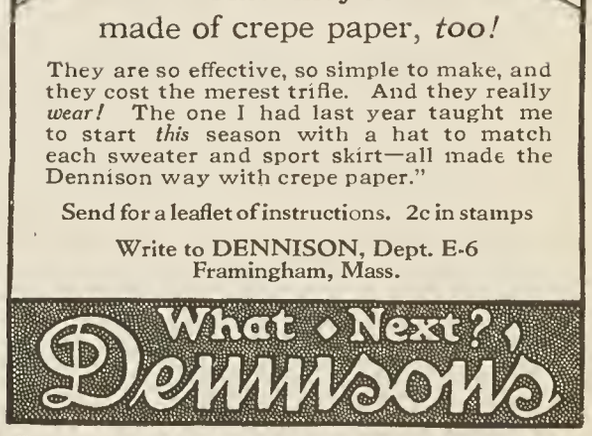
Flesh
Pink
Brunette
White

Sold at leading toilet counters, or by mail.

Pre-War Price, 50c.

Send 4c. for postage on liberal sample in tint preferred.

NATIONAL TOILET CO.
Paris, Tenn.
Dept. T.



"And they're made of crepe paper, *too!*

They are so effective, so simple to make, and they cost the merest trifle. And they really *wear!* The one I had last year taught me to start *this* season with a hat to match each sweater and sport skirt—all made the Dennison way with crepe paper."

Send for a leaflet of instructions. 2c in stamps

Write to DENNISON, Dept. E-6
Framingham, Mass.

What • Next? Dennison's

Keep Sweet With Eversweet



Neutralizes all bad and distressing odors.

It gives the body that fresh-from-the-bath sweetness throughout the day and night. All that is necessary is to touch a little under the arms, between the toes or anywhere.

Eversweet is a smooth, white, unscented cream—soothing and marvelously comforting. It will not injure skin or clothing.

EverSweet TRADE MARK REG.

The Dainty Deodorant



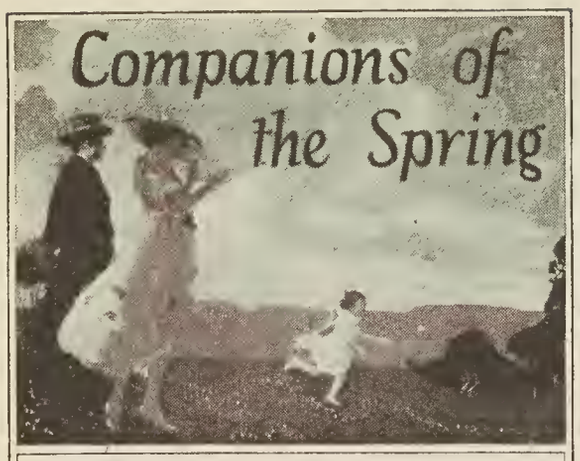
At Drug and Dept. Stores, 25c and 50c a jar, or send 5c in stamps for sample

EVERSWEET CO.
Dept. F 62 Cliff St., New York

We Will Pay

for your Summer clothes and those other little luxuries you long for. Become a special representative in your vicinity for **The Delineator** and our three other leading magazines. No experience is necessary. There is no obligation. Cut out and mail this ad to-day for full particulars of our plan.

Manager, Staff Agencies Division
Box 842, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.



SWEET SPRING, which comes with violets in her hair and crowns her beauty with the rose, is Nature's symbol for the rebirth of trees, of flowers, of the thousand different living things.

To man, the Spring brings new life, too. But man must sometimes aid Nature in the work of rejuvenation.

You will find in Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) an ideal vegetable Spring Tonic and corrective, which will aid in relieving the *tired out feeling*, constipation, biliousness, headaches and other distressing symptoms which come after the inactivity and sluggishness of winter.

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) ***does more than a laxative.*** It tones the stomach, increases the assimilation and elimination, helps to cleanse, purify and enrich the blood by aiding Nature to re-establish the vigorous and harmonious functioning which makes the body feel like new. NR Tablets are companions of the Spring.

All Druggists Sell The Dainty 25c. Box of NR Tablets

Used for over 30 years



NR JUNIORS Jrs CANDY COATED

Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS — Little NRs

One-third of regular dose. Made of same ingredients, then candy coated. For children and adults.

Have you tried them? Send a 2c. stamp for postage on liberal sample in the attractive blue and yellow box. A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. B, St. Louis, Mo.



Men Notice

very quickly the dainty woman—especially attractive in this season's thin waists and low-cut gowns. Daintiness depends on a careful toilette, which must include the use of

DEL-A-TONE

This is a *safe* and sure preparation for the removal of hair from the neck, face or under-arms.



It is easy to apply and leaves the skin clear, firm and perfectly smooth.

Druggists sell Delatone, or an original 1 oz. jar will be mailed to any address on receipt of $1.

SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL CO.
Dept. B, 339 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 24



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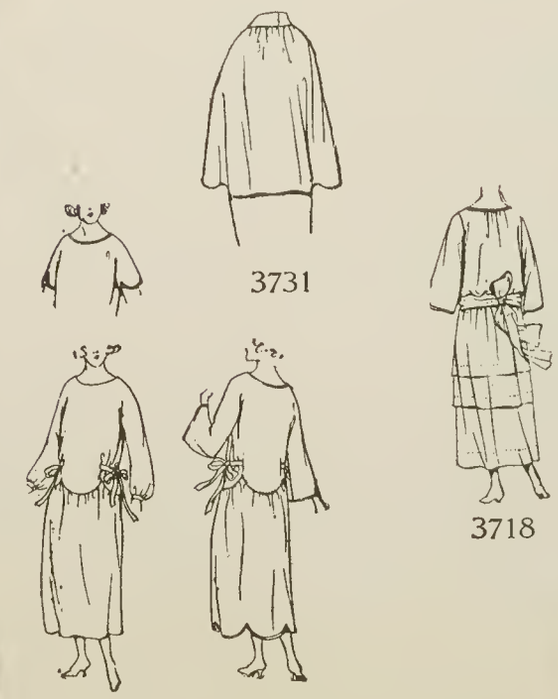
OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 25



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3739 3737 3738



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3724

The LETTERS *of a* YOUNG BRIDE

May 10.

Dear Eleanor:

We have just returned from Bermuda! And to you, my dear, I am writing my first letter as Mrs. William T. Carleton. *Bermuda!* What a fairyland of dreams! I shall never forget it. The deep, crystal water—the age-old sea—the quaint little shops. And best of all, the soft, silvery nights and the big, silvery moon.

Billy and I are very, very happy. Sometimes I have to pinch myself to see if I am awake. Life is so different.

Can't you come to see us? Our apartment isn't very large, but I know we could find room for you somewhere. And I have so many things to tell you.

June 15.

Dear Eleanor:

Sorry to hear that you are so busy with your sewing that you can't come now. Fortunately, I don't need a new thing this summer. You know father gave me the money for my trousseau, and it was wonderfully complete.

Anyway, it's lucky I don't need any new clothes—we've had to get so many things for the apartment. Billy thought the firm would raise his salary when we were married—but they didn't, and I know he's worried a little. He's such a dear. Come when you can.



September 27.

Dear Eleanor:

Such a week! Tuesday, Billy's mother invited me to come over to a tea she was giving Thursday afternoon. I knew who would be there and I simply had to have something new. So I got right on the car and went down to Blaine's. Eleanor, do you know what they asked for a half-way pretty afternoon dress? Sixty-five dollars! I went to four other shops and the lowest price I found for anything that I could wear was $49.50. Well, I didn't have that much to spend on a dress and I didn't have the heart to ask Billy for it, so on Thursday I put on that henna tricolette I had a year ago.

But, Eleanor, when I got there and found all the other women with smart, new clothes, I felt positively ashamed of my appearance. I came home and just lay down and cried.

I finally decided to ask Billy for $25 extra next month, figuring I could save the rest out of the house allowance. But when he came home he looked worried himself. After dinner he put his arm around me and said, "Honey, do you think you could cut corners a little next month? My life insurance comes due the 20th and it's going to be just a bit hard to meet it." You can imagine how my own plans vanished when he said that. What am I going to do, Eleanor? I've simply got to have a few new things. What *can* I do?

October 5.

Dear Eleanor:

I guess I've read your letter twenty times. When I think of all the pretty new clothes you have, I fear I'm just a bit envious. But to think you've made them all yourself! And you believe I could do the same? Oh, wouldn't it be too wonderful if I could! And you say you learned at home. Why, I always thought one must put in years in a shop or go away somewhere to school to really become a dressmaker. But I shall know all about the plan you suggest in a few days, for I have written the Woman's Institute.

December 10.

Dear Eleanor:

Oh, yes, I know I've neglected you, but truly I didn't realize it had been two months since I wrote you last. You see, I heard from the Institute just a couple of days after my last letter, and when I saw that here was exactly the thing I needed, I put in my membership and took up the Dressmaking Course at once. And I made such rapid progress!

Why, after the third lesson, I made the loveliest blouse. Billy says it's the prettiest I ever had, and think, it cost just $1.65, and really I couldn't duplicate it down-town for less than $5.00 Besides, I've made two apron dresses, a camisole, the dearest negligee, and a plaited skirt, and now I'm at work on my first nice dress. I can hardly wait till it's finished.

December 16.

Dear Eleanor:

Oh, I must tell you. I wore the new dress to a party this afternoon and every one said it was the most becoming one I ever had. The girls insisted on knowing where I got it, and when I told them I made it myself they were simply amazed. Marion Holt wants me to make a dress for her.

March 11.

Dear Eleanor:

My, but I've been busy. The very day after the party Marion came over. Said she was really serious about wanting me to make her a dress, so I said all right, I would. Well, I never enjoyed anything so much as planning and making that dress for Marion—and it was a beauty, if I do say it. Marion was so delighted she insisted on paying me $20 for making it, and said she wanted me to make all her clothes in the future. Well, that was the beginning of my venture. Others came and wanted me to make clothes for them, and the result is that every hour I have been able to spend from my work for the last three months has been taken up designing and making things for the folks here in town.

June 21.

Dear Eleanor:

It seems I always have good news to tell you these days. Two weeks ago we bought the dearest little house out here in Maplewood, and now we're all settled. When Billy first heard about the house he came rushing home one night, half in joy, half in despair. It was a wonderful bargain, but he had to pay a thousand dollars down.

"I've saved $600 since the first of the year," he said (you know he got a raise in January), "but where can we get the rest?" Well, I fairly flew up to my room, and down the stairs I rushed with my own bank book. Of course, Billy knew I had made some money sewing, but when I showed him a balance of $572, he just rubbed his eyes and stared. But I sat down then and there and wrote a check for $400 and put it in his hand. And—well—I couldn't get my breath for a minute—Billy was holding me so tight! "Louise, dear," he said, "you're the greatest little woman in the world!"

So we're here in our own home, Eleanor. Tonight after supper we sat out on the porch—just quiet and happy—and the moon came up big and round and silvery. "It seems to me," Billy said, "I've seen that moon before." "Yes, Billy dear," I said, "it's our *honey* moon. It's going to shine on us forever."

WOULDN'T you, too, like to have prettier, more becoming clothes for yourself and your family for less than half what they now cost you? Wouldn't you like to have two or three times as many pretty dresses at no increased expense?

You *can* have them, for through the Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts and Sciences you can learn easily and quickly, right in your own home, to make them yourself at merely the cost of materials. You can save at least $25 on a suit priced at $40 in the stores, for every item of material it contains would cost not more than $15. On a dress retailing at $20, you can save $12 or $14. Even on a blouse or a child's frock, or a little boy's suit costing $5, it is easily possible to save $2.50 to $3 by buying the materials and making it yourself.

Are such savings as these worth while? What would it mean to you to be able to save half or two-thirds of what you spend for clothes each season? Think of the other comforts or little luxuries you could enjoy or the money you could put away.

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THE Woman's Institute is ready to help you, no matter where you live or what your circumstances or your needs. And it costs you absolutely nothing to find out what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card or the convenient coupon below to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 41-F, Scranton, Penna., and you will receive, without obligation, the full story of this great school that is bringing to women and girls all over the world, the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes and hats, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business.

—— —— —— TEAR OUT HERE —— —— ——

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☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

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What Causes It—How to Correct It

Profuse perspiration which so often ruins clothing, and is always embarrassing, is an irregular condition easily corrected. It is natural and healthy when it covers the entire body, as after vigorous exercise.

When however, this condition is extreme in certain parts of the body, as the arm pits, palms, feet, etc., it is due to local irregularity of the sweat glands, and physicians call it Hyperidrosis. Even the healthiest persons may be troubled in this way.

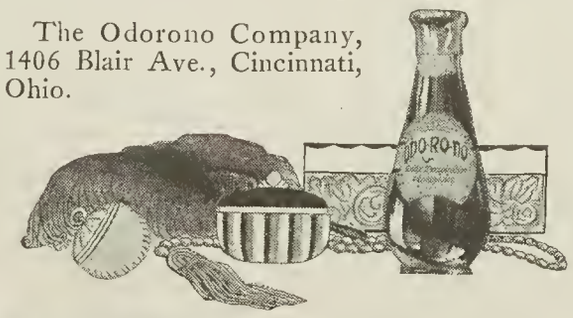
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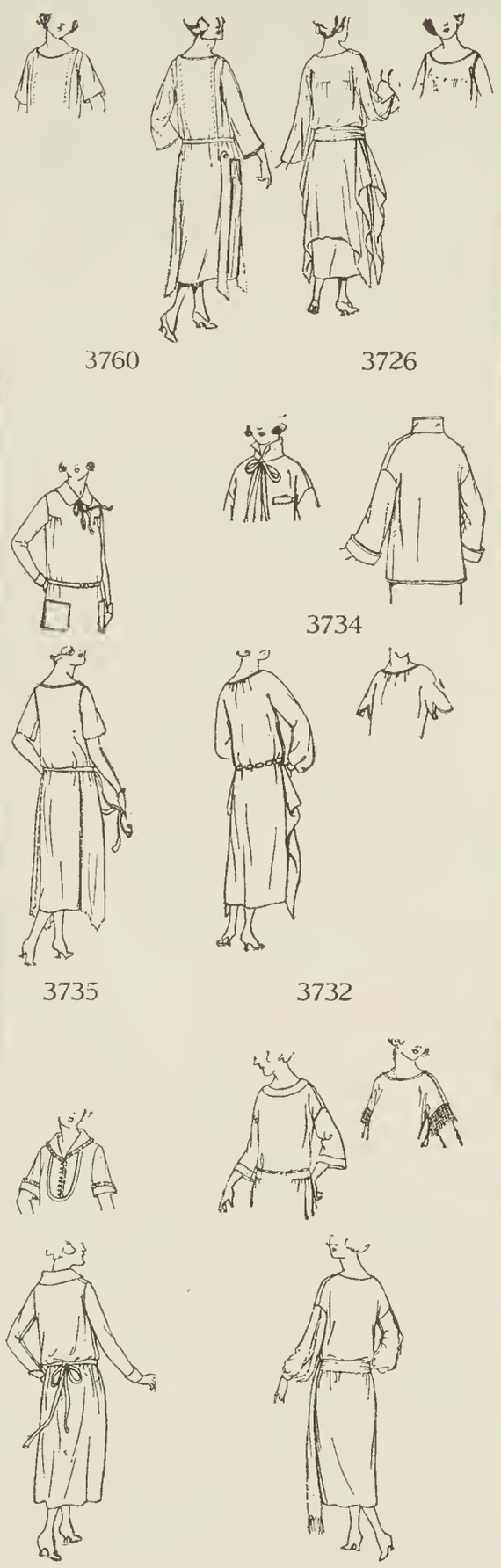
FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength

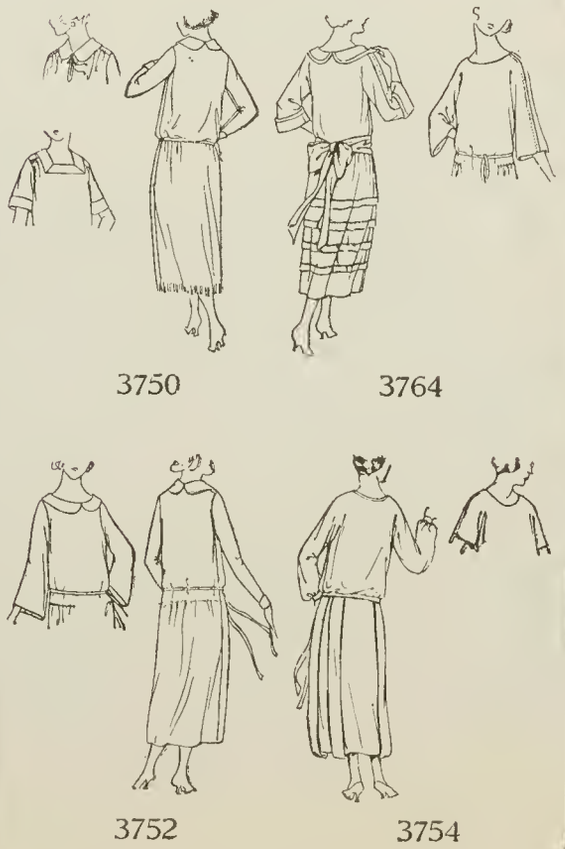
There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 26



OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 27





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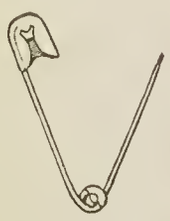
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OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGE 32

3721—For those in-between years when being a girl is difficult, new dresses are a soothing consolation. For the young girl entering her teens a frock of organdy is transforming. This dress has a jumper which slips on over the head and a straight skirt which meets the underbody at a low waistline. Make the dress of cotton voile, cotton crêpe, organdy, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, or silk crêpes, or for jumper use taffeta with net, point d'Esprit, Georgette, or crêpe de Chine for skirt.

A 13-year size requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch organdy.

The dress is pretty for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

3751—A favorite French trimming for this type of one-piece dress is lattice work made of the same material as the dress. The soft, full neck and the blouse with a low waistline which may have an elastic in a casing, is especially becoming to the girl of this age. The dress slips on over her head and has a straight lower edge. Suitable materials for this little frock are cotton crêpe, crêpe voile, cotton voile, gingham, chambray, pongee, taffeta, crêpe jersey, silk crêpes, etc.

A 12-year size will require 2⅛ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

3753—For the tiny girl waistlines go up instead of down and as on this little dress in Empire style, have a sash to tie behind. The frills on the waist and the tucks on the skirt are dainty for tiny girls. The skirt is straight and the dress has separate bloomers which are joined to an underbody—a welcome feature for washable frocks. Use organdy, sheer lawn, pin-dot swiss, cotton voile, taffeta, Georgette, net, point d'Esprit, or crêpe de Chine for this dress.

A 6-year size will require 3⅛ yards of cotton voile 36 inches wide.

The dress is pretty for little girls 1 to 6 years.

3741—3727—10890—This dress has a new bib effect and a straight skirt joining the blouse at a low waistline. The hat as well as the little dress has a bright appliqué trimming. Work it in appliqué outline or satin-stitch embroidery. Use gingham, chambray, cotton prints, chintz, linen, etc. For hat use cotton prints, etc.

A 13-year size requires 3⅛ yards of 32-inch gingham, ⅜ yard of 40-inch organdy for collar and cuffs. The hat for 21 inches head measure requires ½ yard of 36-inch linen.

The dress is suitable for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years. The hat is good for girls, misses, children or ladies.

3719—Sunny days mean long hours of play out-of-doors, good times with wee spade and small trowel. Rompers are easily made and may be opened or closed at the bottom and have sleeves. The pockets may be decorated in cross-stitch or trimmed with appliqué. Make the rompers of chambray, gingham, dimity, heavy cotton crêpe, seersucker, madras, linen-finished cottons, cotton poplin or cotton gabardine.

A 2-year size requires 1½ yard of 36-inch figured cotton crêpe and ⅜ yard of 36-inch plain cotton crêpe for pipings and frills.

The rompers are nice for children 1 to 5 years.

3702—Even the young girl wants loose panels particularly when the frock is of crisp, colored organdy. The dress slips on over the head and has a straight skirt and loose panels which join the blouse at a lowwaistline. Such a frock is suitable to wear for graduation, or for the many Summer affairs. Materials such as organdy, swiss, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, batiste, taffeta, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, or net are suitable.

A 12-year size will require 2⅝ yards of organdy 44 inches wide.

The dress is pretty for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

3761—10590—No other blue could be quite so lovely as bluebird blue. A flying bird is one of the new points on this frock in jumper style. It is done in outline and satin-stitch embroidery. The separate guimpe with a raglan sleeve is dainty. Use cotton prints, gingham, chambray, cotton homespun, linen, dotted swiss for the dress with the guimpe of cotton voile, batiste, or the dress of silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc., with a crêpe de Chine guimpe, etc.

An 11-year size requires 1⅞ yard of 36-inch linen 1⅛ yard of 36-inch lawn for guimpe.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

3743—3727—Summer dresses are sweet worn with hats of the same material. This little dress slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge with straight little knickers joining an underbody. Use cotton prints, dimity, dotted Swiss, all one material or with plain lawn, or of pin-check gingham all one material or with chambray. For hat use nursery cloth, sateen, pin-check gingham, etc.

A 5-year size requires 2¼ yards of 32-inch cotton print for dress and hat and ⅜ yard of 44-inch organdy.

The dress is good for little girls 2 to 8 years. The hat is nice for children, girls, misses and ladies.

3755—For rough-and-tumble wear a wash suit made like this one should go into that vacation trunk. The straight trousers extend up on the waist in a new fashion, and the waist has a smart little collar and slit pocket. Use one material in repp, piqué, linen-finished cottons, madras, drill, linen, poplin, pongee, chambray, silk and cotton jersey, or wool jersey, or use silk and cotton jersey in two colors, etc.

A 4-year size requires ⅞ yard of 36-inch linen for the waist and ¾ yard of 36-inch linen of contrasting color for trousers.

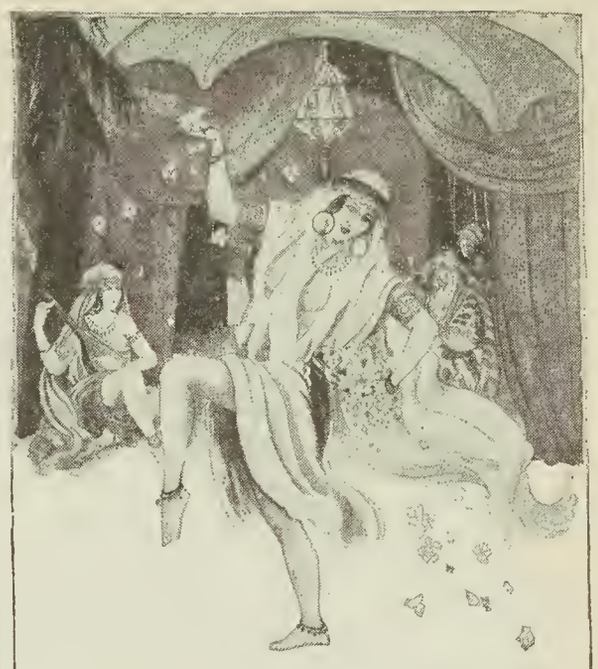
The suit is practical for little boys 2 to 6 years.

3708—Frills and flowers are a happy combination, particularly when they are used with tucks to trim a little frock. Rosettes on the sleeves and a narrow girdle of colored ribbon are dainty accessories. This dress with its tucked waist slips on over her head and has a straight skirt which meets the blouse at a low waistline. Use organdy, batiste, cotton voile, fine lawn, net, point d'Esprit, Georgette, taffeta, or crêpe de Chine for this dress.

An 11-year size will require 2½ yards of cotton voile 36 inches wide.

The dress is good for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.





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How Fiction Writers Are Made

Given a grandmother who was a writer, a mother who was an actress, and a grandfather who sailed the seven seas in the bygone days of clipper ships, and who could help wanting to write fiction—especially when such an interesting family history is pieced out with some novel adventures of one's own? Izola Forrester, author of "Beloved Son of—" in this issue, fell heir to all these advantages and in addition hails from a town the very name of which has connoted good stories ever since Geoffrey Chaucer chronicled the immortal tales of his medieval pilgrims.

"I lived in Canterbury, Connecticut," writes Miss Forrester, who in private life is Mrs. Page, "and I went to the little country school until I was nine, when my grandmother died, and we left Canterbury. We had not been farmer folks, as they say up there. My grandmother, Izola M. Millis, had been a writer for the old *Waverly Magazine* and the *Boston Transcript*. My mother was an actress, and played with Charlotte Cushman before I was born. Canterbury is thirty miles from Pascoag, Rhode Island, where I was born in my great-grandfather's house. He was Abraham Standish Mills, and sailed trading schooners all around the globe. Our garret used to be a heavenly jumble of theatrical costumes and Chinese tea-boxes. My mother used to descend on us once in a while and take me away to play children's parts, *Harry* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," when I was four, and *Willie* in "East Lynne," when I was six, then West with a repertoire company, until I got horribly homesick and was shipped back to the farm by Adams Express.

She Finds Editorial Guidance

"After my grandmother died," continues Mrs. Page, "I traveled with my mother for three years, playing all sorts of children's parts, but I used to write stories on the trains and around hotels. While we were playing at Toledo, Ohio, just before my mother's death, George Forrester, an editor on the Chicago *Tribune*, and his wife were at the same hotel, and he read some of my stories, and coaxed my mother to let me go home with them to study and be trained for the literary race instead of the stage. She died the following Spring, and I was legally adopted, and lived in Chicago for eleven years, beginning my newspaper work on the *Herald* and *Tribune* there.

"Then came children's books, ten all together, and nine years here in New York on the staff of the New York *World*, later with Munsey four years, and then into the motion-picture field. One grown-up book, 'The Dangerous Inheritance,' last year, and a nestful of children who all write stories except the three-year-old, and she tells them!"

A Royal Butterick Patron

Princess Mary's wedding and the rumor that an announcement is expected soon of the engagement of her brother, the Prince of Wales, has set the older members of the Butterick family to reminiscing. Some of them recall very distinctly when the royal order came to our London offices for Butterick patterns from which to make the Prince's first baby clothes and the orders that succeeded it until the young Prince was three years old. Then his dressing became one of the duties of the royal tailor instead of the royal wardrobe mistress and dress patterns were no longer required.

Our Own Butterick Peerage

The prestige of Butterick patterns among titled European patrons is one of our highly valued assets because the aristocracies of the older countries form a leisure class with a keen appreciation of what is best in the dictates of fashion and with the time and means to follow them. This appended list of names, taken almost at random from our London orders, indicates something of the popularity of Butterick patterns among the titled women of Great Britain:

H. M. Queen Sophie of Greece, The Lady Violet Astor, Lady Arbuthnot, Lady Audrey Anson, Lady Nina Balfour, Lady Barr, Lady Bell, Lady Baker, Lady Baden-Powell, Hon. Lady Goodenough, Lady Malise Graham, Lady Borrowes, Katharine Lady Baker Wilbraham, The Marchioness of Bath, Lady Bushman, Lady M. M. Briscoe, Lady Carden, Lady Cayley, Lady Curtis, The Countess of Lauderdale, Lady M. C. Curtis, Lady Cayser, Lady Coke, Lady Cawley, Lady De Lisle, Countess de Pierrefeu, Lady Forbes, The Lady V. Gregson, Lady O'Neill, Lady Pease, Lady Howard, Lady Haggard, Lady Harrison Smith, Lady Holden, The Hon. Lady Hely-Hutchinson, Lady G. Ieneđ, Lady John Joicey Cecil, The Right Honorable Countess of Tankerville, Lady Wakefield, Lady May, Lady Moncreiff, The Hon. Lady Macnaghten, Lady Middlemore, The Countess of Malmesbury, The Dowager Countess of Northesk, The Hon. Mrs. Neawe, The Lady Rachel Verney, Lady Young, Lady Pigot, Lady Philipson Stow, Lady Rathcreedan, The Hon. Mrs. St. Aubyn, Lady George Seymour, Lady Stonhouse, Lady Geraldine St. Laurence, Lady Edith Trotter, Lady Wallers.

A Portrait Artist's Hobby

Leonebel Jacobs, whose sketches and pen pictures of notable men and women in Washington are published in this issue, probably has had more great people sit for her than any other woman in the country. She is a Western woman who came to New York to study art and who has made good in a big way. The zest for her work that "Uncle Joe" Cannon commented on with approval is partly due to her keen interest in personalities. "Whatever that elusive word personality may mean," said Mrs. Jacobs, "it is personality that gives to the artist his great inspiration. The important thing is not whether the sitter is beautiful or ugly; it is whether he is interesting, and that is apt to be the result of the kind of life he has lived. Now Washington always abounds with interesting people—people who have accomplished great things, or occupied superior positions, or possess fine brains, or have lived eventful lives—so when an artist travels to Washington to make portrait sketches at a time when the capital is unusually full of distinguished personages, as at the time when I was there, he is in his seventh heaven, knowing that he is going to have wonderful material to work with."

Choosing the Summer Camp

Since Mr. Patri's article about Summer camps was written for this issue, announcement has been made of Mr. John D. Rockefeller's gift of $50,000 to the Boy Scouts to match an equal amount raised in other ways, the total to be devoted to Summer-camp activities for boys. At about the same time, the Girl Scout organization received $20,000 from a philanthropic Foundation for enlarging the scope of their own Summer-camp plans. Parents who are impressed by the recommendations of Mr. Patri will do well to investigate the facilities of the Scout organizations in their own localities. When these prove inadequate or there is other reason for going farther afield, the editor of THE DELINEATOR will be glad to suggest some camp or camps suited to your special requirements.

Mr. Hutchinson Measures Himself

Readers of Mr. Hutchinson's "This Freedom" will be interested in the following paragraph from a letter in which he writes of himself in the third person: "The author is a very dull and useless sort of person in social life. Has no accomplishments or parlor tricks or brilliant conversation. Very fond of walking and likes walking clubs. Likes seeing people's faces and imagining things about them. Loathes and detests unfairness—meaning particularly the kind of unfairness of judging from only one side of a thing; and not saying 'sorry' with complete admission and widest generosity when a mistake has been made." The first part of this paragraph, we feel sure, can be taken with a grain of salt. As for the rest—the part about his hatred of unfairness—no one who remembers his treatment of Mark Sabre's misfortunes, in "If Winter Comes," can have any doubts about its sincerity. The tragic consequences of unfairness have rarely been so movingly presented.

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

PROSPECTIVE June brides will find suggestions of interest in the following list of items clipped from an *Indiana* paper's account of a wedding ✿ ✿ ✿ "Some of the presents were: a set of teeth and an ice-cream freezer; an ash-receiver and some elegant terra-cotta jewelry; a quilt pieced by the donor when she was only eleven years old; and a package of cabbage-seed from the bride's grandmother, aged ninety, who can read fine print without glasses, and who cracked all the nuts for the banquet with her own teeth" ✿ ✿ ✿ The first piece of mahogany furniture was a table presented to *Queen Elizabeth* by Sir Walter Raleigh ✿ ✿ ✿ Speaking of English queens, we wanted to add to the list of titled ladies who use Butterick Patterns, listed elsewhere on this page, the names and sizes of the garments ordered—a feature of great possibilities—but our lady boss said "Nay, nay, young man, be thou on thy way" ✿ ✿ ✿ A professor in the *University of Southern California* says that women will rule this country by 1977 ✿ ✿ ✿ A little rapid calculation on our memo pad indicates that we shall be safe in our crematory urn before the lady rulers get well under way ✿ ✿ ✿ Football for women is becoming popular in *Paris* ✿ ✿ ✿ After reading the following newspaper account of a recent game, we envy the spectators ✿ ✿ ✿ "Excited by the play and angry because the score was against her, one of the misses playing at forward in the *En Avant* team started pulling the hair of every adversary of the *Femina Club* who came within reach; an indignation meeting was called and the game ended with both teams walking off the field" ✿ ✿ ✿ *Miss Margaret Owen*, of New York City, was found guilty in a Magistrate's Court of having dyed her eight-months-old Persian cat a beautiful Alice blue ✿ ✿ ✿ She explained that the dye bath was necessary to make the cat's fur harmonize with her apparel ✿ ✿ ✿ For removing flies from the kitchen ceiling, a horse-whip with a yellow tassel will be found indispensable ✿ ✿ ✿ For best results, sneak up on the fly from the rear while his attention is riveted on something else ✿ ✿ ✿ The *Fashion Editor* informs us that the deftly rolled stocking which heralds the sure approach of Summer is called the "Scotch Knot," likewise the "Romany Twist" ✿ ✿ ✿ We are for it—also for municipalities with enough civic pride to order high steps on street-cars ✿ ✿ ✿ The flapper's latest bid for attention is to wear huge colored initials on the insteps of dark silk hose ✿ ✿ ✿ If engaged, she wears her own initial over one sandal and her fiancé's over the other ✿ ✿ ✿ Candy, instead of snuff, is now issued to old women in many *British* charitable institutions ✿ ✿ ✿ In St. Petersburg, Florida, the women's *Purity League* petitioned the mayor to appoint a bathing-suit inspector "to protect married men from the wiles of the beach vamps" ✿ ✿ ✿ Over in England the newest wrinkle in bathing-suits is a wall-paper design that produces a grotesque effect when the costume clings to the wet body ✿ ✿ ✿ Some member of the class may now step to the front and tell us why there are more pictures of girls in swimming-togs than there are girls who swim ✿ ✿ ✿ *Baltimore* street-car lines lost so many conductorets through resignations that an investigation was ordered ✿ ✿ ✿ It was found that in most cases the women had quit because they had secured a meal-ticket by marrying the motorman ✿ ✿ ✿ A woman of twenty-five has fewer chances of living to be sixty than a man of the same age ✿ ✿ ✿ If a man and woman have both reached the age of fifty, the chances are that the woman will outlive the man ✿ ✿ ✿ *Agnes Borgo*, a French prima donna, was awarded a verdict for damages against a French newspaper that compared her voice to a locomotive steam whistle ✿ ✿ ✿ A *Kansas* editor decided to give his readers honest news ✿ ✿ ✿ He began with the following account of a wedding ✿ ✿ ✿ "The bride was an ordinary town girl who didn't know any more than a rabbit about cooking and never helped her mother three days in her life. She is not beautiful by any means and has a gait like a duck. The groom has been a loafer, living off the old folks all his life and don't amount to shucks and they're going to have a hard life while they live together" ✿ ✿ ✿ The editor is now out of a job, so it behooves us hereafter to be circumspect about telling the truth.

THE DELINEATOR

JULY 1922



"The World is Mine"

IMPORTANT CHILD ARTICLES

BY DR. L. EMMETT HOLT AND DR. RALPH LOBENSTINE

SUMMER FICTION BY

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON ZONA GALE ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

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THE DELINEATOR

MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

VOLUME C JULY 1922 NUMBER SIX



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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

TWENTY THOUSAND MOTHERS DIE

WE WERE staggered during the war when ten thousand men were killed in battle. Millions of us are working for peace.

Twenty thousand American mothers died in childbirth *needlessly* last year. Almost no one is working to stop this sacrifice.

Mothers and babies are dying every day, almost every hour, *needlessly* because the simple facts which would save them are not known.

Amateurs have written much and scientific men and women have written a little on this danger. But there have not been enough nation-wide moves to spread the important truths which would save those twenty thousand mothers.

Eighty per cent. of the children of America are born with a chance to be healthy. Only seventeen per cent. of them come to the age of sixteen without some defect which intelligent care could have prevented.

What are you willing to do about these mothers and cheated children?

Twenty thousand mothers died in childbirth last year—*needlessly*. Think of it—twenty thousand!

When the National Maternity Center Association published these figures, the editors of THE DELINEATOR felt the responsibility of the enormous circulation of this magazine to carry to the women of this country the knowledge which would help prevent this sacrifice.

We have asked the foremost specialists in the care of mothers and children to plan for us a campaign to which we could dedicate a part of THE DELINEATOR.

The first two articles in this series, by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, President of the National Maternity Center Association, should be read by every adult woman. Doctor Lobenstine has also prepared a more complete paper which THE DELINEATOR will send to mothers who are interested in this important work.

The articles on the care and feeding of infants and very young children will be written by Dr. L. Emmett Holt, the foremost baby specialist in this country, whose book, "Care and Feeding of Children," has been given by physicians to mothers all over the English-speaking world.

Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, recently President of the American Child Hygiene Association, and Director of the Division of Child Welfare in the New York State Department of Health, will write upon the preschool child.

Dr. William Palmer Lucas, Professor of Diseases of Children in the University of California, and who directed the child-welfare work of the American Red Cross in Europe, will write on the health of the school child.

Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, Director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, will write on this very important and neglected subject.

Dr. Owen Lovejoy, General Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, will discuss problems of the child in industry.

These great scientists are ready to help you. Will you do your part by telling any mother or prospective mother you know about this important campaign? Will you be a crusader for children?

PRIDE OR BOAST?

WHAT kind of patriotism do you teach your child? Is it built on truth or legend?

Is it the kind of "patriotism" that he will outgrow—like the legend of Santa Claus or the fairy-tale of Bluebeard? Or have you told him to love his country because, although it may not always have been right—no nation has always been right, since, built by man, nations have not been without their faults—but built by *honest men* this country has been great in its virtues?

Has your child learned from the professional spellbinder a pride of country because of the foolish boasts, "We can lick anything in the world" and "We never have been beaten"?

Has he been taught that he need never worry, since in any emergency a million men would spring to arms between sunrise and sunset to fight for their country?

THE WOMAN WHO HAS LIVED

By MADAME ROCHÉ

Telling people you believe them capable of doing wonders is the best way to make them attempt it.

Those not accustomed to suffering easily imagine that they are heroic.

Certain substances are in themselves harmless; mixed with others they become dangerous. So with certain people.

Devotion to a mirage is more tenacious than devotion to a reality.

Getting drunk on champagne is no cleaner than getting drunk on cheap whisky.

They who lack nothing know not of what they might be capable if they lacked everything.

All who can not have children would have liked to have twelve.

When I think of the hidden sufferings in life I feel less pity for the visible ones.

An audience is never so uniform that the orator does not wound some by his severity and exaggeration and leave others indifferent because of his indulgence and lack of force.

We may die of shame; but shame sometimes makes us live.

There are times when we weep out of all proportion. We are releasing an accumulation of tears forcibly dammed up on other occasions.

Or have you told your child the truth—that in the beginning even so great a man as George Washington, with so divine a promise as freedom, could not hold men to fight for their own liberty? Does he know that the Father of His Country wept because Congress would not support him in holding an army to defend their land? Does he know that men claimed bounties and bonuses and even then did not stick it out to fight for freedom? Have you taught him that a small group with a vision and a God-given courage fought on, despite their compatriots' failures and defeat from the enemy?

Does he know that the Continental Army was made up of untrained soldiers? That lack of discipline made them almost ridiculous as defenders of their country?

Does he know that with twice as many men as the British had at that point, the American soldiers, with only a few men wounded, deserted the defense of Washington and gave the capital of the country to the British in 1812?

Until five years ago, when the records were brought forth by the United States Government, most teachers denied these facts.

This young generation is seeking the truth; our histories are being rewritten.

There is nothing in the history of the United States which can not bear the light of day. We have failed pitifully a few times, and our greatest fault has been our boast that never have we failed.

There is much that transcends the weaknesses of poor human nature in the foundation of this country and in the preservation of it. The declaration of free men was like a second Bethlehem to the earth. It was an idea given to the universe for a new hope for man.

There is power in truth. Let us teach our children the whole truth about our great country.

Teach them to be proud that America's cause has ever been the cause of justice.

Teach them to be proud that their country has always stood for open diplomacy and a square deal.

Teach them that America has never fought a war of conquest.

We might have grabbed that wealth to the northwest—Alaska—but we went into the market and bought it, *and the owner made the price.*

We took Cuba out of the clutch of Spain and set her free.

We have been an umpire, never a bully.

We have kept our gate open for the oppressed of the world, and we have even been patient—perhaps sometimes overpatient—when the lawless wandered in and attempted to strangle us. Nevertheless, we have always kept the door open wide enough to admit those who have suffered religious persecution.

With our pride, let us have the strength of humility and the courage to pray:

"My country, right or wrong—God make her right!"

AND THE PUBLIC FORGOT

WE DEMAND humor from our humorists, but our humorists who are worthy of the name have longed, always, to give us *more* than humor. "A cursed mania for serious things"—that is what Ellis Parker Butler calls it. We can not give up their humor. We need it. But when they bring us the gift which they feel is the *bigger* gift, we must not turn away. They may be right!

Mark Twain was a great humorist. It is so we think of him, yet the finest work he ever did was grimly serious work. And we can not doubt that life was just a little bit spoiled for him because when he offered us the fine, big, serious thing into which he had put the very best that was in him, most of us shrugged our shoulders and let it go by, and said—"but it doesn't *sound* like Mark Twain!"

Ellis Parker Butler is a humorist. Are there any of us who have not laughed at "Pigs is Pigs"?

But Mr. Butler has given us "Martin Forgot"—a lovely and moving bit of imaginative work so filled with power and beauty that it opens our mortal eyes for a glorious moment to the eternity in which we really live, but which, like old Martin, we will always be forgetting. There is laughter in "Martin Forgot," but it is laughter which chokes in the throat because it is just the other side of tears.

RELIGION—OUR NATION'S STRENGTH

By CALVIN COOLIDGE, *Vice-President of the United States*

THE progress of the world goes in waves. There are times when it advances, there are times when it recedes. It does not return, however, to the old low level, and it carries within itself a resurgent power, which will bear it forward to greater heights. In the past months the world has found itself in a receding wave. This has seemed discouraging to many. But it was a natural reaction, a period of recuperation, a period of preparation. This is no time for discouragement. There is reason for a renewed faith in the silent power of the soul of mankind and in the guidance of a Divine Providence.

What is the great hope of the world? Through what motive and by what method will we work out our salvation? It may be well first to examine the critics' charges. The great promise held out by war fervor, they say, is far from realized. Good impulses aroused by national peril appear to be subsiding. Evil impulses which always follow in the train of war seem more and more apparent. That unified spirit of sacrifice which raised the nation about itself is giving way to the danger of artificial class distinctions; many are trying to escape necessary burdens, and the end is virtually a quarrel over the spoils.

There is openly expressed defiance of the government of the people, comparatively unnoticeable, but it is organizing and seeking to expand. There is too little respect for the law as law and too much tendency to substitute private desire for public obligation. The very ease of existence, the increased means of gratifying desires, creates in many as yet untrained in self-discipline that greed which grows with success.

Old hatreds and old rivalries are again breaking out between the nations, the critics fear. The same forces which now destroy might have been turned to work which constructs. This spirit of opposition hampered the Washington Conference. In our own country, good legislation is delayed and distorted by factional controversies. Transportation and industry are held back by disagreements between employer and employee. Business suffers from the distrust produced by a comparatively small amount of profiteering.

THESE evils, say the critics, are not the natural excesses after the discipline and restraints of war, but are more deep-seated. They affect the national character. They weaken the power of the nation either to hold its own place or assume the leadership cast upon it by destiny. Unless the evils are checked, society will disintegrate.

Is there any desire or any ability on the part of mankind to seek out and find a remedy for these conditions? Is there anything in man's nature, in what he has inherited or acquired, which would lead us to hope?

Little or nothing in the inheritance of idleness, wastefulness and bloodthirstiness from our savage ancestors holds any hope. But those acquirements represented by civilization are more encouraging. Man no longer refuses to work. Even those who seem unable to practise thrift acknowledge the wisdom of promoting it. Although no nation can claim that it is yet positive of maintaining peace for any length of time, at least it is looked upon as desirable.

The commercial and material side of life is by no means to be scorned. That which the earth has been laboring through untold generations to produce is not lightly to be cast aside.

The finer side of our material development is science and invention. Through them the power of mankind has been tremendously augmented. The general increase of physical power no doubt results from a general increase of mental power. On the other hand, it can not be said that it is certain to produce moral power. All the known science and invention could be used to arm and equip a nation that it might go forth to conquer and destroy. They enlarge the opportunity of the individual to do evil. They furnish no guarantee that he will not.

It is self-evident that without civilization science would scarcely exist a day. Nor can it be denied that the power created by industry and commerce, science and invention has ministered not only to the material but to the spiritual welfare of mankind. The mass of people no longer live on the edge of existence. The line has been moved back, affording leisure for development in childhood and contemplation in maturity, ministering alike to education and the arts. The institutions of higher learning have multiplied. Great charities have been founded. Far-reaching religious organizations have sent their light into the dark corners of the earth. But all this power can be used, has been used, to support missionaries of evil as well as missionaries of good.

The creation of great industrial combinations once seemed to promise, by stabilizing wages and prices, an economic peace and prosperity beneficial to all. Misuse of their enormous power, however, compelled the Government to interpose in order to restore the economic authority of the nation to the people of the nation. It has always been the genius of Americans to entrust their destiny to no one but themselves.

But these reforms did not prevent fair profits. The war produced an unprecedented apparent prosperity. Peace returned, but not the old peace-time conditions. Not only have taxation and the costs of business enormously increased, but the call of the Old World has had to be met through immense private and public charities and by deferring obligations. Fortunes and profits vanish in the inevitable deflation which follows inflation.

Undoubtedly our higher institutions of learning and our schools have contributed greatly to the stability, sanity and morality of the world. Our colleges and universities can not be free from the restless spirit about them, but they are a tremendous influence in right thinking and clean living, a strong foundation to society and an increased strength of government. The fifteen millions of the youth of the land enrolled in our lower schools also can not lack the mental equipment necessary for progress. But knowledge itself will not suffice. Like the power of wealth or place, knowledge can be used alike for good or evil.

IT MAY be that the era of science and industry culminating in the great war has demonstrated all that science and industry of themselves can do.

Before the era of science came the great revival of religion at the end of the Middle Ages. There was a mighty searching of souls. Carried over into the seventeenth century, Green declared that "England became the people of a book, and that book was the Bible." It was out of that period that the great Puritan migrations, crossing the sea, stamped their character deep into the life of the American nation. With the Puritans religion was first and everything else was of secondary importance. The only reality they recognized lay in spiritual things. They laid a foundation in America which has never been shaken. The middle of the eighteenth century saw another revival of religion which through Whitefield and Wesley carried its appeal directly to the people. It was the prelude to that march of democracy which started from Concord and Lexington.

The great movements of mankind, the new birth of learning, giving to the world its poets, its statesmen, its discoverers, its scientists, the spirit of democracy which pulled down kings and set up parliaments, abolished servitude and established the right of the people to govern, the spirit of tolerance which declared the freedom of the conscience of mankind, all began in great religious revivals.

But materialistic thought changed the old religious beliefs and ideals. The supposed conflict between the teachings of science and the teachings of the Bible made men lose faith in its inspiration. This was but temporary. Out of it there came a firmer conviction, a more abiding faith, which remains unshaken.

Those who doubt the ability of the world to make progress need to realize anew the existence of this faith. We may rely somewhat and justifiably upon industry, the advancement of science and the power of education to better the world. But these are all weak compared with the strength of the religion of our fathers.

It is in the religious convictions alone that we may hope for any permanent solution of the differences between employer and employed, for a permanent social relationship which can be embodied in the law of the land, or any permanent plan for international harmony which can exist without armament. A religious motive alone can inspire the nation to bear its public and private burdens. All other plans are makeshifts, they pass away, while those built upon spiritual thought are permanent.

Those critics who fear that the standards of civilization are permanently declining are forgetting the stronger part of the nature of mankind. Of course materialism is not sufficient; it has never been sufficient, important though it be, to do the great work of the world. The nature of mankind rises far above that, above what seems temporarily expedient, into the realm of what is eternally right. That nature does not change. It does not grow less. Against it no power can prevail. The appeal to support the higher cause of civilization must be made, as always, to the higher nature of mankind.

This appeal is not weak, it is strong. It has laid the corner-stone of every place of worship. It has sat by every fireside, it has rocked every cradle. Whatever else may be lost, the faith of mankind remains.

The strength of the nation is the piety of the nation.



From the portrait by Leonel Jacobs

COOLIDGEISMS

There is too little respect for the law as law and too much tendency to substitute private desire for public obligation.

Even those who seem unable to practise thrift acknowledge the wisdom of promoting it.

While peace is looked upon as a desirable and useful condition, there is no nation which can claim that it is now positive of maintaining it for any length of time.

It has always been the genius of Americans to entrust their destiny to no one but themselves.

Progress depends on something more than naked economic power.

Knowledge itself will not suffice. Like the power of wealth or place, it can be used alike for good or evil.

It is in the religious convictions alone that we may hope for any permanent solution of the differences between employer and employed, any discovery of a permanent social relationship which can be embodied in the law of the land, or any permanent plan for an international harmony which can exist without armament.

Materialism is not sufficient; it has never been sufficient.

Whatever else may be lost, the faith of mankind remains. That faith which has sustained us through the ages, that faith will sustain us still.



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FOR SHOW

By ZONA GALE

Zona Gale knows the heart of the small town as few writers can know it—its humor, its aspirations, its failures and its courage. An insight into all of these she has given us in her Friendship Village stories, in "The Man at Red Barns," in "Miss Lulu Bett"—which in its dramatic form won the Pulitzer prize for 1921 as the best drama of the year. "For Show" is a wholly charming small-town love-story—the first of a series which Miss Gale is doing for THE DELINEATOR



"WE WANT TO TELL OUR COMPANY IN THE PRESENCE OF THE OWNERS THAT MOST OF THE TRUCK IN THE HOUSES HAS BEEN CONTRIBUTED BY THOSE HERE PRESENT"

MIS' PUPPY'S brother Archer from the city calls his name Poppy, and mebbe it is, nobody knowing what his own ancestors *was* named. Mis' Puppy hadn't seen her brother for twenty years, when he was Puppy. And all of a sudden he wrote to her that he was going through Katytown on his way to California and he and his *three* daughters would stop off overnight.

Mis' Puppy went into a frenzy. "What am I to do, Mis' Bentham, I beg you," she says to me, "me that's only got one spare bedroom and one flowered wash-bowl and pitcher. And Archer's in society now," she says, "where they have a room apiece and faucets in 'em. I'm near distracted," she says.

I thought a minute—not dazed, but kind of through and under, to see not so much what was what as what *could* be what.

"Why don't you scatter 'em around?" I says. "Gimme one for my spare chamber—the curtains are in the wash, but I can set up to-night and iron 'em off. Mis' James has got a spare room—give her one. And le's us think it through and see how we can farm out the other girl. And you keep Archer."

She looked at me with that kind of a long breath that seems like lungs ain't enough for but it takes pores. "That's what I will do," says she. "Oh, to have a friend that's one brain like you are, Mis' Bentham!"

"SHUCKS," I says, "I could have thought of that with my elbows."

It worked, like most plans will work if you work 'em; and we arranged to distribute the Poppys like this: Mr. Poppy to his sister; Miss Janet, the oldest daughter, to Mis' Bliss, that calls her spare room a guest-room and has light-blue satin things in it; Mis' Angela, the second daughter, to Mis' State Senator James, that's got a nice square front room with a closet, though no style; and Miss Marcia, the youngest, to me. We arranged it that way at the social hour of the missionary meeting; and no sooner was it known than Mis' Jerry Cold spoke right up.

"I don't know why the rest of us shouldn't have a hand in this, I'm sure," she says. "I ain't much of a house, but I've got a few things. Why can't I send over my Christmas oxidized-silver brush-and-comb set to one of you that's taking 'em in? The box is real handsome."

"So do," says Mis' James, hearty. "I was wondering about an extra brush. I s'pose she'll bring one, but I always like to have one in the room to look as if I had one. And my wire brush that I use for that is kind of petering out."

Blue-satin toilet articles, hand-painted looking-glass, pin-tray and hatpin tube, vases, Brussels rugs, framed pictures—one of them an oil—and an upholstered celluloid boat for pins all come pouring in; and finally pieces of parlor furniture were lent. And the hostesses were real glad to accept.

"Because, land," as Mis' State Senator James says, "hardly anybody on this earth has got as nice things as they'd like to have. And why not own up to it?"

Mis' Puppy had planned to have Mis' James and Mis' Bliss and me, that was all her co-hostesses, come in for a cup of cocoa the evening that the guests were to be in town. But she now begun to see that she couldn't very well have in us three regulars without inviting in all the contributing ones too. So she settled to have quite a gathering to her house on that evening and ask in all the contributors accompanied by their husbands.

NO SOONER had the news about that got out than the whole of Katytown—I mean the women—came hotfoot to one or another of the four houses bringing in something or other to help fill up or adorn the four spare rooms. I never see such a stream nor such a lot of stuff. From armchairs to hair-receivers and back again they brought us over things till it begun to look as though the room would be so full of offerings for the comfort of them concerned that they themselves couldn't get inside of 'em. I guess about the only person in town that we knew real well that hadn't offered was Mattie Beach; and she had never come near any of us.

"Funny Mattie don't volunteer," one or another of us said once or twice. And finally Mis' Jerry Cold said: "Say! Don't I remember that Mattie and Archer used to keep company some, before he ever left Katytown at all? How about that, Mis' Puppy?"

Mis' Puppy admitted it. "Oh, yes," she said. "Boy-and-girl talk—but that ain't saying it didn't go deep. Time was when Mattie and I talked over patterns."

PATTERNS for the wedding-dress, that means in Katytown. None of us had ever known that much for sure, and we all kept still, our minds working. Mattie Beach, with her wavy gray hair, playing our church organ—and her knowing all the time that she might have been Mis' Archer Poppy in the city, flying high.

"What happened?" Mis' State Senator James put in words what we were all passing away to ask, but hesitated.

"I never knew," said Mis' Puppy. "Nor I never dared ask Mattie—and Archer snapped my head off when I even mentioned it. Though he went to the city right off after. And married."

"How long's his wife been dead?" asked Mis' James—that ain't got any too much delicacy, I s'pose account of her husband being in politics.

"Oh, years," said Mis' Puppy, "but that wouldn't make any difference. Why, Archer's grown clean away from Katytown now and everybody in it. He has a chauffoor and a Japanese man to pass things at meals. Land! And Mattie Beach shovels off her own walks."

"Cuts her own grass, too," said Mis' Bliss. "I see her doing it as I come by just now—with a man's hat on her head. And the whole yard and the street smelling of ginger-bread. Nobody can beat her at that, neither."

"That's what Archer used to say," said Mis' Puppy. "Come on now and help me arrange. I hope the room ain't going to look too much like a Christmas tree held over."

We all helped one another arrange. It was ticklish, too. We knew we couldn't leave anybody out or they'd know it and have feelings. The worst problem was at my house. Old Mis' Slocum, not having anything in furniture or decorations to contribute, had sent over all she did have: A real elegant red-and-black-striped parasol that her niece had sent her from New York and that she wouldn't have carried through Katytown for a thousand dollars; but, she thought, stood up in a corner casual, it would give a real air of elegance to the whole room. And so in the end we done. For, as Mis' Puppy said reasonable: "A parasol can be forgot in a night, but Mis' Slocum would feel hurt till her death-day."

US FOUR hostesses all went up to the depot to meet our guests, both natural and adopted. It was a ripe August afternoon—gold-and-blue August, a day that went slow, like shadows. We walked down by where we knew the parlor-car always stopped, though none of us in Katytown ever took it, and when the express came throbbing through I guess we all felt as if we were going to speak a piece. And not a soul got off.

"Ain't you no passengers for here?" Mis' Puppy asked the porter, agitated and like it was his own fault if he hadn't.

"No ma'am—not for hyar," he said, indulgent.

We walked back, all crestfallen. Like enough they had got delayed, Mis' Puppy said, so many trunks to pack and all, and they had decided to skip right on through the next day. Like enough——

She was interrupted by a commotion on the platform.

A little boy was coming from the lunch-room loaded down with fruit. His mother, looking tired to death and holding a baby, stood on the train steps. And behind him come three girls, carrying more fruit and some magazines and ice-cream cones and chocolate. And they all got on to the train behind the little boy, and one of the girls said, laughing, to the conductor: "Now don't you go off with us. This is as far as we're going." And another of them called back over her shoulder from the steps: "And you wait for my father—he's at the ticket-office. I don't care if it *is* the express!" And just then a big red-faced man came tearing across the platform, and he says to the conductor: "There—take that paper. And when you get to Alling there'll be a berth for that woman and her children—a whole section. See that she gets into it, will you? Hustle out of there, you girls—or you'll go on to California!"

They came out of the train, the three of them, just as the conductor give the signal—and the woman and little boy were waving from the window, and even the conductor lifted his hand to them as he rolled away.

"Now then!" says the big red man, "where's my sister?"

We were lined up all around him. It was getting to us slow.

"Am I her?" asks Mis' Puppy, hesitating. "Am I, Archer?"

He stooped and kissed her—he was awful gentle and serious and sort of tender, for such a big man. "Here's the girls," he said. "Here's Aunt 'Melia—here she is!" he cried. And those three girls—waiting beside us, bent over and kissed her too, just like they had been her nieces by habit as well as by nature.

Till then we hadn't had time to see how pretty they were—big strapping girls, two dark and one light, and all in lovely braided linen and serges. And from the living minute that every one of us set eyes on them, and felt their nice firm hand-clasp, and saw their nice deep eyes looking out at us, we felt as if we had known them from birth and had had them around the house all their lives. They were girls. Not young ladies or strangers or company or anything like that—just girls.

WE HAD been going to take the bus at a quarter apiece, but Archer Poppy says: "Oh, can't we walk and stretch our legs out?" And the girls says: "Oh, *let's* walk!" And we all did walk, after the checks for the bags had gone to Binny, the baggage-man, that came and shook hands with Archer first; and they told us a little about the woman on the train that was intending to go all the way to the Coast in a day-coach with a lunch-basket.

"If we had gone in the Pullman, as father wanted us to," said the one that I was gradually making out to be Miss Marcia, "from Chicago here, we should have missed them. Another count against extravagance, dear!" She threw him an over-shoulder look, merry with some meaning lost to us. But not to her sisters, who smiled at their father; and not to their father, who suddenly scowled and said with more sharpness than I should have thought he had:

" 'Melia, my girls try their best to run me."

"No, darling. Only ourselves," said Miss Marcia, demure as a rose, a peach and a kitten, all, so to speak, rolled into one.

And all this time Mis' Bliss and Mis' Senator James and I, we had been principally holding our peace. It seemed so wonderful, when we had all been expecting grandeur and airs and ways that none of us had ever heard of, when we all had on our company manners and had been afraid into the bargain, now to find just a nice, comfortable, every-day sort of man and his three girls, just every-day too in spite of being so pretty. It made a nice minute.

We were just rounding the corner by the Katytown park when we heard a lawn-mower going. I looked over across the street, and then I nudged Mis' Puppy, and she looked too, and she nudged me back. It was Mattie Beach, in a blue work-dress, her wavy gray hair shining in the sun, cutting grass for all she was worth. I never said a word, and neither did Mis' Puppy; and Mis' Bliss she didn't see anything; but Mis' State Senator James she piped right up:

"If there ain't Mattie Beach," she says.

"Where?" says Archer Poppy, and stopped stock still.

"CUTTING her grass," said Mis' James. "And she shovels her walks in the Winter, too."

"What—what's her name, now?" says Archer Poppy.

"It's Mattie Beach!" we all spoke up, without meaning to.

He said it over, as if he were saying it to himself alone and had forgotten that the rest of us were there. "Mattie Beach." Then he turned and started across the street. "Don't wait for me," he called back. "I'll be along presently. I'll be along——"

So we all went on—and I loved the way the girls took it. "How nice for him to find all of you right off!" Miss Angela says, and Miss Janet says: "Oh, I was so afraid everybody he knew might be—gone," and Miss Marcia, she didn't say anything; but I loved the way she looked after her father. I guess we all skittered a look backward and see him bowing to Mattie Beach in the middle of the lawn and her leaning on the lawn-mower, waiting.

WE GOT to Mis' James's house first and her Monday wash was all hanging out on the line. "Land," she says, "I wanted to get 'em down before the company come, but I didn't get to do it before time for the train to whistle."

Miss Angela started straight across the grass. "Come on," she says, "I'll help you do it now."

And then as we left them I heard a funny thing, I thought. Miss Angela says: "Speaking of trains, Mrs. James—can you tell me what time the next one is due here from Chicago?"

"Six-ten," I hollered back, and she flushed up a little.

We left Miss Janet at Mis' Bliss's. And when I said to Mis' Puppy, at my gate, that I'd be over in a few minutes and help her with the supper, Miss Marcia says, "Oh, let me come too," and so we went on right over there. It was a good thing, too, because there was plenty to do. Miss Marcia set right to work seeding white grapes for the salad; and I took the lettuce to wash. And I carried it out to the pump. And if I hadn't done that, this story might run on different.

I had the dish under the pump, trying to pump with one hand and keep from getting sloshed with the other, when I heard a low purr—a deep, rough-bass purr. "Somebody starting their automobile," I thought. But it wasn't like that either. It was wider and deeper and bigger and it came from all around at once; and pretty soon I realized with the thrill that I never get over feeling that it was an airplane going over. I called it right out, the way we all do yet whenever we see one:

"Oh, look at the flying-machine!" I shouted. And then I wondered what Miss Marcia would think of my not knowing what to call it. "I mean it's an air-ship," I says in my excitement, and was more ashamed still, her of course being so used to them and all.

The next minute I concluded she wasn't so used to them as I had thought. Out the door came flying Miss Marcia and her eyes were just stars. She didn't see me at all. She ran out into the middle of Mis' Puppy's drying-green and she stood there looking up, her hands held together, her lips parted, like she had never seen an airplane in all her days. She didn't say anything—but she stood there hardly breathing, by the look of her. And when I caught that first sight of her I could hardly look back at the sky for watching her. Had she never seen one before or what? It wasn't possible that she had never seen one before. Then *what?*

MIS' PUPPY, never noticing anything unusual but the airplane, was staring up at it, mouth open, paring-knife in hand. Then something happened that made me forget everything but the sky-wagon. The smooth noise of its going was suddenly shut off and it tipped downward and begun sliding nose first toward the ground. They always make me nervous when they do that, because I can't tell whether it's accident or art. But this one I see was heading straight for Bond's pasture and I allowed it was intending to make a landing there.

Miss Marcia she felt the same way. "What's it going to *do?*" she cried, like somebody on the stage. "Is there any place where he can land?"

"It looks to me," I says, "as if he was just about going to make Bond's pasture. That's where the circus plane always landed."

And that was what it done. Sailed down behind the trees like a pair of wings incarnate and disappeared. And Miss Marcia drew a long breath and whirled around and looked at us.

"How far is Bond's pasture?" she asked—not doubtful like a question, though, but determined like a fact.

"Mile and a half," I says. "Two miles," says Mis' Puppy. Women never know distances unless they can measure them by the length of their kitchen aprons.

Miss Marcia brushed aside this twin information like she hadn't heard it.

"I want to go there," she says. "How can I do that?"

"Well," says Mis' Puppy, "after supper perhaps we can get somebody with a car to take you out to have a look at it."

"I want to go now," says Miss Marcia. "I really must go now. Can't I get a taxi?"

Mis' Puppy and I both giggled, unintentional and brief.

"Binny, the expressman, drives a coop," says Mis' Puppy. "But it's pretty rattle-trap. That's all there is, though, without it's the bus."

In that same minute we thought that Miss Marcia had gone clean out of her head. She shouted and waved her arm. And a big wine-colored touring-car that was sailing by the house heard her and drew up in the middle of the road—and a man lep' out and came toward us.

"Well, Clem," Miss Marcia says, "how *did* you do it?"

"Easy," he says. "Hello, Marcia. Janet here?"

She told him no, and presented him to us as Mr. Marvin, with his face all fallen down at that word "no."

"Janet's staying somewhere else," she said. "I'll take you to her. But, oh, Clem, first you've got to take me somewhere. I—I've just seen an airplane land on the edge of town."

Mr. Clem Marvin's face lit up in a laugh.

"Good enough," he said. "How do we get there?"

Miss Marcia turned to Mis' Puppy and me with that air of gold and silver and honey-dew that would have made anybody do anything she asked them.

"You go, Mis' Bentham," says Mis' Puppy. "My hands are full of supper. I'll have it ready for you all when you get back," she called. "Bring your Mr. Clem with you, Marcia," she added, rattled on the name.

So that was how I was sitting in the back of the wine-colored car beside Miss Marcia, directing Mr. Clem Marvin to the Bond pasture, where the airplane was, me sensing no more than the dead why we should be going there, except that something by now had begun to dawn. Had begun to dawn.

We skipped through town and out the old tote road and in a jerk and a half—as we measure time in Katytown—we came in sight of the Bond pasture. And from far off we could see that great bird on the long level green floor, and a figure working round it.

"Don't honk," said Miss Marcia. "Let's be surprise."

We could drive straight into the Bond pasture and over the even green. The shadows were long and lovely and the locusts and maples along the pasture fence were nodding soft and the birds were doing business some. We got up pretty close to the plane before it saw us—before he saw us—the one that was working round it. Then he looked and looked again, and though Mr. Clem put up his hand it wasn't at him the man was looking. For Miss Marcia had the door open before the car had hardly made a real stop—and she went running along the shadows toward him—running toward him as hard as she could, not waiting or calling or letting him come to her, but running, like mad. And when he see her—well, next second they were together and she was in his arms, but no more than he was in hers, and he was kissing her no more than she was kissing him—right there in the middle of the Bond pasture.

He was Mr. Arthur Warren, it appeared, when she brought him over next minute, and Mr. Clem said, "Well, Artie, my kid, I made almost the time you did in your boat," and they grinned as if they knew all about it, whatever it was. Then Mr. Artie locked something up, and came and got in the car—both him and Miss Marcia in the back seat with me; and we started for town. And I made bold to say:

"You come home to supper to Mis' Puppy's too, Mr. Warren—Mis' Puppy, that's Miss Marcia's aunt—she wouldn't hear to anything else, I know."

He thanked me, and then him and Miss Marcia lapsed into unconsciousness, so far as Mr. Clem and I were concerned.

PART way home we had to cross the track. And we had to wait to let the six-ten go by. And as we drove round behind it, and took the curve in the road by the depot, Miss Marcia says all of a sudden:

"Isn't that Angela?"

We looked, and it seemed certain that the dark-blue linen lady standing at the top of the depot steps had to be Angela. I remembered how she *had* been asking what time the next Chicago train came in——

"Hadn't we better pick them up?" says Mr. Clem, matter-of-fact, and turned in to the depot platform. And there we sat when, in less than a minute, Miss Angela come down the steps with a man who didn't see any of the landscape or what town he was in nor yet what State—and just any old nation would have done him.

"Hello, Lawrence!" sings out Mr. Clem and Mr. Arthur.

That brought him back to the present minute. He and Miss Angela stood there staring at us and then bubbled over into a laugh that was like the laugh of the young folks in the car—all Spring and youth and something else. Something else. And then they got into the car too.

"Now," says Mr. Clem, "as soon as I'm done carting around you lovers, may I go and find Janet?"

"Take me back to Mis' Puppy's," I says, "if you will. And I can explain all this to her and she'll want you all over, I know. I'll telephone to you at Mis' James's—that's just down the block from us."

"What are you going to explain, you dear?" says Miss Marcia.

"Land!" I says, getting out at Mis' Puppy's gate. And smiled at 'em. And went on in the house.

Continued on page 88



THE MAKING OF AMERICA

A pageant for school children

By Carolyn H. Stern and Charles Hanson Towne

CAST OF CHARACTERS

AMERICA
THE SPIRIT OF IMMIGRATION
THE FIRST PILGRIMS
INDIANS
ITALY
ENGLAND, WHO LEADS IRELAND, SCOTLAND AND WALES
HOLLAND
FRANCE
ALSACE
GREECE
RUSSIA
SWEDEN
CZECHO-SLOVAKIA
EDUCATION
WAR
IGNORANCE
IDLENESS
POVERTY
SICKNESS
INJUSTICE
CRIME
ANARCHY
PEACE
LABOR
PROSPERITY
HEALTH
JUSTICE
LAW
GOOD CITIZENSHIP
DANCERS
CHORUS

THIS pageant was produced by students at the Manhattan Trade School for Girls. Dignified yet simple, it is recommended to every school in this broad land of ours. It may be given with practically little expense, and with no scenery. The costumes and properties are not difficult to provide; yet the whole effect will be one of splendor and beauty.

If you plan to present this pageant, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the Entertainment Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, for stage directions.

THE SPIRIT OF IMMIGRATION:

I am the Spirit of Immigration!
For many days I've sailed the lonely sea.
America! long have you been my goal.
Oh, is there room for me upon your shores?
Nor wealth, nor gold, nor knowledge do I bring;
Nay, naught but poverty and a stout heart.
I knock, and no one answers to my call.
Frightened and sad, trembling now I wait,
Doubting, America, my welcome here—
Is there no haven for my babes and me?

AMERICA:

Yea, Immigration, there is room for you!
I will adopt as mine each wistful child
Which now you bring me on your tired breast.
Always America has open arms.
Nay, never doubt there is a place for all—
They who will bring to me the best they have:
Courage and Loyalty are all I ask.
Americans, they come not from one land;
The broad world furnishes my populace.
Their blood in mine has made me what I am.

IMMIGRATION:

I do recall the Pilgrims—how they came
In ancient days, a dream upon each face.
And I remember how you took them in,
And merged them in your glowing mother-heart,
Till they were of the very stuff of you.
Frugality and Honesty and Law
They brought to your fair shores; and so by them
America was made and built and wrought.

AMERICA:

The Pilgrims! Ah! they but began the work,
In 1620 they touched my thundering coast.
They *did* bring Honesty and Loyalty,
Yet more than these—three gifts of greatest price:



THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA PROUDLY GREETING SOME OF HER EARLIEST CITIZENS

Frugality and Bravery and Worth.
They were the first, and we are grateful, too.
But pilgrims daily come and bring me gifts,
Such precious offerings of heart and hand.
Each day brings thousands, each year myriads more,
Pilgrims from all far climes from pole to pole.
They've *followed* where those early Pilgrims *led*.
Without them I might faint and languish here.
(*She summons the* NATIONS.)
Now reappear, ye pilgrims from all lands!
Let Immigration learn great things from you—
How, year by year, you've taken up the torch,
And held it high, and handed it to those
Who follow you, a light that shall not fail.
Let this dear Spirit and all others see
That *you* and *yours* have made America!
(*Enter* INDIANS: *A girl, a man, a woman with papoose.*)

INDIANS:

We are the Indians; from the very first
We loved this opulent land from end to end.
We've delved, and spun and woven brilliant colors;
We've hunted, fished, and warred beyond the hills,
Beyond the topmost mountains and the lakes.
We fought you, pale-faced ones, in that dim past
Made glorious by Standish, Smith and Penn;
But now in reservations in the West,
In arts and crafts and industries we're versed.
Here's Pocahontas, fairest Indian maid,
Whose pottery in rainbow colors bright
Has been an influence even to this day.
'Tis this I give; and also this I bring:
My love of Nature and the great outdoors.
(*Presents pottery. Followed by Indian dance.*)

ITALY:

For many days we sailed the purple tides.
"And is that distant speck upon the waves
Fair land to greet at last our weary eyes?"
Thus spake Columbus, our own valiant son,
In 1492. He opened the gate
That long had been a barrier between
The New World and the Old—Vespucci, too,
And Verrazzano sent we to your shores
The path they made has grown far deeper and broad,
And now 'tis bravely trod by many feet;
For Italy sends only her brightest flower
Of manhood and young womanhood, to seek
Refuge and wonder in this golden land.
And what gifts have we brought to these your shores?
How have we earned our right to call ourselves
Americans—that title of high rank?
Our arts and crafts, our delicate laces and shawls,
Our olives from rich groves in our green hills.
And oh, our music which has filled your souls!
Our sturdier sons have helped to build your towns,
And toil for you in fields and factories.
But best of all we give our gladness and high optimism,
Our buoyancy of spirit. Have not these
Brought something to your lives you can not spare?
(*Presents bright laces. Followed by song and dance.*)

ENGLAND:

England, the Mother Country is my name!
And here is Ireland; and here are Scotland and Wales.
I have showered so many gifts on you,
To name them all would be a difficult task;
But let me speak, I pray you, of a few.
Your early settlements were founded by me;
Our common language is a heritage.
Trial by jury I first introduced,
Your social customs, holidays and games,
Your government by representatives—
A priceless gift sent here from over the foam;
The very colors of your floating flag
My well-belovéd daughter, Betsy Ross,
Planned for your noble son, George Washington.
(*English dance, Scotch song, Irish dances.*)

HOLLAND:

Klippity, klippity, klippity-klap!
Hear our thick shoes as we scamper along!
We've earned our place on America's map—
Holland, long famous in story and song.
Immigration, what have we done
To add to America's glory and name?
We settled Fort Amsterdam. That's only one
Of the numerous reasons we're known to fame.

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CZECHO-SLOVAKIA: "BOHEMIAN GLASS, THAT THING OF RAREST BEAUTY AND OTHER INDUSTRIES WE HAVE GIVEN YOU"

THIS FREEDOM

"With a great sum obtained I this freedom"

By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON—*Author of "If Winter Comes"*

PART IV

THERE was a thing she said about men once (in the boarding-house now) and often repeated. "They're very fond of saying women are cats," she once said. "Fools! It's men that are the cat tribe: tame cats, tabby-cats, wild cats, Cheshire cats, tom-cats and stray cats! Aren't they just?"

This characterization of men as Rosalie, in sequent development of her attitude toward men, had come to regard them was delivered to the girl with whom (for cheapness) her room in the boarding-house was shared. Rosalie went from Aunt Belle's to this boarding-house to assert and to achieve her greater independence.

A man anxious for full independence would have gone into bachelor rooms, but young women did not go into bachelor rooms. They achieved their independence perfectly well, and far more cheaply, by going into a boarding-house. She therefore, very excitedly, went into a boarding-house.

There was no difficulty about leaving Aunt Belle's. Once Rosalie was established in business with Mr. Simcox, tied to business hours, and earning a weekly salary, she no longer occupied in Aunt Belle's house the position of dependence which was in Aunt Belle's house the first, and indeed the only, qualification for all who occupied her house.

Aunt Belle helped Rosalie to choose the boarding-house and saw that it was "nice." Nice people went there and the proprietress, Miss Kentish, was nice. She came to an arrangement with Rosalie in the matter of tariff, receiving her and a Miss Salmon, who also sought arrangement, as "two friends as one." This was two persons sharing a room at the tariff of a person and a half. Rosalie, at the beginning, with Miss Salmon, paid eighteen shillings sixpence a week, and out of the twenty-five shillings paid her, at first, every Friday by Mr. Simcox there remained what seemed to Rosalie great wealth.

SHE set herself to save on it and her first purpose in thus saving was to accumulate money on which she could draw so as to be able to pay for a room private to herself. That would have taken some time. Her successive increases in her earnings, as Mr. Simcox's hobby developed into a business, brought privacy, and in time what amounted to luxury, by much swifter process.

But at the beginning, two friends as one with Miss Salmon and first contact with life from the angle presented by some twenty various individuals met at meals and in the public rooms. Miss Salmon was a pale, fussy creature with pince nez in some mysterious way set so far from her eyes that she always appeared to be running after them as if to keep them balanced. Whenever anything of which she did not approve was being said to Miss Salmon or was being done before Miss Salmon, she maintained throughout it a rather loud, tuneless humming. When her moment came she would always begin "Well, now," and then swallow forcibly, as though the swallowing gave her pain. Miss Salmon and the other inmates of the boarding-house were fated, or fatal, to Rosalie, in the sense that it would have been well then for Rosalie, as always well for any developing young thing, to have been among companions who drew upon her sympathies and called for her consideration. The contrary was here presented to her. She was ripe to be intolerant for she was very full of purpose and purpose is a motive power of much impatience. Miss Salmon, who would have made a saint impatient, made Rosalie, who was not a saint, very impatient, and the virus of this impatience was that very soon Rosalie made no attempt to conceal it.

AND it came to be the same with all the other fellow inmates of the boarding-house, alike the men and the women. There was in none of them anything that aroused her esteem; there was in each of them, in degree greater or less, much that provoked her scorn. The result was as resulted from Miss Salmon—she did not bother about them; and not bothering about them she suffered an inhibition of her sympathies. To repeat the thing said, her environment here was, as it were, fated or fatal. In her eagerness for her career her generous emotions were likely to be laid aside and to wither; and the environment of the boarding-house in no way drew upon her sympathies.

This was not good for Rosalie.

Men are wonderful, but they like to show off their wonderfulness; besides, they're all beasts—that was the sum of Rosalie's philosophy. As a small girl in her English parsonage home, she dreaded, yet rather admired, her father's fits of temper. She watched her gentle mother, and the entire feminine household, revolving about father and the boys; knew that her pretty sisters preened and plumed and squabbled for men; knew that when Anna, the tragic, homely daughter, drowned herself, it was somehow because of men. Besides, men did the interesting things—women, the dull and stupid. One of her earliest observations had been that all the men were like story-books—you never knew what they were going to do next; and all the women, like lesson-books—they just went on and on. Rosalie early determined to be different; she would fill her own life with the bigger and more interesting work of man's world. She would never be dull and monotonous like a lesson-book

Through school, in all her discussions with Keggo, her favorite teacher, she stuck to that. In spite of Uncle Pyke Pounce, the husband of Aunt Belle, who had given her her education, she stuck to that. And so she went into business with Mr. Simcox, and she was very happy, but she did not have time any more to go home often, or to think very much about her mother, or to write the long letters she used to write

Moreover the community of the boarding-house served Rosalie ill on another point. She came there with all those grotesque ideas of her childhood on the respective positions of men and women precipitated through her older years to the perception given to Keggo: women were this, women were that; in their commonest characteristics they contrasted very badly with men; men did things better than women; they had by far the better lot in life than women, unquestionably men were the creatures; of course—offhandedly they were beasts. She came to the boarding-house with these ideas and the boarding-house presented these ideas to her in living fact and assured her in her ideas.

MEN—as she now saw men and women—she dismissed, generally as "of course they're beasts," severally and in the groups to which they belonged, as cats—of the cat tribe—tame cats, wild cats, Cheshire cats, tom-cats and stray cats. But she dismissed them. That was her attitude, as it developed, toward men. They had been, in her regard, owners of the earth, possessing and having dominion over the round world and all that therein is, as a stage magician owns and dominates his stage; they had next been wonderful things but apt to be troublesome and braggart things whose braggadocio caused you to blink and have a funny feeling; they had then been sinister and frightening things that caused poor Anna to say it *was* hard for women; they became at last creatures that had the best of life, that is to say the better time in life, not because they merited it, but because it was theirs by tradition and they stepped into it, or were put into it, as naturally as a man child is put into trousers; and they had, when all was reckoned up, the better qualities—largeness, tolerance, directness, explosiveness (as opposed to smolderingness)—not, Rosalie thought, because they were males, but because they had the position that males have, just as by the habit of command is given to small boys in the Navy and very young men in the Army the air and the poise of command.

YES, certainly men were, as they had always been, the creatures; but the eyes that formerly saw them as magicians, as by a savage is seen only the mystery of the moving hands, the tick, and the strike of a clock, now looked inside the case and saw the works. No mystery. No exclusiveness of natural power. Nothing abnormal. Men, on their estimable qualities and position, were what they were merely because, as the works of a watch, thus the wheels were made to go round. Easy. Nothing in it. On the contrary. On the contrary, men were the more despicable in that, dowered as by tradition they were dowered, they yet were—what they were! The eyes that had been caused to blink by Robert blowing smoke through his nose and by Harold pulling up his collar and speaking with a "haw!" sound, blinked from a contempt yet more profound (because now known for contempt) at the exhibition, seen all about her, of men's unlovely side. And she dismissed them. They did not attract her in the smallest degree. All that they had in them to esteem, whether of qualities or of position, they had—here was the parallel—in common with drones in a hive. They had the best of everything; they were blundering, blustering, noisy, careless, buccaneering owners of the world, and to her—as all the roystering swarm to any individual worker bee—to her, negligible: she was a worker bee, busy, purposeful. There is a special function belonging to drones in a hive. That special function of men in regard to women was repellant to Rosalie. All that pertained to it was repulsive to her. She loathed to think of men in that capacity and she loathed to see women ensnared in that regard by men. Beautiful Cousin Laetitia and the "good match" that obviously had been found for her; she detested seeing those two together, it made her feel sick.

MEN! By this and by that and in passage of time she was in contact with a good number and a good variety of men. There was the frequently changing male contribution to the boarding-house community; there were clients met in the development of her work at Simcox's; there were the men of the circle of Uncle Pyke Pounce; there were the men of the circle of Cousin Laetitia, brought to Aunt Belle's little Saturday dinner-parties. A very fair average, a rather better than the normal average of contact with men; and she dismissed them. They had not any attraction for her at all. If, rarely, she met one whose superficial points were superficially attractive his contribution to her attitude to men was to make her blink (inwardly) the more, albeit on a different note. That one so exceptionally dowered should find pleasure in, for instance, dalliance of sex! Contemptible! Oh, sickening and contemptible! Harry Occleve, of Laetitia's circle, so obviously "The good match," was outstandingly such a case. It was thought upon him, scornful and disgusted thought, that made her, walking back from one of the Saturday evening parties—he was always there—arrange her experiences with men in that analogy between men and cats which had been delivered to Miss Salmon.

Like a tame cat! She never had met a man she despised so much. You'd think a man like that couldn't help but be above such things as Cousin Laetitia and Aunt Belle made of him. "Occleve." The very name that he owned had a nice sound; and he was brilliantly clever and looked brilliantly clever. He was a barrister and Aunt Belle, who was forever talking about him, had said that evening, just before his arrival, that some famous counsel had declared of him that he was unquestionably the most brilliant of the young men of the day at the bar. So he was talented, had a great future before him, had a strong, most taking presence, a commanding air, a voice of uncommon charm—and was in bonds to Laetitia! Was obviously marked down to be that "good match" that Laetitia was to make; and was content, was eager to be the tame cat of her languishing glances and of Aunt Belle's excessive gushings! Was to be seen in a future not distant, mated with Laetitia and sharing with her an atmosphere of milk and silk and babies and kisses!



"WORDS CAN NOT TELL THE ANGUISH THAT WAS ALSO BLISS. WORDS ONLY CAN SAY. HER SPIRIT, BURSTING FROM BONDAGE, STREAMED UP TO CLEAVE TO HIS"

What a desecration of such winning qualities to set them to such an end! Tame cat!

But they all were cats of one kind or another. Yes, men, the cat tribe! Tabby-cats—the soft, fattish kind, without any manlike qualities, that seemed to be by far the greater proportion of all the men one saw about in buses and in the streets and met in business; tabby-cats—sloppy, old-womanish creatures. Cheshire cats—the kind that grinned out of vacuous minds, that never could speak to a woman without grinning; the unattached men at the boarding-house invariably were of the Cheshire-cat cats. Tom-cats—the beastly ones with lecherous eyes that looked at you. "Of course they're beasts." It had been a large experience of the tom-cat cats that had made her add that final summary of men to Keggo. The Bashibazook, once or twice encountered in her last terms at the Sultana's, though never spoken with, had looked at her in a horrible way, not understood, but felt to be frightening and horrible; Mr. Ponders on a dreadful occasion after handing over the medicine for Miss Keggs had horribly said, "Well, now, wouldn't a kiss be nice? I think a nice kiss would be very nice." She had managed to get away without being touched. It was nausea she felt, not fear, a horrible, physical sickness; and finally to round off the "of course they're beasts" of men as then experienced, and now to fill up the schedule of tom-cat cats the friends of Uncle Pyke Pounce's circle and Uncle Pyke Pounce himself. They had small beady eyes, set in yellow; no apparent eyelids either above or below, just an unblinking eye set in a puffy face like a currant in a slab of cold pudding that gloated or glared at everything and everybody as if it was a thing to be devoured; guzzlers who gloated upon their food and wallowed in their soup, always with little streaks of red veins and blue veins in their faces. Tom-cats!

Wild cats—the roamers, the untamed ones, the ones with cruel and with wicked faces that made you, not sick, but frightened; mostly they were dressed in rough clothes, men hanging about the streets that patently were thieves or worse, that looked at you and at once looked all around as if to see if any were about that might protect you; but often dressed in gentle dress and then with the cruel and wicked look more cruel and more wicked, to make you shudder to think of a woman having to belong to *that*.

Stray cats—the only really bearable ones; the lonely ones that seemed to have lost something or to be lost, that seemed to need looking after, that made you have a funny tender feeling toward them, a wanting as it were to pick them up and carry them home and be sharp with them because they couldn't take care of themselves and to be kind to them also because they couldn't take care of themselves; yes, the only bearable ones: Mr. Simcox was precisely one.

THERE wasn't one, save dear little Mr. Simcox and the stray-cat ones you sometimes saw, that was not in some trait contemptible. The only thing to be said for them was that it was their nature to. They were created like that. You just shrugged your shoulders at them and let them go at that, negligible entities. Active disgust was only felt of them when one of their traits was manifested directly toward you; or, much more, when the sight was given of such a one as this Harry Occleve (as they called him, he was some sort of cousin of Laetitia's) making such an exhibition of himself and enjoying it, delighting in it, asking nothing better than to be philandering with Laetitia. That did make you angry enough with a man to hate a man. Her aversion from Harry Occleve was such that, in their rare passages together, she was almost openly rude to him. It seemed there was even no physical quality he had but he used it to abase himself or to make an exhibition of himself. He had noticeably long, strong-looking arms, but the sickening thing to see him once using those arms to hold silk for Laetitia while she wound it! He had a striking face that she named, from a line in Browning, a "marching" face—"one that never turned his back but marched straight forward"—but to see that face bent fatuously toward Laetitia! There radiated from the corners of his eyes toward his temples those little lines that sailors often have, "horizon tracks," she called them; but to see them deeply marked while he mouthed earnest nothings to Laetitia! There was an odd, nice smell about him, of peat, of tobacco, of soap, of heather with the wind across it, of things like that most agreeably mixed, and actually she had heard Laetitia say to him in the babyish way she spoke to him "You smoke too much. You do." And he, like a moon-calf: "Oh, you're not going to ask me to give up smoking, are you?" And she with a trailing eye and the hint of a blush "Perhaps I shall some day." And he—a sigh! Positively a love-sick sigh straight out of a novel! She came to discover it is an odd thing that, while commonly she was entirely indifferent to men, always after a Saturday meeting with Laetitia's Harry Occleve she had for quite a day or two an active detestation of them.

BUT it was the women at the boarding-house—to instance the boarding-house—the fifteen women, the immense, straggling army of women as they looked to be when they came trooping in to dinner or went trailing out again, that had Rosalie's sharpest observation and that best pointed her youthful estimates. Unlike men, who had fallen wofully from her childhood estimate of them, the women maintained and intensified in her her early estimate of women. The women in the boarding-house showed Rosalie what women come to.

"Despised and rejected of men" she said to Miss Salmon, holding forth in their bedroom on her subject. "That's what I call them. Despised and rejected of men. Oh, don't hum louder than ever. It's not irreverent to say that. They've never done anything, they've never meant to do anything, they've never tried to do any thing except hang round after some man. That's all. That's nearly any woman's life. It's not going to be mine. If anything were wanted to make the whole idea of marriage and all that repulsive to me—and nothing is wanted—that would. It's my own life I'm going to have, my own place, my own share. If it were conceivable that I ever met a man I cared tuppence about—but it isn't conceivable; that's a quality that's been left clean out of me, thank goodness—but if it were conceivable, what I'd offer would be just to share; to go on living my own way and he his— Oh, your humming! I mean after marriage of course; I think this free-love business they talk about is even more detestable than the lawful kind—just animalism. That's all I'd do. Me my life; he his life; meeting, as equals, when it was convenient to



HE LOOKED PALE—POOR CALF!—AND WENT—SICK FOOL!—TO HIS LAETITIA

meet. I'd like to bring all these poets and people who write about love into our dining-room to see those people. That'd teach them!

Man's love is of his life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence.

What an existence!"

"Well, now—" (gulp)

"You have pretended to dislike and to despise men, but it was a *pretense* to *deceive* me and you are a *liar*."

This was the astounding opening of an astounding letter, pages and pages, to Rosalie from Miss Salmon.

Miss Salmon had two months before introduced "a gentleman friend" to the boarding-house. He was a clerk in some big business firm. His name was Upsmith and he bore upon a fattish face a troubled, beseeching look, rather as though something internal and not to be mentioned was severely incommoding him and might at any moment become acute. Miss Salmon called him Boo, which Rosalie considered grotesque but not unsuitable, and it was communicated to the boarding-house that the twain were at a mysterious point of affinity called, not an engagement, but an understanding. Rosalie had by this time taken the second step in her upward progression of comfort in the boarding-house. She had moved into a separate room, leaving Miss Salmon to become half of another two friends as one, and she and Miss Salmon therefore saw much less of one another. But Rosalie still sat at the same table as Miss Salmon at dinner and there Mr. Upsmith joined them.

The thing may be hurried along to its astounding conclusion in the astounding letter. It was not in itself an event of any sort of moment to Rosalie. She was in no way outraged by being called a liar. There is no hurt at all in being called a liar when you know you are not a liar. The accusation has sting only if you are a liar; and indeed it is comforting evidence of some inner self within us that only when we have ourselves debased that inner self, become we open to wounds from without. The citadel is never taken by storm; only by treachery. No, the significance of the astounding letter reposed in the fact that her reception of it opened to Rosalie a glimpse of a quality rising beneath her to carry her forward as a wave beneath a swimmer. It had been perceived in her but Rosalie had not perceived it.

AT dinner-time Miss Salmon would talk much to Boo in whispers and then would look up and hum across at Rosalie in triumph, as of one that knew things that Rosalie could not know and that had a thing that Rosalie did not possess. Mr. Upsmith looked also much at Rosalie, in no triumph, but in an apparent great excess of his unfortunate complaint. He stared, troubled and beseeching, at her at meals, and he stared, troubled and beseeching, at her when he encountered her away from meals. The longer he sojourned in the boarding-house the more troubled and beseeching, when Rosalie happened to notice him, did his fattish countenance appear to become. That was all. There scarcely ever was exchanged between them even the courtesies customary between dwellers beneath the same roof; they never, that Rosalie could remember, were a minute alone together and yet on a day in an August, Miss Salmon a week away on a month at the seaside with the family to which she was nursery governess, Rosalie was being told in the violent opening sentence of one letter that she had pretended to despise and dislike men but had only done it to deceive Miss Salmon and was a liar; and in the impassioned sentences of another which had been enclosed, that the heart of Boo was at her feet ("your proud, sweet little feet that I would kiss in my adorance"), that he had adored her ever since he had first set eyes on her, that he treasured "like pearls before swine" every encouragement she had given him from her divine eyes and from her proud little lips, that he had had no sleep for a fortnight and felt he would go mad unless he wrote these few lines (nine pages), that he earned "good money," and that he was, in conclusion, to which Rosalie amazedly skipped, "ever and ever and imperishably always her imperishably adoring, Boo."

TWO days previously Rosalie had received, but not read, another slightly mysterious letter. It had begun "Dear Miss Salmon, *re* our friendship I have to inform you—" Rosalie had turned to the end "B. Upsmith." She had replaced it in its envelope, written upon the envelope—"This is evidently for you, but addressed to me, as you see—R." and had placed it in another stamped wrapper to be forwarded by Miss Kentish. And what had happened was that the vile, egregious and infamous Boo, writing to break off one understanding and establish another, had placed them in the wrong envelopes.

Of itself, as has been said, the whole incident was nothing at all in the life of Rosalie. It came with the crash, but only startling and quite harmless crash, of an unexpected clap of thunder, and it passed as completely and as passively, doing no damage, leaving no mark. Miss Salmon never returned to the boarding-house; the vile, egregious and infamous Boo, haply incisively informed by Miss Salmon of what he had done, incontinently, and without speech to Rosalie, fled from the boarding-house, they were gone, they were nothing to Rosalie; the correspondence was destroyed, it was nothing to Rosalie.

But the significance of the matter was here: There was in Miss Salmon's letter to Rosalie one paragraph that Rosalie read a second time. It was added as a postscript. It said:

"Well, now; Boo and I met the first time in a crowd watching a horse that had fallen down. Well, now; I clung to him in all our happy, happy months together, in a way you can never understand, because I loved him and because I am not the sort that men like because I am only plain and I knew that if ever he left me I could never get another. Well, now; you have taken him away from me. You could get dozens and dozens of men to love you, but you have taken mine and I never, never can get another."

The thoughts of Rosalie, not sequent, but going about and amounting thusly, were thus: "That is very pathetic. That is horribly sad and pathetic. Coming at the end like that and without any strokes and flourishes, it is as if she were exhausted of her hate and rage and just put out an utterly tired hand and set this here like a sigh. *That's* pathetic, the mere look of it and that thought of it. And then what she says. The dreadfully simple naïveté of the beginning of it. Staring at a fallen horse in the street. It's just where they would be, both of them. They'd stand there for hours and just stare and stare. And then she steps back on his foot and there's his dear face smiling at her—ah, it's pathetic, it's poignant! I can see it absolutely. Yes, I can. As if I were in the crowd around the horse, watching them. There they are, the horse between us, and all the doltish, staring faces round about; and their two dull and stupid faces; and as their eyes meet that sudden look upon their foolish faces, as of irradiation out of heaven, that would make a clown's face beautiful and cause the hardest heart to twist. But it doesn't cause mine to twist. That's the odd thing. I remember perfectly when a thing like that would have given me a little blinky kind of feeling. I've always been quick to notice things like that. I've often seen them. Quite recently, so little, I believe, as a year ago, things like that, things like this, would have moved me a lot. They somehow do not now. That frightful ending of hers 'You could get dozens and dozens of men to love you, but you have taken mine and I can never, never get another.' That is most terribly pathetic. I think that is the most poignant thing I have ever heard. Well, I can realize its utter pathos; I can realize it but I can not feel it. It does not move me. And I never, never can get another. It's frightful. I could cry. But I do not a bit want to cry. I must have somehow changed. I am not a bit sorry if I have changed. I would be sorry to go back. If I have changed, I must have been—sentimental.

"I *HAVE* changed. I believe I can look back and see it. About the time I left the Sultana's, mother's letters, and keeping them and answering them, began to be—yes, they *did* begin to be a little tiny bit of a nuisance to me. Yes, it was beginning then, *this*. And I expect earlier if I worked it out. There's nothing in it to regret. It's just a growing out of a thing. It's not, when I see a thing that's pathetic, that I've grown blunt or blind and can't see it for pathetic. It's just—I know what it is—it's just that it doesn't appeal to me in the same way.

It's like seeing a dish of strawberries and cream in front of you, and knowing it's good and knowing it's delicious, and knowing you're awfully fond of it—and just not being hungry; turning away and leaving it there, not because it's not everything that it ought to be, but just because—you don't want it. I should say that's how it is with me about these—these pathetic things. I know they're pathetic. I don't want them."

That is how it was, how it had become, with Rosalie. That was just her first recognition of it.

Visits home to the Rectory were further manifestations to her of this arising symptom. She went home very rarely for occasional week-ends, always for her annual holiday, always for Christmas; and the discovery she made was that she liked her home very much better when she was away from it than when she was in it. When a visit was in prospect she desired her home, that is to say her mother, most frightfully. But when the visit was in being; the love she had yearned to show somehow was chilled within her and not forthcoming.

Strange!

HER mother was aging rapidly. She could have wept to see the aging signs; but somehow, seeing them, did not weep; was not moved; received the impression but was not sensitive to it; felt the tug but did not respond to the pull. Rather, indeed, was apt to be a little impatient.

Strange!

Then she began to analyze the strangeness of it and found it was not, after all, so strange—at least it was not a thing to be distressed about, nor bearing conviction of unnatural qualities, of hardness, of unkindness. There was a line she knew that came in a verse:

There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth, and every common thing
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore.
Turn wheresoe're I may
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

"The things which I have seen I now can see no more." That was the line. "The things which used to appeal to me now appeal no more—or rather not quite in the same way. I think I used to be very sentimental. It is stupid and useless to be sentimental. People must grow old. There's nothing sad in that. It is natural. It is life. It is life and one must accept life. The unnatural thing, the foolish and wrong thing, is to remain a sentimental child forever, with a child's ready foolish tears at what are common, necessary facts of life. I can be much kinder, much more really kind, by seeing things clearly and in their right perspective than by occluding them



"TAME CAT" THOUGHT ROSALIE AS SHE SCORNFULLY WATCHED HER COUSIN'S "GOOD MATCH"

with false compassions. I am always my dear, my darling mother's devoted daughter, ever at her disposal, and she knows it and loves me for it. When I am to her or to any friend but as ships that pass in the night—Keggo's phrase—then let me take myself to task."

Keggo's phrase! Keggo was being intermittently seen at this time and these thoughts of Rosalie's were very close to the occasion when finally she lost sight of Keggo.

They had kept touch for quite a time after their separation as governess and pupil. They then lost touch.

"Why, it must be more than a year!" cried Rosalie, suddenly encountering Miss Keggs near the Marble Arch one evening and delightedly greeting her. She was enormously glad to see Keggo again and carried her greeting straight on into excuses for her share in their long sundering. "More than a year! But, oh, if you knew how glad I am to see you now!"

Miss Keggs to all this presented only a fixed smile. The expression of her eyes was rather oddly vacant as you may see on the face of a person who is apparently attending to what you are saying but really is listening to another conversation in the same room. Nevertheless she joined dove-tailed response to Rosalie's words. "To tell you the truth," said Miss Keggs, speaking very slowly and repeating the preamble. "To tell you the truth I wouldn't have received your letters if you had written them."

"You wouldn't? Why not?"

"To tell you the truth—" there had been a pause before she first spoke; a pause again before this reply and then again a beginning with this phrase about which there was nothing odd in itself but something odd in the manner of its use. "To tell you the truth, I've left the school."

"WHATEVER for, Keggo?" And then Rosalie, impelled by some apprehension that suddenly pressed her, put a quick hand on Keggo's arm and cried sharply "Keggo! There is something very strange about you. What has happened to you? Something has happened. You can't keep it from me."

But Keggo could. At that quick gesture of suspicion of Rosalie's, animation sprung to meet it as a cat, at a sudden start, will leap from profound slumber to a place of safety and to arched defense. Miss Keggs, in their first exchanges, might have been as one drowsily answering questions from a bed. She was suddenly, in her instant casting away of her absent air, as that one flinging away the bedclothes and leaping upright to the floor. What had she been saying? She had been quite lost in something she was thinking of when Rosalie came up. She scarcely had recollected her. She had been very, very ill with "this influenza" and still was only convalescent. Why, how very, very glad she was to see her dear Rosalie again! And how Rosalie had developed! "Why Rosalie, you are beautiful! You are! And you don't blush or simper to hear it! Yes, you are beautiful."

THERE was a little room in a street somewhere off the Harrow Road that Miss Keggs now occupied. It was a forbidding street. It was one of those derelict streets frequent in certain quarters of London, in Holloway, in Kentish Town, in Kilburn and all over South London, all about which life teems and roars but where, along their own pavements, no life is. At night, but not before dusk, forlorn things flicker in and out of them like drab ghosts had on the strings of a puppet-show. By day there sometimes is an old man crawling in or crawling out; sometimes a woman, always with a parcel or a net bag, fleeting along, expressionless. The high houses, all of one pattern, appear to have no pattern. They are like dead walls and the place they enclose like a vault, and the itinerant drab like a thing in drab cerements (they trail the dust) that ought to be dead, wailing for entrance to things, tombed in those walls, that are dead. There is no life at all in these streets. There is nothing active or positive. There is just passivity and negation. There is just nothingness. They are not habitations, which connote life; they are repositories, which connote desuetude. They are the repositories of creatures, not that have done with life, for the sheer fact of living acknowledges service to life, but with whom life has done.

These came to be Rosalie's thoughts of this street—Limpen Street—but they could not have been hers when she was first going there to spend evenings with Miss Keggs, for it was in her earlier visits there to Keggo that she cried there. When she could cry for pure compassion for another she was still too—too ardent for Limpen Street to be seen as it has been presented. From the first it affected disagreeably but she would have felt, then, a sympathy for its state, and a belief that it could be aroused out of its state, and a wish so to arouse it; and in her earlier visits she had ardently this sympathy—but it was a resolution, in regard to Keggo.

For Keggo was *drinking*.

Keggo had been drinking for years and years and now Keggo had walled herself away in Limpen Street to drink



SHE WAS RADIANT IN THE PROUD HAPPINESS OF HER FIRST ACHIEVEMENT

and drink, still secretly with the sharp cunning of the secret drinker, but now with cunning only necessary when of her own wish she met the world. There was at the Sultana's the need of constant care to inhibit her cravings; there now was none to save her—unless Rosalie did.

There is no need at all to tell all this and all that by which Rosalie was led to this most terrible discovery and Keggo impelled to her most painful revelation. There was deceit and its exposure; lies and their crumpling in the hand; mystifications and their sinister interpretations; contingencies and their ugly dissolutions. These would be all beastly to tell. Beastly is a vile word but this is a vile thing. There was about it all, all the time, a tainted and unwholesome atmosphere. There was always in the little room in Limpen Street that strange disagreeable smell of bad eau-de-Cologne that always had hung about the little room at the Sultana's.

Beastly things——

BUT they were not felt to be beastly by Rosalie, then. They are said here to be beastly, for they were beastly, only in excuse for Rosalie afterward. They only were to her, then, intensely sad, most deeply pitiful, intensely increasing of her love for Keggo as pure love is increased by seeing its object in tortures that may not be helped because they will not be confessed. If only Keggo would tell her! Once or twice she said to Keggo, speaking with an entreaty that must have made obvious to Keggo her knowledge, "Keggo, haven't you something to tell me; something that you'd like to tell me?" But Keggo's answer always was, "Something to tell you? No, nothing at all? What should I have to tell you?"

And then one day something said brought them very near to the matter between them. Miss Keggs came nearer yet. She said, "The fact is Rosalie, I sometimes get so I simply can not make an effort. I believe when I'm like that if a thousand pounds were offered me for the going out and asking of it, and God knows I want it badly enough, I'd simply let it pass and know that I was letting it pass and not care. That's how it's got with me, how it is sometimes with me, Rosalie."

Rosalie said with extraordinary emphasis, leaning forward on the chair in which she sat facing Keggo, "*Why* is it, Keggo?"

If Keggo had answered, the thing would not have happened. Keggo did not answer. She was sitting with her hands crossed, one palm upon the other, and resting on her lap, her eyes to the ground. Quite a long time passed. Rosalie said, "You're drinking, aren't you, Keggo?"

"Yes, drinking, Rosalie."

"Oh, Keggo!"

It was then that Rosalie cried.

She cried. Her sympathies, though drying and shown now to be aroused, still there were such that she could weep for pity. It is a glimpse of her not to be seen again. There was she on her knees by Keggo, and with her arms about Keggo's waist, and with her head on Keggo's lap, crying for Keggo; and in the pauses of Keggo's unfolding of her story entreating her, as one that cried responses to a litany, "Don't mind, Keggo! Keggo, don't mind now! Dear Keggo, poor Keggo, it's all right now."

And presently all that tale told: what Mr. Ponders' medicine was; and all the humiliation suffered in keeping in with "that vile man"; and that vile man's betrayal of her to the Sultana, and her dismissal; and all the earlier dreadfulness of her first steps down into her dreadful malady; and all the dreadful secrecy of all those years. All the dark tale of that presently told; and her head bowed down to Rosalie's and Rosalie's wet face against her face, and her face also wet; and just her murmurs, murmured at intervals, as though her heart that had discharged its grievous load ran slowly now, slowly to rise and then to swell with "God bless you, Rosalie; oh, Rosalie, God bless you"; and for a long time just seated thus, cheek to cheek, hand to hand, heart to heart; weakness bound about with strength, sorrow in pity's arms, travail in sanctuary——

It is desired that one should try to see that picture. It's counterpart was not again in the life of Rosalie, hardening.

THERE were, after that, such happy evenings in Keggo's room. Keggo, with one to help her, fighting for herself; Rosalie, with one to help, elevated upon that high happiness that comes with fighting for another. For a short time there seemed to be no lapses in Keggo's struggle. When they came (as Rosalie knew afterward) the practised cunning of years of secrecy had no difficulty in concealing them from the unsuspecting eyes of Rosalie. Ill that it was so! Rosalie was harder when came the lapse that cunning could not hide. She did not cry. Her eyes were hard. She said with thin lips: "Why, even all this time you have been deceiving me!"; the which egged on, in that vile way in which exchanges of a quarrel are as knives sharpening one against the other, Keggo's inflamed retort. "The more fool you! Little fool!"

But at first, while the lapses were few and the cunning was equal to them, only a closer friendship was set afoot between the woman that was grown and the woman that was burgeoning and there were such very happy evenings in the room in Limpen Street. Such jolly talks.

There was one talk that, forgotten with the very evening of its passage, afterwards very strongly returned to Rosalie and abode with her.

She loved to talk about her work with intelligent and sympathetic Keggo, and she had been on this occasion expounding to her the mysteries and interest of life insurance; in particular the curious fact that, though women in the United Kingdom largely outnumbered men, many more male children were born than female. The disproportion "the other way about" in maturity, said Rosalie, was because the death-rate among men was much higher—due to risks of their occupations. "The thing in a nutshell, Keggo, is that, by contrast, men lead dangerous lives."

Keggo, who always was very alert in response, was here very long in responding. Then she responded an extraordinary thing that Rosalie afterward remembered. She said slowly "Oh, but Rosalie, it's very dangerous to be a woman."

Rosalie questioned her.

KEGGO said "Rosalie, there's this difference I think you haven't thought of—the danger that women carry in themselves; right in them, here"—she had a hand against her breast and she pressed it there—"born in them, ineradicable, and that men have not. Men never belong to a thing, body and soul and heart and mind. Rosalie, women do. That's their danger. That's why it is so very, very dangerous being a woman. Women can't come back. They can't, Rosalie. Look at me. They take to a thing—anything; a poison like mine, or a pursuit like some one else's, or a—a career in life like, like yours, Rosalie—they take to it and go deep enough, and they're *its*; they never will get away from it, they never, never will be able to come out of it. *Never*."

She was extraordinarily vehement. It was embarrassing for Rosalie. Rosalie desired to contest, as vehemently, these theories. She did not believe them a bit. They were founded, she felt, on the tragedy of Keggo's own case. Keggo was unfairly, though very naturally, arguing from the particular to the general, from the personal to the abstract. But how could she reply to Keggo "Of course *you* say that?"

She was silent; but she betrayed perhaps her thoughts in a gesture, her difficulty in some expression of her face.

Keggo said very intensely "But, Rosalie, if you only

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A DAUGHTER *of* OLD SHARON

By NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT







DEBORAH RECEIVED AN HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM GENERAL WASHINGTON

THE early settlers in America frequently solved the housing problem better than ourselves. They solved it with simplicity, and often with beauty, because they built homes, real homes, that they and their children after them expected to live in. They built solidly and well, not with a hope of selling for profit, but with an idea of permanence.

Small houses many of them were, to which they made simple additions as their ever-increasing families needed more room. Good architects designed them—sometimes men who were famous in their profession. And good builders put them up to withstand the attacks of wind and storm.

These homes remain to-day as models. Travelers who have seen all Europe say that nowhere in the world are there such friendly, homelike places, so practical and yet with such rare charm, as these little houses that were built in the old settlements before the Revolution.

Some were built by great men and women of the past—men who were governors and judges, and women who were not afraid to offer their lives for their country. Others were built by less famous folks, who were nevertheless leaders in their day. Rich or poor, famous or obscure, the homes were built to last, and we have them to-day, an inspiration for our own home-building.

The accompanying sketch shows one of these houses as it was in the old days. It is the Gannett House, and stands in Sharon, Massachusetts, about eighteen miles south of Boston. It is one of the plainest types of house—hardly more than a box. But its very plainness enhances its practical value, because it makes additions easy.

If you will look at the sketch, however, you will see that this is no ordinary house. Its beauty is due mainly to its fine proportions. A "box" house unless well designed can easily be one of the ugliest houses ever built.

This one, being well designed, has at the same time beauty and simplicity. The shape of the windows fits the size of the house, and their spacing lends dignity to it.

Into this house moved Deborah Sampson, buck private in the Revolutionary Army. Hers was a life of singular courage and adventure, for at the age of twenty-two she ran away and enlisted in the Fourth Massachusetts Regiment of Infantry, serving eighteen months before her sex was discovered.

In the late World War many girls worked in the hospitals and camps, and even under shell-fire at the front. They did so with the approval of their families and the appreciation of the country. But in 1782, when Deborah Sampson became an enlisted man, she was flying in the face of tradition and custom.

She stuck it out, however, and took her share in the fighting and scouting, being twice wounded. When finally she was discovered, after a serious illness, and eventually sent home, she received an honorable discharge from General Washington, and was later put on the government pension list.

Deborah was born near Cape Cod, a descendant of Governor Bradford of Massachusetts. She was one of a large family—in those days eight to ten children was the rule—and inasmuch as her people had fallen upon hard times, she was sent to the house of her father's friends, the Thachers, at Middleborough, to live and to help in the housework. She found herself in a family of eight boys, with whom she grew up as if they were her own brothers. Being a young girl of exceptional strength and courage, she joined in their games and helped them in their work.

Then came the Revolution.

Deborah saw her adopted brothers go one after the other. She was hardly sixteen when the war started, and the longer it lasted the greater became her impatience. Four brothers left, then the fifth, and then the sixth.

Deborah was a strong, active girl, full of vitality and restlessness. She longed for adventure and wanted to see the world with her own eyes. Some think she had recently been disappointed in love, others say she was carried away by the prospect of the romance and adventure that lay before her. Certainly her patriotism and courage moved her.

Whatever the reason, one day she left a note for her family saying that she had gone to Boston to seek work.

She took with her a suit of one of her brothers' clothes, and putting these on, she bobbed her hair—that was before the days when there was such a thing as an "army hair-cut"—and set forth down the highway to Bellingham. There she presented herself to the recruiting officer.

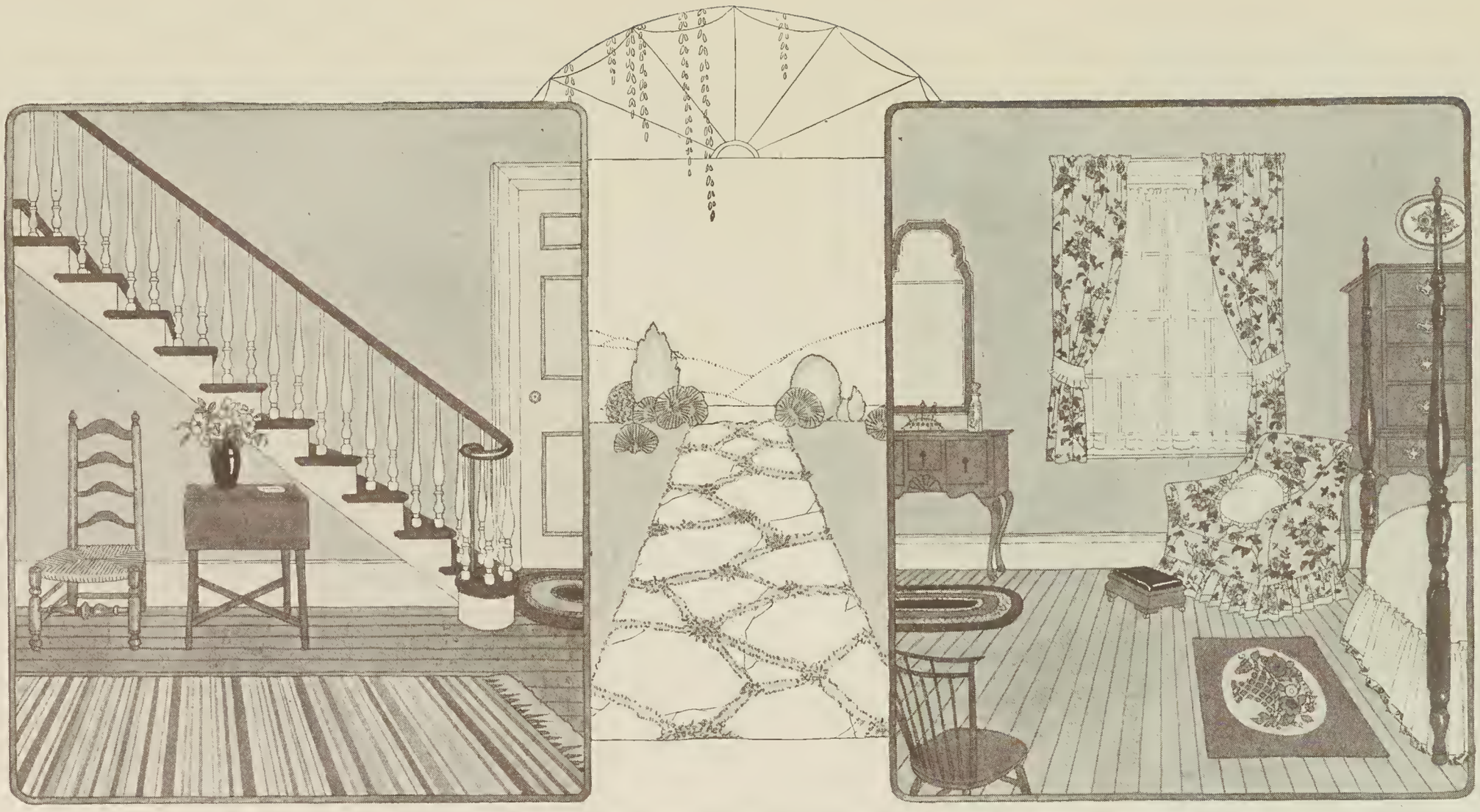
"What is your name?"

"Robert Shurtleff," she replied, taking the name of her oldest brother.

Being a finely built, powerful, lithe person, she was readily accepted, and was given a knapsack and a gun, and sent to join the other recruits.

Deborah was apparently born to be a soldier. She rapidly learned the manual of arms and the drill; so well did she do that she soon had the commendation of her officers. Her cheerfulness and courage readily won the friendship of her comrades, who dubbed her "that bloomin'-faced boy."

From Bellingham she was sent with fifty men to Worcester, and thence to West Point, where she was assigned to the company of one Captain Webb. The entire journey was made overland, and inasmuch as the best roads through the "back country" of western Massachusetts and Connecticut were so that even a flivver would have had difficulty in navigating them, the march was no light strain for a newly enlisted recruit. But Deborah seems to have enjoyed it. In fact, not only did she enjoy it, but she even took a certain wicked



IN THE HALL A FORMAL LITTLE CHAIR AND TABLE WOULD MEET ALL NEEDS

THE PLAIN WALLS REQUIRE FIGURED MATERIALS TO GIVE THE BEDROOM A COZY AIR



IVORY-COLORED PANELED WALLS MAKE A DELIGHTFUL BACKGROUND FOR THE DEEP-RED MAHOGANY

THE MODERNIZED INTERIOR OF GANNETT HOUSE

For specifications, see page 67

delight in camouflaging her real occupation from her people.

With her "large well-regulated family," as she called Captain Webb's company, she marched down the valley of the Hudson, and was presently wounded in an encounter with the British near Tarrytown. One bullet lodged in her thigh, and another cut her head. She bade the doctor fix her head, and she herself dislodged the other bullet. Apparently Deborah did not believe in sick leave, for the story has it that she rejoined her regiment almost at once.

At about this time her military bearing, which already distinguished her, caused her to be singled out as orderly to General Patterson, who was much pleased with Deborah and commended "him" for "his" readiness and "his" courage.

It was at Philadelphia that the blow finally fell.

Deborah's regiment was attacked by yellow fever, and she, too, came down with it, and was found one day in a state of unconsciousness. The doctor ordered her removed to a hospital, and when he opened her coat he came upon a tight bandage binding the breast of a young woman.

Knowing her brave record as a soldier, he had her put in a special room, and when she was getting well he told her that he had discovered her secret; and while he had so far kept it to himself, he would nevertheless have to tell General Patterson. For some reason he did not do so for quite a while, so that she returned to her company and was once more orderly to the general.

ONE day the doctor sent for her and gave her a note to General Patterson. The general read it, and stared at her.

His remarks have been preserved.

"Since," said the general, looking at her sternly, "you have continued more than one year in the service of your country, always vigilantly, always faithfully, and in many respects distinguished above your fellows, I would ask, does this martial attire which now glitters upon your body conceal a female form?"

The game was up! She burst into tears. There was nothing to do but to send her home, and this General Patterson did with a gift of money and a certificate of honorable discharge.

When the news of her sex got out, it caused the greatest astonishment in the regiment. But in all the talk and gossip that followed, nothing but the greatest praise for her courage and her character was spoken.

She left the army justly proud of her record, and before finally returning home stopped off for several months with relatives, still passing herself off as her brother Robert Shurtleff and wearing her uniform.

But Deborah was not destined to lead a roving life forever. She settled down in Middleborough and endeavored to adapt herself to the quiet routine of peace by teaching school. Her story was already abroad, and people marveled at her exploits, but Deborah sought to forget the past.

Within a year after her demobilization she married Benjamin Gannett, and soon moved to the house in Sharon pictured at the beginning of this story.

She brought flowers and shrubs from her old home town, and planted woodbine and rose bushes. In the garden were raspberries and blackberries, and around the house she put out fruit and shade trees.

Apparently her husband was not fortunate financially, so that Deborah was forced to be content with a simple life.

Courage and independence remained two of her characteristics throughout life, for when, some time after her marriage, the family funds were especially low, she took to the lecture stage and toured the country, narrating her experience as a soldier in the Revolution. A woman on the lecture platform was an almost unheard-of thing in those days. But Deborah Gannett ignored this convention just as courageously as she had become a soldier.

Deborah lived until 1827. In front of her house still stands a weeping willow tree, one of several which she brought from her home near the Cape when she was married. Tradition has it that her husband disliked willows, and swore to her that they would never grow in such soil. She kept on tending them, however, but found that they began to fail. One day, in digging about the roots, she discovered that these had been cut. What she said to her husband is not known, but she saved one tree from his wrath, and there it stands to-day, its branches bent and drooping—a strange memento of a fearless woman whose adventurous life is unparalleled in the history of her times.

THE illustrations on this page are suggested treatment for interiors of a modern house of the Gannett type, prepared under the supervision of Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, THE DELINEATOR'S Home-Building Editor.

The adaptation of the historical Gannett house gives us drawings and plans for a dignified modern dwelling. It is a type of house that can be admirably placed near the street or in the center of a large piece of property; in either case giving the long side of the house the frontage. The outlook for the principal rooms in front should be north—this would give the morning sun in the dining-room and sun all day to the living-room. Being of Colonial type, it can be built of wood or brick. Wide clapboards would be most appropriate, but shingles could be used. Painted a Colonial yellow, with shutters of perhaps light olive green, would give warmth and distinction to the exterior. This house in brick would cost perhaps five or six per cent. more to build than in wood, but considering depreciation, maintenance and insurance, it would be more economical in the long run.

THE compactness and coziness of the interior of this house are remarkable. The little hall around which the house is built serves both the front and rear part of the house, obviating the necessity of a front and rear staircase. The living-room to the right of the entrance is of pleasing proportions and, by means of two French windows, opens directly on the large porch. This porch could command a view of the street or garden. It is shown as having a tiled brick floor, but could as well have one of wood. This would necessitate painting often, however.

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SHAD HAD OFTEN SEEN IN THE POLISHED TOP THE SHINE OF CANDLES AND THE REFLECTION OF MERRY FACES

OLD SHAD'S CHIPPENDALE

He loved his white folks better than a bargain

By SAMUEL A. DERIEUX

OLD SHAD (SHADRACH) stopped chopping wood, straightened his long, ebony frame by the aid of a rusty black hand on each hip, and stared down the neglected field-road that led to his cabin. From over yonder, on the other side of that patch of woods, he had thought he heard the hum of a motor. His face expressed surprise, as well it might. Far from highways of trade, in a country worn out long ago, old Shad lived and moved and had his being. Only once before, since the Lord said, "Let there be light," had an automobile found its way out here.

Shad could never forget that afternoon. The automobile had brought him a vision out of the past. At first, when the young woman who got out of the car told him who she was and explained her mission, he had not been able to credit his ears. Half a century before, during the Civil War, the Warings, to whom he had belonged, had scattered—some going North, some West, some he did not know where. The land they had once owned, worn out now, had passed to others, then to others who knew them not. The very memory of them had faded except in Shad's mind, and even there it had grown dim. And now here was this vision, looking up into his astonished old eyes.

"Really—" she was smiling—"my name *is* Alice Waring. My people *did* use to live here. And I *do* want to see the old house place."

OLD SHAD had reached into his hip-pocket and extracted a worn-out account-book in which he kept records of his payment of rent and of dues to The Afro-American Fidelity and Fiduciary Assurance Association. From between the leaves of this book he had taken a pair of glasses, purchased at the five-and-ten-cent store, one lens of which was cracked. With their more than doubtful assistance he had scrutinized the smiling face. Then he had made a bow, redolent of old times.

"I see now," he had cried—and then, his imagination beginning to work—"you yo' gran'ma come back again!"

Chuckling with delight, he had led this vision (and incidentally the tall young man who had come with her) back down the gully-washed road, through the woods—from beyond which he had just now heard the hum of a motor—and up a hill. Here he had pointed out the crumbling fragment of a brick chimney, overgrown with vines and poking solemnly above a wild-plum thicket. With the accuracy of a historian he had marked for her the exact spot where the barn once stood, the smoke-house, the laundry, the carriage-house. He had indicated with a sweep of his hand another corroded hill where the quarters had been. He had called her attention to the remains of an old avenue of oaks, now broken and scarred, that once led to the big road.

"The damn Yankees!" she had said, then looked quickly, with a twinkle in her eyes, toward the tall young man.

Old Shad had sidled up to him. "Is you from de North, suh?" he had whispered confidentially, as man to man; and when the young fellow nodded with a wink, old Shad's delighted laugh had rung out—"Hyah, hyah, hyah!"

Still reminiscencing he had led them back to his cabin. No, they couldn't stop in, they had declared, not even for a glass of buttermilk. They had had a hard time finding their way, and night mustn't catch them, or they would never find their way back. With great dignity and casualness old Shad had pocketed the dollar bill the young man slipped him. The vision from the past had shaken hands in a warm, friendly way, a sparkle in her eyes, color in her cheeks. Shad had watched the car of romance bump on off down the neglected road, then had sat down on his cabin steps.

"My Gord," he had said, "how time do fly!"

Once since then Shad had seen her, on the streets of Columbia, twelve miles away, where she was working in a business office. She had spied him first and come hurrying across to greet him. Her face had been like sunshine, and the same young man had been—incidentally—with her. The young man worked in a bank, they had informed him, for like a patriarch he asked them questions. Maybe, Shad had thought, that was the reason the young man had so much money and handed out dollar tips.

All that had been nearly a year ago. And now as the old fellow straightened up he wondered if that car, clear of the woods and bumping toward him, were not bringing her again. Surely no one else would find the way out here over these uncharted roads. There was an eager light of expectancy on his wrinkled black face.

But the present car brought no vision from the past. The man who got out and hurried toward Shad was as romantic as a fat beetle scurrying across a kitchen floor. His heavy-jowled face was red with the heat of the afternoon, and he was in loud-striped shirt-sleeves, with a handkerchief about his stout neck.

"Got any old vurniture?" he demanded.

HE WAS hot, angry, in a hurry. Likely his day's foraging had brought him no success. His face showed devastating resentment against luck. Shad led him into the cabin, and pointed to a sideboard-table against the wall.

"Ef you lookin' for somethin' ol'," he announced with pride, "dar dat somethin' is!"

Curiously old Shad watched the visitor examine the ancient piece of furniture, saw him pull open the shallow drawers, saw him feel the delicate tracery of the legs and cornices, noticed how carefully he inspected the minute carving. All the time the visitor seemed to be growing eager, excited. And when at last he turned round, Shad hardly knew him.

His face had undergone a marvelous transformation. It was wreathed with guileless smiles. His manner, too, had changed. It was now that of an old friend. He put a fat hand lovingly upon the astonished old darky's shoulder. He spoke in low tones, husky with emotion.

Few men know dogs and darkies as well as did Samuel A. Derieux. Unfortunately, this story is the last of his that we shall be able to print; for the talented author died just as this issue was going to press. His place in the literary world can not easily be filled; but though he has gone, his so heart-compelling work will live. Two of his best stories were included in recent collections of O. Henry Memorial Prize Stories—"The Trial in Tom Belcher's Store" (1919) and "Comet" (1921). A new volume of tales from his gifted pen is to be published almost at once. He was loved by his readers—greatly loved, and it is beautiful to know that on the day of his death a letter from a blind man was read to him—a letter of deep appreciation of that powerful story, "An Act of God"; and Samuel Derieux went into the Unknown with the happy consciousness that he had helped a fellow man.—CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

"I tell you vot I do, frendt—I gif you fo' dollars an' fifty cents for dot ol' piece of chunk. Yes?"

Shad looked thoughtfully at the piece of junk and shook his head. Long, delicate, slender-legged, it had stood there since that day fifty years ago when tens of thousands of soldiers had marched through this country, leaving behind a smoking ruin. Its original color, Shad remembered, had been red. The two coats of paint that had since covered it represented the divergent tastes of two wives he had outlived. The first one had preferred yellow, the second blue. The present color of the sideboard was, accordingly, a dirty blue.

"Oh, come, frendt," the seductive voice was in Shad's ear. "It ain't vort nuttin' to you. Choost a ol' piece of chunk. Listen—I gif you five dollars!"

Shad looked shrewdly into the bartering eyes. Five dollars did sound like a good price. But if he had gone up once, maybe he would go up again. Shad began to feel important.

"I ain't anxious to sell it, suh," he said.

Again smiles wreathed the visitor's face. It was as if what he were about to offer now were a joke on himself. "I gif you—er—six dollars!"

Shad frowned and scratched his head.

"Are you rich, frendt?" demanded the visitor with sudden impatience. "Don't money mean nuttin' to you? I gif you six dollars an' fifty cents. Eh? You don't speak? I gif you seven dollars!" And when Shad still remained silent and frowningly thoughtful—"I gif you eight. I gif you eight an' a qvarter. I gif you nine. Nine! Hear dot? I loose money. I loose money, I gif you so much. Frendt, frendt, tell me—are you deaf?"

"MY EARS is all right, suh," said Shad with composure. The visitor had been growing wildly excited. Now he calmed himself. Once more smiles wreathed his perspiring face. "I vos choost jokin'," he said. "I alvays jokes mit my frendts. I gif you nine tventy-five. Eh? I gif you ten. Ten dollars for a piece of chunk. Ten dollars an' I loose! Frendt, dot's de last vort I speak. Qvick! Yes? Yes?"

Old Shad spoke steadily, though inside he was trembling with eagerness. "Ten dollars ain't enough."

The fat man turned away in despair. He walked up and down the cabin, wringing his hands. "My Gott, my Gott!" he cried in his agony.

The young chauffeur who had driven Levinski—for that was the would-be purchaser's name—through this country of deserted old places had stood in the doorway throughout the preliminaries, and now he began to laugh. Levinski turned on him fiercely. "Chippendale!" he gasped, as if in vindication of his honor. Old Shad did not catch the word exactly. It would not have conveyed anything to his mind if he had. The graceful antique with its coat of dirty blue remained in its time-honored place, serene, unmoved.

At last Levinski conquered himself and turned once more to the fray. It was an epic battle there in the little cabin. All the trade shafts of the Orient were hurled at old Shad's head—cajolery, self-pity, despair, threats, smiles—and hurled in vain. For all the time the old fellow was thinking—if he's come up this far, he'll come farther.

WHEN, face livid, Levinski rushed out into the yard, Shad following at a leisurely pace, the last price had been eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents. This, too, had been refused. Sputtering incoherently, Levinski jumped into the car. He ordered the driver to take him away from that unhallowed spot. He looked impotent curses at the broomstraw fields and the solemn pines and the hot Summer sky. Yet, as the car reached the corner of the yard, he sprang out and ran back.

"Tventy," he gasped between clenched teeth. "T-venty!"

"I'll t'ink 'bout dat," said Shad with respect.

"T'ink! T'ink!"

"Yes—t'ink! Cogitate! You been doin' all de talkin'. Now let me talk. I say I'll t'ink about dat. Das what I mean—t'ink about it. I comin' to town to-morrow. Den I let you know."

That night Shad did not go to sleep for a long time. Twenty dollars for that old sideboard-table given him by his mistress so many years before! Twenty dollars would pay his back dues in the Afro-American Fidelity and Fiduciary Assurance Association. Twenty dollars would reinstate him in that mystic circle of Afro-American brotherhood from which, for lack of money to pay past dues, he was threatened with expulsion. It would assure him a weekly allowance when he got sick. What's more, it would guarantee him that thing which all self-respecting darkies crave—a funeral with hearse and carriages.

It had not occurred to him for many years that the old piece of furniture could have any value. There had been a time—but times had changed, values passed away. It would not hold very much; the drawers were shallow; a few tin plates and kettles filled it entirely. Another cabinet, the one in the kitchen, with perforated tin doors and old spool knobs—that was far more capacious. He had given but four dollars and seventy-eight cents for that—brand new.

He was still excited when next morning at daybreak he hitched a forlorn mule to a rickety wagon and set out on his long journey to town, leaving one of his numerous grandsons, one Sam by name, a bandy-legged boy of twelve, in charge of the place. During the night he had been alarmed a time or two by the fear that he might have held out too long, but now, with the rising sun, his confidence returned. He enjoyed this plunge into the world of trade; he enjoyed, too, being an object sought after. He chuckled to himself as he drove along.

"Dat sho a funny man. Come from fo' dollar an' fifty cent to twenty dollar. Hyah, hyah, hyah! Reckon I better fetch him up a little higher. Git up, mewl!"

When he reached town, he did not hurry straight to Levinski's place. The deliberation of the true trader had taken possession of him. At the ocular department of the five-and-ten-cent store he purchased with painstaking care a new pair of glasses. Then calmly, and with an air of quiet deliberation, he walked around to the store of Simon Levinski, dealer in antiques.

It was a commodious place on a side street, stocked from cellar to garret with the odds and ends of the trade. Yet only a small part of the business of Levinski, and that not the most remunerative, was done here. The finer pieces which Levinski and his agents in their combing of the country collected found their way to an exclusive antique place in New York.

HERE fashionably gowned women with lorgnettes talked in terms of many hundreds, even of thousands. Here antiques picked up for a song in obscure cabin and decayed mansion came into their own once more, in a world far richer and more luxurious than the one they had known in their first incarnation. Had old Shadrach possessed even the faintest conception of what it was designed that the blue-painted sideboard-table, stripped of its shabby coat, should bring in this place, his eyes behind the new glasses would have started from their sockets in amazement.

At sight of his tall, dignified figure entering the shop door Levinski dropped all other business and ran to greet him. How was his dear old friend feeling this morning? Fine? Yes? Likely enough deep down in the trader's heart had been born, for the aged negro, a sort of amazed respect. Beaming hospitality and welcome, Levinski led old Shad into his private office, and with a grand gesture indicated a chair. The old fellow sat down, stick between his knees, head elevated, glasses low on his nose.

Chatting pleasantly and continuously, Levinski went to his safe, took out a package of bills which he counted with deliberation before Shad's eyes—two five-dollar bills and ten one-dollar bills, making in all twenty juicy dollars. These, he declared, he had set aside specially for his dear friend. At the same time he called through the door:

"Jake! Get de truck ready. At vonce, Jake." Then to Shad: "I send after it right avay. Here, frendt, here's your money."

"Hold on, suh," remonstrated Shad with a gesture that waved the bills aside. "I ain't 'greed to dat price yet."

"Vot!" Levinski's face expressed at first dumfounded amazement, then profound grief as if at monumental duplicity.

"I said I'd t'ink about it," continued Shad.

JUST a moment Levinski stared at him. Then he rushed out and called his partner, who came running as if to help put out a fire. A few words of astounded explanation, and the two opened on the old man. They threatened him with suit for breach of contract. They pleaded with him, as if trying to save his immortal soul. They raged up and down the office. They almost wept with self-pity. Hands were thrown apart in expostulation, foreheads struck in despair. Still the old fellow sat, knotted stick between his knees, a twinkle in his eyes. If they were this anxious, they would go still higher.

When at last, shaking his head thoughtfully, he arose, they followed him into the store and out into the street. They tried to turn him round and aim him back. A grinning crowd gathered and a policeman sauntered their way.

"Forty-three dollars!" Levinski cried at last.

"I'll t'ink 'bout dat," old Shad said with respect.

He shook them loose. Leaving them defeated and baffled, the old fellow made his way up the street. As he turned the corner he began to grin. "From fo' dollar an' fifty cent to forty-three dollar an' fifty cent," he chuckled. "Take me to drive a trade. Hyah, hyah, hyah!"

Shad had found his place in the sun. He was a trader, natural born. Yet he was a little uneasy. He didn't want

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WRAPPED CAREFULLY IN OLD BED-QUILTS, SHAD CARRIED HIS SURPRISE GIFT INTO THE BUNGALOW



THE HAPPY CHILD

Child health is world wealth

By DR. L. EMMETT HOLT



THE WORLD IS MINE



EDITOR'S FOREWORD

With this introductory article by Dr. Holt, THE DELINEATOR begins an important campaign that will result in bringing within reach of the average mother the scientific knowledge of America's foremost specialists in baby care and child welfare. Beginning with the expectant mother, the series will comprise helpful and authoritative contributions by an expert on every step in infancy and childhood up through the formative years of early youth. Information and advice of professional nature will supplement this series of articles and may be obtained separately in the form of booklets or pamphlets, the titles of which will be announced from time to time as the material is prepared and ready for distribution.

Rarely has a magazine been able to give to its readers material of such positive value concerning the all-important subject of child health. Each article will have a special purpose; and no mother can afford to miss this informative series written by noted physicians.

IT WAS once thought that there were two things any American woman could do without special training—one was to teach school, the other to bring up children. The fallacy in the first was recognized long ago. The mistake in the second is equally true, although not so generally admitted.

The bringing up of children is certainly to be classed as one of the occupations requiring highly skilled persons, if results which are satisfactory are to be expected.

The tragedy of life is the fact that so few of those who are called upon to meet this responsibility have had anything approaching adequate preparation or training and that such a small number have had even the opportunity to acquire it.

We know in this world only what we have been taught by our own experience or that of others.

No amount of maternal affection and devotion can take the place of knowledge when it comes to be applied to such problems as arise in the care of children. The lower animals are guided by their instinct to give their offspring the right care; but the human mother has *no such guide*.

Most children are born healthy. Disease, early death, feeble constitution and delicate health in adult life are, alas! too often simply the consequences of failure to do what we might do or the result of ignorant handling of a very delicate bit of machinery—the human body—especially during the period of growth.

In medicine at the present time the greatest interest is in the prevention of disease. The great possibilities offered in this field are as yet scarcely appreciated, and they have their widest application in infancy and childhood. It is realized by all in the health field that the principal agency in bringing this about is education. We need not simply better educated physicians and nurses, but more parents who have some solid health education. The most recent and probably the most promising of all is the education of children themselves in matters of health.

In the past almost all the instruction in health given to the family came from the family physician, whose chief interest, however, was in *disease and how to treat it*, not in *health and how to promote it*.

We are coming to believe that the best way to prevent disease is to promote health.

Tradition dies hard. For centuries the occurrence of sickness and death was looked upon as a visitation of Providence, and disease was regarded as some monster which we must fight in the dark.

People have always stood in awe of the obscure and the mysterious. We need to get away from the notion of medicine as a mystery and think of it as a science, a science in which effects regularly follow causes. We should realize that both public and personal health is gained and kept by the application in daily life of known laws of physiology and hygiene.

While the trouble with many persons is that they do not know, with a much larger number it is because they do not use the knowledge they have. It is true that it is often difficult to know what is reliable, since so much that is exaggerated, sensational and even false is given to the public.

The experience of the last twenty-five years has taught us that the great sacrifice of child life is quite unnecessary and that it continues only because of ignorance, indifference and neglect.

Does God fix the death-rate? This question has recently been raised in several journals. Once men taught so, and death was regarded as an act of Divine Providence, often inscrutable. We are now coming to look upon a high infant death-rate as evidence of human weakness, ignorance and cupidity. We believe that Providence works through human agencies and that in this field, as in others, we reap what we sow—no more and no less.

Within certain limitations health also would be possible for all children, if what is now well known were universally applied. There is no royal road to health. It is gained and kept by self-denial, self-control and obedience to the laws of health.

Physicians interested in this campaign for saving child life and improving child health believe that their *greatest weapon is not medicine, but knowledge*—accurate, definite knowledge applied with plain common sense. In opening its columns to such a group of physicians, THE DELINEATOR has taken a step which is bound to have far-reaching consequences.

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SAVING LIFE BY PRENATAL CARE

By DR. RALPH LOBENSTINE

The complete article on this subject contains important facts for parents, but we do not feel that it is appropriate material for a general family magazine. A pamphlet, indorsed by Dr. L. Emmett Holt, the child specialist and chief adviser in our campaign, by the Maternity Center Association and by the United States Health Department, will be sent to any parent desiring it for ten cents in stamps. Address the Child Health Department, THE DELINEATOR

THE purpose of this and succeeding articles is to save the lives of mothers and children. More than twenty thousand lives were needlessly lost last year because the simple facts of child-bearing were not understood.

Ignorance takes a terrific toll in life every year.

It is not merely the poor and the uneducated who are ignorant on this all-important subject.

Seventy-five per cent. of the mothers of this country do not consult a physician until life and health are already endangered.

Since the dark ages motherhood has been shrouded in a certain amount of mysticism due to ignorance and misinformation.

At no time of her life is a woman so likely to have given to her so much advice or to hear such lurid and disturbing tales. Most of these statements are gross exaggerations and do no good. Most of the advice is uncertain or is positively harmful. The mystery of pregnancy is the mystery of life. This we can not solve.

But protection of the mother so that she and her child may have a safe delivery is available to all classes and conditions of society. It is the duty of parents to put aside all the superstitions and false preachments, and to learn the simple facts which will save suffering and, in many thousands of cases, save life.

Science has disproved the traditions about prenatal marking of babies. *Babies are not born with birthmarks or deformities because of anything their mothers have done or seen.* In this sense, prenatal influence, that is, "marking a baby," does not count.

But as we shall see, prenatal influence *does* count when we are considering the health of the infant. Certain traits of character are handed down; a very few diseases are inherited, and perhaps a predisposition to a few others; but most of the popular notions are only superstitions. They have no trustworthy basis. A baby may be born dead, however, and often is born far ahead of time, because of inherited disease or because of an accident, because of *overfatigue* of mother, excessive smoking, drinking or because of certain diseases that may arise at that time.

Fear, however, should have no place in the mind of the mother-to-be. Fear is harmful to both mother and child. Good common sense and watchfulness are the essentials of health, and wholesome advice from a good doctor or nurse will carry the great majority of mothers safely through. If definitely abnormal signs develop, the very best help should be sought at once, for the best is none too good.

THE expectant mother, as soon as she is aware definitely of her condition, should consult a good doctor. If in the country, or if for any reasons a doctor can not be seen with fair frequency, a district or public-health nurse will prove of very great help. Lay your cares upon the doctor and nurse and then follow faithfully the directions given by them. If no doctor or nurse is available at this time, much reliable information can be obtained from pamphlets for the expectant mother that are issued by various State departments of health, certain private or public health organizations and by the United States Public Health Service and Children's Bureau in Washington. Follow such advice rather than the suggestions of your friends.

The advantages of an early visit to the doctor are:

1. The general state of your health at this time can and should be determined, such as the conditions of the heart, the lungs, kidneys, the blood pressure, etc. (Tuberculosis is usually made worse by pregnancy.)

2. An examination will show the doctor whether or not there is anything abnormal.

3. Important advice for the coming months can be given you.

As I have just said, have a doctor both during those months and at birth, if possible, and always secure the best one available. This one suggestion will frequently save a patient's health, not infrequently a life, and usually is the most economical. *Nothing is so expensive as poor medical advice.*

Specialists are far too few in number in this field, but fortunately in many communities general practitioners are having greater advantages than formerly. Seek, then, the best and give them your confidence.

IF YOU have to have a midwife, be sure that she is properly licensed and clean. No midwife has the right to look after abnormal conditions either before or at the time of birth. To be sure, some one who reads these lines might have just an old-fashioned, untrained midwife or no one but a friend to help her out. This is, indeed, an unfortunate situation. My suggestion would then be to secure all the wholesome advice possible, then to plan well in advance to go to the nearest hospital for confinement or to some relatives residing in a town with good physicians. This suggestion may be difficult to follow, and yet, all too often, it is the only safe course available. It may cost a sacrifice at the time, but save your life or prevent an invalidism and later very expensive illness.

In no other field of medicine, perhaps, is it so true that complications can so readily be avoided through sound preventive measures.

Plenty of rest, good food, fresh air and exercise in moderation are the essentials to good health in the mother-to-be.

Many mothers feel that housework should be given up or reduced during pregnancy. This is not true. Housework is necessary for the majority of mothers and it does no harm, providing it is not too strenuous and does not cause too great fatigue. *Genuine fatigue is the danger sign.*

Overfatigue, no matter what its origin, can not be good for the expectant mother.

Heavy factory work is not good, but light work, in clean surroundings, can do no harm.

All exercise, in the writer's opinion, should be indulged in more carefully than during ordinary times.

For those who have the leisure, walking is certainly the best form of exercise. Violent exercise such as horseback riding, much prolonged dancing, violent tennis and motoring over bad roads can not be considered wholesome or wise.

Diet. The diet need not differ materially from that the individual is accustomed to, yet it is important to say that in certain essentials great care should be exercised.

Overeating is always bad, but this is particularly true during pregnancy. No food or drink which causes discomfort should, of course, be taken. This is plain common sense.

Drink at least six glasses of water each day. Too much water, despite the opinion of some, may do harm. This is particularly true late in pregnancy.

Drink freely of milk, if milk is readily digested. Use vegetables and fruit in abundance, avoiding, however, strongly acid ones such as strawberries and canned tomatoes.

Eat meat, meat extracts and eggs sparingly and preferably not more than once a day. During the last two months of pregnancy it is best to avoid beef in any form.

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MARTIN FORGOT

A serious story

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "Pigs is Pigs"

HE WAS humped down in his chair, Martin was, the old, old man. His hundredth year he would never see again, for it had gone by. He sat there under the big tree, but in the sun, with mufflers around his neck and mittens on his hands and the old blanket over his lap, puffing at the old pipe that had no fire in it and mumbling to himself as his old head nodded.

Off near the house his daughter worked over her wash-tub, now and then stopping to tongue-lash one of *her* daughter's noisy children, for a noisy lot the children were indeed. Then one of the little ones—Aggie it was—looking into her great-grandad's face cried out:

"Gram! Gram!" she cried. "Come here. Grandad is dyin', he's got a grin on him and he's actin' loony."

Another of the young ones looked.

"HE'S chokin' to death," he cried with all of a child's excitement. "Look at him, gram!"

"Ah, Lord, now!" the old man's daughter exclaimed, wiping her wet hands on her apron and coming hastily.

The old, old man had humped still farther down in his chair. His pipe had fallen from his lips to his lap and his dried nut of a face was red—almost purple—as he chuckled and choked and coughed, and one red mittened hand pounded the blanket above his knee. It seemed, indeed, that he was laughing himself to death, he who had not so much as smiled these eighty years!

"Father, stop! Stop it, I tell you!" his daughter exclaimed, shaking him by the shoulder. The shake shook him down into the chair still more and tottered him askew, so that he sat on his back and his mittened hand waved in the air like a crazy semaphore as he tried to beat his knee, which was anywhere. His daughter took him by the underarm and boosted him back as he belonged, for he weighed nothing, almost. And still he chuckled and choked, while the six or eight young ones stood in a ring and gazed open-mouthed in wonder.

"Quit, you old fool!" his daughter commanded, not meaning disrespect, that being the rough way of them. "What's got into you? What ails you, now?"

She bent down to hear, for he was trying to tell her.

"Forgot!" he gurgled. "Forgot, by dang!" he chuckled. "It's the joke is on me, by cripes!" he giggled unashamed. "And a good one," he said as well as his lack of teeth and laughter let him. "A good one on me, by dang!"

"Your pipe, is it?" his daughter asked, knowing the way of old, old men, much as she was upset by laughter from the father who had been the devil and all for crossness and unsmilingness and sourbelliedness all his life.

She put the pipe in his mouth, but he spat it out, so that it fell from his lap to the ground among the red leaves and the yellow leaves that were there. It was not the pipe he had forgotten, not by a long shot! But how could she know what he had so suddenly remembered? She stood, arms akimbo, for a minute, looking at him and shaking her head, but water in a tub does not stay hot in the open air, and she went back to the tub. No, she could not know, could not even guess.

FOR old, old Martin, sleeping there in the sun with his pipe out and his life next door to that same thing, had nodded until he awoke with a start, remembering what he had carelessly forgotten since his day of birth, much shame to him! So with his daughter back at her tub he told it clearly and succinctly to Aggie and young, young Martin. Or thought he told it, for they heard but disjointed mumblings and chucklings, as:

"Forgot, by dang! Remember, by cripes! Cold, sun, hod of brick on th' head of me, hungry, v'ilets and daisies, emperor, emperor, a fine bit of adventure, hail!"

And then such bits as:

"Shame to you, Omyzas Arbiris, devil take you, Martin, by dang.

They could make nothing of it but nonsense, those young ones, but to old, old Martin it was as clear as the nose on his face, and clearer, even. It was as clear as crystal. He had remembered, you understand.

It was like this: He had had a mean life of it, one way and another, and had always felt the misery of it, like you and me, maybe. Plenty to complain of all along, downs all the while and few ups and they not much to speak of. A life he had had, as you may say, to grouch about, and he had grouched about it—a long hundred years of it, and a few of the years giving him a spare shilling or a spare dollar in his pocket, up-hill all the way, nothing but fight and one thing and another, like some of us—like the most of us, by dang! And at the end gums with no teeth in them to chew a man's victuals and the dang pipe always out and they won't let him have matches, and the sun not what it used to be for warmth, and death just yonder. A nice piece of business, all told! And then he remembered!

LIKE this: He remembered that he had forgot. He remembered what he had forgot. And is it to be wondered that he laughed at himself for an old fool?

It was like this, you see: All of a sudden he—old Martin, there in his chair—remembered the star Betelguese, which is the star Mirzam, the roarer, and the million men there that had stood in ranks before the golden throne on the portico of the high castle and had cried out, "Hail! All hail! Hail, mighty Omyzas Arbiris!" in the language no man on earth but old, old Martin could understand. For he was like Napoleon in his greatest glory then, was old Martin. Get that clear; he was like Cæsar at his greatest, like Alexander at his finest. But greater, mind you, for beside Betelguese the earth is like a pin-prick hole in a map of a hemisphere, and he—old, old Martin—had conquered not a part of Betelguese, but all of it and the heart of every man there and the hearts of all women, too.

For, you see, it was like this: There had been the very devil to pay on Betelguese, so that revolutions and murderings and French revolutions and Turkish murderings were nothing to what was going on there on the big star. Nation against nation and man against man and a nice mess indeed! And no hope, mind you. Not a bit. Not until young Omyzas Arbiris, which was old Martin back yonder on the star Betelguese, picked up a sword one day and said, "I'll be in this, too," and had a rare good time doing all that Napoleon did and Cæsar did and Alexander did and a thousand times more. Rare days, those were! Grand adventuring by land and sea and great battling. Until it was all his.

For it was like this: Martin, which was Omyzas Arbiris, Emperor of all Betelguese, conquered all and won all and fixed all. All that there was to conquer he conquered, and with joy in the conquest. All that there was to win, he won. And all that there was to make



DEVIL • TAKE • YOU • MARTIN • BY • DANG "

right and fix up and arrange he arranged and had joy in the doing. And then was, maybe, not quite so happy any longer.

For a thing like that is like this: Alexander, you mind, wept when there were no more worlds to conquer, and that is the meat in a real man. Great adventuring, that is the gladness of life, as you may say. And Martin—which was Omyzas Arbiris, you mind—with his empress at his side and his thousand pages and thousand courtiers and ten thousand makers of laws and millions of soldiers and uncounted ships, was uneasy in his soul. When he sat in the golden throne on the great portico with his empress fairer than day at his side, Omyzas Arbiris, even as the millions hailed him, was off his feed, to put it that way. Like when tobacco has no more taste than dried pith and salt is tame in the mouth like cotton. No more adventuring, for he had adventured all there was to adventure on the good star Roarer, on the good star Mirzam, on the good star Betelguese. He felt a mite sick at heart, did Omyzas Arbiris, for he was no man to chew old husks. And then he chirked up.

It was like this: Came one, as you may say, from Headquarters, as such do come to all the stars, saying, "Hail! All Hail! Who will be the man to be born on Earth?" For it seems that that is the way of it. There be billions of stars more than men know of, and once in I-don't-know-how-many centuries comes one from Headquarters to each star asking for one who will jump off, as it might be, from his tidy star to try a whirl at life on Earth, the poor half-baked bit of a planet that is all helter-skelter, and I-don't-know-how and raw on the edges and just being tried out, more or less. For the Earth must be populated, you see, one way or another, cradles being waiting for babes that will grow to be men and each push the Earth a bit along on its way. So turn by turn each star is given its fair chance to send some one to be born as a babe and take what's coming. Like a pioneer to a raw land across far seas. And one had come from Headquarters offering Betelguese the opportunity for a bit of fun and adventure over on that speck of an Earth.

BECAUSE it was like this: When the one from Headquarters made himself known on Betelguese, Omyzas Arbiris, all in his brocaded robes, had the messenger brought before him and questioned him, sitting with his empress at his left hand and his cheek propped on the other.

"And how might it be on this Earth you are telling about?" asked Martin, which is to say the Emperor Omyzas Arbiris. "How are things and conditions there, to your best knowledge?"

"I'm ashamed to say," said the messenger, blushing. "It is a muss there and no mistake. Hunger and cold and low wages and sometimes none at all; good times and bad times; maybe to-day a man owning his own bit of land and feeling as grand as grand, and the next not a potato to put in the pot. That's how it is. Always something or something else! A man picks out her he thinks will be the finest wife in the world and she's not. And t'other way around, often. The young one you think most of quite likely goes bad, and the black duck is a swan. Up one day and down the next. Worry all the time. A man don't know what an hour will bring forth. That's how it is."

"IT SOUNDS interesting," said Omyzas Arbiris, licking his lips. "It ought to keep a man guessing."

"And it would be amusing, I should think," said Omyzas Arbiris, "for a man like me, that is an immortal spirit here on Betelguese and can't die, to go down there a bit and take pot luck with the rest of the same sort.

"It would be all of that, if not more," said the messenger. "You ought to get a good laugh out of it. It would be a great adventure for you, I should think."

"I like the idea of it," said Omyzas Arbiris. "For a soul off of Betelguese to go down there, full of the old spirit, and buck through with a stout upper lip, ought to be good fun. There should be many a laugh when an immortal spirit has no potato to put in the pot and don't know where next month's rent is coming from or will he be put out on the sidewalk with his wife and all the kids. What is it they call it, this being born and doing all sorts of things down there on Earth?"

"Life," said the messenger. "From the time you start in by being born until the time you quit the job is called a man's life."

"Life, hey?" said Omyzas Arbiris. "So that's what they call it. Life must be one big adventure and a fine fight against more or less odds, down there on Earth."

"It is," said the messenger.

"Well, then," said Omyzas Arbiris, Emperor of all Betelguese, getting up from the golden throne and kissing the empress farewell, like a man going to fight a fine win-or-lose fight, "I'll go you! I'd be worse than a goat to miss a chance like this!"

"Well said!" said the messenger. "You'll have a fine time, I've no doubt. Them that go at it right always do. But remember one thing, sir, if I may make so bold as to warn you. Remember to remember! Never forget you are Omyzas Arbiris, unconquered and unconquerable, eternal spirit, deathless, and but for a time permitted to enjoy life, as they call the thing down there. If you remember to remember that, sir, you can laugh at the things that might otherwise slightly annoy you."

"I think I understand you," said the Emperor Omyzas Arbiris.

"Doubtless, sir," the messenger agreed. "And now here is your ticket. It entitles you to be born and to enjoy the fine privilege of being a hod-carrier."

But it came about like this: Omyzas Arbiris forgot. You see, what with his having to yell bloody murder when he was wanting his mother's breast, she being out at work in the fields, and what with the red-headed lad always waiting to cuff his ears, and what with the schoolmaster having the big ruler ready to whack the palm of a boy's hand, and what with not enough to eat now and then and not enough covers to the bed once and again, and what with wages being that low in the hod-carrying profession, and what with the landlords and the tradespeople and sickness and strikes, and one thing and another, Omyzas Arbiris forgot, and Martin did some mighty sullen remembering on his own account.

FOR it is like this: A man has a dang hard time of it if he happens to find it coming that way and to be looking for it. He has little time to remember that the blows and the kicks are all part of the great adventure, and he even comes to fear death and one thing and another. Which, be sure, he would laugh at if he remembered Betelguese and the day he set out so gay and glad with his ticket in his hand for the experience that is called life.

So that was all there was to it. With his daughter rubbing away at the tub and his daughter's daughter's children standing open-mouthed and wondering, old, old Martin chuckled and choked, for he had chanced to remember, and he mumbled out "By dang!" for he thought what a fool he had been all his life to forget.

But it was all right now. He remembered now. He raised his red-mittened hand to wipe the eye-water from his eyes, chuckling at the good joke on himself the forgetting had been.

So young Aggie ran to her grandmother, old Martin's daughter, whimpering a bit, for she was frightened, but old Martin's daughter comforted her.

"Hush now, Aggie!" she said. " 'Tis nothing. He's but out of his head a bit. Go and pick up his pipe for him like a good girl."



THE PEDOMETER REGISTERS EACH OF YOUR STEPS

WATCH YOUR STEPS IN THE NURSERY

By Reena Roberts and Marion F. Flemming

A mile and a quarter a day saved in the care of the baby! With the aid of the step-measuring pedometer, the two experts who wrote this article rearranged the work of baby care so that the steps are reduced from two miles to three quarters of a mile a day. The next step-saving study, Watch Your Steps in Cleaning the House, will appear in August.



THE ARTICLES IN THIS ROOM ARE SO PLACED THAT ALMOST NO STEPS ARE NECESSARY DURING BABY'S BATH

WE LIVED in an ordinary house in the country when Dickey, our first baby, came to live with us. We knew that theoretically, at least, we should keep him away from people in a light, airy room where he should have ample place to sleep quietly and play undisturbed; so we chose a corner room on the second floor that quite fulfilled all these requirements. The fact that the bathroom was as far away as possible had not occurred to us as a disadvantage. The baby would only be washed once a day—surely we would not find such an arrangement unhandy. True, also, the kitchen where we must prepare his food was on the first floor, but again, with the characteristic optimism of people living with a new experiment, we had decided that this would make little difference. When we fed the baby we could plan to be coming up-stairs on some errand anyway, it would not add to our steps; besides, at certain periods of the day, the baby would be out on the down-stairs porch and we could bring him in and feed him in the living-room.

Well, we carried out our plans, but somehow or other it took us a long time to get through our work—in fact, we didn't seem to get through it at all! Did we make just a few trips up-stairs as planned? Did we walk only a few times from nursery to bathroom? And when the baby was fed at eleven at night, did we mind getting up and going down to the kitchen to heat his food? Babies weren't so easy to care for after all! So when Bobby appeared we decided on an entirely different arrangement.

WE had on the first floor a room that had been used as a dining-room before we bought the house, but which we had redecorated, changing it into a bedroom, and leading off of it we had built a bathroom. A small hall joined this room to the kitchen. An ideal place—bath, nursery, kitchen all right together! Why hadn't we thought of it before? Of course, it was because we had been told to keep the baby as far away from people as possible. People brought germs, and all germs had a special liking for babies; then, too, the ordinary noises that occur in family life would keep him awake—we would have both germs and insomnia to fight against. But strangely enough we didn't. We kept our visitors away from the baby—and as for the noises bothering Bobby, I think he liked them. At any rate, they never annoyed him, for he slept through them all—healthy, happy baby that he was—and we never tip-toed around.



HE SLEEPS IN A CRIB WHICH ROLLS ON WHEELS. WITH THE BOTTOM LOWERED IT MAKES A PLAY CAGE



A FOLDING CAGE PROTECTS THE LITTLE LIONESS FROM HARM

By this time, I can assure you we were more than interested in having everything as convenient as possible. Experience had shown us facts that we had not dreamed of before. We were determined that there was going to be time left in which to rest in the afternoon! So we began to plan pretty carefully, even to the arrangement of our furniture.

As we have worked it out, we have assigned a corner seven feet by eight feet, taking up about one-third of the floor space to him. From the picture showing him rolled in a Turkish towel you can see the arrangement. The bureau is entirely his, and besides keeping his clothes in it we also put his sheets, diapers, towels and gauze so that at bath time we would not have to go out of the way to collect them. In the little closet, which we had built for us, we keep his soap, boric acid, vaseline, talcum, medicated cotton and all those accessories that so important a personage needs. The tiny white-enameled tub is kept in the bathroom right off the nursery, with the bath thermometer hanging above it. Before his bath we get his clothes from the bureau and hang them on the rack as you can see in the picture, take the things we need from the closet and place them near the small table on which we are to put the tub, undress the boy and leave him all rolled up in his crib (I want to tell you more about this little bed later, for it's an unusually helpful one), and then go to the bathroom to fill the tub with water of the right temperature. This is brought out and placed as you can see it. Everything is within reach—we hardly need to take one step more during the whole process. The table on which we dry him has simply a piece of canvas stretched across the top which makes a fine soft place to lay him, and in the pockets that extend down the front safety-pins, talcum and all sorts of useful things may be kept in a most handy place. A table like this could easily be made at home. His soiled clothes are put in a hamper and his diapers in a covered enamel receptacle, both of which are kept in the bathroom.

BEFORE I tell you more about our own arrangement I want to tell you of the most clever arrangement one of our friends uses. Her bathroom and nursery join as do ours, but she does not wash her baby in the nursery as we do, but in the bathroom like a real grown-up, in a tiny rubber tub that is made to fit on the large one. This was not a special piece of equipment but one that can be bought in any department store. It can be filled directly from the faucet by connecting it with a short rubber hose and it has a tiny plug in the bottom so that the water drains itself off into the large tub. Made right on the tub at the left-hand side is a miniature table like the large one we use so that the baby may be taken out of the bath and put on it while being dried. A more convenient piece of furniture for a baby couldn't be imagined, and it has one more good feature that I forgot to tell you about—it can be folded up and put away when not used. This friend of ours has a baby wardrobe in which she keeps the baby's clothes. It is easily wheeled from nursey to bathroom and brings all the necessities for baby, from extra safety-pins in the top basket to neatly folded clean dresses in the bottom basket that can be swung around as needed. She makes good use of two other features of her bathroom, one the medicine cabinet,

Continued on page 85



A TINY RUBBER TUB WITH A DRYING TABLE FITS OVER THE GROWN-UP TUB



A LITTLE REFRIGERATOR LIKE THIS, AND AN ELECTRIC BOTTLE HEATER KEPT IN THE NURSERY SAVES STEPS



THE NEW IN NEW YORK

By Evelyn Dodge

Photographs by Underwood and Underwood

Embroidered voiles which blend gracefully with exquisite moulding and lovely lines are particularly happy made into frocks with a soft gathering at the boat-shaped neck. Sometimes ribbon looping at the left, attempts to bring the waistline back to normalcy

How perverse are hemlines of the newest clothes; they hesitate in points or scallops and compromise on a medium length for dresses. Summer foulards or silk crepes in conventionalized floral patterns gently urge these frocks to billow at the hips after the period styles





The sudden burst of Midsummer blooming brings forth flower frocks of organdy in poignant tints with great flowers like magnolia blossoms on scalloped skirts

IN THE SHOP-WINDOWS, under striped awnings and flower-boxes, gay with pink geraniums and Michaelmas daisies, dresses of organdy in the delicate shell colors of pale pink and mauve and yellow. Or in the characteristically Parisian combination of pale-blue organdy trimmed with bands of dark blue and with a corsage bouquet of violet-colored organdy flowers with long sash ends of ribbon like a violet shadow on the skirt. The organdies lend themselves to the period styles of spreading skirts, fichus and fichu-like collars, and their appeal is primarily to the young and slender girl with her short skirts still short in spite of the much ado Paris makes over longer dresses. They are charming with wide-brimmed shadowy hats wreathed with flowers or with wide ribbon tied in long loops.

IN THE JAPANESE TEA GARDEN OF THE RITZ where all the birds of passage who are on the wing for the country or the shore pause for a pleasant moment for luncheon or tea, dresses of white foulard scrawled with great designs in crayon red below long bodies of white Georgette; a dark-blue crêpe-silk cape over a dress with a white crêpe body embroidered in dark blue and the skirt and panels of dark blue matching the cape; a French costume with a skirt and short cape of gray crêpe de Chine, and a blouse of claret-pink Georgette embroidered all over with *fleurs d'acier*, great flowers worked in steel beads. A great deal of color, but also a great deal of gray, especially in slippers and stockings, fewer all-black dresses than last season, but now and then an excessively smart French costume in black and white, such as a short box-coat of white cloth bound with black braid and worn with a black cloth skirt cross-striped with flat braid.

AT THE THEATERS a dress of yellow crêpe de Chine with panels and wide sleeves of brown lace under a brown taffeta cape with great flowers at the throat made of brown fringe with centers of steel, a dress of white moire with the new hip drapery held by a great ornament and tassels of crystal and jet. A cape of gray-blue Georgette with a collar of the Georgette roses lined with dark red over a period dress of French-blue taffetas with wreaths of dull red roses on the skirt and a festoon of roses across the bodice.

In general, skirts a little longer but with no great change in width, many blouses and dresses with the Russian closing, capes of every character and for every purpose.

SOULIÉ SKETCHES SENT FROM *THE DELINEATOR'S* PARIS ESTABLISHMENT



The renaissance of period styles has inspired Molyneux to create a dress of gold, gray and black brocade with gold lace for a basque. Long loose bands deceive the sleeve silhouette, and three red roses startle a black-braid outlining



The Parisienne never disputes the elegance of lace for dinner gowns. From Martial et Armand comes a coral jersey-lace dress with side drooping front tunic and a hem-length back one. A red enamel clasp, pearl-bordered, balances the right tying of a steel ribbon



Stitching stimulates the strap trimming of a white shantung tailleur from Beer. Straps of shantung appear on the sleeves and cover the box plaits of the coat by mitered seams, and on the skirt stitched plaits contrive for the same effect

A fantasy of fine soutache braiding imitates embroidery on this gray-serge suit from Renee. The coat with a collar rolled from under brilliant black singe is eased into a hip belt tying in a bow over the Russian side closing of the skirt

Beer has captured the elusive quality of grace in a street dress of brown crepe de Chine with open-work hems. Small buttons come in groups, the fitted sleeves inevitably strapped are palm length, and a plait conceals the left side opening

DIFFERENCES OF TREATMENT MAKE A COMMON GROUND FOR DESIGNS



In many new French dresses draped styles relinquish their prestige to wrapped effects. Two steel buckles form the nuclei of a hip draping and an embroidered band with white edging is a simple trimming for a dress of gray crêpe marocain *from Molyneux*



A dress of white crêpe mongol from Renee endures a chemise with gold and silver embroidery. There are side plaitings on the bodice, a twisted girdle, and the points of the circular front tunic linger longer than the hem line

Only an aerial imagination could have inspired this white Georgette crêpe gown from Agnes, with handkerchief drapery fronting the sides of its skirt and a wing drape under the arm. Two yellow cire flowers and fine tucking on the blouse and hips are decorative inspirations

Concerning sleeves, one divines that dresses are of three sorts—those sleeveless, those very brief of sleeve, or those with sleeves acknowledging the arm's contour. Of the second type is this straight-front cream-serge dress with bias band trimming and box plaits. From Martial et Armand

Agnes inaugurates the metal age for clothes with an enamel chain belt and an ingenious decoration of aluminum crosses over this suit of pink tussor. The French imagine their simpler suits on square lines, and for the nuances *of artistic expression, contrive new things in decoration*

WHEN WIDE SLEEVES, FREE PANELS, DRAPERY AND TWO MATERIALS MEET



Dress 3844 Embroidery design 10912 Dress 3842 Dress 3841 Dress 3845 Dress 3843

3844—A delightful simplicity characterizes this one-piece frock. It is a slip-over fashion and the medium deep armhole is new. The low waistline can be adjusted with a casing and elastic and a blouse body lining may be used. Make the dress entirely of cotton crêpe, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine and Georgette or use silk crêpes with Georgette sleeves or figured crêpes or silk with plain crêpes, Georgette or chiffon, or cotton ratine with cotton crêpe or voile.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards of 40-inch figured crêpe de Chine and ½ yard of 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine for the trimming bands. The lower edge is 54 inches wide.

This dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust. It is also suitable for misses.

3842—10912—For Summer's fairest days one chooses this lovely slip-over frock. It is a one-piece fashion and the sleeves are joined to the long body lining. The wider shoulder and deep armhole are new and the low waistline may be arranged with an elastic and casing. Fabric flowers emphasize the loose side panels. Use silk crêpes or crêpe de Chine with sleeves and panels of a harmonizing color, or figured with plain crêpes or silk, Georgette or chiffon. The lower edge is 53½ inches.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe for the dress and 2½ yards of 40-inch Georgette for the sleeves and panels.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure. It is also pretty for misses.

3841—Loose panels depart from the chosen hem line of the straight skirt of this low-waisted frock. It is a slip-over style with a left underarm closing and may have a body lining in camisole outline. Use cotton voile, swiss, organdy, fine cotton crêpe, silk crêpes and crêpe de Chine in one color or two or figured with plain, or Georgette and plain silk voile alone or over taffeta, foulard or satin. The lower edge is 53 inches.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch cotton voile for blouse and panels, and 2 yards of 40-inch contrasting cotton voile for body lining and skirt and 1⅛ yard of ribbon.

This dress is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 bust measure.

3845—Drapery adds elegance to the simple lines of this frock. It slips on over the head and the closing is arranged under the left arm. The draped skirt keeps to the low waistline and the long body lining may be finished in camisole outline at the top. Cotton crêpe, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, moire and foulard are especially suitable materials for this dress.

36 bust requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch foulard, with ⅞ yard of 36-inch contrasting silk for sleeve and skirt facings and 1⅛ yard of 4-inch ribbon for girdle. The lower edge of the frock measures about 50½ inches in width.

The dress is adapted to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3843—When plaid meets plain and Fashion's standing by, there's sure to be a smart new frock. This one is a slip-over and may have a blouse body lining. The front and back are made in one with the two-piece skirt. Use linen, linen-finished cottons and plain cottons, or make the dress of gingham with side bodies and sleeves of chambray, cotton prints with plain cotton or cotton ratine with cotton crêpe, or make the dress entirely of satin.

36 bust requires 3 yards of 32-inch plaid gingham for the dress and 1¾ yard of 32-inch chambray for the side bodies and sleeves. The lower edge is 52 inches wide.

This dress is smart for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure

3800—Bib fronts and sashes arrange themselves to emphasize the low waistline of Summer frocks. This fashion has a straight skirt and the long body lining is a matter of choice. The three-quarter sleeve is graceful, but a full-length or shorter one are other possibilities. Pockets are attractive in this type of dress. Use gingham, chambray, cotton prints, dimity, cotton crêpe, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, pongee and tub silks.

36 bust requires 4½ yards of 32-inch tub silk and ⅜ yard of 36-inch plain silk for collar, cuffs and pocket-tabs trimmed with contrasting silk piping. The lower edge is 63 inches wide.

The dress is becoming to ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust measure.

3780—This one-piece frock owes its particular charm to an unusual yoke and a trimming band at the straight lower edge. It is a slip-over fashion and the low waistline may be adjusted with an elastic and casing. The blouse body lining is a matter of choice. Use cotton crêpe, cotton voile, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes and Georgette in two colors or figured with plain, or make the dress entirely of gingham, cotton homespun, plain cotton voile, or crêpe, crêpe de Chine or silk crêpes.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard of 40-inch figured crêpe de Chine and 2⅛ yards of 40-inch plain silk. The lower edge is 54 inches wide.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3809—3485—10954—Fashion frequently speaks in Russian when talking of blouses. The waistline of this one may be arranged with an elastic through a casing. One expects bright embroidery on peasant fashions. This design is worked in a combination of cross-stitch and beading. A straight box-plaited skirt of this type is equally suitable for stripes, plaids, checks or plain materials. The waistline is raised 1¼ inch, and from center to center of the plaits measures 7 inches. Use fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile, batiste, crêpe de Chine, chiffon cloth, Georgette, silk voile, pongee and China silk for the blouse, and crêpe de Chine, satin, pongee and sports silk for the skirt.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2½ yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine for the blouse and 3¼ yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine for the skirt. The lower edge with the plaits drawn out measures about 2¾ yards.

This blouse is smart for ladies 32 to 40 inches bust, also for misses. The skirt is for ladies 35 to 49½ inches hip measure.

3806—The long lines of this frock make it especially smart. The straight gathered skirt is joined at a low waistline and one may omit the blouse body lining. The wide band on the skirt is a simple trimming and very effective in check or plaid materials. A novelty edging is suggested and adds a neat finish to the frock. Select gingham, chambray, cotton prints, dimity, cotton crêpe, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, pongee and tub silks.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards of 32-inch check gingham and ½ yard of 36-inch piqué for collar, cuffs and the vestee (cut crosswise). The lower edge is 58 inches wide.

The dress is adapted to ladies 32 to 46 inches bust measure.

3798—Many frocks show a decided preference for two materials. This one is the slip-over type that joins the straight skirt to a long body and gives the choice of a blouse body lining. The deep neckline with a collar and vestee and the pockets are attractive. Use chambray with gingham, cotton crêpes with cotton prints, plain with check taffeta, or sports silks, silk crêpes and crêpe de Chine in two colors.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard of 32-inch plain material for the body of dress and sleeve and 2⅜ yards of 32-inch check gingham for the skirt, collar, cuffs and vestee. The lower edge is 63 inches wide.

The dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3811—For Midsummer comfort and freedom the one-piece frock that slips over the head has no rival and when it adds a long collar, narrow sash and inside pockets it is one of the season's favorite fashions. The blouse body lining may be omitted and the sleeves may be full length or very short. Gingham, chambray, cotton homespun, linen, linen-finished and plain cottons are suitable materials.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards of 32-inch striped gingham, and ⅝ yard of 40-inch organdy for collar, cuffs, vestee, pocket-tabs and frills. The lower edge is 54 inches wide.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 46 inches bust. It is also suitable for misses.

Other views of these garments are on page 93

Dress 3800

Dress 3780

Dress 3811

Dress 3806

Dress 3798

Other views of these garments are shown on page 93

Blouse 3809
Skirt 3485
Embroidery design 10954

Dress 3801

Dress 3759
Smocking
design 10870

Dress 3792
Smocking
design 10798

Dress 3757
Smocking
design 10798

Dress 3696

Dress 3795
Embroidery
design 10934

Dress 3816
Smocking
design 10700

Suit 3807
Embroidery
design 10977

Dress 3803
Sun bonnet 3727
Embroidery design 10812

Other views and descriptions of these garments are illustrated on page 92

Dress 3692

Dress 3791
Hat 3325

Dress 3796

Dress 3793
Embroidery
design 10948

Dress 3781

Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 95

Middy blouse 3799
Skirt 2989

Guimpe 3561
Dress 3789

Dress 3804

Dress 3802

Dress 3787
Embroidery design 10914

Dress 3767

Dress 3817
Embroidery design 10880

Dress 3794

Guimpe 3561
Dress 3819

Dress 3808

Other views of these garments are on page 94

3786 — 3713 — 3157 — Circular capes, long or short, declare for a flare, for tams matching the dress. A cape like this will go well with any sort of one piece dress in jumper style. Make the cape of tweeds, homespun, éponge, plaids, stripes, satin, charmeuse, etc., and the dress of gingham, cotton ratine, etc. Lower edge in longer length about 3⅝ yards. Lower edge of the dress is 54½ inches.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards of 54-inch novelty wool (with piecing at center back), 3 yards of 36-inch linen, and for hat ½ yard of 36-inch silk.

The cape is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses. The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 48 bust, also for misses. The tam-o'-shanter is good for ladies, misses, girls, children.



NEW COSTUMES FOR THE DAZZLING WORLD OUTSIDE

3632—3822—The secret of the "dash" of this one-piece dress in jumper style is in its close affiliation with a raglan blouse in peasant effect. Both blouse and frock are a slip-over type. The dress may have elastic in a casing at the low waistline. For the blouse use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, China silk, silk voile, cotton voile, etc., and for the dress use cotton ratine, gingham, etc. Lower edge of the dress is 1½ yard.

36 bust requires 3 yards of 36-inch cotton print and 2¼ yards of 36-inch batiste.

The blouse is suitable for ladies 32 to 40 bust, also for misses. The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust; it is also nice for misses.

3748—3788—10889—Her straight cape blends with the *ensemble*, but a parting of material ways for the frock comes when the straight skirt chooses a color differing from the long body. The dress slips on over the head and may have a blouse body lining. The embroidery design is gay. Work it in bugle beads, one-stitch embroidery, or a combination of one-stitch and bugle beads. Lower edge of the dress is 63 inches.

36 bust requires for cape 3¼ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe (with piecing at center back) and 1¼ yard of 40-inch silk crêpe, 1¾ yard of silk crêpe 40 inches wide.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust. The cape is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

3685 — 3532 — 3520 — 10914 — Wide-sleeved coats are Summery tops to a kimono blouse of the slip-over type which opens under the arms. The straight two-piece skirt with its possibility of a trimming band, has a waistline raised about 1¼ inch. The loose front and back blouse panels are embroidered. Work the design in one-stitch or bugle beads. For the coat and skirt use silk crêpes, etc., with a silk voile blouse, etc.

36 bust and 38 inches hip require 4⅜ yards of 36-inch sports silk, ⅜ yard of 40-inch contrasting color, 1⅞ yard of 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 52½ inches.

The coat is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust, also to misses. The blouse is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust. The skirt is good for ladies 35 to 47½ hip measure.

3767—Long lines may be familiar in clothes, but there are devious ways of introducing them in a new light. This one-piece dress uses trimming bands of the same material as the dress and runs them down to the straight lower edge of the skirt. At the low waistline velvet ribbon makes a Grecian girdle. The dress slips on over the head and has a waistline arrangement of elastic in a casing. Make the dress of crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse, crêpe jersey, etc., all one color or in two colors.

A 36-bust size requires 5⅛ yards of silk crêpe 40 inches wide and 2¼ yards of 1½-inch velvet ribbon. The lower edge is about 1½ yard.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 46 bust, also for misses.

3794—Even cottons may be cool in a tailored way, for a dress like this, which is a slip-over type, is nothing more than a long body joining a straight skirt. If you prefer, make it with a blouse body lining. Silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, cotton voile, crêpe voile or fine cotton crêpe all one color, in two colors, or figured with plain are suitable materials. You may use taffeta all one material or a plain body with a checked skirt, cotton prints with a body of cotton crêpe, etc., gingham with a cotton voile or chambray body, etc.

36 bust requires 1½ yard of 32-inch plain gingham and 1⅞ yard of 32-inch checked gingham. The lower edge of the dress is about 63 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3817—10880—Summer clothes show a gay tattoo of brilliant designs, sometimes all over the long body as on this dress which is a slip-over type. Embroidery again appears on panels which with the straight skirt join the body at a low waistline. If desired, you may omit the blouse body lining. A series of scrolls and diamond-shaped patterns forms the embroidery design. Work it in a combination of one-stitch or bugle bead embroidery and outline stitch. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, taffeta, etc., or use silk crêpe in two colors, etc.

A 36-bust size requires 3⅞ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. The lower edge of the dress is 54 inches.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3561—3819—That demure collar of the guimpe with sleeves to wear with her one-piece dress in jumper style may be made separately. The normal or low waistline of the guimpe suits if for a slip-over dress with its low waistline arranged with an elastic in a casing. The sleeveless guimpe is worn with sweaters, suits and dresses. Use gingham, cotton homespun, chambray, cotton prints, dimity, crêpe voile, cotton crêpe, crêpe jersey, etc., for the dress. For the guimpe use cotton voile, plain net, organdy, etc., with a net body.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards of 36-inch cotton homespun and 1⅛ yard of 36-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 1½ yard.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust, also to misses. The guimpe is good for ladies 32 to 46 bust, also for misses.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 94

3787—10914—Contrast is the secret of effectiveness on so many of the new clothes. In this one-piece dress, which slips on over the head, bands of different color are embroidered. The low waistline may blouse from an elastic arrangement in a casing, or the dress may have a blouse body lining. The scroll design is attractive. Work it in one-stitch embroidery or bugle beads. Silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, charmeuse are suitable.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards of 40-inch Canton crêpe and ⅝ yard of contrasting-color crêpe 40 inches wide for bands. The lower edge of the dress is 54 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust. It is smart for misses also.

3808—Waistlines may be lower yet, but usually there is a narrow string belt or girdle to restrain their down-falling propensity. The soft fulness at the armhole varies the one-piece front of this dress, which slips on over the head. The straight skirt joins the long body of the dress in black and has a straight lower edge. For those who do not like a blouse body lining there is provision for using elastic in a casing at the low waistline. Use silk crêpes, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse, or gingham, sports silks, crêpe jersey, etc. The lower edge measures 1½ yard.

A 36-bust size requires 3¾ yards of striped silk 36 inches wide and ⅜ yard of plain silk 36 inches wide.

The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 48 inches bust measure.

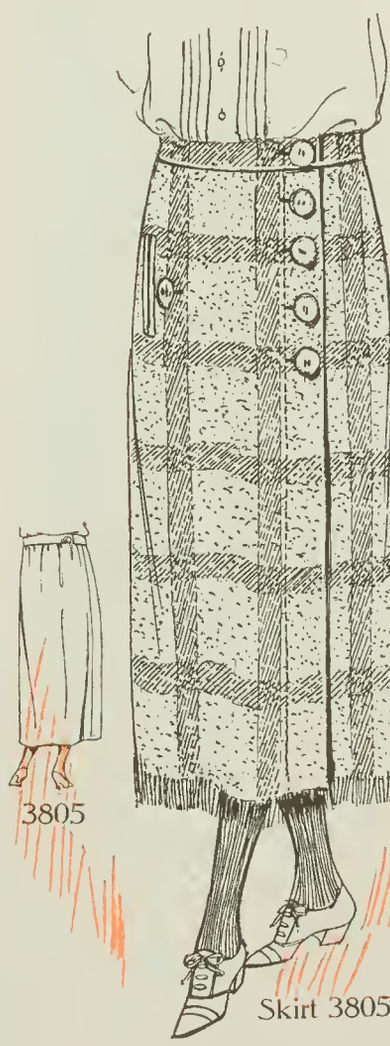


Middy Blouse 3797 — Blouse 3839, Embroidery 10973 — Blouse 3739, Embroidery 10709

SMART BLOUSES GO OVER THE SKIRT, WHICH FREQUENTLY FRINGES ITS HEM LINE, AND A NEW FROCK TRIMS WITH FOLDS

Blouse 3837; skirt 3737, Embroidery 10873

3837 3737



3805

Skirt 3805

3839

Dress 3746

3837—3737—10873—The Russian blouse comes to the fore and the low waistline may be arranged with a casing and elastic. The embroidery is attractive. Work this in cross-stitch or beading. The fringed skirt is a one-piece fashion with a set-in pocket the waistline is raised 1¼ inch and the length at the front is 33 or 36 inches below the normal waistline. Make the blouse of cotton crêpe, cotton voile, pongee, radium, silk crêpes or crêpe de Chine and the skirt of cotton homespun or ratine, linen, cotton gabardine or poplin, basket weaves, flannel, sports silks or satin. The lower edge is 48 inches wide.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¼ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe for the blouse and 1⅝ yard of 36-inch cotton ratine for the skirt.

The blouse is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 inches bust, also for misses. The skirt is smart for ladies 35 to 45 inches hip measure.

3797—For camping and real out-of-doors enjoyment every woman should pack a middy blouse or two in her vacation luggage. A yoke facing without a shoulder seam may be used on this blouse. The choice of a detachable collar is another advantage and for warm weather the short sleeve is comfortable. Make the blouse of white jean all one material or with fast-color navy, cadet or red collar and cuffs trimmed with white linen tape, or with a detachable colored flannel or cotton collar, or use white tub silk alone or with fast color collar and cuffs with white silk braid, or fast color cottons of good weight, or pongee with or without brown silk braid on the collar and cuffs.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch white jean for the blouse and ⅝ yard of 36-inch linen for the collar and cuffs.

The middy blouse is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3839—10973—How attached we have become to those lovely slip-over blouses, especially those that follow the Russian type! This one has a narrow standing band for a collar. It is bloused at a low waistline which may be adjusted with an elastic through a casing. A new embroidery is used as a trimming for the blouse. This could be worked in satin-stitch and outline and beads or in outline or chain-stitch and beads. Cotton crêpe, cotton voile, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, pongee and radium are especially suitable materials, or for sports wear or early Autumn wool jersey may be used.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine and ¼ yard of 40-inch contrasting material (cut crosswise) for the collar and band.

The blouse is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust. It is also attractive for misses.



3739

3797 3746

3739—10709—Blouses these days have a pleasing way of belonging to the costume with which they are worn, probably because they are worn over the skirt. The round neckline of this blouse is smartly slashed at the front and may be trimmed with bands of contrasting color repeated on the sleeves and lower edge. A decorative embroidery is used. This design is worked in outline and one-stitch. Use cotton crêpe, cotton voile or crêpe de Chine embroidered or beaded to give the material body, cotton homespun or éponge or heavy cotton crêpes, crêpe jersey, crêpe satin, habutai silk or pongee.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard of 40-inch crêpe satin for the blouse and ½ yard of 40-inch material of contrasting color for trimming bands.

This blouse is adapted to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure. It is also suitable for misses.

3746—The graceful line of this frock makes it especially becoming. The waist blouses softly over the low waistline to which the straight skirt is joined. Applied bands are an attractive trimming in keeping with the simplicity of the dress. The deep yokeline shows a vestee with a rolling collar. One may choose short, three-quarter or full length sleeves and the blouse body lining may be omitted. A narrow sash is suggested. Make the dress of gingham, cotton prints, dimity, cotton crêpe, crêpe voile, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, pongee and tub silks.

36 bust requires 3½ yards of 36-inch novelty tub silk for the dress and 1⅛ yard of 36-inch plain silk for the collar, cuffs, vestee, yoke binding, sash and trimming bands. The lower edge is 63 inches in width.

This dress is attractive for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3805—Fringe finds great favor with fashion this season, especially where skirts are concerned. And one has so many occasions for the separate skirt worn with blouses or slip-on sweaters. Plaids, checks and other figured designs are often chosen. This skirt is a three-piece style and has its waistline raised an inch and a quarter. Large buttons are effectively used on the side closing and smart set-in pocket. Make the skirt of cotton homespun, or ratine, linen, linen-finished or plain cotton or cotton gabardine or poplin, and pongee. Homespun, tweeds, basket weaves, éponge, flannel, plaids, checks and stripes are other suitable materials for this type of skirt.

38 hip requires 2 yards of 54-inch plaid homespun for this skirt, which measures 1¾ yard in width at the lower edge.

The skirt is practical for ladies of 35 to 55 inches hip measure.



Dress 3738

Dress 3790

Dress 3836
Embroidery
design 10709

Dress 3813

Dress 3772

3813

3836—10709—Russian influence will have a certain perpetuity in clothes at least. Frocks in Russian effect like this one are simply made and happily trimmed. A long sash is worn at the low waistline, where the straight skirt meets the waist. The dress slips on over the head, and, if you like, it may be made with a long body lining. The embroidered design furthers the peasant influence. Work it in outline and one-stitch embroidery. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, satin, soft taffeta, foulard, Georgette, silk voile, tissues, cotton crêpe, fine crêpe voile or cotton voile, etc. The lower edge of the dress measures 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine and 1 yard of 40-inch contrasting color crêpe de Chine.

The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3738—Sashes are Summer's prerogative for clothes and the wide, tie-at-the-back type on this dress comes at the low waistline where the straight skirt meets the blouse. The dress slips on over the head and may have a long body lining. The closing comes at the left side of a vestee so becoming to the fuller figure. Cotton prints, dimity, gingham, cotton crêpe, crêpe voile, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, pongee or striped wash silks are good materials to use for this type of dress.

A 36-inch bust size requires 3⅜ yards of striped tub silk 32 inches wide and 1 yard of plain silk 40 inches wide. The lower edge of the dress is about 63 inches.

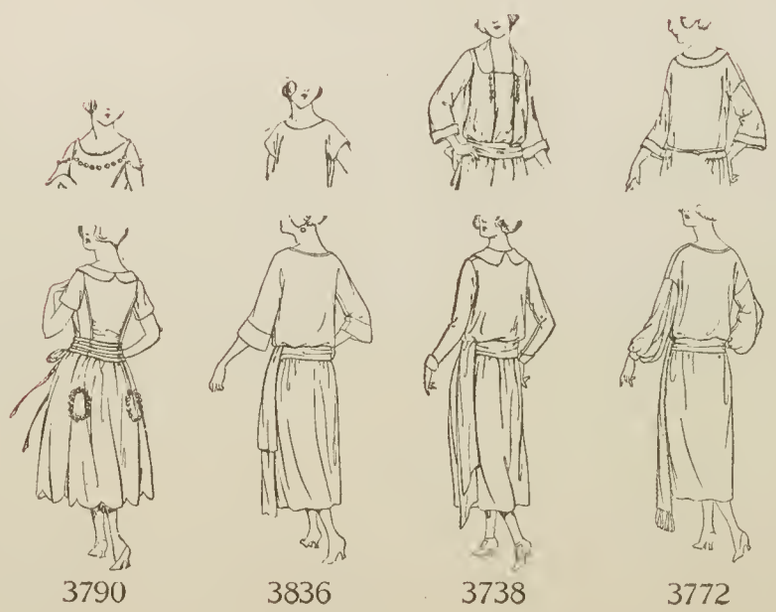
The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 46 inches bust measure.

3790—The period frocks from other days can walk with modern fashions. The straight full skirt and the puff of the sleeve adopt the bouffant lines of the robe de style. The draped waist of this frock fits to perfection and conceals a closing under the left arm. The skirt joins a body lining at a normal waistline. Make the dress of taffeta, gros de Londres, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, satin or crêpe meteor. For an evening frock a taffeta waist with a skirt of lace flouncing is becoming and suitable for more formal wear.

A 36 bust size requires 4⅝ yards of taffeta silk 36 inches wide with ¼ yard of 40-inch organdy for the collar. The lower edge of the skirt measures about 3 yards.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 40 inches bust measure.

SUMMER FABRICS INVENT NEW TRIMMING WILES



3790 3836 3738 3772

3813—Some frocks have low waistlines and some—no waistline at all! This one-piece dress dares to be original and is straight save for a slight compromise on a narrow suède belt. The panel front and back are becoming and the dress may have a blouse body lining. Like most of the Summer dresses this frock slips on over the head. Suitable materials for such a frock are linen, linen-finished cottons, plain cottons, gingham, chambray, cotton homespun, or for early Fall wear tweed, homespun, camel's hair, tricotine, serge, soft twills, or checks.

A 36 bust size requires 3½ yards of linen 36 inches wide and ½ yard of gingham 32 inches wide. The lower edge of the dress is about 1½ yard.

The dress is appropriate for ladies 32 to 50 bust measure.

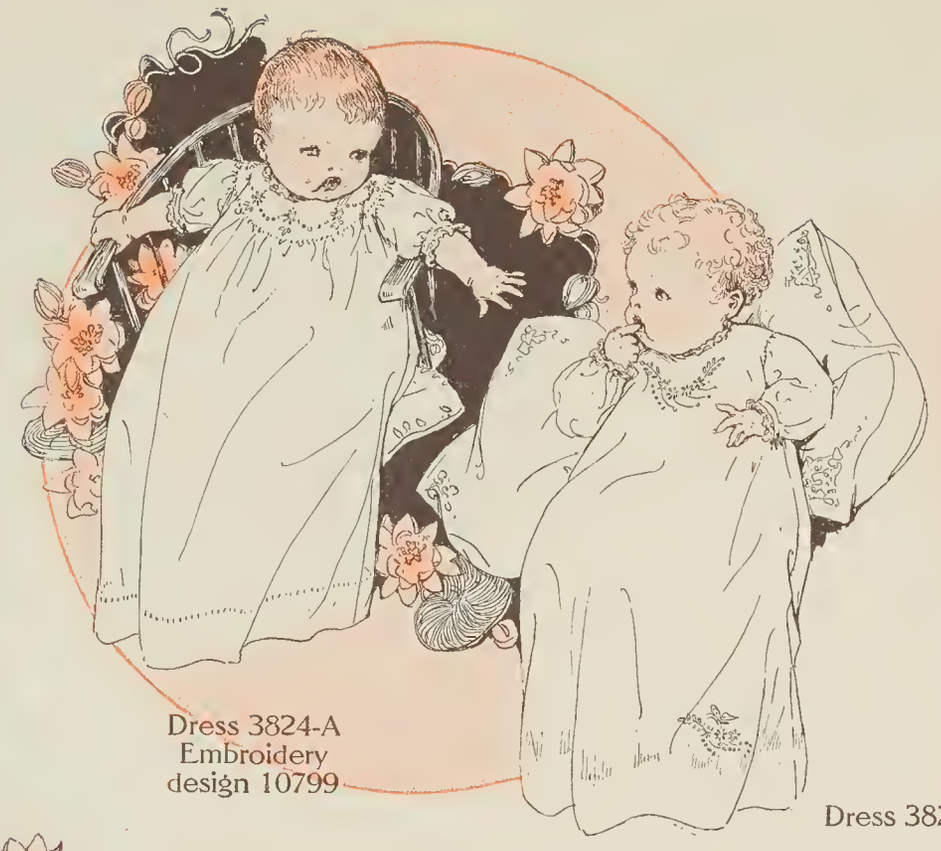
3772—July finds the bateau neckline well abreast of other good fashion points in the race for first favor. On this dress, which slips on over the head, the low neck agrees with short sleeves to make a cool frock. The sole trimming of this one-piece dress with its straight lower edge is fabric trimming and rows of buttons on the sleeves. To add further to its comfort there may be a blouse body lining or elastic in a casing at the low waistline. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor or charmeuse. For a dress without fabric trimming use these materials and Georgette, cotton crêpe, cotton voile, etc. The lower edge of the dress is 54 inches.

A 36 bust size requires 3 yards of 40-inch Canton crêpe.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.



Dress 3768



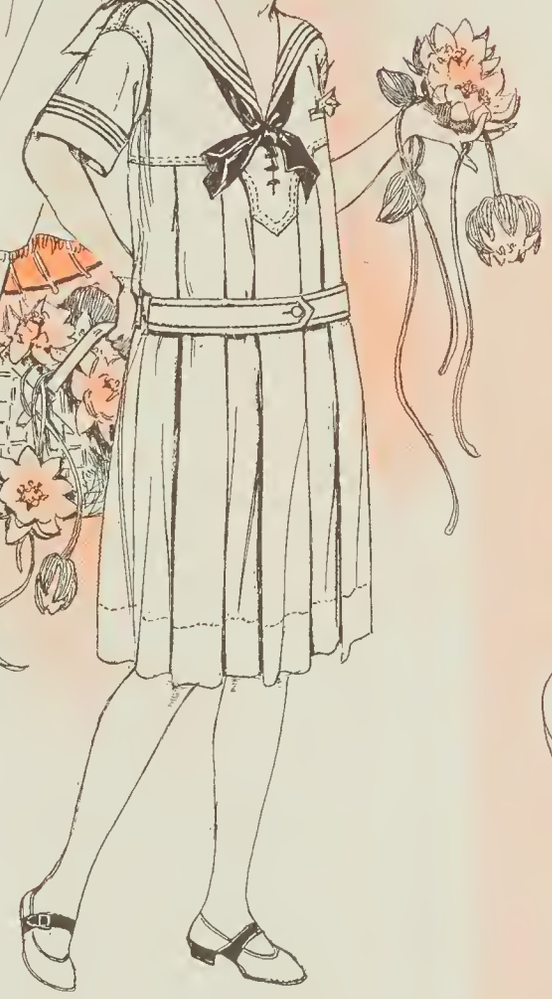
Dress 3824-A
Embroidery
design 10799

Dress 3824-B



Dress 3762

SEASONABLE ANSWERS TO FAMILY CLOTHES QUESTIONS



Dress 3840
Tam-o'-shanter 3157



Pajamas 3810



Rompers 3835

3768—"Sweet Sixteen" starts out for a stroll wearing one of her smartest Summer frocks. This is a one-piece fashion of the slip-over type. The lower edge is straight and the sleeves are joined to a blouse body lining. A separate sleeveless coat distinguishes the dress. Use cotton ratine, linen or plain cotton alone or with sleeves and vestee of cotton voile; crêpes or sports silks alone or with Georgette or silk or a plain cotton, linen or silk coat over a check dress.

A 16-year size requires 2½ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe and ⅞ yard of 40-inch silk crêpe in a contrasting color for the jacket. The lower edge is 50 inches wide.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20 years. It is also nice for small women.

3840—3157—Pond lilies are quite in keeping with the middy-like costume of this little lass. It is a one-piece sailor dress that slips on over the head and box plaits add to its smartness. Of course one would choose a tam-o'-shanter hat of duvetyn, flannel or corduroy. Use white jean all one material or with fast-color navy, cadet or red collar and cuffs trimmed with white linen tape, or use fast-color cottons of good weight or white tub silk or natural pongee.

12 years requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch white jean and ½ yard of 40-inch duvetyn for the tam in 21-inch head size.

This dress is suitable for girls and juniors 4 to 15 years. The tam-o'-shanter is smart for girls, children, misses and ladies.

3810—Father and the boys will be interested in this page of July fashions, for here are pajamas especially for them. They will find this style very comfortable, and that is the essential consideration in night clothes. The sleeve is in one with the body of the coat, which closes slightly to the right of the center front. Frogs are suggested as an attractive finish for the closing and a pocket is always convenient. Madras, percale, fine cotton crêpes and muslin are the most suitable materials, or for silk pajamas pongee and wash silks are equally practical.

A 38-inch breast size requires 5¼ yards of 36-inch fine cotton.

The pajamas are suited to men and boys of 22 to 44 inches breast measure.



3840 3824 3768 3835 3762

3824—10799—"Which twin" is as much a matter of dress as of straight locks and curls. So Fashion makes one dress with a round yoke and straight lower edge while the other is plain with the choice of inverted fulness or a gored seam at the underarm. Twenty-five inches is the length for the infants' dresses and the sleeves may be long or short. A dainty embroidery is used on both dresses. This is worked in eyelets, satin-stitch or French knots. Use nainsook, lawn, batiste and dimity for both dresses. Handkerchief linen is also suitable for view A and fine cambric for view B.

An infant's size requires 1⅝ yard of 36-inch batiste for view A and 1¾ yard of 36-inch batiste for view B.

The dress is attractive for infants.

3762—The Summer breeze loves an accordion-plaited skirt, and Fashion shows its partiality for one in this attractive dress. However, the straight skirt may be gathered if one prefers. The blouse is a slip-over style with soft shirring at the neck and wrists, also on the pockets. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor and pongee, or make the dress with a gathered skirt of cotton crêpe, cotton voile, crêpe voile, crêpe jersey, sports silks, tub silks and pongee.

34 bust or 17 to 18 years requires 4½ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe for dress. Lower edge of the plaited skirt with plaits drawn out is 2¾ yards in width.

This dress is becoming to misses of 32 to 34 inches bust. It is also smart for ladies.

3835—Small boys seem to have a special affinity for sand piles and the wise mother starts little sonny off to his play dressed in these sensible rompers. The round collar and cuffs add a neat touch and the pockets will appeal to the youthful wearer almost as much as the straight legs of the rompers which come comfortably above the knee. A narrow belt buttons to the waist of the rompers. The neck may be collarless and the sleeves very short. Use chambray, seersucker, madras, cotton poplin, linen-finished cottons and cotton gabardine.

A 4-year size requires 1½ yard of 32-inch striped madras and ⅜ yard of 36-inch linen for the collar, cuffs, belt and pockets.

These rompers are practical for children of 1 to 6 years.



Blouse 3547, Dress 3785
Embroidery design 10968

Dress 3764

Dress 3784

Dress 3834

THE LONG, LONG DAYS OF GIRLHOOD'S SPAN DEMAND VARIED FROCKS



3764



Cape 3783
Dress 3609
Embroidery design 10812



3830



Hat 3727
Dress 3830

3834—Quaintly patterned cotton prints make adorable Summer sets for juniors. The floppy picture hat, weighted down to a mundane existence by wide velvet ribbon streamers, matches in fabric the dress, which slips on over her head. Both the long body and the straight skirt which joins it have a scalloped outline quite original. Make the dress of gingham, chambray, cotton prints, cotton homespun, cotton crêpe, dimity, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, pongee or taffeta. A body of chambray with a gingham skirt, or cotton crêpe with cotton ratine or cotton homespun, or white cotton with colored cotton are suitable combinations.

A 13-year size requires 1¼ yard of plain cotton 36 inches wide and 1¼ yard of cotton print 36 inches wide.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

3547—3785—10968—The younger version of the draped frock comes in this one-piece dress of the jumper persuasion. The dress slips on over a blouse in peasant style which may be smocked, tucked, shirred or gathered. It is a slip-over type and may have a low or normal waistline. The dress with its straight lower edge has side embroidery. Work the design in large beads or French-knot embroidery. For the blouse use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, China silk, pongee, batiste, net, fine cotton crêpe, etc., and for the dress gingham, chambray, cotton homespun, cotton prints, linen, crêpe de Chine, etc.

A 16-year size requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch linen, 1⅛ yard of 40-inch voile. The lower edge is about 54 inches.

The blouse is good for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies. The dress is nice for misses 16 to 20 years or small women.

3783—3609—10812—The "garden girl" wears an elfin costume, one part a straight cape and two parts a dress of the slip-over type. On the long body, which meets a straight skirt, are quaint rose and leaf motifs. Embroider them in braiding, outline or satin-stitch. Silk crêpe, taffeta or satin are suitable for this cape; or for motoring use tweeds, homespun, wool jersey, serge, plaids, checks, stripes, etc. For the dress use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, cotton voile, crêpe voile or fine cotton crêpe all one material, in two colors or figured with plain material.

A 14-year size requires 4½ yards of taffeta 36 inches wide and 4⅜ yards of ribbon.

The cape is becoming to juniors and girls 2 to 14 years, and the dress is pretty for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

3547



3834 3785 3783 3609 3784

3764—At her low waistline ripe cherries hang, to emphasize the color of her one-piece dress. The dress blouses easily over a blouse body lining, or the dress may have an arrangement of elastic in a casing at the low waistline. This frock slips on over her head and has a straight lower edge. The bands in organdy, matching the sash, collar and cuffs, add to the originality of the skirt. Materials like gingham tissue with organdy, tub silks, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, gingham, etc., are suitable for this type of dress.

A 17-year size requires 2⅞ yards of gingham tissue 38 inches wide and 1⅜ yard of organdy 44 inches wide. The lower edge of the dress is about 49 inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 32 to 34 bust. It is also good for ladies.

3784—One could dance "on and on and on" in a dream frock like this one, which is suitable to wear in the daytime or without the sleeves for evening. A concealed closing is under the left arm. At telling points over the full straight skirt are ribbon rosettes. This is a *robe de style* most suitable for young girls. The fitted waist, so becomingly draped, has a normal waistline where the skirt joins a body lining. Use taffeta, gros de Londres, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, satin, crêpe meteor; or for an evening frock a taffeta for the waist and lace flouncing for the skirt.

A 16-year size requires 3¾ yards of taffeta 36 inches wide and ¼ yard of organdy 40 inches wide. The lower edge of the skirt measures about 2½ yards.

The dress is dainty for misses 16 to 20 years.

3727—3830—Sprigged cotton prints are made into quaint little dresses with straight lower edges and separate knickers. The sunbonnet comes from a set which also contains a hat. Make the dress of pin-check gingham of one material or with chambray, dimity, dotted swiss, cotton prints all one material, or with plain lawn; or of chambray, cotton crêpe, plain lawn, linen finished cottons, etc., in one or two colors. For the sunbonnet use cotton prints, chintz, cretonne, nursery cloth, sateen, pin-check gingham, chambray, piqué, lawn, dimity.

A 5-year size requires 1⅜ yard of 36-inch cotton print, 1⅛ yard of 36-inch lawn. The tiny hat for children or 20 inches head measure requires ½ yard of 36-inch lawn.

The dress is practical for little girls 2 to 8 years of age. The tiny hat is nice for children, girls, misses and ladies.

FRENCH FABRIC TRIMMING OR DRAWN-WORK FOR UNDERTHINGS



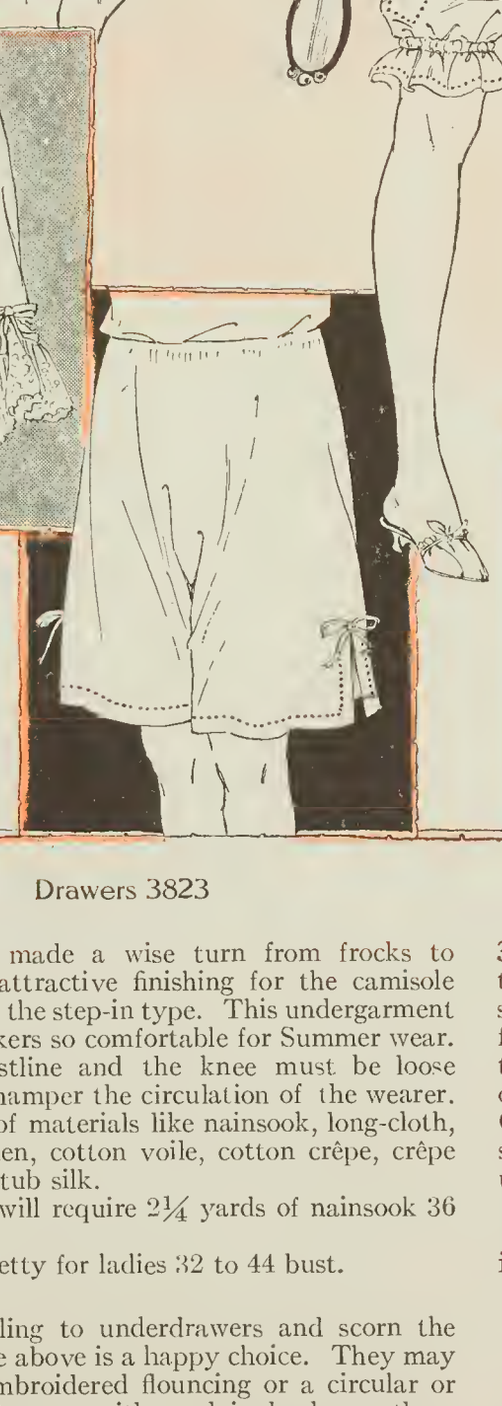
Combination Suit 3812



Nightgown 3827
Embroidery design 10624



Drawers 3832



Drawers 3823

Chemise 3831 Chemise 3826

Corset cover 3820

Petticoat 3821

3831—By far the most delightful garment to wear under the silk crêpe or transparent Summer frock is the French chemise on straight lines. The one above has short knickers with elastic to form a ruffle at the knee and a reenforced crotch. Both the knickers and the chemise top are finished with diamonds of machine-hemstitching. For this chemise use cotton voile, batiste, handkerchief linen, cotton crêpe, nainsook, long-cloth, dimity, underwear mull, crêpe de Chine, wash satin, tub silks or radium.

A 36 bust requires 3 yards of 36-inch cotton voile.

The chemise and knickers are desirable for ladies of 32 to 44 bust.

3812—Fabric trimming made a wise turn from frocks to lingerie. It forms the attractive finishing for the camisole top of the combination of the step-in type. This undergarment has the open knickerbockers so comfortable for Summer wear. The elastic at the waistline and the knee must be loose enough not to bind or hamper the circulation of the wearer. Make this combination of materials like nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, handkerchief linen, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, wash satin or tub silk.

A 36 inches bust size will require 2¼ yards of nainsook 36 inches wide.

The combination is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3826—Frothy lingerie is not quite so certain of a place among the eligibles in undergarments, for we have discovered that silk underthings made simply and trimmed with appliqué or fabric suit the present styles. For this type of lingerie lattice trimming is most suitable. Both the French chemise and the one-piece "step-ins" of this suit use the lattice-work trimming. Crêpe de Chine, wash satin, tub silks, radium, batiste are suitable for such a chemise, while without the lattice trimming use cotton voile, etc. Width at bottom of each leg 30 inches.

36 inches bust requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

The chemise and drawers are pretty for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust.

3827—10624—Even nightgowns are temperamental and must have a low waistline, albeit that waistline is only a narrow ribbon tied at the side of this gown. The arch sleeve sets in a slightly deep armhole and the gown is a slip-over type. For a gown trimmed with drawn-work use cotton voile, batiste or handkerchief linen—materials in which threads pull easily. In crêpe de Chine the threads are more difficult to draw. For a gown finished with fabric trimming use crêpe de Chine, tub silk, tub satin, radium, Georgette or batiste; or for a simple gown use nainsook, long-cloth, cotton crêpe, cross-bar, etc.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch handkerchief linen.

The nightgown is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3832—For those who cling to underdrawers and scorn the modern knicker, the type above is a happy choice. They may be finished with lace, embroidered flouncing or a circular or straight ruffle. Open drawers with a plain back are those often worn and these are in a 24-inch length. Since these garments are necessary for all the year round, what better month to add to one's stock? Suitable materials to use for these drawers are nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, cambric or muslin. Width at bottom of each leg 28½ inches.

A 38 inches hip measure will require 1¼ yard of muslin 36 inches wide, with 2⅞ yards of 5-inch lace edging.

The drawers are nice for ladies 35 to 52 inches hip.

3823—The prime requisite for underwear is that it be cut on the correct lines. Above all, drawers should be plain so that they fit nicely. These circular open drawers are cut in one piece and have no fulness anywhere. One may omit the slash at the side, add demure little bows of ribbon, and finish with circular straight ruffles, or make them with an inverted plait at the back. Nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, cambric or muslin are the materials to select for these drawers.

A 38 inches hip measure will require 1¾ yard of cambric 36 inches wide. Width at bottom of each leg 30 inches.

The drawers are quite suitable for ladies 35 to 52 inches hip measure.



3820—Practical persons will want to include the fitted corset cover in their July sewing. It is often used as a substitute for the brassière and may be made without the shield facing and with a V, round or square neck. For those women who prefer, there is a shorter length ending at a normal waistline. Make the corset cover of long-cloth, nainsook, batiste, or handkerchief linen with or without short sleeves of the same material or of wash net. For a garment which will wear well use muslin, cambric, jean or linen.

36-bust size requires 1¼ yard of 40-inch long-cloth.

The corset cover is practical for ladies 34 to 50 inches bust measure.

3821—Fringe has fallen to petticoats and makes an effective edging to a hem, be it scalloped or plain. Shadow-proof panels may be added to the front or back of this underskirt and one may finish the hem with an accordion or side plaited or even a gathered straight ruffle. Sateen, long-cloth, nainsook, batiste, chambray or seersucker, radium, tub silks, wash satin, messaline, crêpe meteor, satin or silk jersey are good materials to use. For evening wear crêpe de Chine, Georgette or chiffon are practical.

A 38 hip measure requires 2⅛ yards of wash satin 36 inches wide. The lower edge of the petticoat is about 1⅜ yard.

The petticoat is suitable for ladies 35 to 55 inches hip.



FASHION TALKS IN UNDERTONES

3815—10677—"To bed by candlelight" or with the robins, and usually tired out from the long Summer day! Night garments must be short of sleeve and lightly cool to coax comfortable slumber. This nightgown with its pretty square yoke and the pert pocket has the soft puff sleeves ending above the elbow. The closing may come at the front and the gown may be made with a long sleeve and pocketless. The quaint yoke and side pocket are made doubly attractive by the dainty embroidered sprays. This design should be worked in eyelets, satin-stitch, French stemming and buttonholing. Use nainsook, long-cloth, cambric, muslin, or outing flannel.

A 7-year size will require 2¼ yards of nainsook 36 inches wide.

The nightgown is quaint for little girls and girls from ½ to 15 years of age.

3833—Pajamas which suggest a Yama-Yama suit are a certain invitation for bed-time romps or pillow fights. These have a one-piece front and short sleeves which set into a slightly deep armhole. Instead of gathers at the ankle the pajama leg may be straight. The drop seat is particularly desirable for children. Figured cotton crêpes are sure to please small girls; for an infallible inducement add pockets! Make the pajamas of nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, cotton crêpe, dimity. Outing flannel or flannelet may be used for heavier pajamas for use in cooler weather.

An 8-year size will require 2⅞ yards of figured dimity, 27 inches wide and ⅜ yard of contrasting material 36 inches wide for the collar and cuffs.

The pajamas are practical for girls of 2 to 14 years.

3818—For those who "roll their own" the French chemise and one-piece "step-ins" are the only logical lingerie! This sleeveless combination suit has a double slash effect at the sides and machine-hemstitching for trimming. Shoulder-straps may be made by hemstitching up the center double strips of material sewn together. It is very simple to make; one may use scallop or lace insertion for trimming if that seems easier to do. Cotton voile, batiste, handkerchief linen, cotton crêpe, nainsook, long-cloth, dimity, crêpe de Chine, wash satin, tub silks or radium are appropriate choices for materials.

A 17-year size will require 2¾ yards of handkerchief linen 36 inches wide. Width at bottom of each leg 28½ inches.

The chemise and step-in drawers are good for misses from 16 to 20 years. They are also suitable for small women.

3825—The underwaist of this set for little girls remembers the main point of comfort for children's underwear—that it should be full enough to allow for the growing age and not bind anywhere. It is a regulation type and buttons neatly on the medium wide drawers which are straight. The two ways to make the lap are wise additions to such an undergarment. Both the waist and drawers may be finished with a narrow lace edging or narrow embroidered flouncing. For the drawers use nainsook, cambric, or muslin, and for the underwaist, muslin, cambric or twill.

A 7-year size requires 1½ yard of 36-inch muslin.

The drawers and underwaist are practical for girls 2 to 15 years of age.

3829—Modern maids demand of their lingerie, the soft enfolding fit like petals of a flower, and this step-in combination gives that effect with its scalloped edge outline. The fabric is used to make the narrow border at the top and narrow bands of the material are used for shoulder-straps. If you prefer, the outline at the lower edge may be pointed. This is the sort of undergarment which is used so widely this Summer. Materials such as nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, handkerchief linen, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, underwear mull, dimity, crêpe de Chine, wash satin, or tub silks are suitable.

A 20-year size will require 1⅝ yard of underwear mull 36 inches wide.

The undergarment is new for misses 16 to 20 years. It is also nice for small women.



3838—Bouffancy is becoming even in pajamas; those stick out at the sides with a flirting flare. The top of this night garment is perfectly plain except for the ribbon binding about the neck and armholes. Piquant pockets and anklet ruffles are attractive additions. The waistline which hints of the Empire may have a ribbon drawn through or an elastic to draw in the fulness. This is the sort of garment which is becoming when made of colored or figured fabrics. Make it of nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, cotton crêpe or dimity. For the sleeping-porch pajamas of outing flannel or flannelet are suitable for cooler weather.

A 10-year size will require 3¾ yards of dimity 27 inches wide, with ribbon for binding.

The pajamas are very becoming to girls from 2 to 14 years.

3828—Almost as pleasing as silver buckles are gathers at the knee! These knickers button on to the regulation underwaist which has a soft fulness at the front. And speaking of buttons remember that it is wisest to put on those two-holed kind which are stout enough to come through the wash. They are usually fastened to stay on with tape. Knickers are often preferred to drawers for younger girls; they too have adopted the knicker craze! Nainsook, cambric, or muslin for the drawers, and muslin, cambric, nainsook, or twill for the underwaist are the best materials to use for these garments.

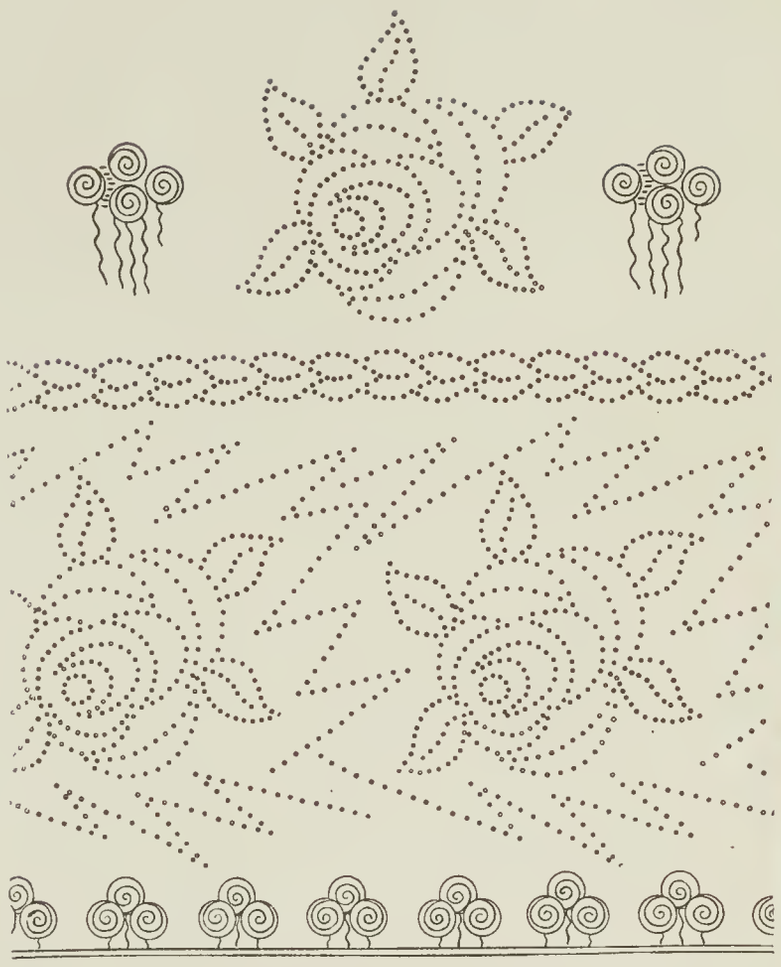
A 7-year size will require 1½ yard of cambric 36 inches wide and lace edging.

The knickers and underwaist are good for girls from 2 to 15 years of age.

3814—The Juliet gown makes a dainty birthday gift for younger girls. The French fabric trimming, the scalloped outline at the lower edge, and the side-tying ribbons are original. This gown slips on over the head and has a becoming fulness at each side. For this gown use cotton voile, batiste, or handkerchief linen if you wish to pull threads. On crêpe de Chine it is more difficult to draw threads. If you do not use drawn-work for a trimming, make it of nainsook, long-cloth, cotton crêpe, figured cotton voile, crossbar, underwear mull, wash satin, radium or Georgette.

A 16-year size will require 2¾ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. Lower edge of gown 60 inches.

The nightgown is dainty for misses 15 to 20 years. It is also nice for small women.



Embroidery design 10977

10977—Embroidery has a delightful way of expressing its charms in beads, in this case tiny ones, infinitesimal points of brilliance. This is the season when beading seems especially designed to give beauty and body to the thin, transparent silk and cotton fabrics of which our frocks are made. Light and lovely in themselves, they are even more beautiful when adorned with beads. And Midsummer brings so many occasions for the informal afternoon costumes, made with simplicity and trimmed with embroidery. A rose design is always effective and unusually appropriate just now and the narrow leaf banding is different. The small cluster motifs with a banding to match, included in this design are used together as a decorative trimming for dresses, blouses, skirts, coats and hats. This is also an attractive embroidery for children's clothes and is worked in outline embroidery and couching. Bright colors would be effective. The design is suited to 2½ yards of banding 2 inches in width, 2⅝ yards of banding 1⅛ inches in width, 2⅝ yards of leaf banding 1¾ inch in width, 6 bead motifs 9½ by 7¾ inches and 21 motifs 3¾ by 3 inches.



EMBROIDERY FASHIONS DECORATIVE DESIGNS FOR MIDSUMMER CLOTHES AND COUNTERPANES



Embroidery design 10973

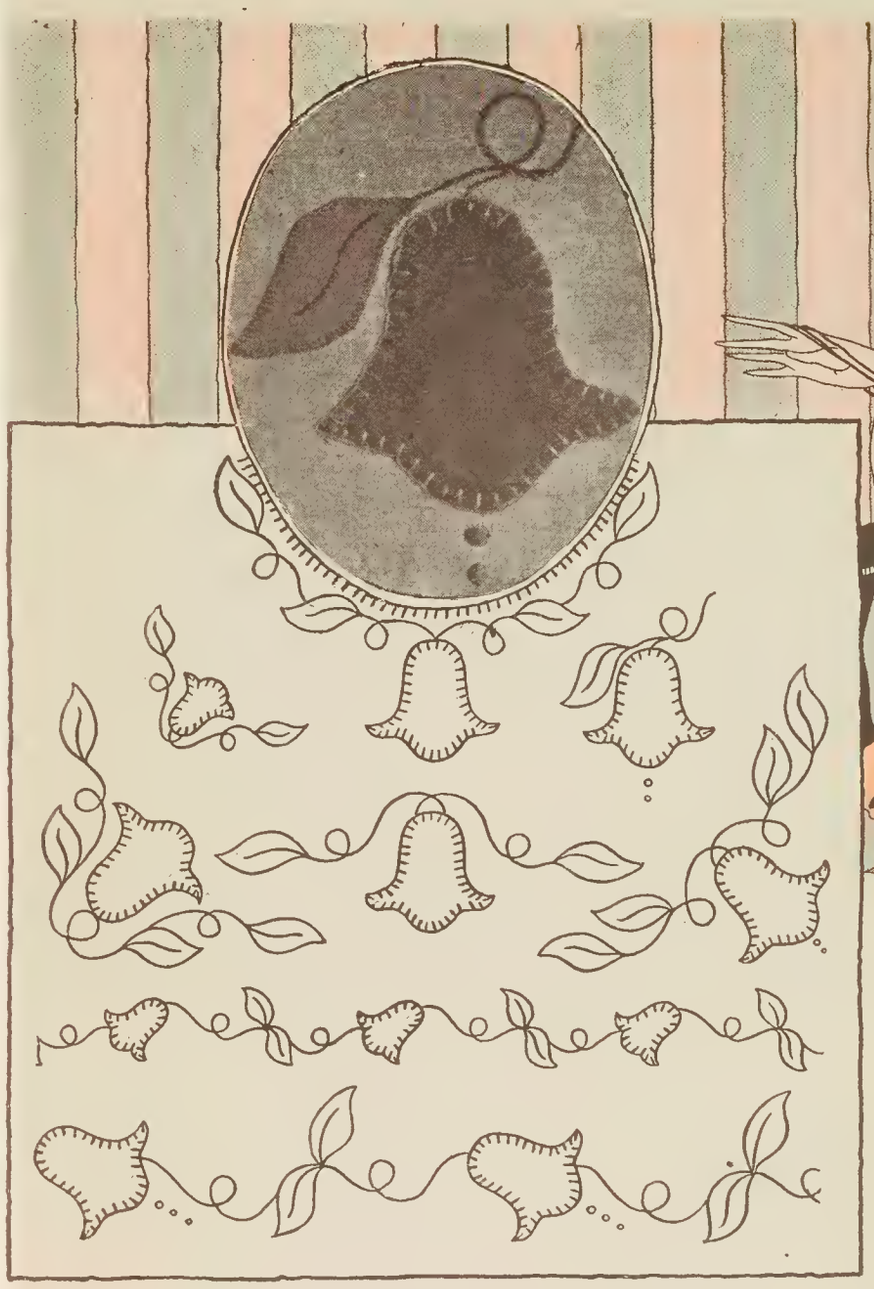
It is worked in satin-stitch and outline embroidery and beads, or in outline or chain-stitch and beads and may be used on dresses, coats, blouses, hats and also on children's clothes. Vivid colors such as red and yellow with black are associated with this type of embroidery. This design is suitable for 5 yards of banding 3¼ inches in width, 5 yards of banding 1⅛ inch in width, 9 motifs 10½ by 2 inches, 15 motifs 5 by 2 inches, 12 motifs 6 inches in diameter and 6 corners 8½ by 6⅛ inches.

10975—Warm weather is as much a matter of temperament as temperature, that is, it is psychological as well as physiological in its effect on one's disposition. We not only want our clothes to feel cool and comfortable at this season, but to appear so as well. Hence the light, bright, fresh shades that reflect Summer. Nowhere is this as true as in the home. Dark dull draperies are most depressing in July. The bedroom above all should be attractively refreshing in its choice of curtains and covers. The easily washable accessories are most suitable, and unbleached muslin is one of the season's favorite fabrics for these furnishings. Since the bedspread has particular prominence in this room, one is tempted to give it the preference of hand-work, especially now when embroidered bedspreads have come into special favor. One finds them not only pretty for the guest-room but practical for general use. This new design may be worked in French-knot or candle-wick embroidery. The latter is a revival of a Colonial embroidery and very easy to do. This is worked on unbleached muslin and edged with fringe. It is not necessary to iron these spreads as the crinkly effect of the unironed material is preferred. This design is adapted to 1 basket motif 31⅛ inches high and 5 corners 10½ inches in diameter.

10973—With every successive season Fashion finds herself more securely caught in the web of Embroidery's weaving. Even the simplest frock these days takes most naturally to embroidery and beads. The question of trimming is mostly the choice of embroideries, and we do not limit this to dress trimming, but add a motif of the same design to the hat. This design may be traced to an old Russian embroidery and is fundamentally simple, showing a decided peasant influence. It takes the form of a wide banding which may be used as a border on the skirt. Then there is a narrower banding for trimming the waist and sleeves, and motifs that introduce spots of the same design effectively on the dress, with corner motifs to fit into their appointed places on panels and tunics.

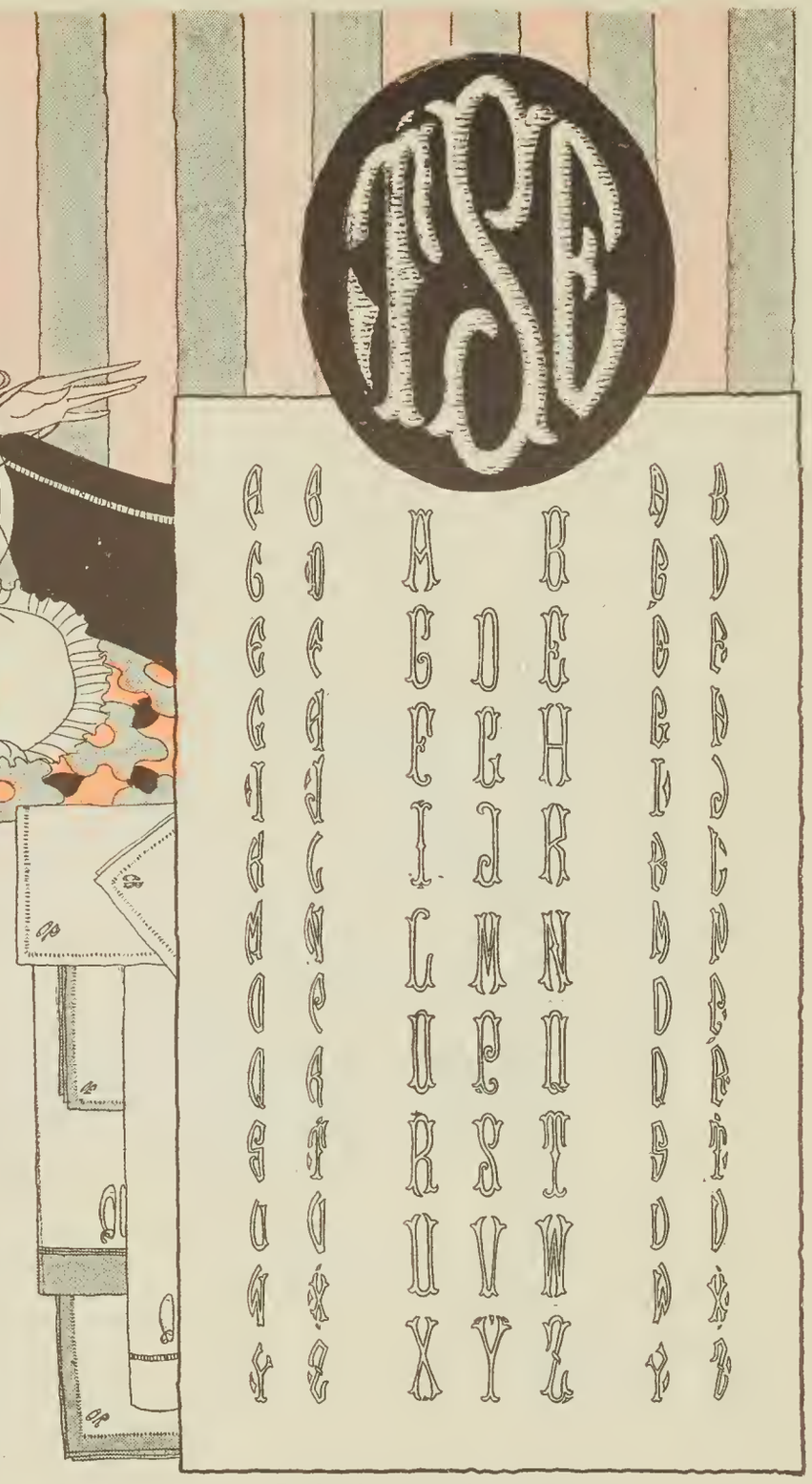


Embroidery design 10975



Embroidery design 10976





Embroidery design 10972

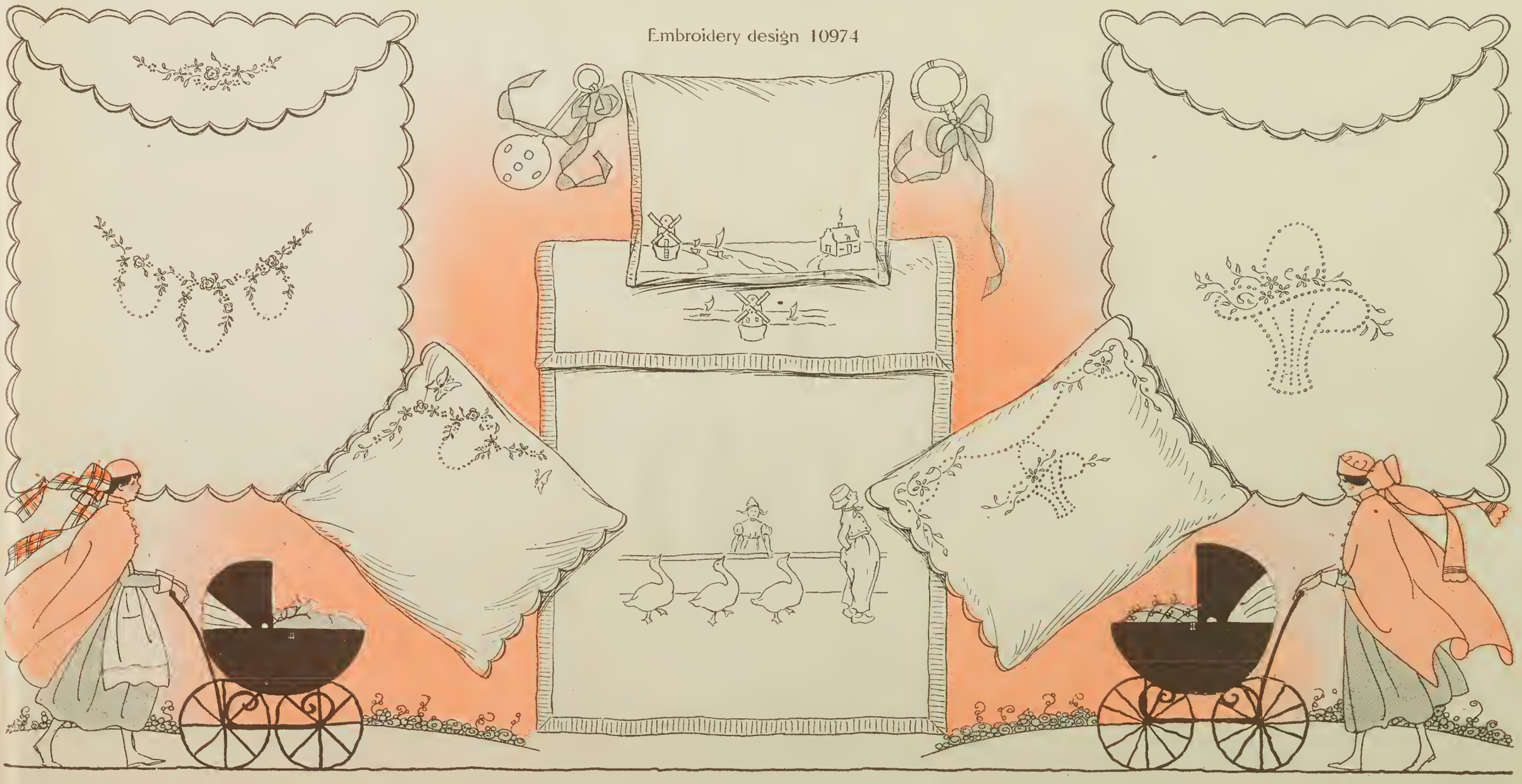
THE NEEDLE FURNISHES DIVERSION FOR VACATION DAYS

10976—Bright patches of color shaped like flower bells blossom along the way of this new design in appliqué, Kensington stitch or outline embroidery. It is an effective dress trimming or may be used on blouses, skirts, coats and hats, also on household linens. The narrow banding would look very pretty on children's clothes, too. This design is adapted to 5⅛ yards of banding 3¾ inches in width, 5⅛ yards of banding 1¾ inch wide, 9 motifs 9⅜ by 5¼ inches, 9 motifs 8⅝ by 4⅝ inches, 3 motifs 10½ by 3⅜ inches, 12 motifs 4⅞ by 4½ inches, 9 motifs 4½ by 2⅜ inches and 3 neck outlines.

10974—While "Daddy's gone a-hunting" mother is usually very busy embroidering the daintiest covers to wrap her Baby Bunting in. The carriage is the limousine of infancy and from this vantage point the small occupant receives his first impressions of the big world. And what grown-up can resist stopping to pay homage to the wee autocrat, especially when he smiles out from covers as lovely as these? One may choose from three styles of motifs for the center and a scalloped edge adds a nice finish. There are pillows to match these covers which may be used for the crib as well as the carriage. The cunning Dutch figures will be at home in the nursery. This design is suitable for scallops to outline one carriage or crib cover 31 inches long and 25 inches wide and 3 style motifs for the center also ⅝ yard of scallops for the pillows and 3 style motifs for the pillows

10972—We borrowed our alphabet from the ancient Phœnicians but it was left for embroidery to present these letters in some of their most interesting monogram arrangements. The oval monogram is shown in this design and the size depends on its particular place on table-cloths, napkins, sheets, pillow-cases, towels, bedspreads, etc. It is worked in satin-stitch, outline or French stemming and seed-stitch embroidery. This design is suited to 63 letters for the center, right side and left side of a monogram in the following sizes: 1 monogram in a 10-inch size, 6 monograms in 3-inch size, 8 monograms in 2¾ inch size and 12 monograms each in 1¼, ¾, and ⅝ inch sizes.

Embroidery design 10974



UNDERWRITING WARM WEATHER WITH BATHING-SUITS AND SUMMER LINGERIE OF IMPROBABLE COLORS AND FABRICATED TRIMMINGS

By ELEANOR CHALMERS

PARIS and New York are coming closer together on that most intimate of subjects—feminine underpinnings. There was an abrupt parting of the ways on the envelope chemise which New York loved and Paris never even looked at. The French idea of lingerie for several seasons past had been a much-shortened chemise made of a delicate material and color, with abbreviated drawers to match.

WITHIN the last few months New York has fallen a victim to the charm of these exquisite little sets and one sees them everywhere, made in fine French voile in rose, mauve, pale yellow or deeper apricot and sometimes in white trimmed with color. The white sets are very engaging edged with the lattice and fabric trimmings made of fine red and white, blue and white, pink, yellow or lavender and white checks, though the fabric trimming is more often used made of the material of a colored set.

The voiles and handkerchief linens make use of hand drawn-work and hand-hemstitching, for the threads pull readily for the hand-work.

PARIS uses the colored handkerchief linen with hemstitched squares appliquéd in another color, pink on blue, French blue on lavender, etc. In materials that are too closely woven for hand-hemstitching or where the drawers are not made with straight edges—for of course, the drawn-work can only be done at straight edges—one can use machine-hemstitching and it's very smart-looking, too, in a contrasting color. Deep watermelon pink, apricot and pale blue are surprisingly effective with no other trimming than machine-hemstitching in black used in a motif arrangement of short lines with feather-stitching between and, of course, the machine-hemstitching in black at the hems.



Paris uses net for its lingerie, a material that we are apt to think a bit too lacking in substance, but it is really quite lovely under evening dresses with the trimming Paris uses so cunningly of appliquéd flowers cut out of colored organdy and appliquéd with a very fine soutache braid.

APPLIQUÉD flowers are used on other materials than net and they have a prim, quaint quality that is absolutely delightful. Paris also has a failing for black lingerie in which we do not follow her to any extent, though these little French sets made of black Georgette edged with black point d'esprit footing are delicately lovely and their cloudy blackness in connection with white arms and the faint pink of the flesh-colored silk and corsets underneath quite explain the French fondness for them.

In Summer there is too much light and too many thin dresses to trust oneself to the very impressionistic underwear that answers at other seasons. One must have a thoroughly opaque slip or petticoat under a transparent dress. The most light-proof petticoats are made of sateen with a double shadow-proof panel in front, while a fairly heavy crêpe de Chine answers for the new straight slips with a little fulness across the sides and back. Young girls are wearing petticoats of chambray in pretty colors under gingham and chintz dresses and they look new and gay.

THE sudden and sweeping vogue of the tweeds and homespuns rather took the public mind off of ginghams for a while this Spring, but with warm weather they have come into their own. They are being used a good deal for bathing-suits, which are made short and worn over very smart-looking knickers of the cuff or riding-breeches variety. The long sleeve is used a good deal, with a white cuff to match the white sports blouse collar.

WRITE TO ELEANOR CHALMERS WHENEVER YOU ARE IN DOUBT

Eleanor Chalmers will be glad to answer any question in connection with dressmaking or tailoring. State your difficulty as fully as you can and write to her, care of THE DELINEATOR, New York. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her answer.

MY DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I have never made my own clothes, but things are so simple now that I thought I would make myself a Summer suit with a little unlined jacket. I have always bought size 38 waist and dresses, and I bought size 40 for the coat pattern, thinking that I would need a larger size for a coat than for a waist. The pattern is very much too large for me. Should I have bought a 38-size coat pattern? 40 was enormous for me.—C. G.

IT IS quite possible that you only need a 36 pattern. Waists are such soft, easy things that if size 38 is a little large for you you might not have noticed it. Then, too, ready-made clothes vary in size with the manufacturer. Always have your measure taken before buying a pattern. You should use the same size pattern for underwear, dresses and coats, for a proper size allowance is made for each type of garment. If your bust measure is 36 inches, use size 36 for your chemises, dresses, coats, etc. Have your bust measure taken with the tape measure directly under the arms and over the fullest part of the bust, with the tape measure held easily but not snugly.

Skirts are bought by the hip measure taken seven inches below the normal waistline and with the tape held rather easily as for the bust measure, but not snugly. The right size pattern reduces the amount of your work, for it does away with all unnecessary fitting and alteration and makes your work more certain of success, for there is not the danger of changing the original lines of the pattern in making alterations. It also saves a good deal of material in many cases.

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I bought a pattern for one of the new peasant blouses smocked around the neck, and the smocking transfer pattern recommended for it. The smocking transfer gave several different designs and I liked one of them better than the one illustrated on the pattern, so I used it. It made the neck of the blouse too small. Was there something wrong with the transfer?—R. B.



NO, THE transfer was all right, but some smocking designs take up much more fulness than others. We always choose and illustrate a smocking design that will take up just the amount of fulness in the pattern. Always use the smocking design illustrated, for if you choose another it might take up more or less material than the one shown and not give the right effect. I am afraid you will have to take out your smocking and stamp it over. If the material is a wash fabric, rub the dots off with soap and water. If silk wool, etc., rub them off with gasoline.

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I have experienced difficulty in sewing seams. It doesn't seem to make any difference whether I do it by machine or by hand. One edge of the seam is always fuller than the other and puckers badly.—L. F. M.

THIS is only a matter of handling your work correctly. When you pin your seams, lay your garment flat on a table with the seam edges absolutely even. Pin the edges together every couple of inches and then baste carefully, with your work still flat on the table. If you stitch the seam, be sure that the tension of your thread is right and hold the seam a little taut both back and front of the presser-foot in stitching. Otherwise the presser-foot will push the upper seam edge more than the lower, and the seam will pucker just as you describe. If you are sewing a seam by hand, pin the end of the seam to your knee and hold the seam a little taut in sewing. You must also be careful to either stitch or sew on an absolutely even line. If you follow these instructions, you will have no more difficulty with your seams.

THE DELTOR ODDS ARE TWO TO ONE

FROM A DRESSMAKER

A DRESSMAKER who has had many years of experience thought that she did not need the Deltor. She always told her customers to buy an amount of material from which she could cut their dresses readily without spending her time planning a close layout, as she considered, and rightly, that her time would cost them more than the yard or so of extra material.

When the Deltor layouts were explained to her, however, and she saw that she could cut economically as well as quickly, she was delighted. They were simply wonderful, she said.

"Now I can save so much material for my customers that they will be able to afford more dresses, and I will have more work to do for them. The Deltor will mean an increase in business for me."

FROM THE BUSINESS MAN'S POINT OF VIEW

THE young wife lingered at the pattern counter after making her purchase to explain what the Deltor meant to her husband. He had a promising position in an office where it was particularly important that he should be well dressed. Their expenses this Spring had been very heavy. They had had to move from the East to the Middle West, there was a new baby and the husband had had an operation for appendicitis. Altogether he found that it was impossible to buy the expensive silk shirts that he felt his business position required.

"With the Deltor," explained the young wife, "I can make two silk shirts for him for less than he would have to spend for one. And, of course, I make everything for baby and myself. I couldn't do it without the Deltor for I haven't a great deal of time for sewing, but with the Deltor it goes quickly."



FROM THE FLAPPER

IT WAS the first dress she had ever made, and she had bought her material before buying her pattern. For a minute she was dismayed when she found that a not inconsiderable part of her dress allowance had gone for material that she did not need.

"Can't you use it for something else?" suggested the saleswoman.

"I had meant to buy one of those new French blouses with the band around the hip," said the girl. "Do you think there would be enough for that?"

The saleswoman got the pattern and they made some close calculations. There was just enough, though the blouse had to have short sleeves.

"They ought to be short for Summer, anyway," said the girl, "so I'm really a blouse to the good."

AND THE MOTHER

A WOMAN had come in town in the self-sacrificing manner of mothers to buy dress material for her pretty girl. After studying the pattern with the Deltor for a minute she saw a new light, and also a new dress for herself.

"It takes so little," she explained to the saleswoman, "I can get the two dresses for what I expected to pay for the one for my daughter."

NUDE

A WOMAN came into the Pattern Department to buy six yards of material for a crêpe de Chine dress. The material was two dollars a yard and the pattern with the Deltor only called for four yards and a half.

"Now I can have some of those new nude stockings," said the woman. "I had meant to spend the money anyway, so I can have the stockings as well as the dress."

THE YOUNG IDEA IN SUMMER HATS

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD



Only the fair deserve the brave showing of Blanchot's picture hat made for a very blond and very lovely young person—Mlle. Watson. It is of white crêpe de Chine bordered with narrow white and black ribbon



"Un grand chapeau en crin mauve tout le fond en fleurs violines," is a French hat that speaks a universal language. From Le Monnier



A charming hat for a young girl might well answer to the name of "Rouge et Noir," for it is made of lacquer-red straw and is trimmed with black satin ribbon. From de Pauw



To Reboux's now famous draped crown de Pauw adds the broken wavering line of an uneven brim in a young girl's hat of brilliant brown straw



Into the right side of the pinch-bottle brim of a small hat of marron straw, Aine Montaille sets a double cluster of hyacinth blossoms in hyacinth colors



What little girl would fail to adore a hat and frock direct from Fairyland, especially when the hat is a flower-like thing of white organdy with a petal-festooned brim?



If you cross Fairyland's palm with gold, she will cross for you the brim of a coral taffeta hat with straw chenille, and fashion for you a straw rose



SUMMER STYLES PUT OUT TO SEA IN BRIGHT SILKS OR GAY COTTONS

3769—10812—One may ride the waves in a swimming-suit with a ruffled skirt since ruffles have a lot to do with that feeling of buoyancy. The full little knickers which are separate and the seaman's hat give one a piquant air. Down in front blooms a bright flower—perhaps the water-rose. It should be worked in braiding, outline, or satin-stitch embroidery. Plain taffeta, check taffeta, gingham, or chambray are suitable materials. For a suit without ruffles use these materials and wool jersey, surf satin, silk crêpes, etc.

36 bust requires 4⅝ yards of 36-inch taffeta silk and ½ yard of contrasting color silk 36 inches wide for the hat.

The bathing-suit is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 inches bust, also to misses.

3773—There are those whom even the sea can not rob of a plainly tailored appearance. On this suit it may be the long lines of the blouse which slips on over the head and closes on the shoulders, or it may be the knee band of the separate knickers which makes it so comfortably neat. The tie-at-the-side cap is becoming. Make the suit of gingham, chambray, cotton prints, surf satin, plain taffeta, check taffeta, heavy crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, foulard, crêpe jersey, surf velvet, or wool jersey, or use gingham with chambray, etc.

A 36-inch bust size requires 4⅜ yards of check gingham 32 inches wide.

The bathing-suit is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust. It is good for misses, too.

3766-A—Taffeta silk is sensitive to shirring and is a wise choice for water wear because of its semi-waterproof qualities. The separate knickers have a "sporting air" which belies the intention of the belt shirred on elastic at the hip. The blouse slips on over the head and the quaint collar and cuffs may be made of the same material as the cap. Wool jersey, silk crêpes, heavy crêpe de Chine, or plain taffeta are appropriate materials for this suit.

A 36-inch bust size requires 4⅝ yards of taffeta silk 36 inches wide, with 1 yard of contrasting color 36 inches wide for the cap, collar, and cuffs.

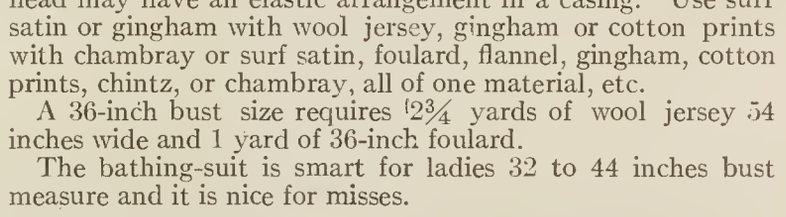
The bathing-suit is good for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure; it is also nice for misses.

3766-B—There's a piratical swagger to this bathing-costume with its foulard cap; even Captain Kidd or Captain Applejack could not have worn a red bandana with more bravado or boasted a neater knicker! The blouse which slips on over the head may have an elastic arrangement in a casing. Use surf satin or gingham with wool jersey, gingham or cotton prints with chambray or surf satin, foulard, flannel, gingham, cotton prints, chintz, or chambray, all of one material, etc.

A 36-inch bust size requires 2¾ yards of wool jersey 54 inches wide and 1 yard of 36-inch foulard.

The bathing-suit is smart for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure and it is nice for misses.





3566—3769—Remember the billowing beach cape—to carry it along, for on the warmest Summer days a stray sea breeze can bring a shiver. This three-piece cape may be made shorter. Since it is circular it goes comfortably over the full bathing-suit she wears. (Described at the left of this page.) For the cape use cheviot, serge, soft twills, tricotine.

36 inches bust requires 3⅝ yards of 36-inch satin with ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting color satin for the collar, and 2⅞ yards of 54-inch light-weight tweed for the cape. The lower edge of the cape in longer length is about 2¾ yards.

The cape is nice for ladies 32 to 48 inches bust measure and it is good for misses. The bathing-suit is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also suitable for misses.

3778—The girl who follows the call of the sea with daring abandon wears a smart swimming-suit trimmed with bright bands placed zebrawise. The slashed sleeves and collar of this blouse which slips on over the head are different. The separate knickers are finished at the knee with these bands, which, by the way, match the cap in color. Make the suit of gingham, chambray, cotton prints, chintz, silk crêpes, heavy crêpe de Chine, surf satin, plain taffeta, check taffeta, foulard, crêpe jersey, or flannel.

A 36-inch bust size requires 3⅜ yards of 36-inch taffeta and 1⅜ yard of contrasting color taffeta 36 inches wide.

The bathing-suit is comfortably practical for ladies 32 to 48 inches bust measure. It is quite as suitable for misses.

3114—The modern water baby does not go exploring in a covering of long brown prickles; instead she wears a gaily patterned cretonne for her water-costume. The blouse of this suit slips on over the head and has a scalloped edge which is pretty. The crushable sash matches the cap and the separate knickers are comfortable for long swims. Use surf satin, soft taffeta, surf velvet, silk poplin, heavy silk crêpe, stripes, checks, silk jersey, wool jersey, brilliantine, gingham, or galatea.

A 10-year size requires 2⅛ yards of cretonne 32 inches wide and 1⅝ yard of contrasting material 36 inches wide.

The bathing-suit is pretty for girls 8 to 12 years of age; it is also suitable for misses 14 to 18 years, and for ladies 34 to 46 inches bust.

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

JULY 1922

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER



RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE NUMBER



I AM THE AMERICAN EAGLE!

HO! CHILDREN! I am the American Eagle!

High, high, high on a rocky cliff I live, far, far, up, near the sky, near the sun, where the strong, loud wind rushes and roars past our nest. I am the King of the Birds.

I spread my wings in the sun, and look far, far down to the earth, where you silly little people go running about on your silly little business.

Ho! I am the American Eagle!

I stand on your American money—on your dollars, on your half-dollars, on your quarter-dollars. Do you know why?

Nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, when George Washington was President, he and other wise Americans wanted a sign for the United States. So they made the American seal.

Ho! I am the American Eagle!

They set me on the American seal because I am strong and because I am American and because my eyes see far, far, far. They put an olive branch in my right claw because Americans should love peace. They put arrows in my left claw because Americans should fight when they must. The red of the shield on my breast means that Americans must



be brave. The white means that Americans must be pure. The blue means that Americans must be fair.

Ho! I am the American Eagle!

I stand on American money to remind Americans that it is better to be brave and pure and fair than to be rich.

Ho! I am the American Eagle!

Remember me! Remember me!



WIN A BIG, BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN FLAG!

WHAT countries do these flags stand for?

Write down the list, and send it to your editor. *Don't cut out this page.* Also write a short letter, telling what country you would rather belong to if you were not an American, and why. Be *sure* to tell why.

The boy or girl who sends a correct list of the flags and the most interesting, natural letter on "What I'd Rather Be If I Were Not An American," will win a big, beautiful American flag. Contest closes the twentieth of July. Address Flag Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York City.



DEAR little fat friends, thin friends, tall friends, short friends, medium-sized friends, all kinds of friends.

This month I am going to write you a PLEASE DON'T letter.

First, PLEASE DON'T forget to write your name and street number and city and State, very plainly, on your letters to me. The postman brought back a pile of the answers I wrote you because the address was wrong. And because—oh, dear me, I hate to say it, but it's true—because you wrote it so badly on your letters to me that I couldn't read it! Oh, it did make me feel so sorry to see those letters coming home to roost!

Second, PLEASE DON'T forget to put "THE LITTLE DELINEATOR" on the envelope when you write to me.

Third, PLEASE DON'T cut out the contest page in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, and send it with your contest answer.

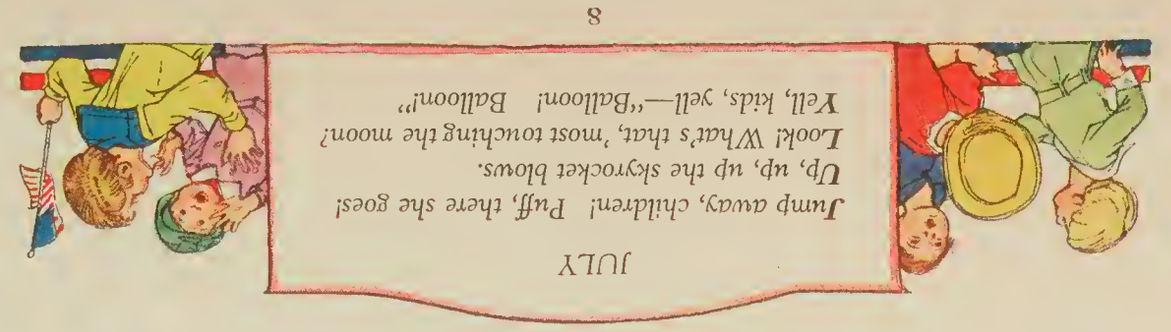
Fourth, PLEASE DON'T get cross with me if you don't hear from me right away every month.

Last, PLEASE DON'T stop loving me because I've scolded you.

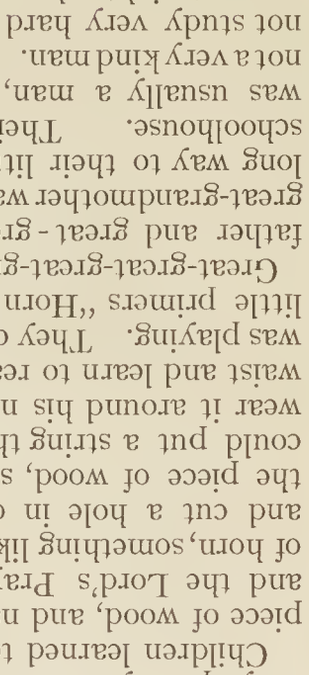
And PLEASE, PLEASE DO write and tell me you didn't mind.

Good-by! With love from
HARRIET IDE EAGER.

The best letter that helps me most, telling what page you like best this month, will win a big framed picture like the cover.



Jump away, children! Puff, there she goes!
Up, up, up the skyrocket blows.
Look! What's that, 'most touching the moon?
Yell, kids, yell—"Balloon! Balloon!"



WHEN GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-

IF YOU ever thought about your great-great-great-great-grandfathers and your great - great - great - great - great - grandmothers, I'm sure you thought they were always old and wrinkled and grandfatherly and grandmotherly. Now, didn't you?

But two hundred and fifty years ago, they were just little boys and little girls like you. Some of them were in Europe, but many of them lived here in America.

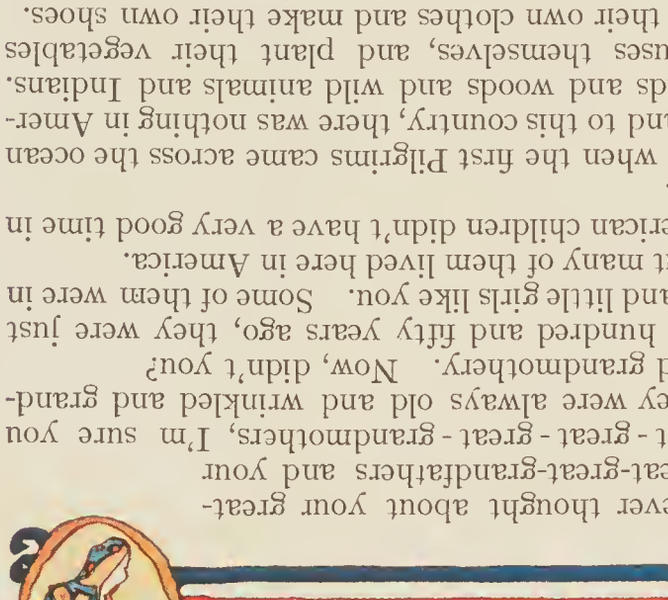
But American children didn't have a very good time in those days.

You see, when the first Pilgrims came across the ocean from England to this country, there was nothing in America but fields and woods and wild animals and Indians. So people had to build their houses themselves, and plant their vegetables and wheat, and spin the wool for their own clothes and make their own shoes.

So everybody had to work very hard, and children had to "grow up" very quickly because there was so much to do.

Children learned to read when they were just babies. Their fathers cut a piece of wood, and nailed a piece of paper on it, printed with the A B C's and the Lord's Prayer. Then they covered the printing with a thin piece of horn, something like isinglass, and cut a hole in one end of the piece of wood, so the child could put a string through and wear it around his neck or his waist and learn to read while he was playing. They called these little primers "Horn Books."

Great-great-great-great-grandfather and great - great - great - great-grandmother walked a long long way to their little wooden schoolhouse. Their teacher was usually a man, and often not a very kind man. If they did not study very hard and sit up very straight, he whipped them.



This is an old book for children, called "Silver Penny"



FUNNY FOUR-FOOTS ON THE FOURTH



GEORGE PROMISES HIS MOTHER NOT TO GO TO SEA

FROM A PAINTING BY ALONZO CHAPPELL

THIS is a picture of George Washington when he was a boy and lived in Virginia with his mother. George was brave and very strong, and he loved to go adventuring in the woods.

But George did so much running about at home that, when he was eleven his brother Augustine thought he ought to come and live with him and his wife at Wakefield, and go to the school four miles away.

But he still wanted to go adventuring, so when he was fourteen, everything was arranged for George to be a sailor for the English king.

Then Mrs. Washington got a letter from George's Uncle Joseph in London, saying that a sailor had a hard time, and that the sea was very dangerous for a boy. So Mrs. Washington hurried to Wakefield, and cried and begged until at last George's chest was brought back from the ship, and George stayed at home. If he hadn't stayed, just think, we might never have had him for our President!

GREAT-GRANDFATHER WAS LITTLE

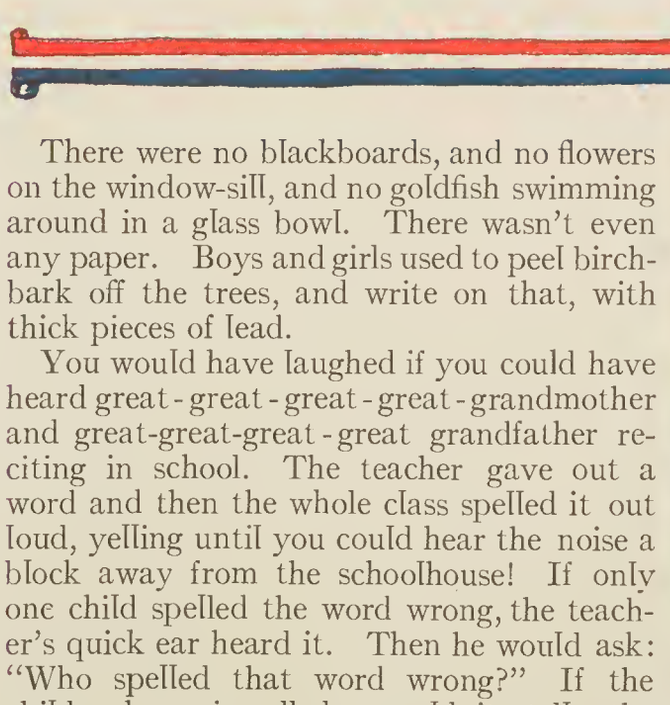
There were no blackboards, and no flowers on the window-sill, and no goldfish swimming around in a glass bowl. There wasn't even any paper. Boys and girls used to peel birch-bark off the trees, and write on that, with thick pieces of lead.

You would have laughed if you could have heard great - great - great - great - grandmother and great-great-great - great grandfather reciting in school. The teacher gave out a word and then the whole class spelled it out loud, yelling until you could hear the noise a block away from the schoolhouse! If only one child spelled the word wrong, the teacher's quick ear heard it. Then he would ask: "Who spelled that word wrong?" If the child who misspelled, wouldn't tell, the teacher made the whole class spell it over and over and over again, until everybody was saying it right.



This is the old "Horn Book" that children learned to read with

This is the back of "Silver Penny"



Instead of paying the teacher in money, the fathers of the children sent him carrots or potatoes or wheat, or wampum, which was Indian money. So one boy in the class always sat by the window to watch out for people passing by. Then he ran out and asked if they would buy the teacher's vegetables.

Tell your mother there is a book for grown people and older children: "Child Life in Colonial Days," by Alice Earle, published by Macmillan Co.







THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT

Edited by MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

THE Home-Making Editor received a question from a DELINEATOR reader in the following letter:

"In the daily paper the editor said the farmers' wives were being educated to use electric sweepers, dish-washers and bread-mixers. Now I want to learn all I can, but it is not educating that we women want to make us use labor-savers. It takes money and a great deal of it to buy those labor-saving devices and we haven't the money.

"I am twenty-three. My husband is twenty-nine. We have not yet paid for our eighty-acre farm. My kitchen is fifteen feet square. I haven't any sink nor water in the house nor any cellar. I have a washing-machine run by hand, a cream separator, a bread-mixer and a kerosene stove. I also have a kitchen cabinet, linoleum on the floor and sash curtains, with a few geraniums in the window for cheerfulness. I have a dining-room, but no buffet or nice dining-room chairs. Do you think it would be extravagant to buy a Queen Anne buffet, a table to match and six leather-seat chairs?

"We haven't our farm paid for and won't for five years, and our house must be remodeled and a cistern built and a furnace put in. If we do all this and much more, I don't know when we will be out of debt. It will be at least twelve years. I want all these things; but must I wait twelve years for the dining-room set and the phonograph?"

THE Home-Making Editor remembers the story of the widow of a very rich American. His wife craved a very beautiful parlor set. She thought she could not be happy without it. However, her husband said it was a foolish way to spend their money. After he died, she had to think of ways to spend his fortune and she bought the parlor set. She was then an old lady. When the parlor was furnished as she had dreamed, she went in to enjoy it. She could only weep and say, "It is too late."

The geraniums in the window will help, but the woman's desire for the beautiful must be expressed before it is killed and while she can enjoy it. Did you ever buy flowers with your very last cent? It isn't a bad idea.

EATING FOR HEALTH

LESSON 1

WHAT are we made of? We are made of food and drink. Our flesh and blood and bones are simply a transformation from what we have eaten and drunk. No wonder the quality of our blood, our organs, our whole bodies, depends so greatly on our meals. No wonder physicians are preaching that our health depends more on our diet than on any other one thing.

Every month, the Home-Maker's Page is going to have a little lesson on eating for health. It will tell the different foods and drinks that are particularly healthful and how to plan the family meals for health.

This first lesson is on liquids; as most of these are foods too, they really belong under the heading "Eating for Health." Water, either as such or in other beverages, is tremendously important to health.

"Dust thou art," the Bible says. It might well say "Water thou art," for water composes three-quarters of our body. Water enters into the composition of muscle tissue, bony tissue, nerve tissue. It forms the chief ingredient of the blood, the lymph, the gastric juice—in fact, of all the secretions of the body. It bathes the tissues and prevents friction. It distributes body heat and regulates body temperature. It dissolves and dilutes food and enters into the chemical changes that make it more easily digested. It acts as a carrier, bringing food to and carrying waste from every cell of the body. It is eliminated from the lungs, through the skin, by the kidneys and the intestines. The health of the family all the year round demands that each person should daily take three or four pints of water or beverages. In warm weather and after violent exercise, still more is needed.

WHEN we are ill and the excretory organs are not functioning properly and waste is piling up to poison and irritate the system, it is even more important to drink plenty of water for internal bathing. When the skin is dry or the kidneys or intestines are not functioning properly, the cause may be that we are not furnishing them with sufficient liquid to perform their work efficiently.

Water leaves an empty stomach almost immediately, so that one of the best times to take water is when you get up in the morning. Taken then, it may act as a cleansing agent for both stomach and intestine and indirectly aid in preventing constipation. An excellent scheme for getting the family to drink more water is to keep a tumbler in the bathroom and to make it a part of the daily routine for each member of the family to drink a glass of water in the morning.

While water is our most important drink and forms the basis of all other beverages, other beverages have additional qualities of their own. Some drinks, such as milk, egg-nog, cocoa and so on, contain much nourishment; others quench thirst; while some, such as tea, coffee and to some extent cocoa and chocolate, act as stimulants. All drinks are nutritious, but some of them are much more so than others. Next to water, milk is the most important beverage. Its food value is high. Adults require about a pint of milk a day in some form.

Fruit drinks are an excellent method of adding the much-needed fruit to the diet.

If it is hard to get the family to eat enough fruit, serve them lemonade or some other fruit drink with one or two meals a day.

On another page an article, "Cool Off from the Inside," by Miss Winifred Moses, gives recipes for many delicious drinks. You can improve the family health by adding these and others that your ingenuity can devise to the family diet.

In eating for health, do not forget drinking, for it is of first importance.

THE DELINEATOR Calendar JULY

Home-Making is a seasonable job. The Home-Makers' Department tells you what to do and when to do it

NOTABLE DATES IN JULY

4th—Tues.—Independence
8th—Sat.—Full Moon
14th—Frid.—Bastile Day
18th—Tues.—American Troops execute successful counter-attack at Château-Thierry (1918)
21st—Frid.—Battle of Bull Run (1861)
27th—Thurs.—First wireless between United States and Japan
31st—Mon.—Lafayette arrived from France (1777)

THIS IS THE MONTH

To join THE DELINEATOR Child Welfare Campaign. See first of articles by Dr. L. Emmett Holt and Dr. Ralph Lobenstine on another page.

To plan fourth of July celebrations. See "The Making of America" on another page.

To get ready for vacations. See "What to Take on a Camping Trip."

To give the family cooling drinks. See "Cool Off From the Inside," on another page.

To put up July fruits. See "By Her Fruit Shall Ye Know Her."

To plan your work to save fatigue in hot weather. See "Watch Your Steps in the Nursery" elsewhere in the book.

To live on the porch as much as possible. See "The Lure of the Summer Porch" on another page.

To put up fruits for Christmas presents. See the prize-winning suggestion on the "Save a Dollar" page.

To move the oil-stove on to the back porch and do your canning out of doors.

To put the baby to sleep out of doors.

To have face creams and powders on hand for sunburn.

To do as much of your cooking as possible in a fireless cooker. See "Cooking That Does Not Cook the Cook" on another page.

TRAVEL ETIQUETTE

THE DETESTABLE TIP

WHAT woman has not blushed the first time she gave a tip? This detestable custom embarrasses us because it offends our democratic sense. However, custom it is, except in those States where law forbids it, and if we are to travel in comfort we must conform to it. The realization that a porter or waiter is tipped many times every day and takes it as a matter of course should relieve us of embarrassment. However much we may disapprove of the tipping system, the way to combat it is not to withhold tips from servants in a place where the custom is established. They are often given such small wages that without tips they would starve. Pay the usual tips pleasantly, but take every opportunity to tell the management that you disapprove and would prefer to pay a little more on your bill to cover sufficient wages for helpers.

The people to be tipped in traveling are the porter who carries hand-baggage, the Pullman porter, the dining-car waiter, the expressman who carries the trunks, the hotel or boarding-house waiter or waitress, the hall-boy, the porter, the chambermaid, and often the taxi-driver. On a boat, the state-room steward, the waiter and, if he has served you, the deck steward, expect to be tipped.

Ten cents is enough to tip a baggage porter who carries baggage only from some point within the station to your seat in the train, unless he carries several suitcases or gives more than ten minutes service.

On an overnight trip, the Pullman porter or stateroom steward usually receives twenty-five cents for each member of the party. If children or invalids exacting special service are in the party, he may get more. Ten cents is enough for a Pullman porter on a trip of a few hours, unless he has performed some special service. The time to tip him is just after he has brushed you off.

In large cities, taxi-drivers are usually tipped. Ten cents is the least that is offered, and, except where some extraordinary service has been performed, one need never pay him more than a ten-per-cent. tip. In smaller places, where the driver of a car is often its owner, a tip is not usually necessary unless the driver carries your baggage.

The usual tip for waiters and waitresses in dining-car, boat, hotel and restaurant is ten per cent. of the bill for the meal. The tip is left on the tray or plate on which the waiter presents the change after you have paid the bill. If he brings you only a quarter in change when his tip should be a dime, take the quarter from the tray, reach in your pocket and replace it with a dime; or ask the waiter if he can change the quarter. Do not let him embarrass you into giving a larger tip than you intended. If you pay the bill at a desk, the tip is left beside your plate.

When staying for several days at a hotel, tips may be given at the end of each week. The customary tip for the waiter in this case is one dollar or one dollar and a half a week.

For the chambermaid, porter and hall-boy, twenty-five cents apiece is enough for a stay of a day or two. The bell-boy is paid ten cents for each service. The porter receives ten cents for each trunk or load of hand-baggage that he carries to a room.

SAVE A DOLLAR

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department



In April and May THE DELINEATOR offered fifty dollars for the best suggestion for saving the housekeeper's time, money, labor, fuel or food. The April prize-winner appears below; the winner for May will appear in August. So few women feel that their suggestions are worth fifty dollars, henceforth ten dollars will be given for the prize suggestion and space rates for other usable ones.



SAVE CANDLE ENDS

KEEP paraffin candle ends in an old pot or a tin can. When making jelly, melt the accumulated ends, remove the wicks and use them to seal the glasses.

Candle ends may also be used for smoothing flat-irons, cleaning wrought iron and, when shaved with a knife, for waxing floors.

SAVE MONEY

FOR quite a long time my health demanded that I engage a housegirl to work half a day. She washed dishes, swept, dusted, made beds, etc., while I did the cooking and sewing and looked after the children.

One day a few months ago my little girl came to me for money. I told her I had barely enough money in the house to pay Mary, the girl who helped me with the work.

After school my girl and boys came to me and said, "Mother, all of us together can do as much as Mary does for you and go to school too." I said, "Yes, I believe you could, but would you always be willing to give up your play to help mama?" They all answered, "Yes" and I told them to think it over and at the end of a week to come to me with their decision.

My little girl now gets up with me and, after taking her bath, airs her bed, then goes in the kitchen and sets the table for breakfast while I prepare it. Next she dusts the furniture, and arranges the books, magazines, etc. The boys use the oil-mop around the floors, air and make their beds and their sister's, sweep the porches and walks. The little girl washes the dishes and I wipe them except on Saturdays, when she does them alone. On Saturdays, also, the boys clean and arrange the basement and the little girl runs the electric sweeper over the rugs. They enjoy the work because they are being paid for it. This keeps the money in the family, teaches the children to be independent as well as useful, and makes for all a happier home.

SAVE ON WHITE STRAW HATS

STRAIN the juice of two lemons and stir into it enough yellow sulfur flower to make it the consistency of thick gravy. Remove trimmings from the hat frame and with a small brush apply the mixture liberally, scrubbing the hat lightly. Place the hat in the hot sun to dry thoroughly, shaping it with the hands while it is damp. At the end of half a day or a day, when the hat is thoroughly dry, brush off the sulfur powder with a clean, stiff whisk-broom.

SAVE IN BUYING BABY BLANKETS

INSTEAD of buying small blankets for the baby's crib or Kiddie-Koop, buy one large blanket, cut it into four small ones and bind with blanket binding. By making the small blankets from the large one our correspondent saved more than half the retail price of baby blankets.

SAVE ON SOAP

BUY soap in quantities of one hundred or more cakes. Store it away in the attic or in any other dry place, having separated the cakes so that the air can circulate around them. Soap thus dried will not only last longer but by buying in quantity it may be secured at a reduction. A thin soap end may be incorporated with a new cake of soap. Moisten the end and the new cake, press them tightly together and set aside to dry for a few hours. Soap ends may also be melted to form an excellent shampoo.

SAVE ELBOW GREASE

BUY a small hand-brush at a cost of ten cents to use when washing the collars, cuffs and neckbands of men's and boys' shirts. It not only saves strength but saves material.

SAVE ON SHEETS

WHEN sheets begin to wear in the center cut them in two, sewing the outer edges together. The sides of the sheet are then hemmed. The sheets will last much longer if treated this way.

SAVE ON EGG-BEATERS

IN WASHING egg-beaters do not get the upper part of the egg-beater wet. It is difficult to dry, rusts easily and soon the egg-beater is useless.

SAVE SMALL CONTAINERS

SAVE small mayonnaise bottles and hard-candy jars and have them ready with the large family-size jars when you are putting up jams, jellies, conserves, pickles and shrubs. After each preserving there is almost always something left over to go in some of these little jars. These make pretty individual containers of good things for Christmas gifts to the relative away from home or the friend living alone.

SAVE ON LETTUCE

THE tough outside leaves of lettuce may be used to add flavor to a vegetable, fruit or potato salad. Wash the leaves, put several on top of each other and fold as tightly as possible. Cut into very thin strips with a pair of scissors. These add a delicious flavor as well as color to mixed salads. The tougher lettuce leaves also make a good cream-of-lettuce soup.

SAVE ON SALAD-MAKING

LETTUCE, if used immediately after washing, often is so moist that it weakens a French dressing. To avoid this, make a bag about one foot by two feet out of a medium grade of cheese-cloth. Drop the wet lettuce in this bag, gather up the top of the bag in the hand and swing in the air for a moment or two. You will find that your lettuce is practically dry. Your surplus lettuce may be left in the bag, if all is wrapped in a thick paper. The cloth keeps the lettuce sufficiently moist.

SAVE ON SHIELDS

WHEN washing shields use lukewarm soapy water and a teaspoon of baking-soda. Do not rub soap directly on shield. Instead of rubbing the shields as in laundering, spread the shield flat on the hand or a board, then brush vigorously with a nail-brush or any small brush. Brush both sides in this way. Rinse in warm water. Dry where there is plenty of circulation of air.

SAVE ON HAT-CLEANER'S BILL

FILL the crown as full of damp newspaper as possible, pressing in as tightly as you can without distorting the crown. Leave to dry overnight. Before removing the paper in the morning, spread a cheese-cloth over the crown and press lightly with a warm iron. To press the brim, place over the edge of the ironing-board, cover with cheese-cloth and press with an iron. Often a hard roll of paper instead of the ironing-board may be used if the brim is rounding.

SAVE ON PORCH RUGS

AN OLD Brussels rug too worn for use may be placed on the porch or kitchen floor and painted on the wrong side. Give the rug two coats of paint and one of weather-proof varnish. You will find you have a firm serviceable rug, easily cleaned and suitable for kitchen or sun porch. By varnishing occasionally the rug will last several years.

SAVE ON EXPENSIVE MATERIAL

"I SOLD six dollars' worth of eggs and had this money for curtains. Instead of buying expensive material I bought thirty yards of unbleached muslin for two dollars and seventy cents. With this material I made ten curtains, one bedspread, one dresser scarf and still have several yards left. Three of the curtains for one room I dyed with tea. Another set I decorated by embroidering the edges with a coarse, red cross-stitch design. The third set I left the soft natural color."

SAVE THE ALUMINUM

ALUMINUM, if properly cared for, will keep its bright color and be always an attractive utensil in the kitchen. It should not be washed with washing-soda since alkalines turn aluminum dark. To clean and remove discolorations, use a weak solution of vinegar and water in the proportion of one tablespoon of vinegar to a quart of water. Let it boil for five minutes. No. 0 steel wool may be used to polish the aluminum and there may be applied to the outside sifted whiting with a damp piece of flannel or chamois.

SAVE THE CURTAINS IN LAUNDERING

FOLD each curtain lengthwise twice, then crosswise three times. Place them in a tub, cover them with cold or lukewarm water and let stand for several hours or overnight. Squeeze or put through the wringer. Pour over them hot suds and let stand another hour or more, then with the hands force the suds through them carefully. Rinse and starch lightly. Do not unfold the curtains until you put them on the stretchers. Dollars are saved by prolonging the life of the curtains.

SAVE ON HOT-WATER BOTTLES

AFTER filling the hot-water bottle partially with hot water, force out the air before adjusting the stopper. This will prolong the life of the water bottle.

SAVE THE OLD PIANO-STOOL

IF YOU have an old piano-stool for which there seems no further use, paint it or cover it with oilcloth, adjust it to the height of the sink or table and it will give an opportunity for resting while preparing the vegetables for dinner.

SAVE THE POCKETBOOK

ALWAYS keep in your pocketbook your name and address. Most folks are honest and will return lost articles if they know to whom they belong.

SAVE THE BROOM

TIE the strands of a new broom together and soak in a pan of hot water for two hours. Dry thoroughly. The bristles will be strengthened and the broom will last longer.

SAVE ON FLOWER CONTAINERS

MOST attractive vases and pots can be made from jars and bottles often discarded. Select those that are attractive in shape, paint them the desired colors and they will be useful for flowers and plants.

SAVE ON WOOD

OPEN four sheets of newspaper, making a pile of them. Roll them tightly, bend and tie in a single knot. Use four or five of these knots in the kitchen range when you are starting a fire, placing them crosswise of the grate. Then add coal and the fire will burn as well as if kindling were used.

APRIL PRIZE-WINNER

If you have more apples than your family can eat, and less of other fruits, use the apples as the basis of a wide variety of jellies. Besides the plain apple jelly, which is very good, the juice may be mixed in equal parts with all the strong-flavored fruits, such as currant and blackberry, and will have their flavor and color. Half a lemon may be added to each quart of juice to form lemon-flavored jelly. A delicious mint jelly to serve in Winter with lamb is made by boiling a bag of mint leaves with the juice in its final boiling; a spicy jelly is made in the same way, substituting a bag of cloves and stick cinnamon for the mint.

One woman saved many dollars every year by making extra spiced apple jelly from her surplus fruit and keeping it to give from one to a dozen glasses to her relatives and friends for birthday and Christmas presents. Almost every one, from the boy in boarding-school to the wealthy invalid, welcomes this gift. Fancy containers may be bought at the five and ten cents store.

CATHARINE CASTA, Riverside, Connecticut.

CHILDREN LOVE GOOD SOUP

The best-fed nation on earth—
That's the test of what we are worth!
We're leaders in wealth
Because of our health
Our hustle, our vigor and mirth.





The best-fed nation on earth

Campbell's Soups prove it. In no other nation on the globe can you find such a City of Kitchens as the famous Campbell's plant. It is unique, serving a unique country. Americans will accept "none but the best," which explains the enormous popularity of Campbell's Soups.

Campbell's Ox Tail Soup

is one of our best-liked blends and no wonder. This soup is a strength-giver and a delight to the appetite. Meaty, marrowy sliced ox tail joints and invigorating broth are combined with plump, choice barley, crisp white celery, diced carrots and turnips, flavored delicately with French leeks and parsley fresh from our own farms.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

No meal is complete without soup!

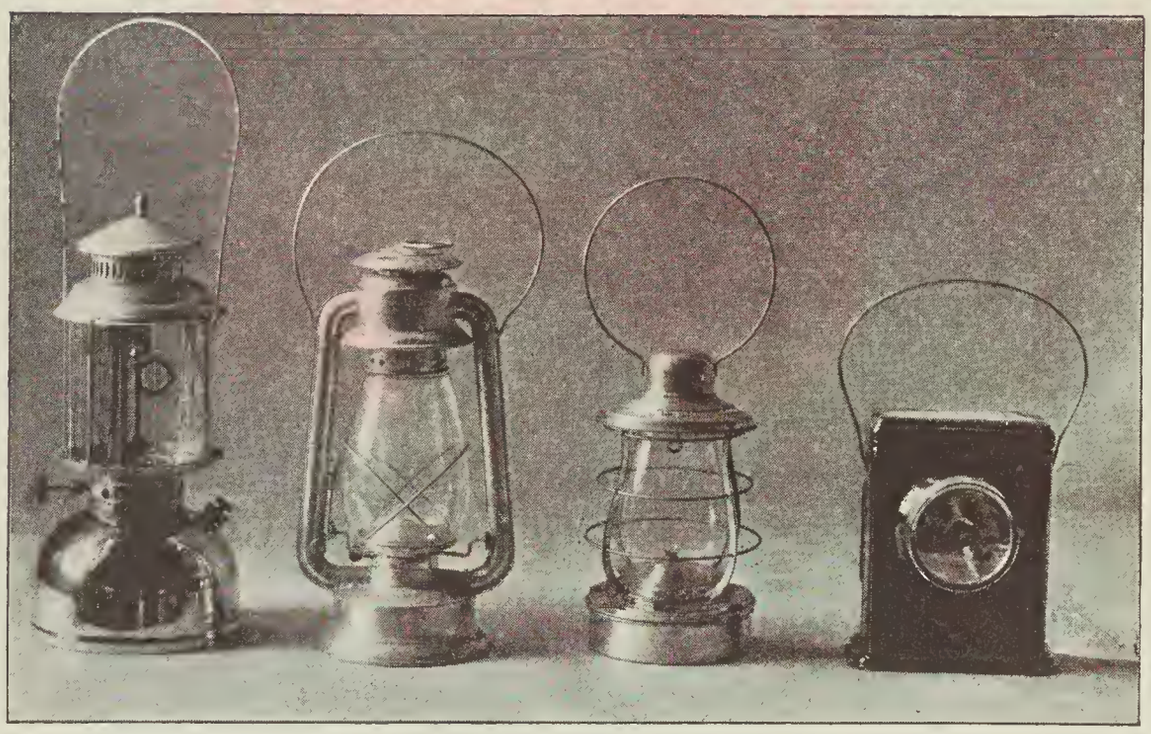
No other article of food can take the place of good soup, either for the enjoyment or the benefit you get from it. Soup is delicious—a constant and varied delight to the taste. Also—and this is very important—soup stimulates appetite, makes you eat more food and digest it better. Thousands of people have added soup even to the daily breakfast menu!

Campbells' SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

WHAT TO TAKE ON A CAMPING TRIP

By Martha Van Rensselaer



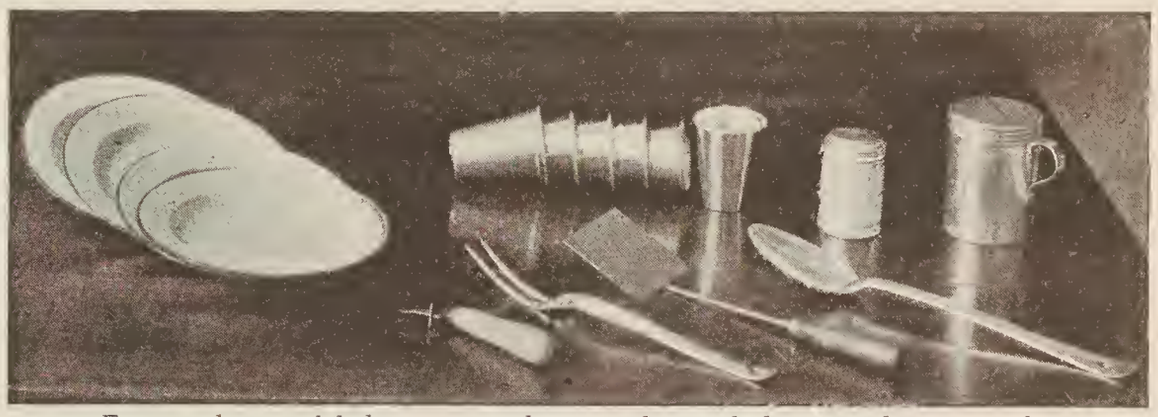
Darkness may be shattered by the radiance of an oil-lantern or a gasoline-lantern, with fuel supplied by the automobile. If you prefer electric-lanterns for your camp reading, it is wise to take along extra batteries



This typical Adirondack camp opens in front to the fresh air and is protected from storm and wind



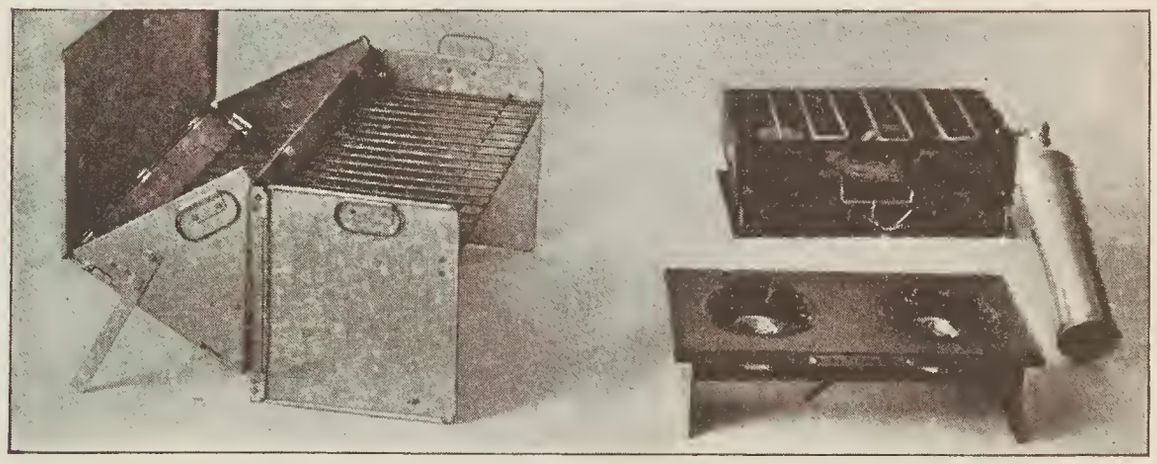
A set of nesting containers for dry supplies and a set of indestructible utensils occupy but a small space in the Summer camp and give the convenient equipment of an in-door kitchen



Easy to clean and light to carry, these metal utensils have another merit—they fold into a nest. The long handles of the spoon, fork and pancake turner will prevent burns from too close cooking over the open fire



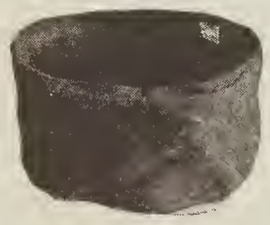
The pocket treasures of a camper are a compass, a sheathed knife and a matchbox. A water-proof box may insure a fire for breakfast, but if the matches are dipped in shellac thinned by alcohol, they will defy rain



Lacking the poetry of a camp-fire, but reliable even in rainy weather is the cooking-stove for either wood, solidified alcohol or gasoline. The legs fold under when packed



Water-proof bags with layers of blankets take the sleeplessness out of stones when one is sleeping on the ground



The difficulty of bending double over a stream to wash, is solved by a folding rubber or canvas basin

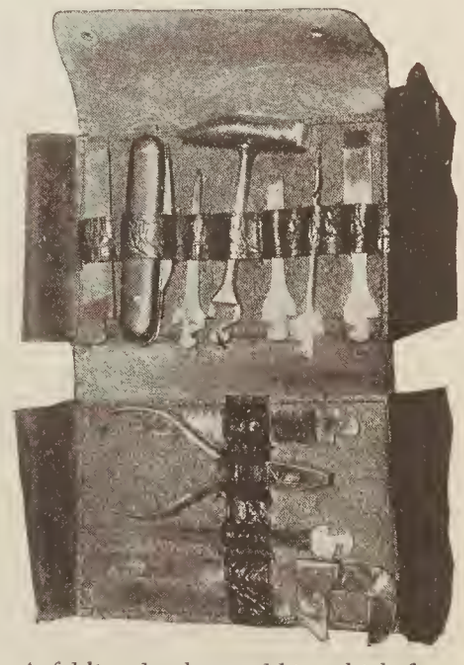
If you can not get this equipment locally, send a stamped self-addressed envelope for information



When filled, a canvas pail will stand alone, but empty, it collapses into a small bundle easily tucked away



This tent flap gives the privacy of a dressing-room and the convenience of a bureau. Furthermore, all your toilet articles are in one place



A folding leather tool-kit, which fits into the pocket, provides all the small tools, except tacks, which a camp emergency may demand



Real Naptha! You can tell by the smell

Clean clothes and health are playmates

Sunshine may put the sparkle in the eye; fresh air, the roses in the cheeks; proper food and rest, the vigor in the limbs; but *clean clothes* are a health factor of hardly less importance. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha Soap loosens the dirt and body-oils on which germs feed and breed, and the snowy suds flush them away. Then the naptha vanishes, leaving the clothes clean, sweet, *sanitary*.

The Fels-Naptha "soap—soak—rinse" method (rubbing very soiled parts) simplifies the summer-clothes problem for all the family. You can wash even your lingerie and sheerest silk stockings more frequently, with perfect safety and less effort with Fels-Naptha.

Fels-Naptha is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners. Get the genuine *sanitary* soap—Fels-Naptha. It *holds* the naptha until released by the wash-water for the attack on dirt! Directions printed inside the wrapper.

FREE If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately, send for free sample. Write "Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia."

Campers write enthusiastically that Fels-Naptha washes greasy dishes and dish-cloths even in cold spring-water, and washes them *clean*. Any brook is a laundry with Fels-Naptha Soap.



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The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

OUTDOOR GARDEN FIXTURES

Are effective when properly chosen and placed

By Robert S. Lemmon



IN SECLUDED GARDEN NOOKS, A WHITE-PAINTED WOODEN BENCH ADDS IMMEASURABLY TO ONE'S ENJOYMENT OF THE SCENE

GARDENS can never achieve their full measure of charm unless we can enjoy them comfortably. The pleasure which flowers give should be enjoyed leisurely—not dull and slothful, to be sure, but healthily unhurried. We should be free to let it slip quietly into us with the minimum of distracting influences. Our physical bodies no less than our mental faculties should be at rest.

Here, then, is a text for the garden-furniture lesson: It puts us at ease among our flowers.

How? In the first place, by supplying us with comfortable benches or leafy arbored seats where we can sit and let the pleasant currents of color and fragrance and beauty of form eddy and flow about us as they will. That is the physical function of the furniture proper, interpreting the word as we do in the house itself. As the term is used in the following paragraphs, however, it signifies not only pieces for our bodies' support, but also those other things like sun-dials, bird-baths and gazing globes whose presence is justified chiefly by the visual or sentimental pleasure they give.

To whatever class a piece of garden furniture may belong, it must be properly chosen and placed.

THE simple bench or seat will be far more inviting in some out-of-the-way, quiet nook, where you can feel a close companionship with the surrounding flowers, than if it were exposed in a stretch of open lawn. If you are particularly fond of isolation, let flower-beds or shrubbery close it in on all sides, though it is better to leave an open vista which will lead naturally away and give that sense of distance which every garden should have.

Shade during the warm hours of the day is essential for these cosy resting-places, which will be most used during Summer weather. If there is a sheltering tree at hand, well and good; but do not abandon the location just because there is none. It is often feasible to instal a rose-arbor in conjunction with the bench, or perhaps a little roofed Summer-house can be built with vines clambering up its pillars. One of the best types of rose-arbor is made with an iron framework on which the plants are trained. Others are of wood, painted white for contrast with the green of the foliage and the color of the blossoms.

A type of shelter which is often used is the much-abused pergola, which in the right place is most desirable. But remember that the pergola is really intended as a sort of half-enclosed walk, and do not plant it far away from the house in the middle of an otherwise bare lawn where it has no logical reason for existing. Remember, too, that in itself it is a formal, architectural thing and when left bare does not fit into an informal setting. Covered with climbing roses, clematis, grapes or some other good vine which will mask its nakedness it becomes something quite different. A properly designed and placed pergola serving as support for a big wisteria vine is a feature of which you can be proud.

AND speaking of architectural effects, let the garden seat or shelter conform with the style of the house, particularly on fairly small places where both can be seen from the same point. If the house is white clapboard, for instance, let the garden benches be of white-painted wood, simple in design. The stucco or plaster house can well have concrete garden furniture tinted the same tone as the walls. If the dwelling is of brick, you will make no mistake in using white-painted seats of very substantial design, perhaps suggestive of the old wooden settles of Dutch Colonial days. Sometimes, as with stone houses of English precedent, dark-painted iron is the best.

In a word, there should be no clashing of effects. The house is the main feature of ninety places out of every hundred, and all else should be merely adjuncts which are subservient to it and consequently harmonious.

It goes without saying that all of these



Photos by J. Horace MacFarland

THE OUTLOOK FROM THE SUMMER-HOUSE SHOULD NOT BE OBSCURED BY PLANTINGS



THE SUN-DIAL PROVIDES A STARTING POINT FROM WHICH FLOWERS AND OTHER FEATURES CAN BE SEEN IN PROPER RELATIONSHIPS

garden accessories of which we have been speaking must be well made. Exposure day and night to even Summer weather is hard on wood, for it involves sharp changes of temperature and moisture. Besides, few places about the grounds offer perfectly level and hard surfaces, so that the seats must be strong enough to withstand the racking effect of being used with one or more of their legs deprived of the same support as its companions. Several good coats of outside paint are the best preservative of wooden and metal



THE GAZING GLOBE IS AT ITS BEST IN AN OPEN SITUATION, FOR HERE IT FULFILS THE PURPOSE OF REFLECTING THE BRILLIANT COLORS

accessories. And in applying it be sure to cover the under-surface as well as those exposed to view.

Of all the smaller pieces of garden ornamentation none is more often used, or more desirable when suitably employed, than the sun-dial. There is something about the simplicity of this age-old timepiece which fits in admirably with the leisurely atmosphere of garden surroundings.

Omitting the sentimental and concentrating on the practical, we find that the sun-dial is desirable chiefly because it forms a sort of focal point in the garden. Its form is substantial, fixed and so different from anything else in the surroundings that it catches the eye at once.

IT FOLLOWS, therefore, that the sun-dial should occupy a position which is more or less commanding, as at the junction of two main paths or at the end of a vista where it will put an effective period in the view. In large gardens especially one can sometimes be tucked away in some secluded nook where you come upon it unexpectedly and are caught by the charm of its presence. In every case let it be in the full light of the sky, for a sun-dial in the shade is an anomaly.

Sun-dial design is largely a matter of individual preference, guided by a sense of fitness for the particular site under consideration. As a general rule the simple types of pedestal are the best, leaving whatever decoration is desired to the gnomon and dial. These latter are usually fashioned out of some sort of rust-proof metal, and the whole piece must be set up perfectly true so that its time-telling feature will be accurate. The place from which you buy your sun-dial will tell you how to instal it.

MANY possibilities for adorning the pedestal with vines present themselves. Climbing roses or ivy come to mind first in this connection. But whatever plant you may decide upon, be sure not to let it overrun the sun-dial to an extent which will really conceal the latter's form and texture.

Somewhat after the nature of a sun-dial, so far as its place in the garden scheme is concerned, is the gazing globe, that polished metal ball which shows such entrancing reflections of the trees and flowers round about. It is seldom as effective in a hedged-in spot as it is in the full open where there will be abundant variety in its reflections. The simpler its supporting pedestal the better, for the globe itself is the real attraction.

Finally, as to bird-baths, those unique centers of interest which no garden need be without. Even though it be but a tiny depression in the ground lined with concrete and filled from a pail of water carried by hand, it will be worth while. To it on parching Summer days will come robins, catbirds, thrushes, or, if it must be, city sparrows, to drink and splash and flutter and give that touch of animate life which will round out your garden's completeness. Without it they will go elsewhere, for water they must have.

The basin of the bath should always be very shallow at the edge, deepening gradually to three or four inches at the center. Birds like to go wading even as children do, and the direct plunge into deep water is never to their liking. Also, a dry rim will provide a good place to perch.






Illustrations by Charles R. Chickering

LADIES OF FORTY

By Celia Caroline Cole

There isn't one woman out of a hundred who couldn't be better looking, more charming, more lovable, if she would give a little thought to it. Think about yourself and if you need advice write to Celia Caroline Cole, Editor of the Beauty Department of THE DELINEATOR, whose mission in life is to help other women to be happier

A CERTAIN epigrammatic Frenchman, whose name we forget said: "God gives you your other features, but you make your mouth yourself."

Ladies of forty—a little this side or that, it doesn't matter (except to them, and if they're this side, they're thirty-six; for a long, long time they're thirty-six; and if they're the other side, they're "getting up around forty"; for a long, long time, they're getting up around forty).

Ladies around forty who have looked life in the eye and know what it values begin to think about their "looks" at that time.

"A woman of forty shouldn't look a day over thirty," they read somewhere, "and she doesn't need to look over twenty-five if she will only give twenty or thirty minutes every day to the intelligent care of her person. No woman of forty should have a wrinkle!"

And do you know, dear companions of forty, that's true! The beauty business is a real business nowadays! They've got it up to a science and they can "deliver the goods" if you'll give them a fair chance. They say: "Give me patience and confidence and I can give you physical attractiveness I don't care what you look like to start with, I can do it!" And they can.

It's never a mistake, of course, being around forty, to give a serious half-hour a day to intelligent grooming.

But there are two things connected with it that are mistakes sure enough.

First: To try to look like a sapling when you're a nice, gracious, full-blown tree.

Second: To get so charmed with the first results of getting beautified that you let the thing *get* you. It's like speculating—you get excited over the first winnings and plunge a little harder next time, and first thing you know you're bankrupt. Looking artificial is beauty bankruptcy. You have to watch out for that.

THAT wily old person we call Nature fades our eyes and our skin along with our hair and our emotions—all quite harmoniously: and then if we suddenly up and dye our hair a nice, new red-gold or something, we don't match! Our skin and eyes—to say nothing of our emotions—have lost that vital red-gold quality, and we look skew-geed, artificial. What is youth, anyway, that we want to hang on to it forever? It's charm we're after, not youth!

So, friends around forty, be careful about doing the drastic thing. Just twenty or thirty minutes a day of firming up relaxed cheek and chin muscles by patting them up—right up along the lines that are sagging—with your two middle fingers held firm and still like a patented patter, or else with a little shapely wad of absorbent cotton squeezed out in cold water and then wet with an astringent; cleansing our faces the right way—not with water, but with soft cold-cream; brushing and tonicing our hair, keeping it clean, and then if you're really lonesome for some bright lights, putting a bit of henna or lemon in the shampoo. Do not dye unless you are sure your face can stand it.

Look around you at the mouths of ladies of forty. Not one that life hasn't pulled quite a bit out of line.

"You did that yourself," says the gentleman from France. And, "Yes, we did," we answer after we think it over.

Just as years don't bring wrinkles, but the thing we think about does—worry brings them, neglect brings them, makes our mouth—not life itself.

Some of us have drawn, straight mouths; we've faced quite a lot of pain in these forty years and pain takes out curves. But it brings strength, too—facing down pain. Why not let the strength show, instead of the pain? *Choose* strength. Look at your mouth in the glass, now relax it; you find the corners come up a bit. Make your mind up that you'll relax it *consciously* seventy times a day, if necessary. *Think* a smile every night before you drift off to sleep.

Then in the daytime when you're thinking up the grocery list or reading a chapter, or anything, take your thumb and forefinger and coax the lost curves back to the upper lip by putting the tips of thumb and finger where the curves ought to be and then bring them lightly together—the middle of the upper lip sort of folds under, and the places that ought to be curved touch.

AND then that droop at the corners—our little badge of disillusionment and perhaps just a dash of self-pity mixed in. Think a smile as often as you can. It won't make you really smile to think it, you won't have to go around looking fatuous, it simply draws the corners up and releases your mouth from its droop. Then feed those drooping lines with a skin food, patting it in gently and with an upward pat. Pat or mold (like a sculptor) the whole cheek *up*, beginning with the point of the chin and going up to the temple; this, too, pulls up the drooping corners.

We had lunch the other day with a woman who seemed to us the most beautiful thing in the whole world—we kept looking and looking at her and wondering what it would feel like to be as beautiful as that. But she seemed as unconscious of attention as the chair she sat on. She'd probably been born with that nose and the lovely contour of her cheek and chin, and the way her hair grew around her brow. But her strong, gentle, wonderful mouth, and her eyes that struggled and faced things without giving up hope until that look of light came?

Later we found out. For fifteen years she had been holding her head up above water that would have drowned most of us. But she had refused to be beaten. And she was forty-seven. And she looked twenty-eight.

"How do you do it?" we cried.

"I had to," she answered. "Five years ago I looked my age. And my husband was bored with me, and my children, too. We have a big house and I couldn't have any maid then, so I was doing all our work and trying to stay in touch with my three children in their school work and so on. Then I realized how utterly I was losing my personality—the thing my husband married me for, probably. I began to take care of myself. I wrote to a magazine and got the address of the best beauty specialist in New York. I took some of the money I had saved for a rainy day and did everything she told me to do. I bought my clothes carefully. My house wasn't quite so shiny as it always had been, but I found my children changing in their attitude toward me—my boy in college began to invite me to come up to the games. My two girls gave me shy little compliments. And finally even my husband, who had been utterly indifferent to me and my happiness for many years, began taking me about with him and giving me more companionship when he was at home. I'm going to *hold* my children's admiration and my husband's pride. Tell me that again—that I look twenty-eight!"

BLESS her—it was all there, in her mouth and in her eyes—the courage that had topped despair, the wise values in life that a sense of humor and tolerance and forty years of living had given her.

Oh, *mes amies* of the forty years, there's nothing in the world more wonderful than that light in the eyes of a woman of forty who has faced dull or hard or utterly disillusioned lives and remained undefeated!

We went out carrying the memory of that woman's eyes like a banner.

And then suddenly there flopped into our head the fact that the most wonderful man on eyes in the whole wide world lives right here in New York. And we jumped on a car as if we were a nice little bullet from a Gatling gun and shot up to his house to learn about eyes.

He didn't need to tell us to bathe them in boracic-acid water or boiled salt water—a teaspoon to a pint of water. Nor did he need to tell us any of those nice little witching ways that eyes can have, because we already knew all that—the mysterious salves that you put on your lashes to make them grow long and thick; the saucy little pencils that touch them up with black, and then, if you want to look especially "There-can't-anything-on-this-earth-bind-me," the tricky little dot on the outer corner of each eye; violet or dark-blue shadows to be spread softly on the eyelid, or just a whiff under the eye to make you look mysterious and Llith-like (Llith was the first woman, you know, the one before Eve, who knew better than to bite apples that strange gentlemen offered her and so she never got into trouble and made history).

AND he didn't tell us exactly about the light inside that is a shining torch, but he did tell us how to keep the eye strong and clear so the light could shine through!

And it's as simple as any other great truth.

All that's the matter with eyes is strain! Not only their fading and getting smaller as we grow older, but astigmatism, blindness, near-sightedness, and all the other evil things that can happen to eyes—it all comes from strain. And spectacles won't always help them. Learning to use your eyes correctly and to rest them properly will help them.

Never see the letters or words on a page as stationary. *See them moving.* Never look at anything anywhere and *fix* it with your eyes, fasten it so that it is still. See it moving. And you're moving with it. The whole sweet old universe is moving in perfect rhythm. Don't resist it, go along with it.

When you want to rest your eyes, close them and consciously let go, release eyes (and mouth) from tension. Now cover your eyes with your hand so that the blackness is deeper; better still, cover them with the hands in the position of base of palms on cheek bones, right on right, left on left, fingers crossed on the forehead so no light can come through to the eyes. Now think of yourself in a motor-car rolling along through the country; houses go past you, hills sweep by you going in the opposite direction, trees, paths, people.

You have released your eyes from strain.

There, if you please, is the discovery of this greatest-man-in-all-the-world on eyes.

So you see, the gentleman from France will have to add eyes to his mouth; you make your eyes yourself; years have nothing to do with them.

Then what about forty! Up, my dauntless, eager, young friends of forty, age is no more!

Free, elastic bodies, no fat spot below the back of the neck, nice, alive, straight backs, and flat tummies; faces without a line except the lines of character.

And back of it all, the resolution to be ageless—not pink-and-white, blue-sashed youth; not faded, waiting old age, but the sweet, wise challenge of the full-blown gracious tree, "Come on, Storms, I've learned how to weather you!"

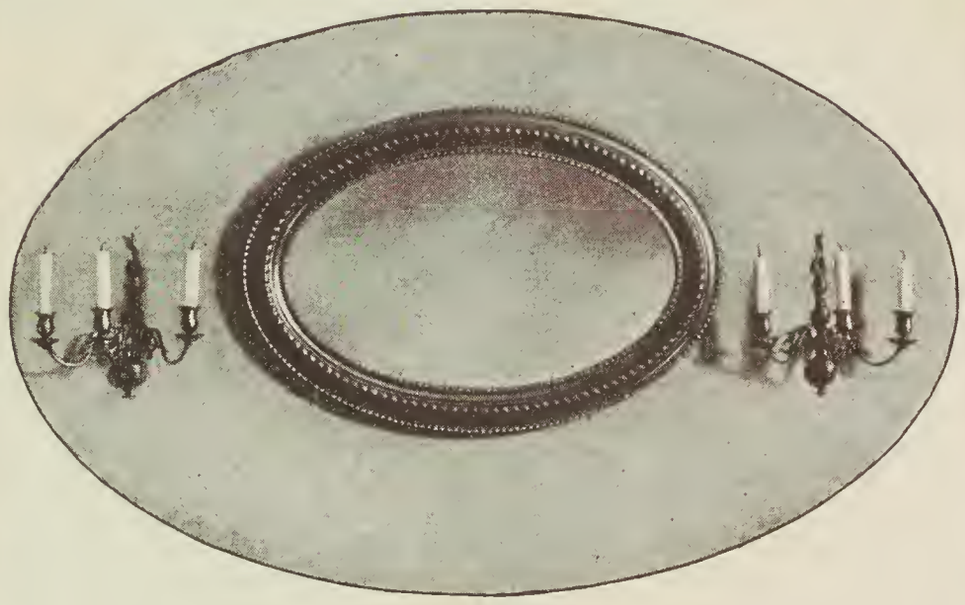



MIRRORS
OLD AND NEW

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders



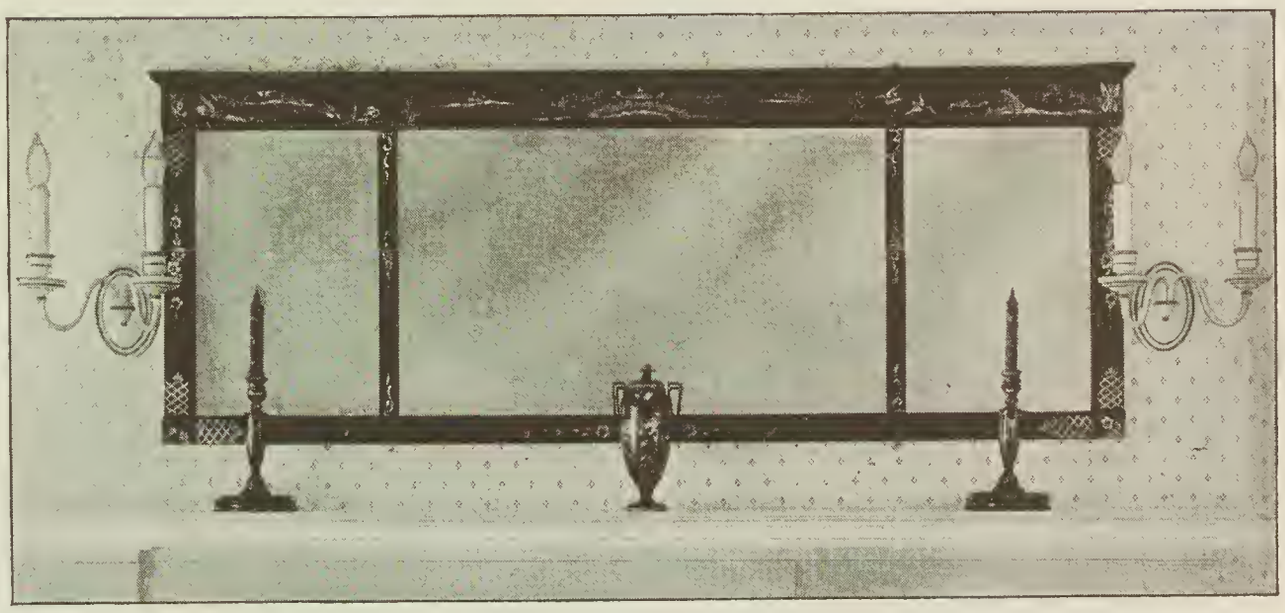
This broad, clear Colonial mirror, modernized by the decorative panel, is a pleasing boudoir accessory. Hung by a silken cord over a simple wooden chest of drawers, it gives distinction and charm to an otherwise commonplace setting. Two large silk tassels disguise the hooks in a molding set close to the ceiling



An oval Colonial mirror, of age and beauty, hangs lengthwise between two brass sconces on a long wall space. This would be equally attractive if hung in the opposite position in a narrow wall space



More elaborate than the earlier Colonial period, this Constitution mirror makes a most elaborate wall decoration. If hung in a narrow hall, it would reflect light and the spaciousness of other rooms, which would tend to brighten and give the appearance of space to the small hall





Here an old oval mirror of Empire influence adorns the wall space over a Sheraton sideboard. Old picture frames, gilded or left in the natural wood, would make interesting substitutes for this type of mirror

Chinese lacquer red is the dominating feature of this modern-day mantel glass. This type also comes in black lacquer, which would be most effective against an ivory or light paper background



This antique gilt mirror is an excellent reproduction of early American work; is suitable to the formality of the drawing-room or the intimacy of the dressing-table



This simple mirror carries out the design of the painted paneled chest below. It is indeed easy to decorate mirrors to correspond with any painted pieces of furniture one may possess



Your favorite fruit in convenient form

Of course you know canned Hawaiian Pineapple for its rich, refreshing flavor. Sliced canned pineapple is deservedly one of America's most popular dessert fruits.

But how about Pineapple crushed or grated? Do you realize how very *temptingly,* how *conveniently,* how truly *economically* you can multiply the unfailing appetite appeal of this healthful tropical fruit in almost every form of cooking?

Crushed or Grated Pineapple is exactly the same quality of fruit as the sliced. It comes from the same fine Hawaiian plantations. It is grown with the same care, allowed to fully ripen in the field and then packed at the moment of perfection with all its fresh natural goodness. There is this difference only—it has been specially prepared to save you trouble—crushed or grated—ready for quick and easy use in the making of endless menu treats, desserts, salads, puddings, pies, tarts, punches, frozen dainties and cooling, thirst-quenching drinks.

Because of its convenience, its ready adaptability to all kinds of cooking and its wide range of uses, Crushed or Grated Pineapple is more than ever welcome in the summer menu. Keep a supply always on hand for quick service. You'll soon find it indispensable for any emergency, as well as for general everyday use.

ASSOCIATION OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE CANNERS
451 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California

For making cool summer dishes like these

Learn the many simple, tempting ways to use Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple in attractive hot-weather treats by trying these suggestions soon. Where directions call for the pineapple drained, the juice may be utilized in thirst-quenching pineapple drinks—just another illustration of the economy of this delicious fruit food.

"BIRD OF PARADISE" SALAD

Heat sirup drained from 1 can Hawaiian Crushed or Grated Pineapple and ½ cup water to boiling point. Add 2½ tablespoons gelatine softened in ¼ cup cold water. When dissolved add ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup chopped walnuts, and all but ½ cup of the drained pineapple. Pour into mold. When firm turn out onto service dish, heap remainder of pineapple pulp on top, garnish with pimientos, whole walnut meats and lettuce. Serve with mayonnaise.

PINEAPPLE SUNDAE

Cook 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water and 1 cup Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple for 12 minutes. When cold, serve on plain ice-cream. If desired garnish with maraschino cherry.

PINEAPPLE WHIP

Add ½ cup sugar to 1¼ cups Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple drained. Beat whites of 4 eggs until stiff and fold into the pineapple. Put into a buttered baking dish and bake 20 minutes in a slow oven. Serve cold with a custard sauce made as follows: Scald 2 cups milk. Beat yolks of 3 eggs slightly; add ¼ cup sugar and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Stir constantly while adding the hot milk. Cook in a double boiler, stirring until mixture thickens and coating forms on spoon. Strain, add 1 tablespoon Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple juice and chill.

PINEAPPLE PUNCH

Make a sirup by boiling 1 cup sugar and 1 cup water 10 minutes. Cool, add 1 cup Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple, ½ cup orange juice, ¼ cup lemon juice and one quart ice-water.

A NEW BREAKFAST SUGGESTION

You'll find Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple a delightful breakfast fruit—iced and served as you would apple sauce. Or serve it with meat or game. It's most convenient—as well as delicious and healthful.

Send for this Book

For many other equally delightful ways to use Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple, write today for a free copy of our book, "Hawaiian Pineapple Recipes." It will help you put new variety into your summer menu. Address Department O, Association of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners, 451 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California.

Out of the kitchen by noon!

Recipes for a care-free afternoon and a delicious cold supper.



AN AFTERNOON on the veranda! A motor ride into the country! Visits with congenial friends! These and other alluring prospects beckon to you these warm July days.

"Yes," you say, "If I could only escape the kitchen occasionally."

You can.

A friend of ours did. In the cool of the morning she tried the menu given below. She found that with the help of Crisco its preparation became a sort of lark.

We believe you'll agree, too, when you learn what treats you can make with this pure *vegetable* shortening. See if your family doesn't compliment you on the delicious natural food flavors which Crisco leaves undisguised.

Yes, in bringing out the fine natural flavor of foods you will find Crisco a most helpful partner. And you will find the following facts very important if you wish your summer foods to digest easily.

What Fats do Children digest well?

Doctors unite in this warning: "Carefully select hot weather foods for your children." Speaking particularly of the digestibility of fats, a well-known professor of food chemistry says:

"If the melting point of the fat lies much above the body temperature, the fat will not become sufficiently fluid to be readily emulsified and digested."

Crisco (pure vegetable fat) melts at 97 degrees—which is below body temperature.

Think how easily your own little child will digest vegetable Crisco.

* * *

To assure delightfully uniform yet digestible cakes, pastry and fried foods order a can of Crisco from your grocer now. Today or tomorrow try the recipes given on this page. In welcoming Crisco for your own favorite recipes remember that you use ⅕ less of Crisco than you would of butter or animal fats.

Special Cook Book Offer

This unique book is entitled "The Whys of Cooking." It answers 164 puzzling questions about cooking and serving. Contains 143 delightful recipes. Gives 45 standards for cooking measurements. Illustrated in 4 colors. Written by the famous Janet McKenzie Hill. Simply mail 25c in stamps or coin to Section F-7 Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



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Small, medium and large sized cans
Crisco is also made and sold in Canada

Try this
Cooling Summer Supper

Fruit Cocktail
Cold Meat
Escalloped Potatoes
(Bake them in the morning. Re-heat just before serving. To brown, scatter bits of Crisco on top.)
Quick Nut Bread
(See Recipe at Right)
Asparagus Salad
French Dressing
Cherry or Berry Pie
(See Recipe at Right)
Iced Beverage

Quick Nut Bread

3 cupfuls flour
1 teaspoonful salt
3 scant teaspoonfuls baking powder
1½ tablespoonfuls sugar
1 cupful nut meats
1½ cupfuls milk
2 tablespoonfuls melted Crisco
1 egg beaten light

Sift well together first four ingredients. Add the well-beaten egg to the milk, then add the nut meats cut fine, then the two tablespoonfuls melted Crisco. Then mix all together and bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Cherry or Berry Pie

First make a plain pastry from this recipe:

1½ cupfuls flour
½ teaspoonful salt
½ cupful Crisco
4 to 6 tablespoonfuls cold water
(sufficient for one medium size pie)

With a knife cut Crisco into sifted flour and salt until mixture looks like coarse meal, then add slowly enough ice water to make a paste that clears the bowl. Take half of dough, roll out on lightly floured board until about ¼ inch thick. Roll lightly from center outward. Use light motion in handling rolling pin. Line pie pan letting pastry emerge ¼ inch over edge. Mix one cup sugar with one teaspoonful flour and a pinch of salt. Mix this thoroughly with fruit. Fill pie pan, add bits of Crisco, moisten edges with cold water. Roll the remaining half of pastry to a thin sheet. Cover the pie. Press edges close together. Trim with knife and a few slits in center. Bake ½ hour in hot oven.

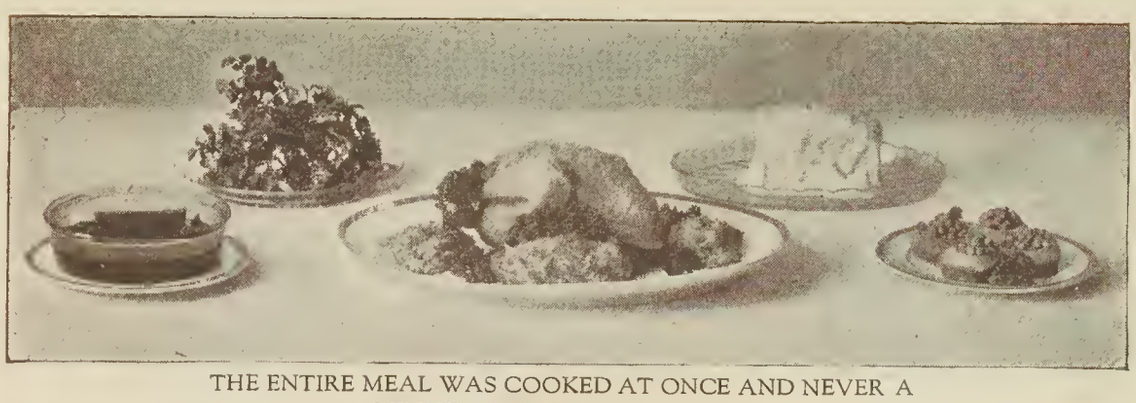
For delicious cakes which stay fresh longer.

For digestible and flaky pastry.

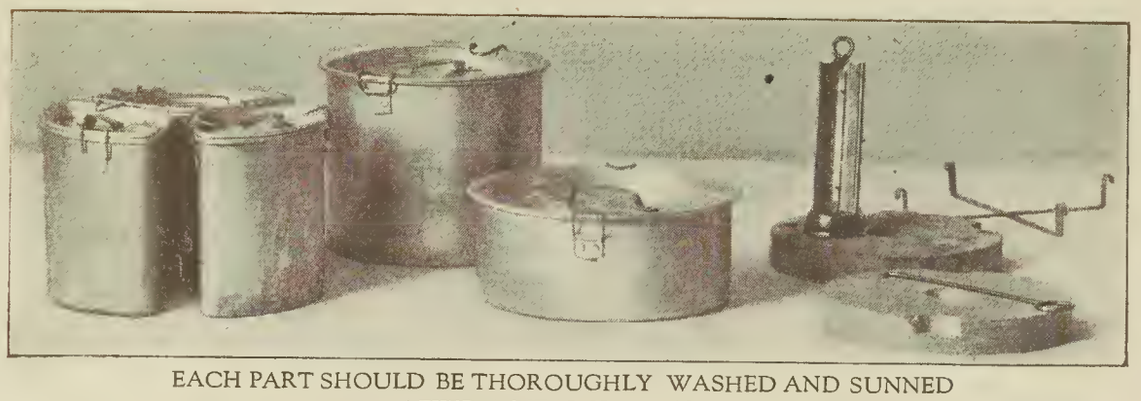
For crisp, digestible fried foods.



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THE ENTIRE MEAL WAS COOKED AT ONCE AND NEVER A MINUTE SPENT IN WATCHING



EACH PART SHOULD BE THOROUGHLY WASHED AND SUNNED AFTER A MEAL IS COOKED

COOKING THAT DOES NOT COOK THE COOK

How to get the best work from a fireless cooker

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

THE construction of the fireless cooker has been so perfected during the last ten or fifteen years that there is no longer any question of its worth. Two leading virtues have, perhaps, endeared it to the hearts of its users more than all the other good qualities. The first is that, once heated and closed, it keeps its heat within itself and does not cook the cook. The second is that it does its work without being watched, so that one may put the dinner into it in the morning and forsake the kitchen until serving time.

Where a gas, kerosene or electric stove is at hand to accomplish the first heating of the food and the radiators, the fireless cooker is a great saver of fuel as well as of heat in the kitchen. It has been considered possible to save from thirty to fifty cubic feet of gas in the preparation of such products as require at least three hours of cooking on the ordinary gas-stove. Through the use of triplicate or three-part utensils several foods may be cooked at the same time by the use of the same heated radiators.

The fireless cooker makes cheaper those nutritious foods that cost less—the tougher cuts of meats, cereals and legumes.

The long, slow cooking makes many foods more delicious and more digestible. Besides other merits the fireless cooker, when different members of the family must have meals at different hours, will keep the meal warm for the late comer; or if one has limited space on the gas or oil stove so that it is impossible to carry on all the cooking at one time, such things as sauces, vegetables and the like may be given to the fireless cooker to look after until meal-time. On the auto picnic the fireless cooker, filled with a complete dinner, may be taken along bodily and opened when dinner-time arrives. It is sometimes even used to keep an excess of ice from wasting or a supply of warm water at hand.

Before buying a fireless cooker be sure that it is of the size best suited to your uses. A cooker with both a small and a large compartment is satisfactory for the average family, as large dishes, such as ham or chicken, may be accommodated in one side while the triplicate utensils may contain vegetables, puddings and sauces in the other section. With a two-compartment cooker you can freeze a dessert in one side while a meal is cooking in the other.

In selecting a fireless cooker be sure that the insulation is perfect, that it is of durable construction and easy to clean, and that it is provided with a satisfactory vent valve.

Adequate equipment is essential. A selection of utensils to meet your needs—at least two radiators, a thermometer, baking-rack and lifting-hook—should be included in the outfit.

FOOD to be cooked in the fireless cooker must first be thoroughly heated. The fireless cooker will store this heat up and keep it at work for hours once it gets it within itself.

For the most satisfactory results, put a heated radiator beneath all foods to be cooked *except* dried or fresh fruits. These cook more satisfactorily without radiators, as the slower cooking is desired.

For baking or roasting always provide *two* heated radiators, one above and one beneath the food. The upper radiator may be used for stewing at the same time the baking is being carried on.

The proportion of moisture in ordinary recipes should be corrected when they are applied to fireless cooking, as there is no loss of moisture from evaporation as there is in stove cooking. In general from *one-sixth* to *one-fourth* less moisture is required. Experience with the recipe and materials used will soon become a safe guide.

Keep the fireless cooker and its equipment as convenient as possible to the stove where the initial heating of the food and the radiator is to take place. This prevents loss of heat in transferring them to the cooker.

The fireless cooker should be thoroughly washed, dried and if possible sunned after each use. It should *never be tightly closed* when *not* in use.

Aided by a time-table the average person will soon become successful in cooking everyday foods in the fireless cooker. Recipes are given illustrating each type of food preparation most successfully accomplished in the fireless cooker. It is adapted only to those foods requiring long, slow cooking.

Cereals such as rolled oats, cracked wheat, hominy and rice give excellent results when cooked in the fireless cooker. Cereals cooked overnight without a radiator may need a slight reheating before being served in the morning; with a radiator no reheating is necessary.

TIME-TABLE FOR USE WITH A FIRELESS COOKER

This table has been tested by experts in THE DELINEATOR'S Home-Makers' Department

WITH RADIATOR

Food	*Proportion of food to water*	*Minutes for boiling on the stove*	*Hours in the cooker on heated radiator*	** Temperature of radiator F.*
Cereals:				
Corn-meal	1 to 6	10	6 to 12	400°
Cracked wheat	1 to 5	10	8 to 12	400°
Hominy grits	1 to 5	10	6 to 12	400°
Macaroni	1 to 4	5	1	400°
Rice	1 to 4	5	1	400°
Rolled Oats	1 to 3	5	3 to 12	400°
Vegetables:				
Beans, dried (soaked and cooked in the same water)	1 to 4	5	6	450°
Beans, string	1 to 1	2	1	400°
Carrots (mature)	1 to 1	2	1	
Potatoes	1 to 1	2	1	450°
Meats:				
Beef, boiled		15	3	500°
Beef, pot-roast		30	4	500°
Chicken, stewed		30	3	500°
Ham, boiled (4 to 5 lbs.)		20	3	500°
Mutton, leg or shoulder, boiled		20	4	500°
Mutton stew		10	4	500°
Baking:				
Brown bread			2	450°
Baked puddings			1.	400°
Marmalade		5	4	400°
Cake — sponge, angel			1	375°
Pie—apple, pumpkin, custard, squash			1	450°

(Berry and other pies requiring short baking are not advised for the fireless cooker.)

*Roasts or baked products should be placed between two radiators both of which are heated to the same degree.

WITHOUT RADIATOR

Food	*Proportion of food to water*	*Minutes for boiling on the stove*	*Hours in the cooker without radiator*
Dried Fruits—Soaked and cooked in the same water:			
Apples	1 to 2	2	4 to 12
Apricots	1 to 2	2	4 to 12
Peaches	1 to 2	2	4 to 12
Prunes	1 to 2	5	4 to 12

LIMA-BEAN CASSEROLE

1 medium-sized onion
½ tablespoon fat
½ cup uncooked meat, diced
2 cups Lima beans
1 cup potatoes, diced
1 green pepper
1 cup tomato
Salt
Pepper
1 bay-leaf
Celery leaves or parsley, minced
Water

SLICE the onions and brown them in just enough fat to prevent burning. Add the meat, sear it, and add the other ingredients. Turn the mixture into a heated baking-dish. Add sufficient boiling water to show through the mixture but not to cover it. Place the mixture on a heated radiator in the fireless cooker for two hours.

CRACKED WHEAT

1 cup cracked wheat 6 cups water
Salt

SOAK the wheat overnight in the water. Boil the wheat in the water for five minutes on the stove. Place it in the fireless cooker on a heated radiator for 8 hours or overnight.

MOCK DUCK

PUT two pounds of beef from the lower part of the round through the meat-chopper. Season it well with salt and pepper. Flatten it into an oblong shape and spread it with potato stuffing. Fold it together, turn it into a baking-dish, place thin slices of salt pork over the top, and bake between heated radiators for one hour.

POTATO STUFFING

2 cups cold mashed potatoes
1 egg, beaten
1 small onion, finely minced
1 tablespoon butter
Pepper
1 stalk of celery, finely minced, or ½ teaspoon celery-salt
1 teaspoon salt

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING

5 cups scalded milk
⅓ cup Indian meal
½ cup molasses
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ginger

POUR the milk slowly on the meal. Cook the mixture in a double boiler for twenty minutes. Add the molasses, salt and ginger; pour the mixture into a buttered pudding-dish and bake it for three hours on a heated radiator. Serve it with cream. The ginger may be omitted.

BROWN-BREAD

1 cup Graham flour
½ cup bread flour
½ cup corn-meal
½ cup molasses
1¼ cup sour milk
¼ cup raisins or other dried fruit cut in bits
⅓ cup fat
½ teaspoon soda
3 teaspoons baking-powder
1 teaspoon salt

SIFT the dry ingredients together. Add the molasses, fat, and the sour milk. Beat the mixture well. Place one-half the batter in a greased bread-pan; scatter the fruit over the batter and cover it with the remainder of the batter. Bake in the fireless cooker for 1½ hour between heated radiators.

SPONGE-CAKE

½ cup sugar
½ cup water
3 eggs
½ cup flour
1 teaspoon baking-powder
¼ teaspoon salt
Flavoring

MIX the sugar and water and boil the mixture until it threads. Separate the egg-whites from the yolks. Pour the sirup over the well-beaten egg-whites; beat the mixture until cool and to this add the egg-yolks beaten until light. Sift the flour, baking-powder and salt together. Gradually fold the sifted dry ingredients into the egg mixture. Turn the mixture into a cake-tin, which has been greased and lined with paper, and bake the cake on a rack between two radiators in the fireless cooker for one hour. Turn the cake from the pan, and remove the paper. Tear the cake apart with a fork when ready to serve it.

APPLE-JUICE FOR JELLY

APPLES prepared for jelly in the fireless cooker usually yield three-fourths more juice than the same quantity of apples with the same proportion of water prepared in the ordinary kettle on the stove and a larger quantity of jelly results. The juice extracted in the fireless cooker, besides being greater in quantity, is better in color. Use any apples that will make good jelly.

Wash the apples. Remove the blossom ends and any spoiled or discolored portions. Cut in quarters and add water enough to cover. Bring the apples to the boiling-point on the stove and place them in the fireless cooker for two hours on a hot radiator. Remove the mixture and strain it through a jelly-bag.

CANNING

ONLY tender fruits with a high content of acid, such as raspberries, plums and peaches, may be canned in the fireless cooker. This method should never be used for vegetables or tough, non-acid fruits.

Prepare the fruit for canning, and pack it rather closely into clean jars which have been boiled for at least fifteen minutes. Adjust the rubbers and completely fill the jars with sirup. Adjust the hot covers and seal the jars immediately. Place the jars in the fireless-cooker kettle, which should be warmed previously to prevent the jars from breaking, and entirely cover them with boiling water. Cover the kettle at once, and set it away in the cooker overnight.

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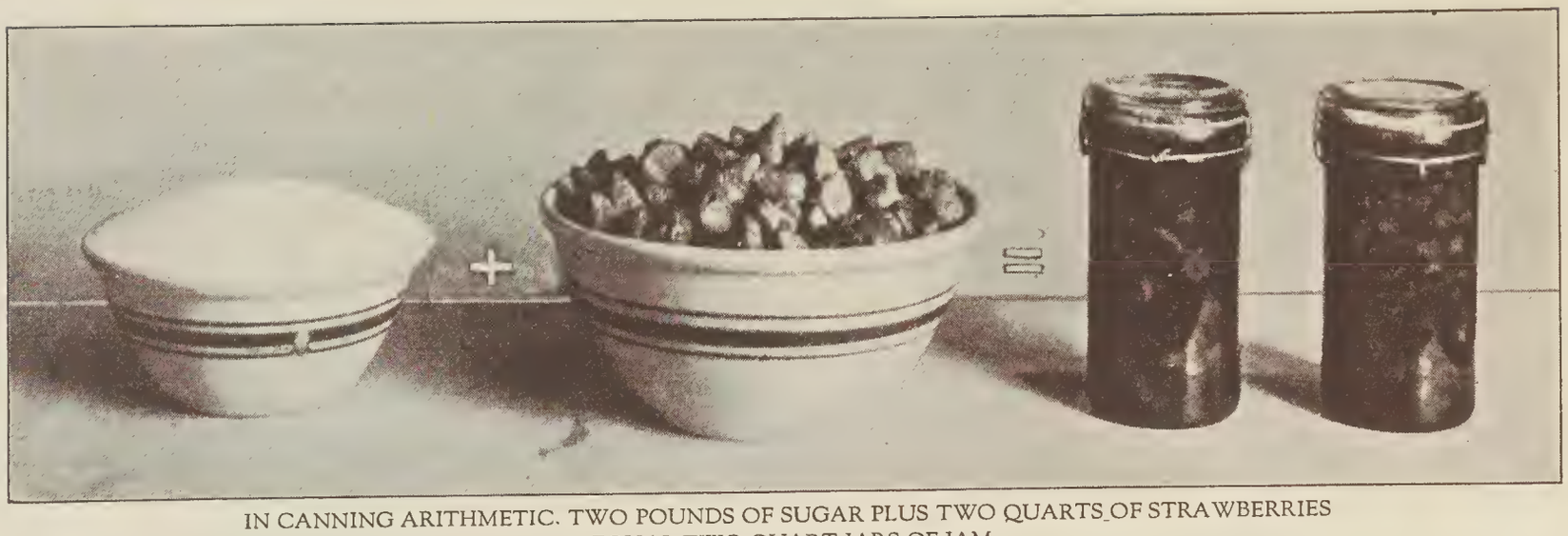
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BY HER FRUIT SHALL YE KNOW HER

By Winifred Moses

FOR canning and preserving select only freshly gathered, whole unblemished fruit, if a perfect product is desired. In using fruit that does not fulfil these requirements, but is too good to throw away, all blemished, broken or bruised parts must be rejected.

JAMS

BY USING the following combination, you can make the best jam—half of the fruit should be ripe to give color and flavor, and half of it slightly unripe to give a jellylike texture.

There are two methods that may be used in preparing jams. One is to wash the fruit and weigh it. Mash some of the fruit; add from three-fourths to an equal weight of sugar and cook until it is thick and clear. A second way is to wash the berries and weigh them; then crush them and add two-thirds as much sugar; and let them stand overnight. The mixture is cooked until it will not run when dropped on a cold dish or, if one uses a thermometer, to about 222 degrees Fahrenheit. It is then sealed in clean jars. In making jams, as in other methods of fruit preservation, finer flavor and color result when the fruit is cooked in small quantities.

BERRY JAM

2 pounds of raspberries, strawberries or blackberries — 1½ to 2 pounds sugar

CRUSH the fruit, add the sugar and boil until the mixture is thick and clear. Gooseberry jam is made as follows:

2 pounds gooseberries — 1 cup currant-juice, 1½ pound sugar

MELT the sugar in the currant-juice and bring it to the boiling-point. Add the gooseberries and cook until thick.

Another method is to cook the berries in the sirup for about three-quarters of an hour, let them stand overnight and skim out the fruit into jars. The sirup is boiled ten minutes and poured hot over the berries. The result is more like a preserve than a jam.

DAMSON PLUM JAM

2 pounds damson plums — 1½ pound sugar

REMOVE the seeds from the plums and weigh the fruit. Add the sugar and cook the mixture until it is thick and clear.

CONSERVES

A CONSERVE is made of a mixture of fruits with or without the addition of nuts or raisins or both. In making a conserve, wash, peel and dice larger fruit, such as apples, pears, peaches, or remove seeds from cherries; add from one-half as much to equal parts of sugar according to the acidity of the fruit, and cook until the mixture is thick and clear. When mild-flavored fruits, such as apples, peaches, carrots, cantaloupes and pears, are used in conserves, it is usual to add the juice and grated rind of one lemon to each quart of pulp. If fruits of acid flavor, such as sour cherries, gooseberries, currants or grapes, form part of the conserve, the lemon is omitted unless it is desirable to mask the acid flavor, as is sometimes the case when rhubarb is used. When the lemon or the orange used is sliced instead of being grated, slice the fruit very thin. A very sharp knife must be used and the cutting should begin at one end of the fruit instead of cutting it in two and starting from the middle. All seeds should be discarded, as they discolor and impart a bitter taste. If the sliced lemon or orange is used in the conserve, this fruit should be soaked overnight and then cooked in water until tender before adding it to the conserve.

RAISINS should be washed and steamed until they are plump before putting them into the mixture. When nuts are used, they should be added at the last and cooked only long enough to heat them through. Otherwise they may become discolored.

In making conserves, as in jams, it is important that the fruit be cooked rapidly to secure a rich clear color. An excellent conserve is made by combining equal parts of diced unpeeled red rhubarb and strawberries with three-fourths as much sugar. Cook until the mixture is thick and clear.

Equal parts of cherries and raspberries may be combined to make a conserve. The cherries should be cooked in water until the skins are tender before adding them to the raspberries. Three-fourths as much sugar as fruit is used.

Another delicious combination is that of sour cherries and currants. As the fruit is very sour, use equal parts of sugar and fruit. Some of the currants are crushed to obtain the juice. The fruit and sugar are then arranged in layers in a porcelain, agate or enamel kettle, the juice poured over the mixture and the whole left overnight. The fruit is then cooked.

PEACH CONSERVE

5 pounds peach-pulp, 4 cups water — 5 pounds sugar, Juice of 3 lemons

SCALD the peaches, dip them in cold water and remove the skins. Cut the peaches in thin slices; add the water and cook for one hour, or until the mixture is soft. Add the sugar and lemon-juice and cook another hour, stirring frequently. Pour it into clean jars and seal. Nut-meats may be added if desired.

BUTTERS

ANOTHER method of preserving fruit is to make a butter. For this only the pulp of the fruit is used. In making fruit butters, wash the fruit and remove all blemishes; cut up the fruit; add enough water to cover it and cook it until tender. Next put the mixture through a sieve; add two-thirds as much sugar as pulp and cook until the mixture is thick and clear. Seal it in hot clean jars. The pulp that is left after the juice had been extracted from fruits for jelly may be flavored by adding various spices or the juice and grated rind of lemons or oranges or combined with other fruit and made into butter.

The fruits that may be used for making butters are apples, plums, pears, peaches and grape-pulp, or combinations of these.

APPLE BUTTER

1 peck sour apples, 2 quarts sweet apples — Cider, Sugar, Spice

WASH, pare, core and weigh the apples. Add cider to three-fourths the depth of the apples in the kettle, cover and cook with occasional stirring until the apples are reduced to a pulp. Add sugar to half the weight of the apples before cooking and cinnamon to suit the taste. Cook until the mixture is the consistency of butter. During the latter part of the cooking the mixture requires constant stirring.

HONEYS

SOMETIMES fruit such as apples and quinces are grated or put through a food-chopper, flavored with lemons, and cooked in sugar sirup until the mixture is clear. This is known as honey. Honeys may also be made from carrots, or from the pulp left from apples, grapes or other fruit after the juice has been extracted for jellies. The pulp needs to be well seasoned with lemon-juice.

QUINCE HONEY

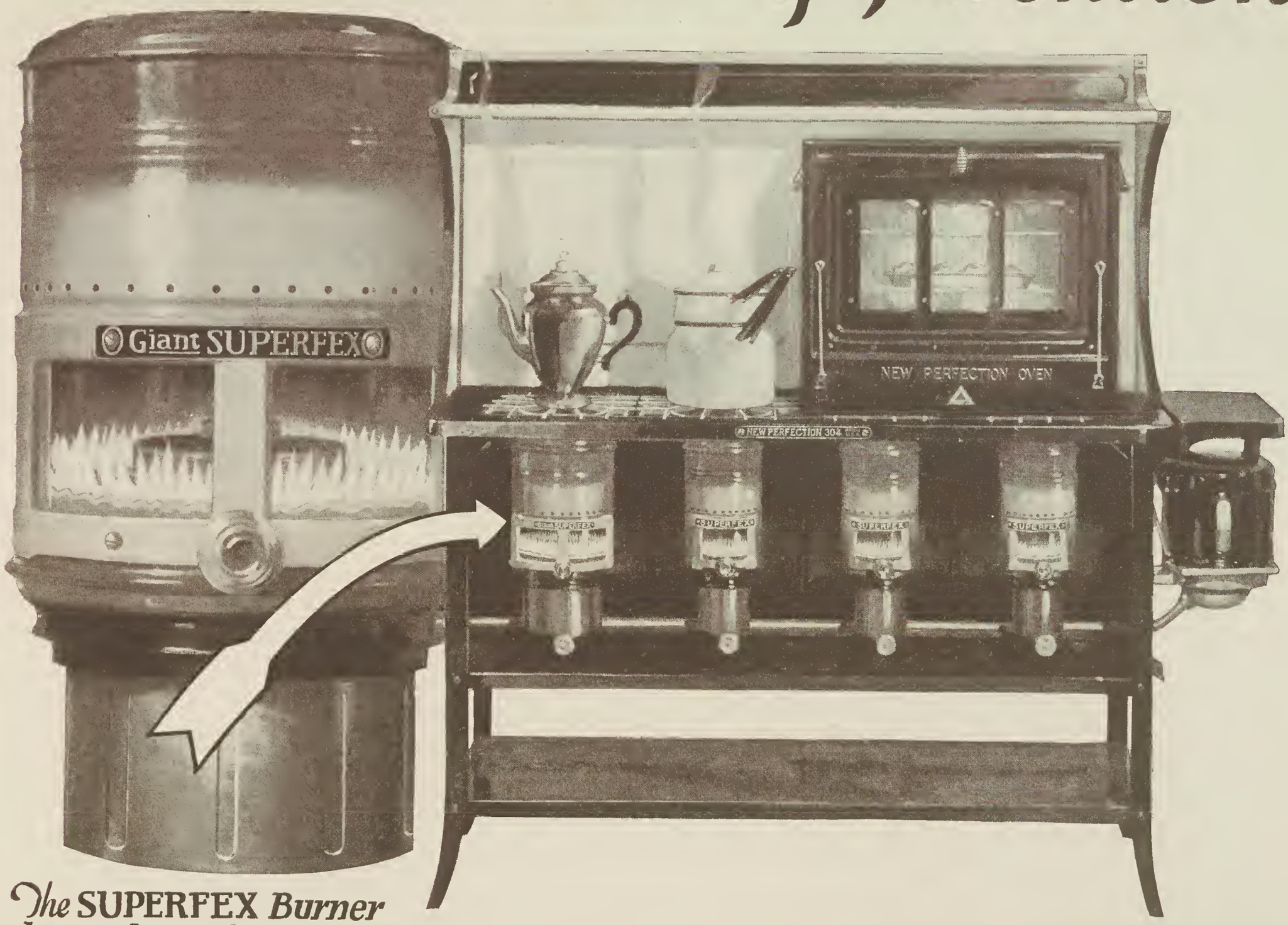
6 quinces, 3 pints water, Sugar — Juice and rind of 2 lemons

PARE the quinces and drop them into cold water. Cover the skins with boiling water, cook for one-half hour and drain. Grate the quinces and add the grated pulp to the water drained from the skins. Measure the pulp and liquid; add an equal amount of sugar, the grated rind and juice of lemons and boil twenty minutes.



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TEN MILES FROM A LEMON!

By Flora Rose

Too often campers come home with indigestion instead of the expected health. This article, by a nutrition expert, tells how she and a group of fellow workers have solved the food problem in their own wilderness camp. If you want camp recipes, send a self-addressed envelope to the Home-Makers' Department

TEN miles from a lemon and no way to reach it except by boat! Was it wise for us, a vegetable-eating, milk-drinking group, to purchase for a permanent camp for Summer vacations a place far from fresh fruits and vegetables and where cows were a minus quantity? Good fresh meat was also scarce and had to be brought "sight unseen." On the other hand, we could get from the village two or three times a week an abundance of fair eggs and butter and good staples and canned goods. The climate was perfect, the view unsurpassed, the spot itself entrancing. We decided to try it, and the loveliest camp in the world, sans garden, sans cow, became ours.

Among ourselves we made the compact that neither distance nor difficulty should interfere with our plans to secure what we believed to be right in the way of food. The Summer vacation was the time we depended upon to build up a store of vitality for the hard Winter's work. We could not afford to gamble with a faulty food supply. Three things we decided must always have their daily place in our family dietary—fresh vegetables, fresh fruits and abundant milk.

FOR fresh vegetables we made an arrangement sometimes with our home-town grocer, sometimes with a local vegetable gardener, to send us by parcel post, insured, carefully packed corrugated pasteboard boxes or small-sized peach-baskets filled with the vegetables of our choice. Only those vegetables were chosen which would transport well, which were generally liked by the whole group and which best supplemented a necessarily limited camp dietary. Always head lettuce; string-beans or peas when in season; at least a few carrots; frequently cabbage, young onions and cucumbers; occasionally some turnips or beets; green corn when we could find some one who knew how to pick it in the right condition for shipping. As long as tomatoes were in season, one generous boxful of these was mailed each week. In spite of discouraging reports of friends concerning the poor packing quality of lettuce and tomatoes, they arrived with few exceptions in excellent condition even after a two or three days' journey. Perhaps this was because we demonstrated to the sender the way we desired to have these packed. All vegetables should be fresh and young. They should be packed well nested in crumpled newspaper. The boxes or baskets should be completely filled and firmly secured with plenty of paper and string. Only those tomatoes which had begun to redden or which had not yet reached the deep-red stage and which were free from blemishes and cracks should be sent to us. Crumpled newspapers were laid in the bottom of the basket or corrugated pasteboard box in which the tomatoes were to be sent. Each tomato was wrapped in newspaper and nested in the crumpled paper and more paper was crushed and pressed firmly between the individual tomatoes and the layers.

The fresh vegetables which most of us accept as a matter of course became more desirable to us than precious stones. Carrots were as valuable as fourteen-carat gold.

FRESH fruit was difficult to send in. It was often greatly diminished by the hands through which it passed before reaching us. We therefore reduced the fruit to a minimum. Oranges, a box at a time, were bought and dealt out one a day to each person for health's sake. For other fruit we relied on dried or canned fruit or on the jams, marmalades and preserves which we had brought in with us. Occasionally a small basket of Summer apples or a few apples packed in the vegetable basket provided apple fritters.

The milk problem was not as easy to solve. We were resolved that each of us should get the daily pint of milk that every adult needs, yet fresh milk was entirely out of the question. The final decision was to plan that the equivalent of a pint of fresh milk a day in canned or powdered form for each person would be cooked into the food or used with beverages. With this in mind we laid in a supply of canned and dried milk.

One way we partly solved this milk problem added somewhat to our camp duties but gave so much satisfaction we have always kept it up. We make our own bread and by using milk powder are able to add three to four times as much milk as with the loaf made from fresh milk. In this way two birds are killed with one stone, for we buy whole-wheat flour and thus improve the camp dietary still further. A nutty, sweet-flavored, highly nutritious loaf of bread results. Its only fault is that it vanishes all too rapidly.

FOR the morning coffee we use either canned milk or milk powder of treble or quadruple strength so that the beverage we have will contain as much milk as an equivalent amount of fresh milk. It is simple enough for those who drink cocoa. If we feel that we have not used enough milk, we make an extra cup of tea or coffee with milk, or cocoa.

During the year various members of the group unite to prepare a supply of canned chicken and beef. These meats we have found to be the two which are most generally useful. They are canned in the pressure cooker; a few one-half pint cans, a great many pint cans and a few quart cans.

We make an abundant supply of jams, marmalades and preserves. Experience has shown us that besides the old favorites like strawberry and raspberry jam those most liked in a fruit-scarce diet are the ones which have a decidedly tart flavor. For the cake-lovers we make a supply of hermits. These we pack in big tin cracker-boxes and ship to the camp. The meat and preserves we send in a barrel. Even the question of the lemon was solved, for we had shipped to us a case of lemon powder.

Most of the food is cooked in kettles swung before an open fire in an out-of-doors fireplace or roasted in an old Dutch oven or an earthen bean pot buried in the ashes, or sautéd in a big iron skillet on an iron rack over the fire. Occasional use is made of the two-burner kerosene stove. Ordinarily all the bread is baked that way.

OUR cooking problem is on the whole very simple. In the morning we assemble on a bench in front of the big open fireplace bread and butter, bacon and eggs and marmalade, coffee, cocoa, milk and sugar, and the utensils each one will need to prepare his own food and to eat it. We gather gradually, and as each person arrives he makes his own breakfast.

For the main meal of the day, which comes at noon or night according to the day's plans, we planned meals similar to the following:

1. Baked beans with corn dodgers, cole-slaw and jam.
2. A stew made from one of our cans of beef and a variety of vegetables—carrots, turnips if there were any, onions, potatoes and sometimes cabbage—bread and butter, cocoa, hermits and canned fruit.
3. Creamed codfish or creamed chipped beef, boiled potatoes, sliced onions on lettuce leaf or occasionally sliced oranges on lettuce leaf, jam and bread.
4. A big pot of macaroni and cheese, a salad made of lettuce and cabbage or lettuce and tomato or lettuce and cucumber, bread and butter, jam.
5. Baked hash, potatoes, stewed tomatoes, bread pudding.

The third meal of the day was always comparatively simple. When we wished a decided treat and had accumulated enough bacon fat, we had apple fritters with sirup and cocoa or pineapple fritters with sirup and cocoa. Often we had flapjacks with maple-sirup, cocoa and canned fruit; or bacon and eggs with bread and butter, a salad or cole-slaw. More often than any of these other meals, however, we gathered on a large tray the "makin's" of a sandwich. We made a big pot of cocoa and brought out a jar of jam. For the sandwiches we had bread, butter, lettuce, salad dressing, peanut butter, onions, tomatoes and cheese.

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This exact record of how the expert works is your Deltor.

You start your dress like a professional. You select the materials for your dress from a list of those the expert dressmaker considers best suited to the lines of the model you have chosen. (A model designed for a taffeta might entirely lose its lines if made up in silk crêpe.)

You lay your pattern quickly and so cleverly that you do not waste an inch of material, by following the Deltor cutting layout. There is a cutting layout for each view of the pattern in every size, laid on every suitable width of material. All you have to do is select the layout that meets your needs, pin and cut accordingly. These layouts are made by men who specialize in cutting. They save you time and bother and sometimes as much as 1⅜ yard on a single garment.

Your dress almost seems to put itself together, you work so swiftly and surely, following the Deltor pictures of just what the expert did. Neither time nor patience is lost by having to experiment and rip. You handle the putting together like a professional,



Design 3758

Design 3726

Design 3726. *The cascade tunics that make this frock so graceful, and the girdle of fabric flowers are the simplest things to accomplish when you have the Deltor.*

Design 3758. *Two fabrics emphasize the long body. Every detail of this frock is explained in the Deltor, so that even the most inexperienced sewer can make it successfully.*



Design 3722. *The fabric trimming and the leg-o'-mutton sleeve mark this dress as new. The Deltor will show you exactly how to make it, trimming and all.*

BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR

and by doing so, give your dress the lines and style of the original model.

When you come to the finishing of your dress—usually the hardest part for most women—you know exactly how the expert handled each point. You just follow along, stitch by stitch, and when you are done, your dress has that delightful perfection you have loved in expensive frocks.

Dressmaking is simpler now than you ever believed possible

Never again need you hesitate and then regretfully relinquish some new fashion feature because you "didn't dare attempt it." And hate your dress always because it lacked it! No matter what it is, from a clever bit of fabric trimming for an afternoon frock to a cape for a kasha street costume—you know that the Deltor will show you exactly how to handle it with all the success of a professional.

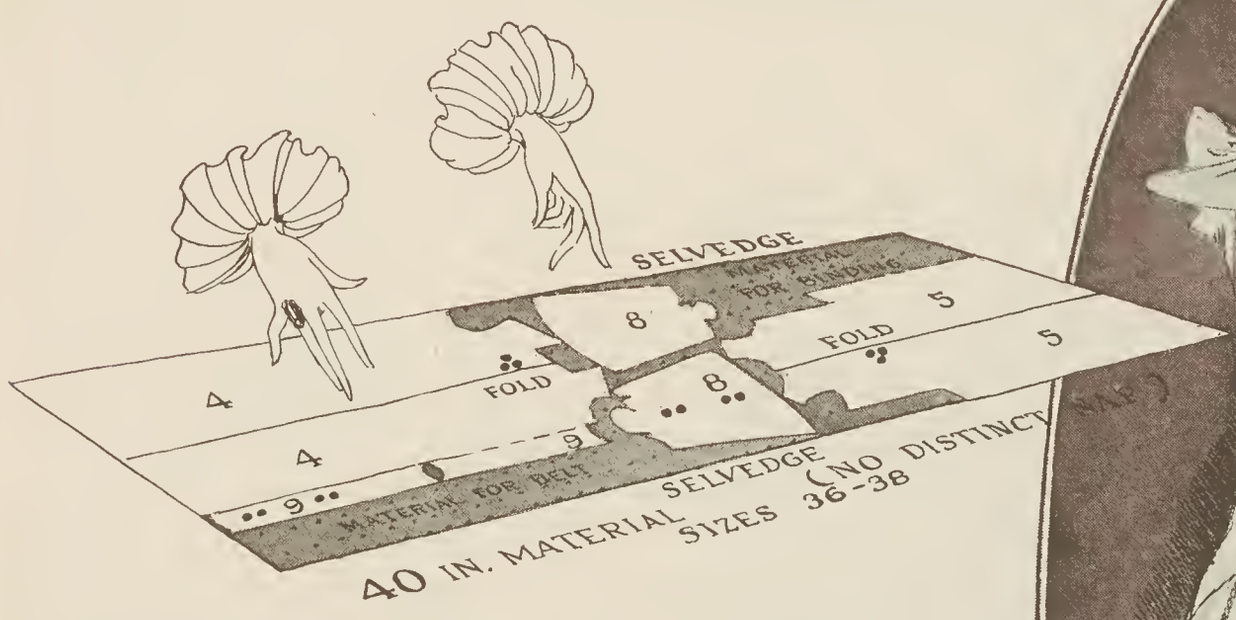
Every bit of the Deltor applies specifically to just that garment on which you are working—it is really a complete illustrated dressmaking course for that particular garment.

When you buy a Butterick Pattern you will find its Deltor in the envelope. Every new Butterick Pattern (30c to 50c) now gives you this complete service. It is the greatest dressmaking help to women since the paper pattern itself.

Butterick, New York, Paris, London.



Design 3746. *A frock such as this, with a hat to match, is invaluable for Summer. The Deltor makes it practical to have three or four, making them is so simple.*





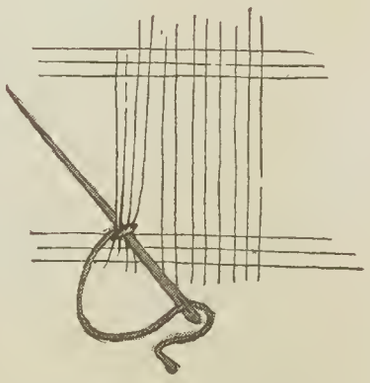
Design 3750. *This dress with its hand-hemstitching is exquisite for Summer wear. The Deltor shows you that the fashionable hand-hemstitching is very easy after all.*

You will be amazed at the material you save

A cutting layout that exactly meets your needs—for the view you have chosen in your size, laid on the very width material you are using!

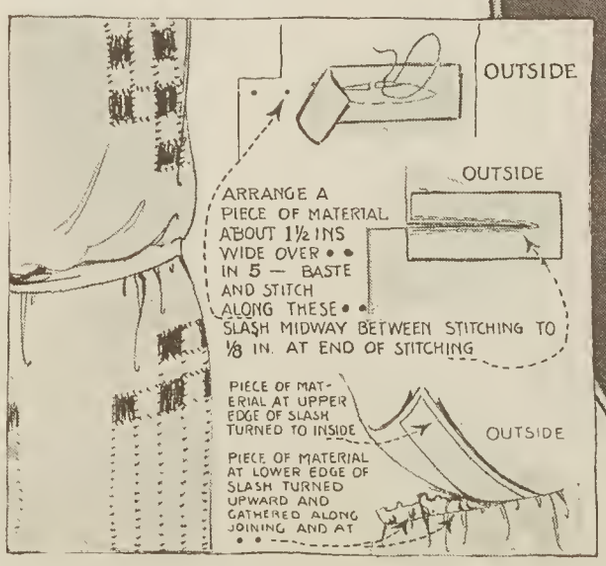
It saves you from ¼ to 1⅜ yard material on every garment you make.

Women who have sewed all their lives say they never cut so economically before. That is because the Deltor cutting layouts are made by men who specialize in cutting. Not one person in a thousand, however talented, has their experience. You cut with their expert knowledge when you have the Deltor.



French finish

The delightful finish of imported frocks is half their charm. It gives what the French call the "bloom" to a dress. The Deltor shows you exactly how to give this French delicacy of finish to the dress you are making. Everything is made simple and easy for you, and your dress, when done, has a truly professional air.



You sew swiftly and surely

Putting your dress together is no task at all, when you have the Deltor pictures and directions. You know just the professional way of working the expert uses. It goes swiftly and easily, and you know that with every stitch you are creating exactly the lovely ilnes of the original model.

The pattern that pays for itself in material saved



Meat for your children

Millions of children are eating Swift's meat every day.

This means that a great responsibility rests on us.

Do you realize what we do to keep it clean—to make sure that it is pure and wholesome?

In the first place, before the animals are brought into the plant to be dressed, every appliance is drenched and sluiced with hot water and steam, and every room into which the meat will be taken is scrupulously cleaned.

Before the workmen come onto the floors, they change to outer clothing worn only in the plant and washed in the plant laundry.

The animals are closely examined by United States government inspectors, to make certain that they are sound.

Throughout the operations that follow, there is an abundance of fresh, clean water. "Fountain brushes," with a continuous flow of water between their bristles, are used freely.

The meat is placed in clean, sweet coolers, after government employes have again inspected it carefully.

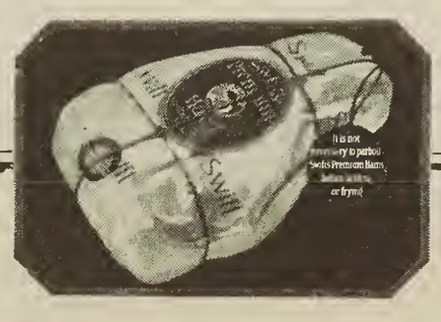
The refrigerator cars in which the meat is shipped are always scoured with scalding water before they are iced and loaded.

Whenever you see Swift & Company meat—"Premium" Ham, "Premium" Bacon, "Premium" Frankfurts, fresh cuts—think of all these precautions that have been taken to keep it pure and sweet for your children and for yourselves.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 45,000 shareholders





WHEN THE CREAM SOURS

By Jessie A. Boys

Mrs. Boys's sour-cream recipes are so delicious that they tempt one to set the cream in the hot sun instead of trying to keep it sweet in the ice-chest. Sour cream makes as dainty and appetizing dishes as sweet cream. Each of the following recipes has been thoroughly tested and is approved by the Home-Maker's Department

IS IT a calamity? It surely is if you have invited guests to dinner and have planned to use the cream for coffee or to whip for dessert. If it is only slightly soured—or just turned—it can be treated with a tiny bit of baking-soda and so "save the day."

If the cream sours when no guests are imminent, it may be an opportunity for you to treat the family to a new sensation. Just as many things can be done with sour as with sweet cream and the effect is quite different. There is place for it in the menu from soup to dessert and even sweets. The usual ways of using sour cream are, of course, biscuits, waffles, griddle-cakes, doughnuts, gingerbread, cake, etc. But these are only a few of the uses. The suggestions and recipes given here are the more unusual ways, or by-ways of sour-cream usage.

IN SOUP

ONE or two tablespoons of freshly soured but thick cream added to the soup—chicken, beef, tomato or beet—gives an indescribably different flavor. While sweet cream adds richness and smoothness, the sour produces, besides richness, a "zip" not obtainable by any other means.

ROAST VEAL OR CHICKEN

WHEN the roast or chicken has been well browned in the oven, pour a cup of thick sour cream over it, and baste frequently with the resulting liquid in the pan.

STEAKS WITH SOUR-CREAM SAUCE

1 cup sour cream
2 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon onion-juice
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
¼ cup dried mushrooms

MIX dry ingredients and make a smooth paste with one-half cup cold water. Add the cream which has been heated and cook slowly till thickened. Add mushrooms which have been thoroughly soaked and cook till they are tender. Add onion-juice and stir thoroughly. (The mushrooms may be omitted.)

Cut the steak into serving pieces and sear. Put into a baking-dish and pour the pan gravy over. Add the sauce, cover and bake in a slow oven till the steaks are done. This sauce can be used with Hamburg balls or with fish.

CESIRKE PAPRIKOS (HUNGARIAN CHICKEN FRICASSEE)

CHOP one onion and fry in fat till yellowed. Add enough paprika to give it a pink color. Cut up a chicken in serving pieces and fry in the same pan till golden brown. Add one or two cups of water with two tablespoons chopped parsley and let simmer till chicken is tender. Salt to taste. Serve on a platter with "galuska," sprinkled with chopped parsley, around the edge and pour hot sour cream seasoned with salt and paprika over the chicken.

GALUSKA

BEAT one egg well, add one-quarter cup water, one-eighth teaspoon salt and flour to make a stiff drop batter. Drop from a spoon into boiling water and cook about ten minutes.

BAKED EGG

INTO a buttered ramekin break a fresh egg. Sprinkle with salt, paprika and grated cheese. Place a tablespoon of sour cream over and bake till the egg-white is set.

BAKED HALIBUT

INTO a greased baking-dish put a slice of halibut. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and paprika. Over this pour one-quarter cup sour cream. Bake in a moderate oven till the fish is done.

SCALLOPED POTATO AND ONIONS

INTO a baking-dish put alternate layers of raw sliced potato and onion, sprinkling each layer with salt, pepper, paprika and finely chopped parsley. Pour sour cream over to almost cover. Cover the dish and bake in a hot oven till the potatoes and onions are done.

IN MASHED POTATOES

USE hot sour cream in mashed potatoes instead of milk.

DRESSING FOR BOILED CABBAGE

HEAT one-half cup sour cream and season with one-eighth teaspoon salt and one-eighth teaspoon paprika. Pour over hot boiled cabbage or cauliflower.

DRESSING FOR PINEAPPLE SALAD

COOK one egg-yolk with one teaspoon of lemon-juice over hot water till slightly thickened, stirring continually. Cool; season highly with salt, paprika and tabasco. Beat one-quarter cup sour cream till very thick, fold in the above mixture with one-quarter cup finely grated cheese. Chill. Heap on slices of pineapple placed on lettuce.

CAKE FROSTING

1 cup sour cream
1 cup sugar
1 cup nut-meats

PUT the cream and sugar into a saucepan and stir until the sugar is dissolved; bring slowly to the boiling-point. Wash down the sides of the saucepan, add the nuts and boil to the firm-ball stage. Remove from the fire and beat to a consistency that can be spread easily.

SOUR-CREAM CARAMELS

1 pound brown sugar
1 cup thick sour cream

PUT into a saucepan and bring slowly to the boiling-point. Wash down the sides of the pan and boil to 248 degrees Fahrenheit. Pour into a buttered pan and when cooled cut into squares and wrap each in paraffined paper.

New Colgate washbowl flakes





Finest Fabrics Safely Washed in FAB



YOU NEED NOT EXPERIMENT with your dainty silks and woolens.

All the experimenting has been done.

FAB was analyzed and tested in the laboratories of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, and pronounced a superior soap-flake, safe for *any* fabric.

Send for the story of the Carnegie Institute investigation of soap-flakes—a helpful booklet about fine washing.

COLGATE & CO. Dept. 53, 199 Fulton St. NEW YORK

If your dealer does not sell FAB, he can easily get it for you.

SAFELY WASHES FINE FABRICS

Windsor Crêpe





Needs no ironing

As soon as Windsor Crêpe garments dry after laundering, they are like new—fresh and ready to wear. You never iron Windsor Crêpe.

Think what a convenience this is, not only when traveling, but all the time—and what an economy.

Nightgowns, underwear, dressing-sacques, and dresses of Windsor Crêpe are soft, airy, and always dainty. The full, even crinkle and delicate coloring distinguish Windsor Crêpe from all other cotton fabrics.

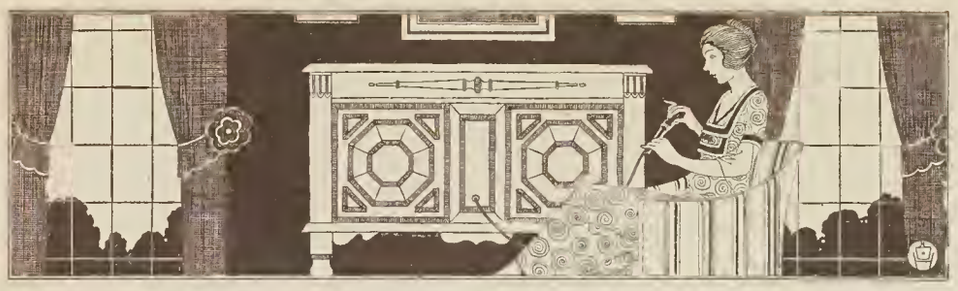
Nearly every good store has Windsor Crêpe, both by the yard and in ready-made garments. You can choose from a variety of plain shades (such as the popular coral and the maize shown at the top of this page), white, and exquisite small patterns.

Always ask for Windsor Crepe by name and remember that the Windsor Crêpe label in a garment is assurance of fine workmanship as well as fine fabric.

Insist on this label in ready-made garments

MADE OF
Windsor Crêpe
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WINDSOR PRINT WORKS DIVISION
CONSOLIDATED TEXTILE CORPORATION
Also Makers of Costume Crêpe, Japaneen Crêpe and Other Fine Cotton Fabrics
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CHOOSING THE NEW RECORD

By Horace Johnson

IF YOU WANT more information about the records mentioned in this article or about records suitable for some particular recreational or educational need, Mr. Johnson will be glad to send it to you on receipt of a request accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope directed to him in care of THE DELINEATOR

AS ALL may know, "The Star-Spangled Banner" was written in August, 1814, by Francis Scott Key, a young Baltimore lawyer, to commemorate the successfully repulsed attack made upon Fort McHenry by the British. Mr. Key was a dilettante poet, and it is interesting to note that this lyric of patriotic inspiration is the single example of any poetical work of value he produced. At the time it was written Mr. Key had no thought of a musical setting, and it was only when Judge Nicholson, a personal friend of Key, noticed that the meter of "The Star-Spangled Banner" was well adapted for the tune of the old English drinking-song "Anacreon in Heaven," written by John Stafford Smith, about 1750, that Key's verses were sung.

Among the many reproductions of the national anthem published by all companies are two unusually fine records—the records of Paul Althouse and Louis Graveure. The Althouse disk depicts with clarity all the patriotic fervor necessary for accurate interpretation. Mr. Althouse's top tones are free and colorful, and his diction is perfectly formed.

Mr. Graveure's record of "The Star-Spangled Banner" is backed by an equally splendid reproduction of "America." Indeed, the interpretation of the four verses Mr. Graveure has given is unsurpassed by any other record I have heard.

The air of "America," commonly supposed to be of English derivation, is an old German choral. It was while working on the translations of a collection of German songs given him by Lowell Mason, that Samuel Francis Smith, then a divinity student at Andover, became inspired to write his famous poem in February, 1832. He discovered afterward that the air of what he believed to be a little-known German choral was the melody of the English hymn. "America" was first sung at a celebration at the Park Street Church, Boston, on July 4, 1832.

THERE are many hymns expressive of love of our country. But there is none more devotional than Katharine Lee Bates' "America the Beautiful." The Victor Military Band has made an excellent record of this hymn which can be used for community singing. The inner melodies are strongly accentuated so that they can be followed easily and give assistance to part-singers.

Victor Herbert's "American Fantasie" is a potpourri of American patriotic airs arranged for full orchestra or band. It includes "Hail Columbia," "Swanee River," "Yankee Doodle," "Dixie" and "The Red, White and Blue." The New York Police Band has made a most attractive reproduction of this fantasy. It is divided in two parts and, placed on opposite sides of the same disk, creates martial atmosphere with intensity, building to a stirring climax with "The Star-Spangled Banner" played *forte* and with elaborate decorations upon the theme. The record is a fine example of band impression and worthy of your attention.

Of the same type is the "American Patrol" which the New York Military Band has reenacted. It depicts a band on the march. As it comes near and passes with fife and drum sounding it plays "The Red, White and Blue," then dies away in the distance with the faintly heard melody of "Yankee Doodle." The New York Military Band has accomplished a noteworthy achievement with this disk.

The one song which will remain ever dear to the hearts of men who fought in the World War is "Madelon." Though it is typically French in every particular, "Madelon" was adopted by all our men in France and, joined with "A Hot Time in the Old Town," came to be a marching song of all the troops. There are several excellent disks published of "Madelon," but the best of these is the vocal record Amparito Farrar has made. She expresses in clear singing tones the carefree exultation which permeates this gay French tune.

A VOCAL record of merit is the reproduction May Peterson has made of "Dixie" assisted by the Shannon Four. She has caught the true spirit of this famous Southern war-song in perfect manner. An interlude, in which fife and drums are used with good effect, helps the interest of the reproduction.

For final mention of patriotic music, I wish to call to your attention a pianistic reproduction roll made by Edna Bentz and Frank Banta entitled "America Abroad." It is a stirring march, with a suggestion of true negroid syncopation dexterously inserted. Although it is florid and heavily ornamented with elaborate arpeggios. withal it maintains dignity and martial aspect.

There are many publications on the recent monthly bulletins of the phonograph companies which afford real pleasure. First and foremost of these is a new record of Jeanne Gordon, the Metropolitan Opera artist. This is the familiar aria from "Mignon"—"*Connais-tu le pays?*" (Knowest Thou the Land?) Without exception this record is the finest reproduction of Mme. Gordon's consummate artistry. Her tones have registered with purity and surety and, coupled with clean enunciation of perfect French, this disk deserves everything good that can be said of it.

Efrem Zimbalist contributes a violin record of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" to his list of publications. He plays with even, melodious tone and careful shading; though this melody has become so popular during the past twenty-five years that it seems hackneyed whenever it is played, Mr. Zimbalist has accomplished a disk of exceeding merit which rings a pure metal of enjoyment and has no alloy.

Another of Ernest Hare's distinctive records appears on the monthly bulletin of one of the phonograph companies. This is an interpretation of "Kentucky Babe," a lullaby purely of the Southern negro. It embodies all charm and fascination, and Mr. Hare has admirably caught the spirit which it expresses.

Then there is also the record which Florence Easton has made of "Song of the Shepherd Lehl" from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Snow Maiden," which has been one of the novelties of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House. The aria is a Russian folk-song, primitive and barbaric in notation. Mme. Easton's flute-like voice has registered with warmth and clarity.

Of the new popular records there are several which are particularly attractive. Joseph Smith's Orchestra plays "Lola Lo," a new fox-trot, in which the theme of Tschaikowsky's "Andante Cantabile" has been incorporated; Isham Jones' Orchestra delights dance enthusiasts with "After the Rain," which embodies, among other novelties, a snatch of the Prolog from Pagliacci; Al Jolson appears with a new comic song, "Oogie Oogie Wawa," a nonsensical tune, ludicrously funny, and chants a ridiculous lyric which is nothing but a string of words.



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Cleans Teeth the Right Way

"Washes" and Polishes—
Doesn't Scratch or Scour

DO YOU clean your hands by scraping them with sand? Savages used to. But civilization substituted soap. As the early savage cleaned his hands, you can take a gritty, soapless dentifrice and *scrape* clean the delicate enamel of your teeth. How much safer is the civilized method.

COLGATE'S *is the Double Action Dentifrice*
(1) Loosens Clinging Particles; (2) Washes Them Away

Sensible in Theory. Healthy saliva is practically neutral, sometimes slightly alkaline. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is practically neutral, mildly alkaline, and cleanses without disturbing the right mouth conditions. Avoid dentifrices that are strongly alkaline or appreciably acid.

Correct in Practice. Today scientific dentists know that a dentifrice should do only one thing—clean teeth thoroughly. Colgate's makes no false claims for any other virtue, but it does possess this one in a higher degree than any other kind of dentifrice.

COLGATE & CO. *Est. 1806* NEW YORK

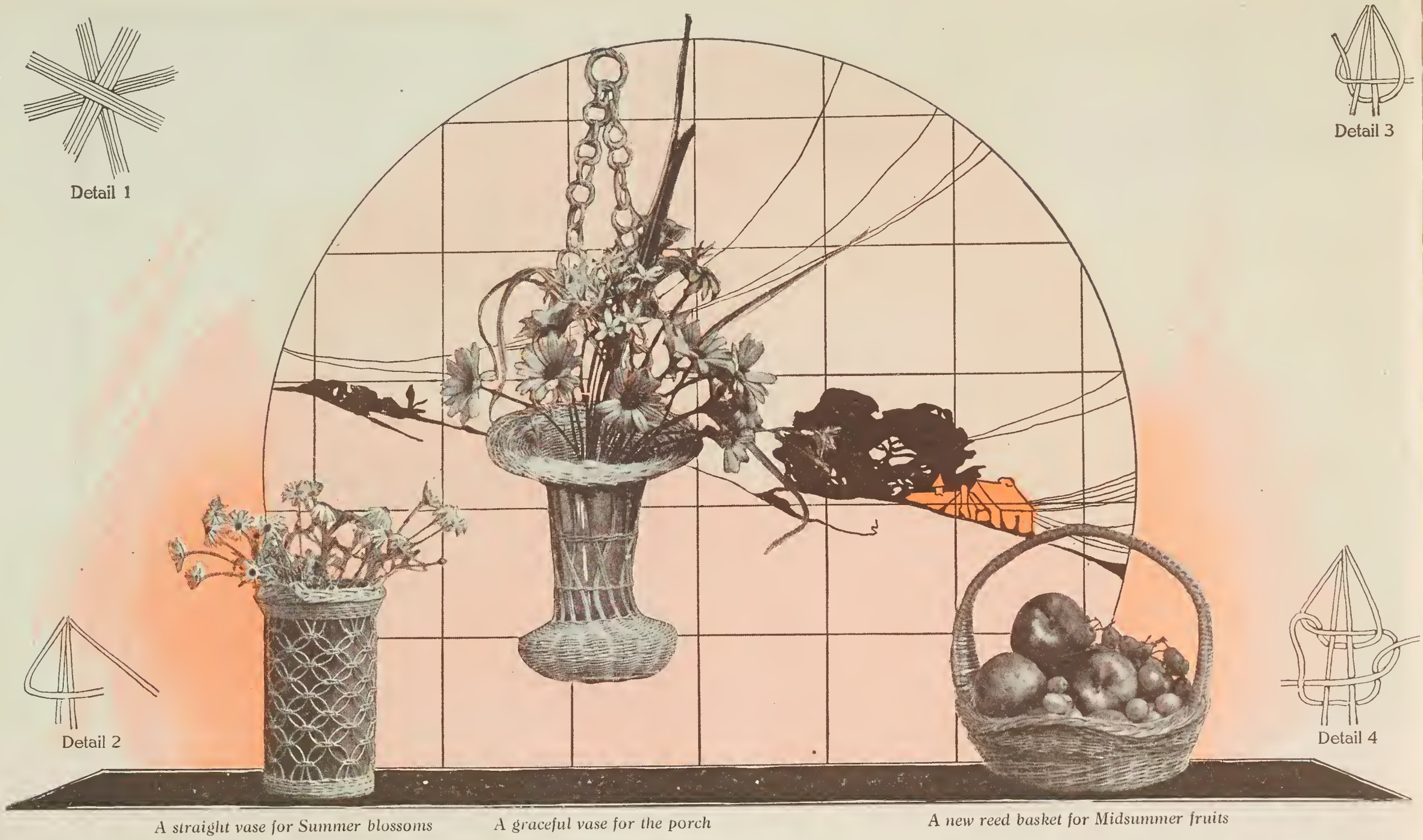


Colgate's cleans teeth thoroughly—no dentifrice does more. A LARGE tube costs 25 cents—why pay more?

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture

Detail 1

Detail 3



Detail 2

Detail 4

A straight vase for Summer blossoms *A graceful vase for the porch* *A new reed basket for Midsummer fruits*

WICKER THOUGHTS FOR THE OPEN-AIR ROOM

JULY'S the blooming month for houses, a time when staid Colonial mansions warily pull down long green shades to hide the gay abandon of their verandas, when love cottages spill out some of their light-heartedness in vivid cretonnes on flower-filled piazzas, a month when every house that is "a home" shows a pleasant porch to passers-by. Home-lovers display their choicest flowers in wicker vases on its walls and garden fruits in reed baskets stand temptingly about.

HANGING FLOWER-BASKET

MATERIAL required—16 spokes, No. 2 rattan 40 inches long, about 8 weavers No. 1 rattan.

Separate into groups of four each.

First—Find the center of each group and hold first group in a horizontal position.

Second—Lay second group, vertically, back of first group.

Third—Group three crosses diagonally back of verticals from right to left.

Fourth—Group four is placed back of third group, crossing from left to right diagonally. (See detail 1.) Insert a weaver of No. 1 rattan back of lower left diagonal group and wind with an over-and-under weave four times. Separate spokes into groups of twos. Continue over and under weave four times. Insert another weaver and pair around four times. Hold both weavers together for Japanese weave around four times. Continue pairing until base measures five-and-a-half inches and shaped like a bowl. Make a pairing-rod arrow; then continue pairing, curving spokes gradually toward the center for two inches. At this point put in a bell-shaped glass and tie in securely as possible with a two-rod arrow. Shape as in illustration. Hold the spokes upright. At one and a fourth inch above the arrow point, pair around each group of two spokes. Hold spokes perpendicular and close to glass. Weave around once and lock weavers. Open work. Cross the spokes, each left group crossing the next to right under it. Tie securely one and one-quarter inch above with two rows of pairing locked. One and one-quarter inch above hold spokes straight up on a line with the base perpendicular spokes. Continue pairing to the top of glass.

Then begin weaving from the top, holding six spokes perpendicular with next two spokes on either side curved slightly. The remaining six spokes curve downward. Pair for six rows, then separate and pair four more rows. Insert the Japanese weave with double weavers and make four complete circuits of top. Two more rows of pairing complete the top.

BORDER—Take each spoke in succession to the right back of next spoke in front of two and back of next.

CHAINS—Cut 36 pieces of No. 2 rattan six and one-half inches long. One piece eleven inches long. The first link is made by making a circle about one-half inch in diameter. Wind the ends to left and right through circle until circuit is complete. (Rattan is double around circle.) Fasten each succeeding link through the last one. There are 18 links in each chain. The first link of one chain is fastened around a group of spokes on cuff of basket and the end link of other chain is fastened in similar manner on opposite side. The links of chain are fastened together at the top by the larger link.

JAR WITH STRAIGHT SIDES COVERED WITH SOLOMON'S KNOTS

MATERIALS—Green jar with straight sides. 16 base spokes 56 inches long, No. 2 rattan. 32 side spokes 26 inches long, No. 2 rattan. 6 weavers, No. 2 rattan.

Rattan may be of natural color or dyed a darker shade of green than jar.

Divide base spokes into four groups of four spokes each.

Place the first group horizontally on flat surface. Second group vertically back of first group so that the two bisect each other.

Third group crosses diagonally back of the first and second groups with its upper division at the right of the vertical group. Fourth group crosses diagonally back of the three groups with its upper end at left of the vertical group (see detail 1), middle of all spokes at crossing point. Begin weaving by placing the end of a weaver at the back of the lower left diagonal. Carry it over the left horizontal group, under the upper left diagonal group, over the upper vertical group, under the upper right diagonal. Over the right horizontal group, under the right lower diagonal, over the lower vertical group, thus completing a circuit of base. Repeat until four complete circuits have been made. This forms a broad band. As the weaver passes on its circuit the fifth time carry it under the two groups and continue as before, this time alternating, passing over each group of spokes that the weaver passed under in the first four rows. Weave four complete circuits. Separate the spokes into twos, add a weaver and pair for three complete circuits. Separate again into ones and add a spoke at the right of each single spoke and make four complete circuits of pairing onto the edge of jar. Wet the spokes, tie the base in place on jar, turn spokes up sharply and separate them into ones. At bottom edge of jar introduce a third weaver and weave with triple weave for one inch. Finish off with one row of pairing. Bind off. Keep spokes moist with a damp cloth and work a row of Solomon's knots as follows: (Practise the knot with cord.)

Each knot is made of four spokes. Bend the left-hand spoke over the two center spokes (see detail 2). Bend the right-hand spoke to the left over the end of the left-hand spoke and under the two center spokes. Push the end up through the bend in the left-hand spoke (see detail 3). Draw the knot in to about ½ inch.

Pass the left-hand spoke over the two center spokes and under the right-hand spoke. Pass the right-hand spoke under the center spokes and up through the bend in the left-hand spoke (see detail 4). Draw the ends in. Draw up carefully so that rattans will not break, until knot is ¾ inch.

Tie each group of 4 reeds in knots in same way.

In the next 8 rows tie the knots in same way half-way between the two knots of preceding row about ¾ inch above first row of knots.

At top, about one inch from top, separate into ones, add a weaver and weave a band of triple weave to top of jar.

BORDER—*First row*—Carry each spoke in succession to the right in front of two and in.

Second row—Back of two and out.

Third row—In front of two and in.

FRUIT BASKET, OVAL BASE

MATERIALS required—6 spokes (needles), No. 5 rattan, 6½ inches long; 3 spokes (threads), No. 5 rattan, 8½ inches long; 34 side spokes, No. 4 rattan, 2[illegible] inches long.

Thread the 3 pairs of spokes (needles) 6½ inches long with the 3 spokes (threads) and wind between the needles with a No. 3 weaver. Insert the supporters and weave the base until it measures 7½ inches by 5½ inches. Keep the base as flat as possible and make the weaving very close and firm. Use Japanese weaving and insert side spokes, placing extra spokes well down in place.

These are now the centers of the oval ends.

Continued on page 66



One of the most popular all purpose Keds. For street, for home, for sport. Comes also in a high model. For children and grown-ups, too.



They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe



The boys' favorite in the Keds line. Heavy reinforcements and ankle patch. Smooth, corrugated or suction soles.





A popular pump for girls and women. With or without strap. With or without heel. Also on Nature last for children.

One of the newest Keds. With either white or colored trimming. Welt construction, composition sole.



Every child and grown-up can now enjoy the comfort boys have always known

FOR years boys have delighted in "sneakers" or "tennis shoes." Unconsciously they were choosing the shoes that were anatomically right for their feet.

The muscles of the feet, we know now, grow stronger naturally in flexible shoes—the best prevention for fallen arches and the foot troubles so common today.

A well-known orthopedic physician has said: "The low-heeled canvas rubber-soled shoe is the greatest blessing that has been offered to mothers in a very long time."

Indeed a blessing for all. The big development of the Keds line, with rubber-soled canvas shoes for every need, has made it possible for the entire family to enjoy the comfort and healthful foot freedom that boys have always known.

Why you should insist on Keds

Keds will give you an entirely new idea of canvas rubber-soled shoes. The canvas is fine and strong. The soles are of tough springy rubber from our own Sumatra plantations and are made as durable as our long years of experience have taught us to make them.

The construction throughout, in such details as stitching, reinforcing and vulcanizing, has been perfected with the purpose of combining greatest strength with most attractive appearance.

Keds are trim and shapely—smart models for girls and women to wear with dainty dresses, others rugged enough for the hard wear of playing children.

There are many kinds of Keds in addition to the well-known "tennis" shoes—pumps with low heels, oxfords, high shoes and low—all made of canvas with rubber soles. For men, women and children.

If your dealer doesn't carry the kind you wish, he can get them for you. But remember, Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds isn't on the shoes, they aren't real Keds.

You will be interested in our booklet "Outdoor Games for Children." Write for free copy to Dept. S-3, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

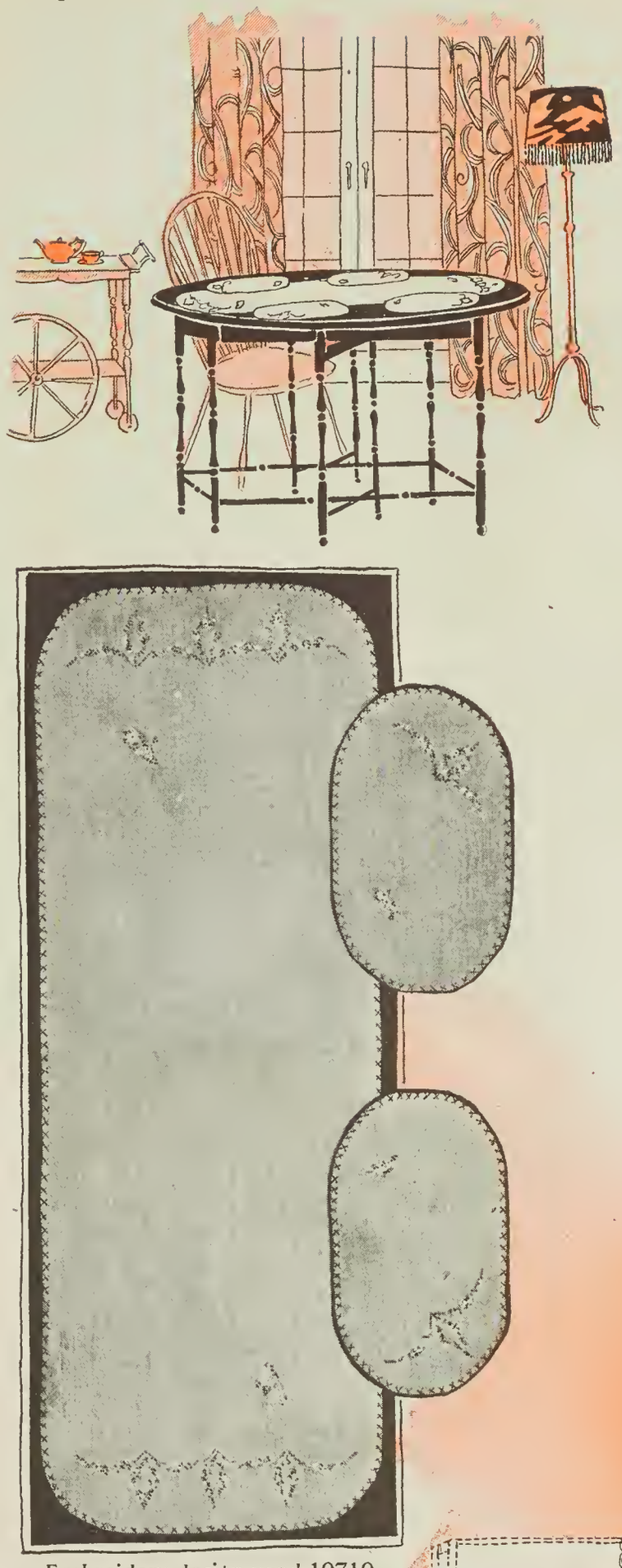
United States Rubber Company



Keds

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Keds were originated and are made only by the United States Rubber Company. The name Keds is on every pair. It is your guarantee of quality and value.



Embroidery design used 10710

THE GRACEFUL GATE-LEG TABLE IS A BOON TO SPACE SAVING, TRANSFORMING ONE END OF THE LIVING-ROOM INTO A DINING-ROOM

DINING-ROOMS are discards in the modern small apartment. Even the architects, in league with space-savers, deplore the futility of wasting a room so little used and point to the gate-leg table as a happy substitution. Whether one dines *en famille* or entertains, these tables, which come in large or small sizes, are quite the thing. Service etiquette decrees that formal linens are not suitable to use on the gate-leg; enchanting sets are proper to use when one entertains.

For the large gate-leg table a linen set embroidered with appliqué can be made just the size of one's table. First cut a piece of linen the exact size and shape of your table. Sew blue rickrack braid around the edge, sewing it down with blue mercerized embroidery cotton. Take the large and smallest flower motifs from embroidery design 10964, omitting the one leaf from the smallest motif. Appliqué the large flowers with pink-and-white and blue-and-white checked gingham. Appliqué the single flower with tan chambray, the leaves with green chambray and the bud with lavender-and-white-checked gingham. Outline each flower, leaf and bud with white rickrack braid couched down with mercerized cotton, using the flower color. Blanket-stitch some flower centers with yellow, others with blue mercerized cotton. Sew blue rickrack braid around napkin edge. Appliqué smallest flower motif in one corner, omitting leaf.

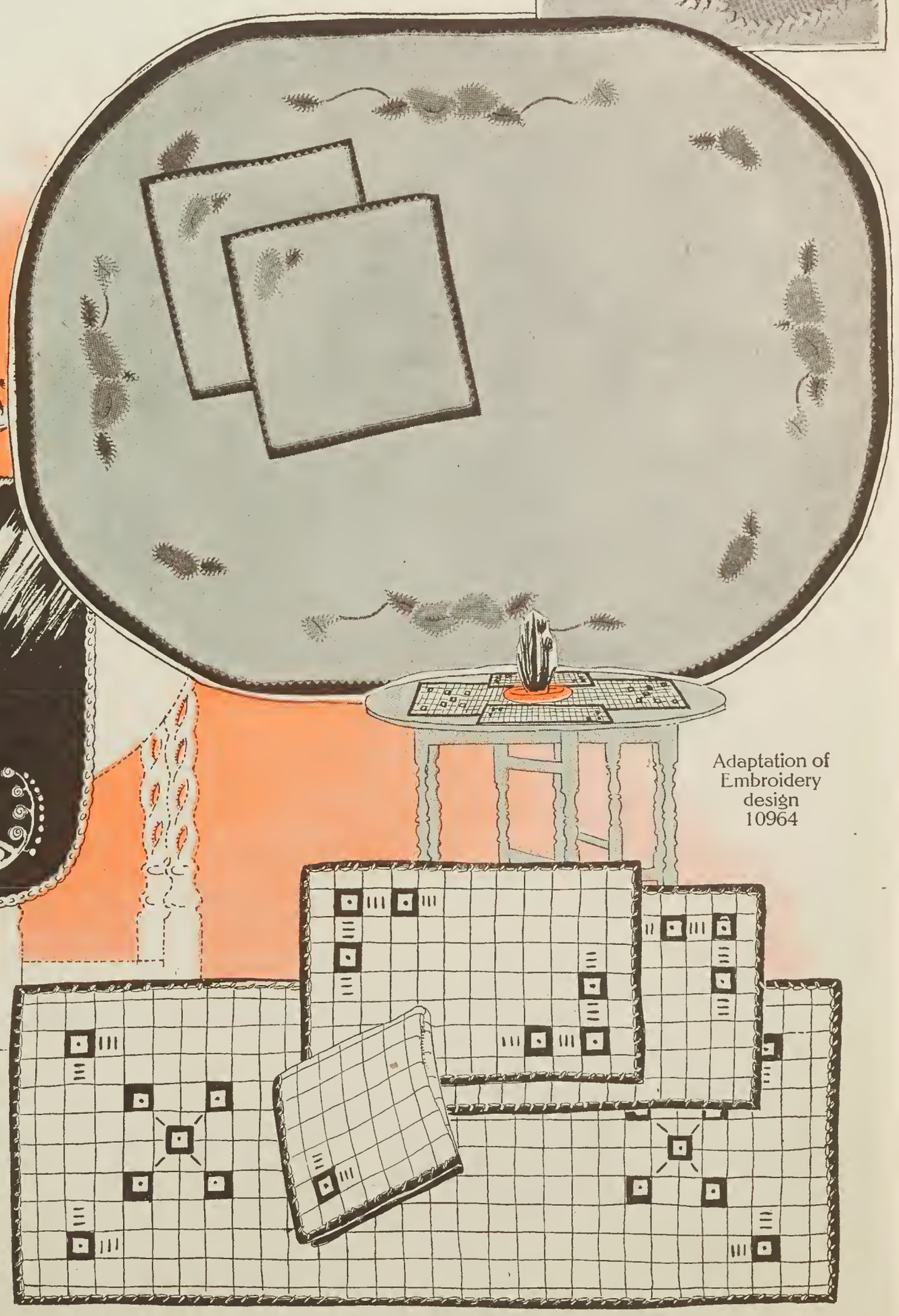
To make the tan linen set, cut a strip of linen for the runner of the length desired. Round the corners. Then with blue embroidery cotton work a cross-stitch edge all around the runner. Stamp the wide banding from embroidery design 10710 on each end. Stamp a butterfly above the banding and embroider the flowers in rose, lavender and blue mercerized embroidery cotton. Work the flower centers in yellow and the leaves in green. Embroider the butterfly with yellow, blue, lavender and rose mercerized embroidery cotton. Cut the doilies 8 inches by 14 inches. Round corners and finish edges like the runner. Work one section of the wide banding in the lower right corner of the doily. Work the butterfly in the upper left corner.

Dish-toweling has come out of the kitchen to appear on the dining-table in this more informal set. It is quite suitable to use in a tea-room, since one can carry out the color scheme of the place. To make this set, cut the runner the length desired and 12 inches wide. Bind the edges with black bias binding, and with orange mercerized cotton blanket-stitch the inside edge of the binding. Taking embroidery design 10946. Appliqué the squares in black chambray, and appliqué small orange squares in the center of the black squares. Work a black French knot in center of each orange square. The doilies are 9 by 13 inches; the napkins are 13 inches square.

For the gate-leg's idle hours a runner of black oilcloth is new.

Use embroidery design 10786, brilliant blue, red, green and yellow oil-paints and a gold-braid edging.





Embroidery design used 10786

Adaptation of Embroidery design 10964

Adaptation of Embroidery design 10946

WICKER THOUGHTS

Continued from page 64

They must be held very straight in position while working.

Separate with a three-rod arrow and turn the spokes slightly upward with a locked three-rod coil of No. 4 rattan and weave for three inches with triple weave. If you use one colored weaver with two natural, the result will be a long diagonal striped effect. Sharpen the ends of the handles to a long point and insert at ends of basket, leaving one spoke between the two handle sections. Press well down into basket. Beginning at one end three spokes to the left of single spoke, weave under and over the same distance (3 spokes) to right of center end spoke. Weave back and forth, dropping off one spoke at each end until basket is two inches higher at single center spoke. Do the same at opposite end. You will now have ten spokes at either side. Weave until at center of group the height of basket is the same as at ends (2 inches). Do the same with the remaining spokes at opposite side. Weave now with a three-rod arrow coil of No. 4 rattan to keep the shape, winding the handle as in preceding basket with the exception that you wind over and under the foundation cane once instead of twice as formerly.

Finish the border as follows:

First—Carry each spoke in succession back of the next succeeding spoke on the right and out.

Second—Take each spoke in succession in front of two spokes, back of two and out.

Third—Carry the short ends in front of two spokes to inside of basket. If you prefer, use the flat-plait border described on the tray.

THE HOUSE FOR A MODERN DEBORAH GANNETT

Concluded from page 13

The small porch at the front might have at either side wooden seats, where a caller might rest or chat for a moment.

In the living-room the fireplace could be of red or buff-colored brick, with a wood mantel of Colonial design. The chimney shown has two flues—one leading from the fireplace and the other presumably from the furnace. The most attractive way to treat a brick chimney for a Colonial house is to paint it the same color as the house, with a band of green or black paint at the very top, the color of the band to correspond with the color of the shutters.

Hardwood floors, either plain or in design, would be appropriate. A very light coat of stain could be introduced before the final finish to suggest weathering. Bright yellow floors are trying and difficult, and give an air of newness which is hard to overcome.

Due to the openness of the lower-floor plan and the small amount of wall space, paint would lend itself admirably for woodwork and walls. On the long wall spaces a suggestion of paneling could be introduced. The walls painted a light ivory with the woodwork a darker ivory would make an excellent background for the furnishings. If wall-paper is preferred, a light-gray or buff crêpe-paper would be excellent for the living-room. The hall and dining-room should be papered alike owing to the wide door connecting them. An indefinite Colonial pattern paper giving a soft cloudy appearance would be excellent for this and could also be used for the upper hall.



FRONT ELEVATION

The bedroom would be very attractive done in striped or cross-bar papers. The use of chintz would then be permissive for curtains and coverings. But if flowered or figured papers are used, little swiss, muslin or plain net curtains should serve at the windows.

We will take as example the dining-room as it might be if the furniture and hangings were chosen for a background of ivory-painted walls. More charm and interest would be created if antiques could be indulged in instead of modern pieces, but as they are both expensive and difficult to obtain, I have suggested using modern pieces designed after popular styles. In the drawing, (page 13) the Heppelwhite influence predominates, but Chippendale, Adam or Sheraton would be as appropriate.

Considering plain walls, nothing could be more correct than an Oriental rug. Size eight by ten would leave a well proportioned border of the hardwood floor showing.

Sheer little window-curtains of mull or net with overdraperies of a bold pattern in chintz, lined with muslin or sateen, would give dignity and charm to the room.

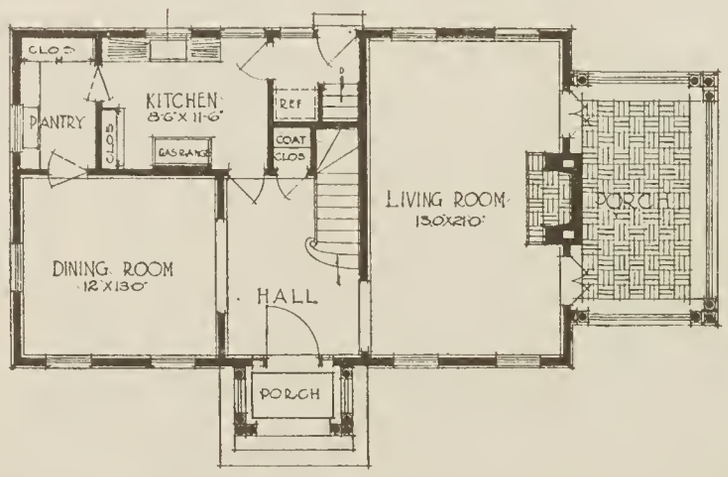
Reproductions of brass or silver sconces would make effective lighting fixtures, and if used without shades would give the effects of old sconces and candles.

In the hall a formal little chair and table would meet the requirements and fit conveniently into small space. The table could have a drawer for gloves, etc., and should be sturdy enough to hold a stout vase and perhaps a tray for calling-cards. The chair could be entirely of wood, or have a rush bottom. Either would combine well with almost any type of wooden table.

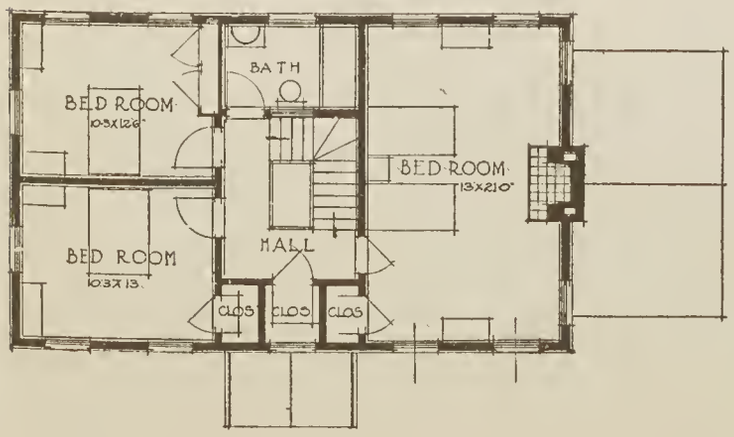
For the large bedroom I have suggested four-post beds. They might be of maple, mahogany or painted wood. Bedspreads and curtains of unbleached muslin would be well with figured or flowered wall-paper, but plain walls would require figured materials to give the furnished cozy air a bedchamber needs. In the bedroom shown I have used plain white sheer mull for the little glass-curtains. The short overdraperies are of cretonne in a quaint Colonial design. The big comfortable chair has a cover of the same material, and the unbleached-muslin bedspreads have a wide band of the cretonne stitched to the hem of the ruffle. Besides a low-boy and a tall chest of drawers one or two straight wooden chairs are almost necessary. These could be painted black or a pale green. Braided and hooked rugs, if placed near the bed and in front of the low-boy, would make a bright spot in the setting.



SIDE ELEVATION

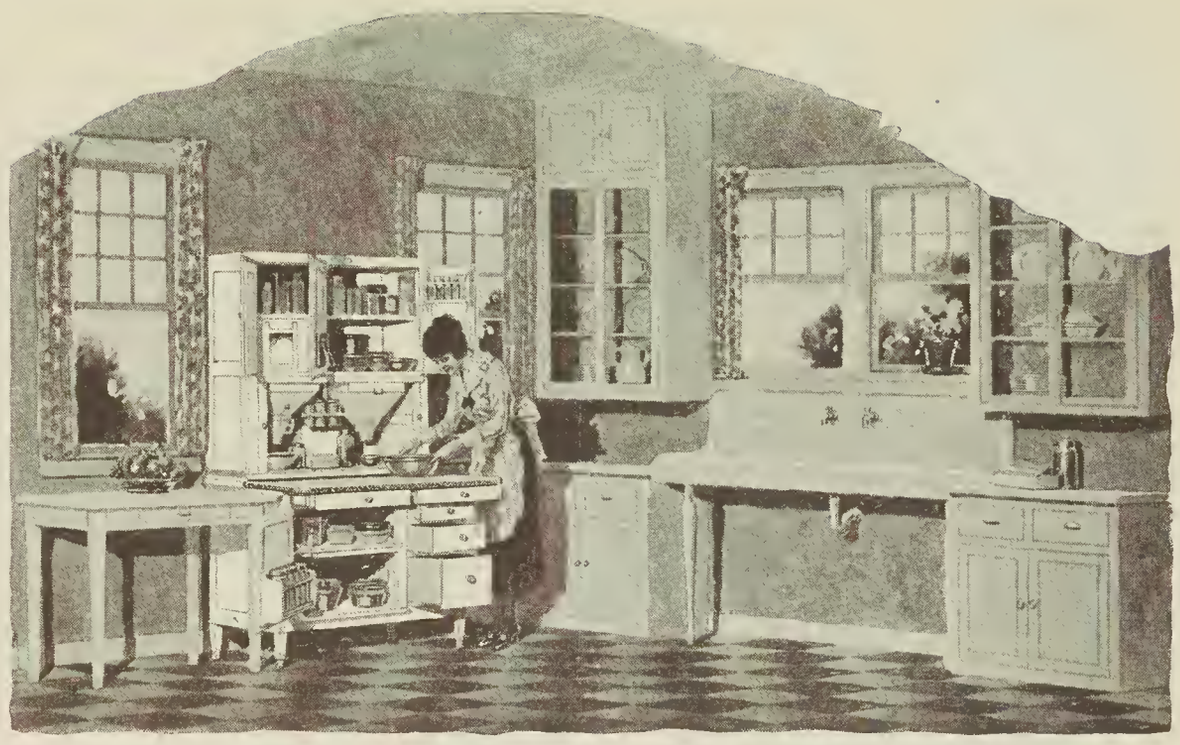


FIRST-FLOOR PLAN



SECOND-FLOOR PLAN

A COMPLETE set of building plans for the modernized Deborah Gannett House may be purchased from THE DELINEATOR *for $2.00. Requests for information about these plans or about others in our home-building series should be directed to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders and accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.*



Is Your Kitchen Work Wearing You Out?

Actual tests prove that even in the so-called "modern" kitchen you take miles of useless steps each day.

You are forced to stand on your feet for hours—when you ought to be sitting down.

Your nerves are kept on edge by a host of petty worries—when you ought to be enjoying yourself—relaxed—in an easy chair.

HOOSIER
Saves Steps

Many women who thought they had "easy" kitchens before they bought the HOOSIER, now see that they were wasting hours of time each day.

No woman realizes the amount of useless standing, walking and lifting she is forced to do until she actually uses the HOOSIER.

There is No Substitute for the Hoosier

Do not make the mistake of thinking that built-in cases and cupboards can take the place of the HOOSIER. It is true that extra storage space is necessary—but built-in equipment is never so effective as when used in connection with the HOOSIER.

Buy the Hoosier on Liberal Terms—You'll Never Miss the Money

Why not join the ranks of the women who do their work the easy way? Quit being a kitchen drudge. You can afford the HOOSIER now.

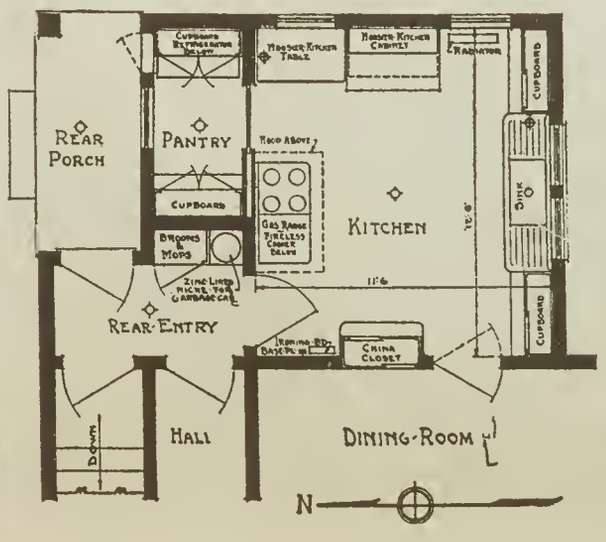
Every day you do without it you pay an unnecessary toll in needless work and worry.

By our liberal payment plan HOOSIER pays for itself by making your work easier—long before you pay for it.

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CLEAN SPORT AND WHITE CLEANLINESS



The White Spirit of Purity lives in FAIRY SOAP

SUMMER sports naturally bring to mind thoughts of buoyant health, cheeks glowing with the vim of the game, bodies and faces refreshed and invigorated in tub and shower—soap and water—and plenty of it!

But there are various degrees of soap-and-water cleanliness. For absolute, simple cleanliness, free from fads and fancies, people of refinement are thinking in terms of *whiteness.* Knowing that whiteness symbolizes purity they realize that artificial coloring and heavy perfume in soap means nothing where the well-being of the skin is concerned.

That the habit of *white* cleanliness is extending everywhere throughout the country is evidenced by the growing demand for Fairy Soap, *the whitest soap in the world.* Nothing but the absolute purity of its gentle ingredients could account for such whiteness. A soap of such *natural* purity needs no artificial touch.

That is why Fairy is the logical soap for baby's bath, as well as for the invigorating ablutions of active men and women. That is why also it is the dependable soap for the laundering of treasured fabrics and for the cleansing and protection of fine surfaces about the home.

For simple, thorough cleanliness—*white* cleanliness—Fairy Soap.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

FAIRY SOAP

PURE FLOATING WHITE



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THE THEORY THAT WIVES SPOIL A CAMPING TRIP IS JUST NONSENSE. MY HUSBAND REFUTED IT BY INVITING ME TO GO AGAIN

WIVES IN THE WILDERNESS

By Blanche Cheney

Should a husband, famous for his prowess as a hunter, fisherman and woodsman, take a house-bred wife on a wilderness camping trip? Blanche Cheney's experiences told here conclusively answer this question

FROM the point of view of every bachelor we knew, I would ruin Ed's camping trip. He was an experienced woodsman, while the nearest I had ever been to nature was at a Summer hotel. Moreover, I was born in the South where the tradition is all against the outdoor girl and the development of feminine muscles.

But September sixteenth found us in a small town in the northern Adirondacks dickering for a guide boat. This is a rowing canoe, and into it we put our duffel—a small Baker tent, six blankets, fifty pounds of food, a change of clothing for each of us, a hatchet, a kodak, fishing-rods, a .22 rifle and a tarpaulin.

Finally all our baggage was stowed and off we started. The skipper rowed and picked our way with the aid of maps; I sat in the stern and tried to learn to paddle under his direction. Of course my motions were awkward, but even one who has never paddled before can in one day gain enough skill to be of some help in propelling a boat.

By four o'clock we had gone ten miles by watercourse—about four as the crow flies—and decided that we were sufficiently remote from civilization to make our first camp.

WE ROWED around Simon Pond until we found a small trickle flowing into it. This we took to mean a spring, so we beached our boat and hunted for a camp site near it. We found a piece of level ground, and as soon as we had cleared away all twigs we pitched our tent. Two trees with a pole nailed between them supported the front of the tent; the back was pegged down with forked sticks to keep the ropes from slipping. Then the commander of the expedition went off in the woods and came back with a small balsam tree. He cut the limbs off and we both stripped them of their small feathery branches and twigs. The branches were placed right side up in neat overlapping rows, like the scales of a fish. We arranged the branches three layers deep, and with that, when the blankets were pulled up, a fragrant and amazingly comfortable bed was made.

Next there was the matter of fire and supper to see to. Two forked sticks were cut and driven into the ground about five feet apart. A long smooth stick was placed in the two forked ones and from that we hung three other sticks to put our cooking buckets on. Our kitchen and dining-room were now ready with the exception of the table, for which a log was made to do. During the trip we camped in four or five different places, but this was our usual method of making camp.

Dehydrated corned beef boiled twenty-five minutes made the most delicious supper dish I had ever tasted. That, with bread and butter and tea, was our first meal; later suppers acquired more of a true camp flavor with the appearance of fish, an occasional wild duck, or a grouse.

Getting our first wild duck was more exciting than a morning on the New York Stock Exchange. These ducks are very shy and fly much more swiftly than most other birds—attaining a speed of about one hundred and twenty miles an hour. A wasted thirty seconds aiming and firing finds the bird half a mile away. We had found a place that the ducks frequented—a shallow pond filled with wild celery, and with sweet seeds on its marshy and reedy banks. These reeds were waist high and through them we crept for half a mile. We were now very close to the ducks, so I waited in the reeds while Nimrod crawled on his hands and knees within a hundred yards of the flock which was placidly feeding and swimming in the muddy water. One duck seemed to sense a movement in the reeds, for he looked around nervously. We held our breaths and hoped that the pounding of our hearts was not noisy enough to disturb the birds. A dozen feet farther, careful aim and two shots from the .22 brought down two ducks.

The rest of the flock were high in the air and nearly a mile away. We danced for excitement and joy, but quickly became depressed. Our beautiful ducks were rapidly drifting to the middle of the pond and there seemed no way to get them. The canoe with the fishing-rods in it was beached on the river bank half a mile away and to it we rushed for the rods. We cast for the ducks and finally dragged one to shore, but the other was too far out. There was nothing to do but swim for him, and swim the mighty hunter did, with one arm around a log as an insurance against the quicksandy bottom and the icy water, and the duck held firmly between his teeth. We hung the ducks for a day, and then appetite overcame us and we roasted them on a spit over an open fire, with a frying-pan beneath to catch the juice.

MOST of the time we had poor luck with our fishing. We tried quiet pools at dusk and the misty river in the early morning before the sun came over the mountains. Two or three mornings we sat in the boat from breakfast until lunch time, patiently waiting for the fish, which as patiently and persistently refused our bait. We knew there were fish in the river, for we had seen a glint of silver fins as they occasionally jumped. We tried them on worms and we tried them on white grubs; the skipper would cast in his most scientific manner and I would cast in my very newly learned one, but the fish remained indifferent alike to skilled and unskilled casting.

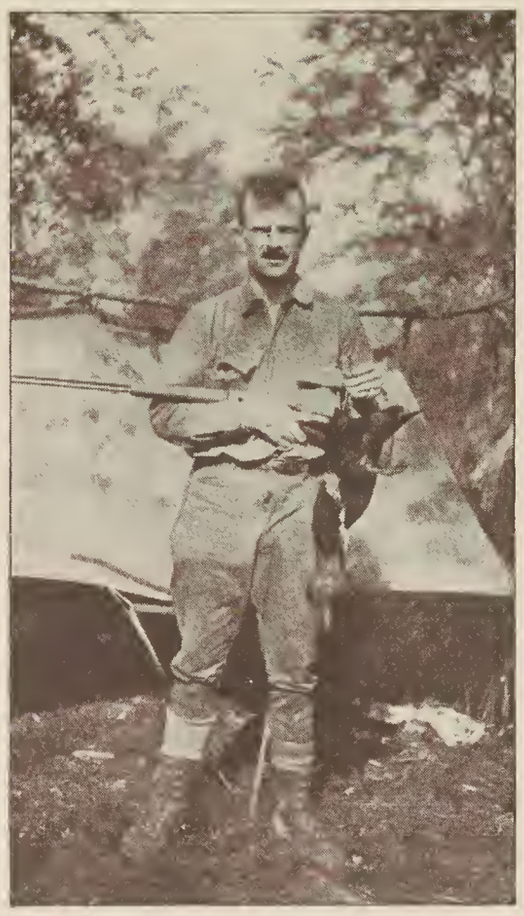
The novice at fishing finds this consolation when the fish refuse to bite at all—her luck then is no worse than that of her skilful companion. When fish are biting well, the veteran fisherman usually catches more than the novice; but even the novice will catch enough to make it an exciting sport.

Our morning's catch would hardly provide lunch—two or three yellow perch and perhaps a bass or pickerel. When we tired of fishing from the boat or bank, we would set out on an expedition and troll as we went along.

After the excitement of catching the fish came the dreadful business of cleaning them.

Here I shirked as much as I could and took refuge in the fact that I did the cooking. This is very simple for any one with even an elementary knowledge of the art. It is quite like home cooking, only simpler and accomplished with fewer utensils. We used two buckets and a frying-pan, a third bucket carried our drinking water. Fish chowder was easily made in a bucket; it was a little harder to cook macaroni and cheese that way. What we actually did was to pour off all but a little of the boiling water from the cooked macaroni. Powdered milk and cut-up cheese stirred into that made a delicious sauce. We had more trouble about bread than anything else, after the loaf bread and pancake flour gave out. We tried making biscuits of flour, salt and water and frying them, but they were poor stuff, wet and lumpy inside.

Target practise was a new and very exciting pastime. I had never done any shooting before, and regarded the light .22 with some trepidation. The first time I pulled the trigger I shut my eyes; after that the shooting lessons became one of the most enjoyable parts of the trip. The first target (a tin can) was placed at twenty-five paces, and I was allowed to support the rifle on a rock or stump as I fired. As I grew more proficient, I shot without a support of any sort, and finally at the end of two weeks was able to hit a floating target at seventy-five yards.

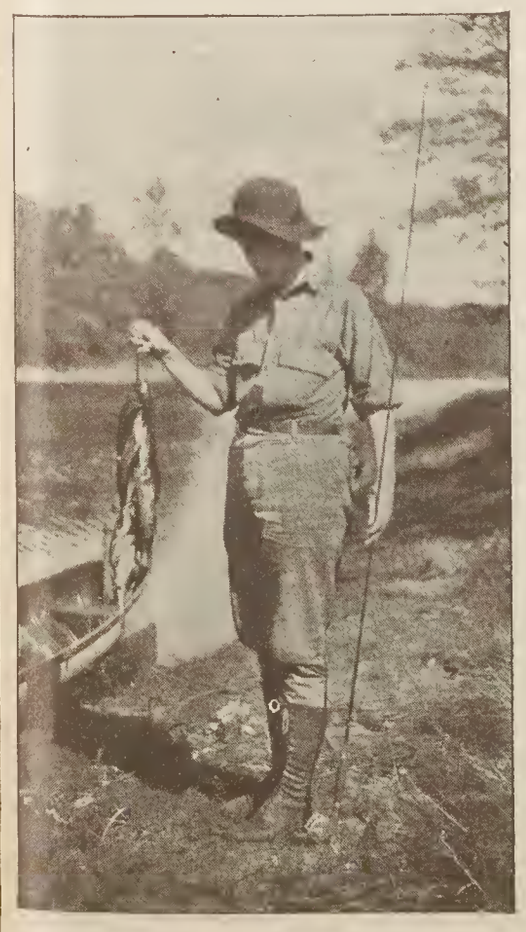


CAREFUL AIM AND TWO SHOTS FROM THE .22 HAD BROUGHT DOWN OUR SUPPER

THE least enjoyable parts of the trip were the attempts at ablutions, both for ourselves and the dishes. The water was so icy cold that we would toss up to see who should take the bath. The dishes (all tin) were also washed in the river water; sand was used for soap and a tuft of grass for a dish mop. Then we turned them upside down on a sunny rock to dry.

After breakfast and the dishes, we usually made our plans for the day. Four or five days we took the boat and went exploring, following up the little streams that fed the river. Once in doing this we happened on a string of very tiny and very beautiful lakes, that were not shown on the map. Other days we fished or hunted in the morning, and in the afternoons went adventuring across country. On one of these walks we found the beginning of a forest fire. Some careless camper had not put his fire out completely and it had smoldered in the rich wood mold until, when we found it, it had burned a hole two feet deep and forty feet across. We made our way back to camp and got the boat and spent the rest of the afternoon looking for the fire warden.

One whole day was spent in walking to and climbing a near-by mountain which seemed to get farther and farther away as we plodded toward it. The country in this region has been lumbered over, and dead trees, branches and stones made the going difficult. The mountain itself is quite steep and part of the time we had to climb with our hands as well as our feet. When we could follow deer paths things were simpler, but some of them went up very precipitously. Once I rolled back ten feet, but my only damage was a bad scare. That night at six o'clock when we finally reached camp after our climb and flung ourselves wearily down, we had walked twenty miles with no trails and lost, we thought, at least twenty pounds apiece. Our usual early bedtime (about eight o'clock) was advanced that night and we slept the clock around. On the entire trip we were surprised to discover that we could and did sleep eleven or twelve hours every night. After supper we sat around the fire only a little while before we began to nod.



EVEN THE NOVICE WILL CATCH ENOUGH TO MAKE THE SPORT INTERESTING

The last day of the trip dawned windy and cold and we were fifteen miles up the river from the railroad which would take us home. We broke camp for the last time and climbed into a much lighter boat than the one with which we had started off. Our fifty pounds of food were entirely gone with the exception of half a stick of dried soup for lunch. We started off in the teeth of a head wind; not even the combined efforts of the skipper's oars and my paddle (more proficient now) seemed to take us very far or fast. We were like the Red Queen, exerting ourselves to the utmost to stay in one place. Finally we reached the mouth of Big Tupper Lake just where the Raquette River flows into it. The water here was very shallow, but the wind had an eight-mile sweep down the lake and succeeded in piling up waves from four to six feet high.

WE HAD to take the waves bow-on and did not dare to turn the boat. Turning sideways, even for an instant, would have swamped it and rolled us over in the breakers. We felt as adventurous as Columbus, and in a far more dangerous situation, as our little boat finally running before the wind made the safety of the Raquette River. Once in the river, the wind was with us and carried us hurtling to our destination.

Our bags had been checked with the owner of the boat; we collected them and changed into our store clothes with a feeling of regret. Vacation was over; we were both thinner and stronger and with infinitely more "pep."

The most surprising part of the whole trip to me was the fact that I was not only able to survive camp life, but actually enjoyed it. There is a certain amount of work to camping just as there is to any other mode of living, but it was not hard and we liked it, and certainly we throve upon it. The trip had been fun, it had been interesting and it had been restful. The theory that wives should not go on camping trips is, we both think, just nonsense. And my husband proved that he means it by inviting me again for this Summer.



Hood Shoes for Summer

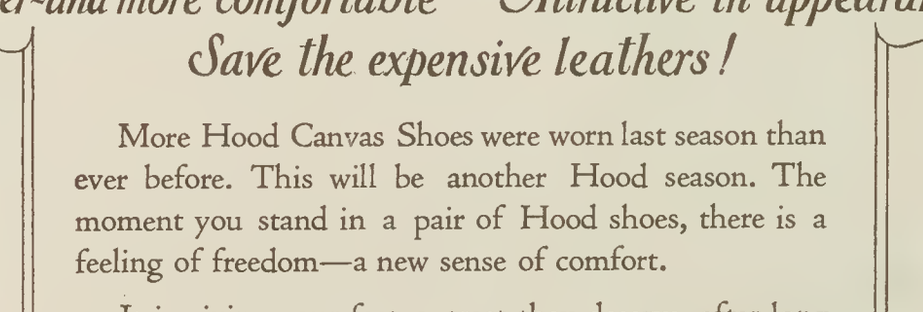
Cooler-and more comfortable Attractive in appearance

Save the expensive leathers!

More Hood Canvas Shoes were worn last season than ever before. This will be another Hood season. The moment you stand in a pair of Hood shoes, there is a feeling of freedom—a new sense of comfort.

It is giving your feet a treat they deserve, after long confinement in formal leathers. By all means, give the children an opportunity to play and romp in cool comfortable canvas. The growing young feet need this.

Ask to see the Lenox Sport Oxford, a smart sport trimmed model, or the Bayside Shoes, which are also made for men and boys. And remember the Hood Fenway Sandal—the most popular shoe for children ever designed. Make this a cool, comfortable and economical Hood Canvas Shoe Season. Send for the Hood Canvas Buying Guide, in which other Hood Models are described and illustrated.



Bayside Bal Fenway Cross-Strap Sandal Lenox Sport Oxford

HOOD

Hood Rubber Products Company Inc.

Watertown, Massachusetts.

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

GINGER ALE





When three is not a crowd

When one is Clicquot and the other two are you and she. For Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is a friendly drink, each bottle containing enough for her full glass and yours.

And what a happy, living drink Clicquot is! It is fascinating to watch the glittering bubbles leap through the gold, break in tiny splashes, and scatter the ginger-perfumed air they hold.

But the *taste* of Clicquot Club counts most. Young, old, or in between—*they all like it.*

Everything in Clicquot is pure. No water but pure spring water is used, and only real Jamaica ginger.

Should you like variety

You are not limited to Ginger Ale. There are Clicquot Club Sarsaparilla, Root Beer and Birch Beer. Each one different in taste, but all equally pure and desirable. Buy Clicquot by the case for the home.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB CO.
Millis, Mass., U. S. A.



COOL OFF FROM THE INSIDE

Tempting beverages that keep the family more comfortable and healthy in hot weather

By Winifred Moses

EVERY one knows that when we drink a fragrant mint julep tinkling with cracked ice, or any other cool delicious drink, the heat seems to lift from around us. Drinking liquid in warm weather does more than make us feel cool for the moment. It actually helps us to keep cool all day, for it provides plenty of water to permit of evaporation from the surface of the body.

So the wise home-maker serves as many tempting drinks as her ingenuity can devise.

Milk of course, next to water, is the most important beverage. A child requires about one quart of milk daily. This can be taken if preferred in many delicious milk drinks, recipes for which are given below.

milk added. A little whipped cream is placed on top.

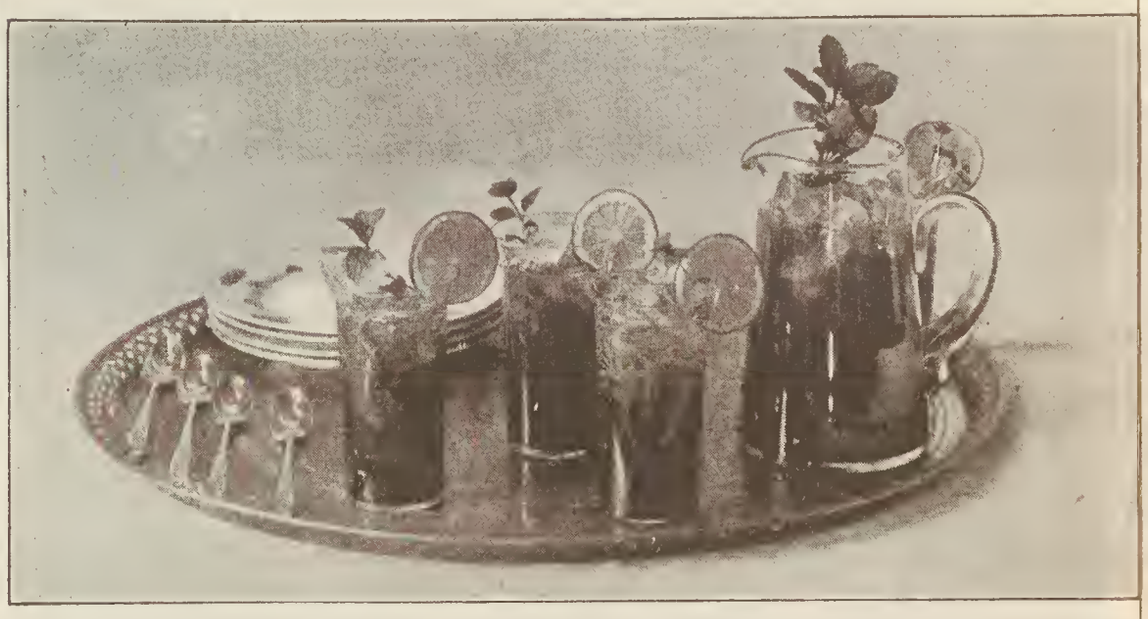
CHOCOLATE MILK SHAKE

2 tablespoons chopped ice
3 tablespoons whipped cream
¾ cup milk
2 tablespoons chocolate sirup

THE ingredients are combined and well mixed by shaking. A tablespoon of vanilla ice-cream improves this drink.

CHOCOLATE SIRUP

1 ounce soluble cocoa
1 cup boiling water.
2 cups sugar
1 tablespoon vanilla



RASPBERRY VINEGAR HAS A FRAGRANCE, A BLENDING OF SOUR AND SWEET, THAT MADE EVEN OUR PURITAN FOREFATHERS SMILE

ICED COCOA

3 tablespoons cocoa
4 tablespoons sugar
1 cup boiling water
1 quart scalded milk

THE milk should be scalded in the top of a double boiler. While it is heating, the sugar, cocoa and water mixed may be cooked for five or ten minutes with occasional stirring. The scalded milk is then added and the whole beaten with a Dover egg-beater until a foam is formed over the top. When served cold, a glass should be filled two-thirds full of cracked ice and the cocoa poured on the ice. One tablespoon of sweetened whipped cream is added.

CHOCOLATE NECTAR

2 cups sugar
2 cups water
1 cup cocoa
½ teaspoon salt

THE sugar is dissolved in one cup of the hot water and cooked for five minutes. The cocoa is mixed with the other cup of water and then added to the boiling sirup and simmered for ten minutes. When cooled, two tablespoons are put into a glass and well mixed with a little milk or cream. The glass is partly filled with chopped ice, and

THE water is added to the cocoa gradually with constant stirring. The sugar is added and the mixture cooked for three minutes. It is cooled. The vanilla is added and the sirup put in bottles and kept in a cold place ready for use. It forms a very good basis for chocolate milk shakes. Egg-nogs also make a tempting food and drink combination.

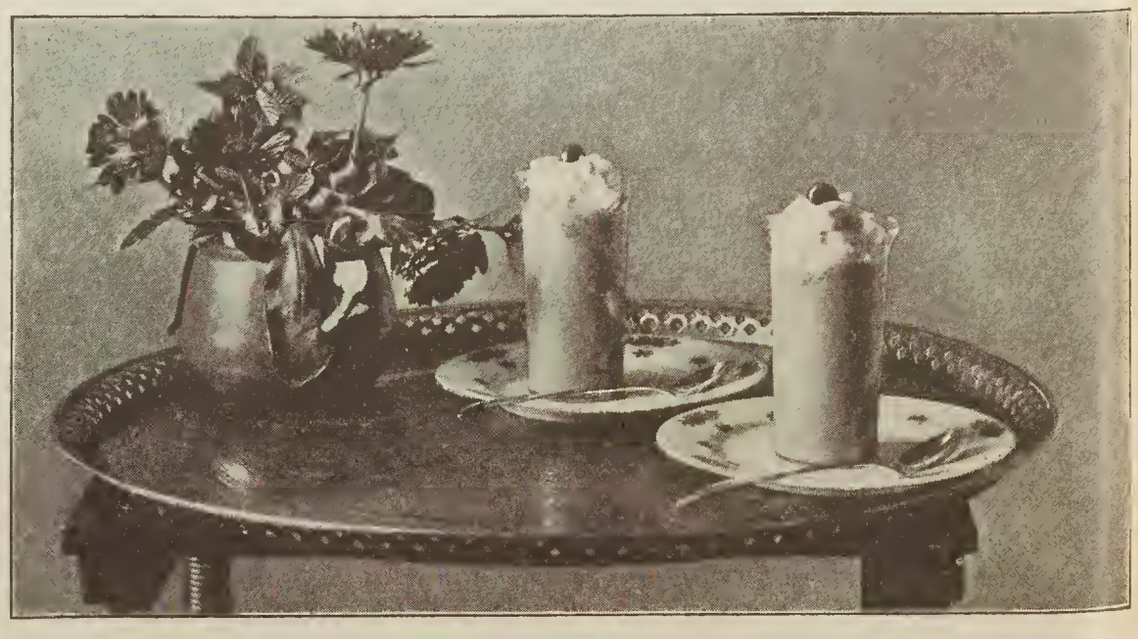
FRUIT DRINKS

IT IS well to sweeten fruit drinks with sugar sirup. This is made by cooking together one part sugar to one part water or one part sugar to two parts water. This may be put in the refrigerator and used as needed. Or one may go a step further and add the fruit-juice to the hot sirup, the whole cooled and kept to be used as needed. (See recipes.)

LEMON SIRUP

2 cups sugar
1 cup water
Juice of 6 lemons
Grated rind of three lemons

A SIRUP of the sugar and water is made and the juice and grated lemon-rind added. This is bottled and kept in a cool place. For service a glass is filled with



TOPPED WITH WHIPPED CREAM AND A BRIGHT-COLORED CHERRY, CHOCOLATE NECTAR MAKES A DAINTY REFRESHMENT FOR A PORCH PARTY



FRESH-BREWED TEA POURED INTO A GLASS TWO-THIRDS FULL OF CRACKED ICE MAKES BETTER ICED TEA THAN THE ICE-BOX KIND

finely chopped ice, two or three tablespoons of the sirup and the glass filled with water.

Fruit beverages may be made from a single fruit-juice, as for instance, the familiar "ades," lemonade, orangeade, currantade, or from a combination of these as in punches with or without the addition of tea.

FRUITADE

1 cup grated pineapple
1 cup raspberry vinegar
Juice of 1½ lemons
Juice of 2 oranges
4 tablespoons sirup

THE ingredients are mixed and set in the refrigerator. When ready to serve, the glasses are filled three-fourths full of chopped ice and three or four tablespoons of liquid put in each glass.

Sometimes fruit beverages are prepared by diluting fruit-juices with water and sweetening to taste. These fruit-juices may be canned either with or without sugar when fruits are plentiful and used for drinks during the Winter. It is one method of adding fruits to the diet.

A very good drink may be made from the raw fruit cut in small pieces and boiling water added. This is sweetened with sugar or sirups, flavored with lemon and served cold. Beverages may also be made from fruit jellies. For the individual portion the proportions are one-fourth cup of jelly, one-half cup hot water, cracked ice to half fill a glass and lemon-juice and sugar to suit the taste.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR

4 quarts raspberries
Sugar
1 quart vinegar

TWO quarts of raspberries are put in a bowl and covered with the vinegar. This is covered and allowed to stand in a cool place for two days. The berries are mashed, the vinegar strained through cheese-cloth and poured over two quarts of fresh raspberries and let stand for another two days; it is strained and put in a preserving-kettle with sugar, allowing a pound of sugar to a pint of juice. It is heated slowly, and skimmed when the vinegar begins to boil. It should be boiled twenty minutes and put in sterilized bottles. When served as a drink, two tablespoons are added to a glass of water or of cracked ice.

The flavor and appearance of many drinks is improved by adding crushed mint leaves and garnishing with sprigs of mint. The addition of a bottle of ginger ale just before serving also improves the flavor and thirst-quenching qualities of a beverage.

GINGER-ALE PUNCH

½ cup mint leaves
1¼ cups sugar
Juice of three lemons
1 cup boiling water
2 pints ginger ale
1 pint grape-juice

THE boiling water is poured over the mint leaves, the sugar and the grated rind of the lemon, and the mixture allowed to stand until it is cool. The mixture is then strained over a generous amount of cracked ice in a punch bowl. The grape-juice, the ginger ale and the strained lemon-juice are added and the whole garnished with sprigs of fresh green mint.

MINT JULEP

¾ cup sugar
1 cup water
Juice of 3 lemons
4 sprigs of mint
1 pint of ginger ale

THE sugar and water are boiled and cooled. The strained lemon-juice, the bruised mint leaves and the ginger ale are then added. The glasses are half filled with crushed ice, the julep added and a sprig of mint placed on top as a garnish.

In serving cold drinks, there is one rule to remember: Serve them *cold*.

The drinks may be cooled by placing them in a refrigerator or other cool place, but the best method is to fill the glasses two-thirds full of cracked ice and pour in the liquid.

The more approved method of making tea is to scald out an earthen teapot with hot water, put in one-half teaspoon of tea or more for each person to be served, pour freshly boiled water over it and allow it to steep, *not boil*, for from three to five minutes.

It may be served with or without cream and sugar or without slices of lemon or orange. Sometimes a clove is stuck in the lemon.

The flavors are more evenly blended if the cream and sugar are put in the cup and the tea poured over them. The cheapest and easiest way to make iced tea, coffee or cocoa is to make up the beverage in the morning or several hours before it is needed and to put it in the refrigerator. A better way so far as flavor is concerned is to make fresh tea, fill a glass two-thirds full of cracked ice and the sugar and lemon, and pour the hot tea over it.

For iced coffee, the best method is to make fresh coffee and pour into a glass two-thirds full of cracked ice, and add whipped cream and sugar if desired.



THE MAKINGS OF A KICKLESS MINT JULEP FROM THE MINT LEAVES TO THE GLASSES—AND DON'T FORGET THE BOWL OF ICE

Had Your Iron Today?



Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins are ideal for ice cream.

Raisins With Ice Cream

—a Summer Delicacy

to renew your energy on warm, oppressive days

HOT weather saps the energy. Delicious ice cream, with luscious raisins—is the cool, refreshing dish that will replace it.

You can get it easily at soda fountains, or have it for dessert at home.

Raisins are rich in energizing nutriment in practically predigested form. So there's no tax on digestion. It's ideal warm weather food.

Raisins furnish food-iron also—good for the blood in summer. You need but a tiny bit of iron daily yet that need is vital. Let raisins help supply it.

Don't wait until you're hungry to enjoy this dish, but take it as refreshment when you feel tired and listless. See how it sets you up.

Excellent for workers and for children who play hard.

This dish does more than liquids. *It restores your energy* while it cools you off.

* * * *

Ice cream makers everywhere are making a delicious raisin ice cream. Ask your confectioner, bakery or drug store for it.

Sun-Maid Raisins



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Between-Meal Raisins

Luscious little raisins full of energy and iron—sold in 5c packages everywhere.

Revive you when you're tired. Taste good when you're hungry.

Try them. At all stores—5c.

Ask for Sun-Maid Raisins in or with your ice cream. Use Sun-Maids for home cooking. Seeded, Seedless, Clusters.

Made from finest California table grapes. Tender, thin-skinned, juicy and full flavored.

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Please send me copy of your free book, "Recipes With Raisins."

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You don't need a fire while you peel potatoes

THERE isn't a woman in the land that likes the idea of keeping a fire in her stove twenty-four hours a day. Yet many are using a coal or wood range exclusively.

Why do they do it?

Because they do not know how satisfactory kerosene oil is for cooking, or because they have wrong ideas about oil stoves.

The Florence Oil Cook Stove burns with a blue flame which is smokeless and odorless. This is much different from the flame of the old-fashioned oil lamp.

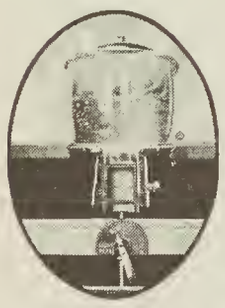
This blue flame is raised or lowered by a lever to give intense heat or gentle heat as desired.

More Heat Less Care

The Florence Oil Cook Stove is an all-purpose stove for baking and roasting, boiling and frying. It is a delight because the heat is under your control at the touch of the lever.

This stove with all its advantages is extremely economical. It is in use only when you need it, and it burns the lowest-priced fuel.

Any store where Florence Oil Cook Stoves are sold has one filled with oil which you may light and operate yourself. Such an examination will convince you that the privilege of a cool kitchen is yours.



Note how the heat reaches up and is directed close up under the cooking by the powerful 12-inch burner.

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet

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422 School Street, Gardner, Mass.

Makers of Florence Oil Cook Stoves (1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 burners), Florence Portable Baking Ovens, Florence Tank Water Heaters, Florence Oil Heaters

Made and Sold in Canada by McClary's, London, Canada

FLORENCE
OIL COOK STOVES



THE LURE OF THE SUMMER PORCH

By Leontine Hill

BRIGHT, hot days make the porch the most alluring part of the house. On warm evenings it is the setting for pleasant conversation and the place for leisure afternoon hours with a book. It should be arranged with this in mind.

Perhaps by obtaining an awning or by having some lattice made, the long-exposed end of your porch has been made private and cozy and you are eager to arrange its furnishing.

Comfortable chairs, a rug of some sort, a table and hammock should be employed.

There are some who have no porch furniture and must resort to the interior of the house for the necessary comforts. This is unfortunate, as the carrying in and out is not only an unpleasant task, but scratches and strains furniture. If it is not possible to obtain any of the various types of outdoor furniture, choose from the house any comfortable solid wood chairs and table, preferably painted ones. You may have a few old chairs that would be improved by a coat of green, gray, deep-orange, blue or black paint. A combination of these colors introduced on the rugs would make a common kitchen table or chair take on new life. A strip of matting bound on either end makes an inexpensive and serviceable rug. With colorful apron gingham, shabby sofa-cushions may be covered, and will give the porch an air of brightness and newness.

It is possible you have wicker furniture that has become faded and ugly and you want to give it a coat of paint or stain.

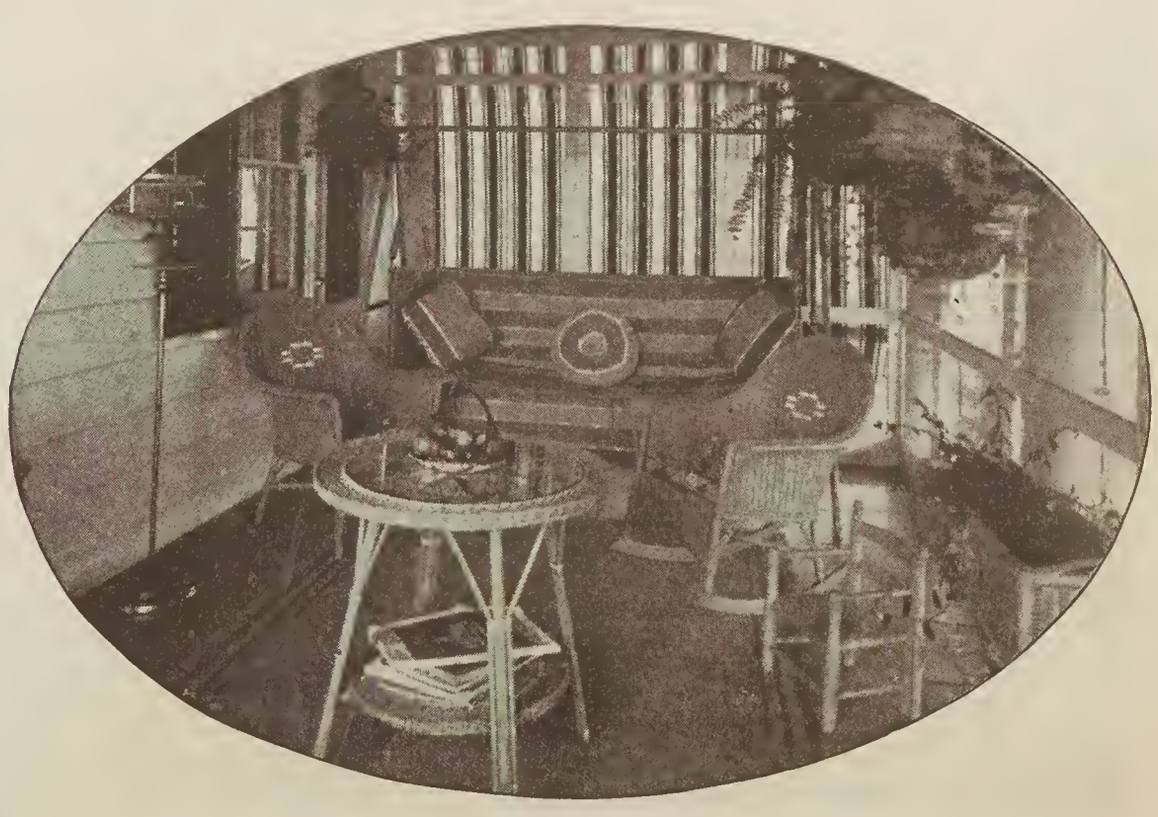
Natural wicker may be successfully cleaned and brightened by using a brush with plenty of soap and warm water. But if you have decided to paint it, an excellent and enduring finish may be obtained by using a porch and lawn paint. This comes in many colors, and occasionally a suggestion of another bright color can be successfully introduced into the woven wicker pattern.

I am always particularly pleased with the color and finish of an oil stain for wicker. This is used more successfully when the wicker is not too closely woven. In green, brown or gray it makes a most delightful effect. New coverings for the chair-cushions may be made of denim or light-weight canvas in a contrasting color. Cretonne, ever popular, should be chosen with the thought of size and color of the design. Avoid the possibility of covering too many things with a figured or flowered material by introducing plain colors here and there.



THE INTERESTING USE OF LATTICE MAKES THIS CRUDE LITTLE PORCH COZY AND SHELTERED. THE WOODEN CHAIRS AND TABLE ARE COMFORTABLE

THE faded Gloucester hammock and its rusted iron frame may be more of a problem, however. Scrape from the iron and chains any particles of rust or loose paint with sandpaper. Then apply with a small brush the paint chosen to work the miracle. When this has been done, add a little turpentine to make thinner what is left and paint the canvas sides and back of the hammock. This is very effective when done in a grass green or khaki-colored brown. If a new covering is required for the long cushion, take off the faded outer material and use it for a pattern. Striped awning cloth is very serviceable and



THIS CHARMING ARRANGEMENT IS MADE ATTRACTIVE BY THE USE OF STRIPED AWNING CANVAS FOR THE HAMMOCK

makes a most attractive covering. Chair-pads, magazine-pockets and one or two extra cushions of the same material would be in keeping and make a delightful effect. Plain green or gray canvas makes an excellent background for Turkey-red cushions. A tan or brown denim background makes chintz cushions bright and effective.

If you are considering a porch rug, it is well to give thought to the color of your floors. It may be they are wood or stone floors of a natural color. Here a plain green, brown or a striped bit of rug may be used: but if the floor is of red brick or colored paint, a natural grass or fiber carpet should be employed. Matting, crex or fiber should always be used out-of-doors. It is cooler and does not permit the dampness to remain. The heavier type of rug is preferable, as the wind will not roll it over.

surroundings lends more readily to simpler and more severe furniture. Here natural-colored wicker in simple design and more painted modern chairs would be more in keeping. The rustic or heavier type is excellent for camp or cabin porches. This comes trimmed in hickory or cedar and may be purchased at many garden-supply shops.

When placing your porch furniture, take into consideration the wall space, the sun and the prevailing winds.

If you have a large piece of furniture, such as a hammock or long bench, it is well to consider the longest wall space for it. If it can be placed there successfully, it is usually well out of the way, and gives one a sense of security while lounging. If a certain spot is sunny, avoid it. Place things where they will be inviting at all times.

A table is most generally useful in the



LONG STRIPS OF COCO MATTING, A FEW INEXPENSIVE WICKER CHAIRS, MAKE THIS AN ALTOGETHER LIVABLE PORCH

FEW jugs or ornaments should be used on a porch. The sudden gales and storms of the Summer months play havoc with any light-weight objects. It is difficult to find containers heavy enough to withstand the elements. Ordinary butter-tubs, if painted, have proved successful and most attractive. Drill a few holes in the bottom of the tub and cover them with stones before adding the dirt. This makes them heavy and permits the water to seep through, which prevents the tub from rotting. Cement or stone pots such as may be found in the garden department of large stores are correct and durable. Common earthen bowls or crocks make suitable flower containers and vases. The rough exterior of some earthen bowls permits them to be painted to correspond with other objects on the porch.

If you intend to buy new furniture for the porch, consider well the type of house and its location. A suburban house can well afford a more elaborate type than a country house. Bright-colored wicker, gay chintz and the many novelty flower-containers and bird-cages would be easy to acquire and care for near a city. A country house with its rural center of a group of chairs. It is intended to hold magazines, ash-trays or perhaps a tray of refreshing drinks. Should it block the path to a comfortable chair, however, move it to a corner and place beside it one or two chairs.

DO NOT group things all on one part of the porch because it happens to be the front of the house; or all on the side of the house because it happens to look better. The prevailing winds are usually from the south and west, so develop that part which is in the direct path of the cool breezes. Sometimes the rear of the house is more quiet and comfortable and entirely neglected because of form.

Remember we seek the porch to find refreshment and air, so the more comfortable we make ourselves the more reason we have to spend time and money in making it decorative and attractive.

Porch furniture carefully chosen will later become an investment. If substantially made, it will not need annual repairing, painting or covering each year. It may seem a useless expenditure, but is most economical n the long run.



HERE THE NATURAL FIBER RUGS MAKE AN EXCELLENT COVERING FOR THE BRICK FLOOR



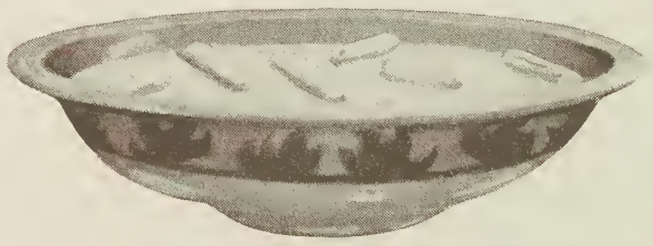
His Gift

To children—Bubble Grains

Prof. A. P. Anderson gave to children the finest cereal dainties they have ever known.

It is he who invented Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. And every day in summer they bring delights to millions.

Think what the bubble grains, flimsy and flavory, have added to summer joys.



The finest breakfast dainty homes have ever served

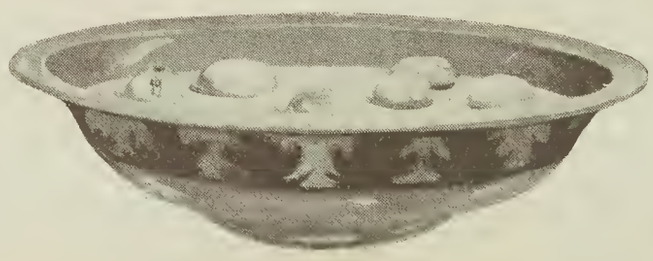
Cereal Tidbits

Puffed Grains are food confections. So dainty, so delicious they seem too good to eat.

The texture is like snowflakes; the flavor is like nuts. There was never a dish more enticing.

Yet scientific, whole-grain foods

Yet these are whole grains made wholly digestible. Every food cell is exploded. Over 125 million explosions occur in every kernel.

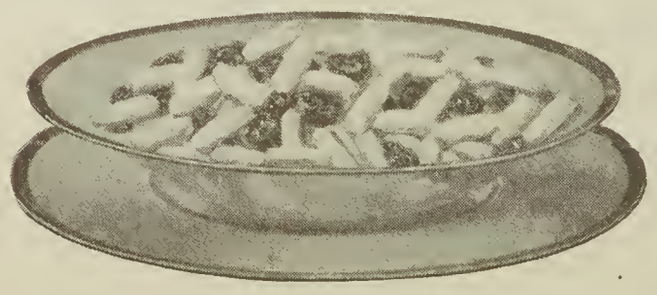


The ideal supper dish—Puffed Wheat in milk

Thus every granule is fitted to feed. All the elements become nutriment.

The supreme foods for summer

If you believe that children need whole-grain foods, this is the way to serve them—morning, noon and night. This is the way to make them tempting—this is the way to get their value to the full.



Mix Puffed Rice—flimsy, flavory, nut-like—in every dish of berries

Puffed Wheat

—

Puffed Rice



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The Selby Shoe Co.

Much of your pleasure depends on your feet!

WHETHER away or at home, you are on your feet much of the time. And how often a carefully planned day of work, or of pleasure, is simply ruined because your feet annoy you!

Yet you can always be sure of comfortable feet if you wear the Arch Preserver Shoe. It provides a foot-length walking base—just like going "barefooted"—with no strain whatever. And, of course, you have the smartest styles, for all occasions.



Nature plans that the foot rest on heel, ball and outside *arch*.

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The Arch Preserver Shoe satisfies *both* Nature and Civilization.

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Makers of women's fine shoes for more than forty years

Arch Preserver Boots and Low-Cuts are made for Women and Misses in all styles—and in all widths, AAAA to E.

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Sold by 2,000 dealers. Look for this trade-mark. It is on the sole and lining of every Arch Preserver Shoe.

"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"



THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE



THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 11

knew! With me it's drink and you'll say—But I say to you, Rosalie, never let *any*thing get the mastery of you. Rosalie, I tell you this, when a woman gives herself, forgets moderation and gives herself to *any*thing, she is its captive for*ever*. She may think she can come back, but she can't come back. For a woman there is no comeback. They don't issue return-tickets to women. For women there is only departure; there is no return."

Rosalie said: "Keggo, I think I could argue, but I won't. You're not warning me, are you? I don't see——"

Keggo said: "Darling, I'm not warning you and yet I am. I am warning you because you are a woman; and because you are a woman you are susceptible to danger. I'm not warning you, because there's nothing to—well, but isn't there? You've got a theory of life and you are bent upon a career in life. There's——"

Rosalie cried: "Well, but there you are, Keggo. No comeback, no return-tickets—well, I don't *want* to come back; I don't want a return-ticket."

"Suppose you wanted to marry?"

ROSALIE laughed. The thing immediately lost reality. "Well, suppose the incredible. Suppose I did. I could perfectly well marry and still keep on in my career—and most certainly I would still keep on. Why, that *is* my theory of life, as you call it, or a very outstanding principle of it. There's nothing to me more detestable in the whole business than the idea that because a woman marries she therefore must give up her work. That is the reason why the boarding-house and every home and street and city swarms with derelicts—with derelict women—just because their lives are all planned as blind-alley occupations, marriage at the end of the alley, no need to do anything, no need to be anything because it's only a blind alley you're in. When you reach the end—you reach the end! That's it, Keggo. You reach the end. You're a woman, therefore for you—the end!"

She laughed again. She was returning Keggo's vehemence. "The idea of marriage for me! I've granted the preposterous just for the sake of the argument and just to floor the argument. But you know, you know perfectly well from all our talks, even so far back as at the Sultana's, that it's simply too grotesque! Marriage, for me! Why, if a million men came to me on their bended knees, each with a million pounds on their backs, you know perfectly well that I'd just feel sick. Tame cats, tabby-cats, tom-cats, Cheshire cats, wild cats, stray cats—I'm not going to set up a cat's home. No, *thanks*."

So Rosalie had the laugh of that evening.

But this was not to continue. Keggo began to lapse; Rosalie began to weary of helping Keggo. She had herself to think of. Those who go down in life, whether by age or by misfortune, are prone, engulfed, to cry to those ascending, "You could help me." There is a correct answer to this. It is: "I have done (or I do) a great deal for you. I can not do more. It is not fair to ask me to do more. I have a duty to myself. I have myself to think of." Our generation endorses this.

Rosalie had herself to think of. By stages that need not be detailed—they are the common facts of life—the thing passes from that picture of those two with Rosalie's strong, young arms about the other to a new picture, the last, between them.

The stages show Rosalie's enormous, ardent plans for the rescue and rehabilitation of Keggo, and they show the projection and the failure of the plans. They show work found for Keggo (through Simcox's scholastic side) and lost and found again and again lost and still again. They show Keggo's remorse and they show Rosalie's forgiveness. They show it repeated and repeated. They show by degrees the gradual, and then the rapid, staling of Rosalie's fond sympathies. They show her finally, immersed in her own purposeful interests, discovering to herself feelings in regard to Keggo on a plane with feelings discovered to herself in regard to her mother. It has been written: "Her mother was aging rapidly. Rosalie could have wept to see the aging signs; but somehow, seeing them, did not weep; was not moved; received the impression, but was not sensitive to it; felt the tug, but did not respond to the pull. Rather, indeed, was apt to be a little impatient." It is not necessary to expand. "Keggo was fast going down-hill. Rosalie could have wept to see the down-hill signs; but somehow, seeing them, did not weep; was not moved—rather, indeed, impatient."

She had herself to think of.

There was outstandingly one day of absorption in delight, of abandonment to ecstasy for Rosalie, and it was the day on which she made her third advance in the social grade of Miss Kentish's boarding-house and moved into the two rooms *en suite*, furnished and decorated by herself to her own taste. She awoke to this great day, long anticipated; and with the vigorous action of throwing off the clothes and jumping out of bed, she plunged into it and was lost in it. The excitement and the elation of taking possession of that enchanting, that *significant* apartment of her own! She *was* excited; she *was* elated.

And in this tremendous day there was stuff more tremendous yet. This also was the day on whose evening was made the tremendous tribute to her work and to her talent, the evening of the dazzling offer that, like a door swung open on a treasure-house, disclosed to her new fields to which her career had brought her, new triumphs that her career, in its stride, might make her own—the evening when Mr. Sturgiss of Field's Bank leaned across the dinner-table in his house and said in his quiet voice: "Well, look here—to come to the point—the reason why I've got you up here to-night—it's this: we want you, Field & Co.. we want you to join us. We want you in Lombard Street."

Lombard Street!

Cumulative also was this thrill, for it had begun some few days previously when Mr. Sturgiss, calling at Simcox's for a chat with Mr. Simcox, an old friend, had come into her room and after mysteriously fidgeting with business and conversational trifles had issued the invitation to dinner at his house at Cricklewood. "My wife would like to meet you," said Mr. Sturgiss. "She's heard a lot from me, and from Field, of what an astonishingly clever young person we think you, and she'd—she'd like to meet you. And more than that." Mr. Sturgiss's halting speech suddenly became direct and definitive like a flag that has been fluttering suddenly streaming upon the breeze. "And more than that. The fact is there's a proposition I want to put up to you. A proposition. We could go into it quietly and discuss it. I rather think it would interest you. I'm sure it will. You'll come? Good. I'm very glad. Very glad."

A proposition! From Mr. Sturgiss! Of Field & Co.! What could it be?

MR. STURGISS'S house was almost on the summit to Shoot Up Hill. It was one of those houses standing a few miles along the main thoroughfares out of London that, now in decay or displaced by busy shops, packed villas or monstrous flats, were then the distinctly impressive residences of distinctly well-to-do business persons.

Mrs. Sturgiss talked to Rosalie while personally attending Rosalie's removal of her hat. "Things are going ahead at such a pace now!" said Mrs. Sturgiss. "The idea of women being in business, or even knowing anything about business, when I was a girl, why I can't tell you how positively shocking it would have been considered."

Rosalie laughed. She liked Mrs. Sturgiss, who was motherly and seemed to have her own dear mother's gentle ways. "Oh, there are getting to be heaps of women in business now, Mrs. Sturgiss," she smiled.

Mrs. Sturgiss returned brightly: "Oh, I know it. I know it well." She paused and her voice had a thoughtful note. "But even then—use the long mirror, my dear; the light is better. Even then, there can be few as—as much in it as you. My husband has an immense idea of your abilities. He has spoken of you so much. Do you know, you are a great surprise to me, now I see you. I could only imagine from all John's idea of you a rather terrible-looking blue-stocking, as we used to call the clever women." She came and stood by Rosalie, regarding the image in the glass that Rosalie regarded. She said simply, "But you are beautiful."

Continued on page 75



THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 74

A very odd feeling, akin to tears—but for what on earth tears?—quickened in Rosalie. She turned from the mirror. "I am ready now." She pretended she had not heard.

Mrs. Sturgiss said: "My dear, do you *like* it, being what you are?"

"Oh, I love it. I simply love it. It is everything to me, everything in the world!"

Mrs. Sturgiss opened the door. "No, you go first, my dear. But if I had had a dear girl, such as you, I would have wished her to stay with me at home."

SHE had made with her hand the gesture of her wish that Rosalie should precede her from the room. Rosalie impulsively touched the extended fingers. "But, Mrs. Sturgiss, don't you see, that's just it! If you had had a daughter and she had stayed at home—well, let that go, while you were with her. But when you died and left her, what *would* there be—don't you see it?—what would there be for her then?"

Mrs. Sturgiss pressed the warm, young hand. "But I would have left her married, a dear wife and a dear mother."

"Oh, *that!*" cried Rosalie, and her stronger personality carried off the exchanges in a laugh. Mrs. Sturgiss thought the expression and the tone meant, happily, that marriage might happen to any one, in the market as much as in the home. Rosalie, with all the fierce contempt that her "Oh, *that!*" conveyed to her secret self, was ridden strongly away from emotionalism. Her thought as they went down-stairs was: "If I were to instruct her in the cat-men! Her horror!"

There was down-stairs a surprise that was very annoying, but that was made to produce compensations. An unexpected fourth person, presuming—so Rosalie was given to understand—on a long-standing, indefinite invitation, had dropped in to dinner. She recognized him directly they entered the drawing-room and could not stop the emblem of a swift vexation about her mouth and in her eyes. He caught it, she was sure; and she hoped he did. It was Harry Occleve—Laetitia's futile slave! He had already informed his host that he knew her. She greeted him with a mere touch of her hand, a touch made cold by intent, and with, "With a free evening off, one would have expected you would spend it with Laetitia," said disdainfully. It was a rude and inept thing to say (in the tone she said it), for the feeble creature, as she stigmatized him, had not yet screwed his fatuous idolatry to the point of proposal of marriage. But she intended it to be rude and to discomfort him, and she was glad to see some twinge at the flick pass across his face. She hated his presence there. This man was of all men obnoxious to her. When he approached her for their brief greeting (she turned instantly away at its conclusion), she savored immediately that odd, nice smell about him, of mingled soap and peat and fresh tobacco smoke and tweed; and that annoyed her. It was a reminder, emanated from him and therefore not to be escaped, of a distinction he had different from and above common men. She always granted him his distinction, of looks, of air, of talent. It was why she so much disdained him. To be dowered so well and so fatuously to betray his dowry! Tame cat!

But she made him, through the meal, pay compensations for his presence. At the table of Aunt Belle, in his presence, she was accustomed to sit largely silent. Beautiful Laetitia was there the star; and while he mouthed and languished in that star's rays, Aunt Belle and Uncle Pyke (stealing about him to capture him as a farmer and his wife with mincing steps and tempting morsel toward a fatted calf) fawned, flattered and deferred to him, he returning it. There was no place for her, and she would have shuddered to have held a place, in that society for mutual admiration. She sat apart. She was very much the poor relation (Aunt Belle could not comprehend her business success and Uncle Pyke would not admit it) and especially odious to her was the Occleve's polite interest in her direction when Aunt Belle, poor-relationing her, would turn to her from coquettish raillery of him with "Dear child, you're eating nothing." He would smile toward her and, fatuously anxious to please, offer some remark that might draw her into the conversation. She never would be so drawn. She scarcely ever exchanged words with him. She got not to be conscious of his presence at the table. He was so occupied with his adoration of Laetitia that to be insensible of his presence was easy. When sometimes she glanced toward him it was with the thought: "Fancy being one of the rising young men at the Bar, being *the* rising young man—the Bar, with silk and ermine and, why not, the woolsack before you—and being *that*, doing *that!* Fatted calf; dilly, dilly, come and be killed, goose; tame cat!"

Here, at the table of Mr. Sturgiss, it was very different. Intolerable that he should be here, but she was able to make him provide her compensation for his presumption. For the first time in her life she found herself with sufficient interest in a man to enjoy, nay, to seek, a triumph over him. And she had that triumph. She was as certain as that she sat there that Mr. Sturgiss, in the period before her arrival in the drawing-room, had been telling him of her abilities and of his high regard for her. There was an interest in his look at her across the table that assured her he had been informed. There was, much more, a conviction within her, from Mr. Sturgiss's manner and from his choice of subjects—and particularly from the openings in these subjects with which continuously he presented her—that Mr. Sturgiss, proud of her, of his discovery of her, was bent upon showing her off to his second guest.

SHE most admirably responded. If she was indeed the subject of a challenge, she most admirably flattered her backer. She is not to be imagined as a pundit excavating from within herself slabs of profound wisdom, nor yet as a pupil astoundingly instructing her masters, nor even as one of Mrs. Sturgiss's blue-stockings, backed with surprising lore; Rosalie was nothing so foolishly impossible; but she displayed herself knowledgable; she was profoundly interested in the matters under notice and therefore (for it follows) she was interesting in her contributions to them; she was fascinated, the old fascination of "Lombard Street" and of "The English Constitution" now intensified as desire intensified by gratification—and therefore she fascinated; she was never silly—Rosalie could not be silly—but she was frequently in her remarks ingenuous, but her ingenuousness, causing Mr. Sturgiss more than once to laugh delightedly (Occleve, curiously grave, no doubt because surprised, did not laugh), was born out a shrewd touch toward the heart of the matter, as the best schoolboy howlers are never the work of the dullard, but of him that has perceptions. Of her in her childhood it has been said that she was never the wonder child of fiction who at ten has read all that its author had not read at forty. So now of her budding maturity she was not the wonder woman of fiction causing by her brilliance her hearers, like Cortez's men, to stare at each other with a wild surmise. No, nothing so unlikely. But she was intelligent and she was ardent; there are no boundaries to the distance one may go with that equipment. She was admirable and she felt that she was effective. She had a consciousness of confidence amounting almost to a feeling of being tuned up and now let go; to a feeling of power, as of inspiration. And this strange animation that she had came, she knew, from the triumph over that man, from the feeling, stated grimly, that she was giving him *one*.

It is much more important, all that, than, when it came, the great reason of the great invitation that had brought Rosalie to take part in it. The great reason already has been disclosed—Mr. Sturgiss, bending across the table-cloth, they two left alone. "We want you—Field & Co., the bank—we want you to come to us—we want you in Lombard Street."

She was beautiful to see in her proud happiness at that. Startled and tremulous, she was; like some lovely fawn burst from thicket and at breathless poise upon the crest of unsuspecting pastures; within her eyes the cloud of dreams passing like veils upon the gleam of her first ecstasy; upon her face, shadowed as she sinks somewhat back, the tide of color (her rosy joy) flooding above her sudden pallor; her lips slightly parted; her hand that had been plucking at the cloth

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MAKING *your* HAIR *look its very* BEST

Why Its Freshness, Vitality and Luxurious Growth Depend upon Thorough Shampooing and Careful Brushing

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.



Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.



When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.



The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.





Toilet Nicety Brings Skin Refinement

DO you realize that the selection of anything which you use as regularly as your toilet soap merits more than passing consideration?

The sharp irritants of the wrong soap can be almost as disastrous as neglect. They roughen the skin, remove its natural oil and permit inflammation in the form of blotches, redness and other defects.

Resinol Soap meets the demands of the most exacting women. It is exquisitely pure, with a rich velvety lather that rinses easily, leaving the pores cleansed and refreshed. It has no heavy perfume,—only a mild fragrance—a reminder of the summer woods.

It protects good complexions and improves bad ones because it helps to allay skin trouble and give nature a chance to build afresh.

At all drug and toilet goods counters. Trial free on request, Dept. 8-F, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap





THIS FREEDOM

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caught to her bosom where her heart had leaped.

MR. STURGISS bent farther across the table-cloth, expanding his proposal. She knew, said he, what he represented, what the firm was. Field & Company. A private bank. He wasn't proposing to bring her in for fun or for a chance that might turn up, like the man who picked up a dog-biscuit from the road on the chance that some one would give him a dog before it got mildewed; no, he was bringing her in to develop an enterprise that should be the parent of other and greater enterprises. Her knowledge of insurance, her knowledge of schools, those, with her sex, on the one side of the counter and all their clients—the Anglo-Indian crowd who were the backbone of the business—on the other side of the counter. Field's, for cash, and, while it was drawing, for advice, was always the first port of call of the wives and the mothers home from India, to say nothing of husbands and the fathers. She didn't suppose, as it was, that Field's did no more for them than bank their money? Field's were their *agents*. "Very well. Now Field's—*you*—are going to look after their domestic troubles for them—find them rooms, find them houses, find them schools for their children. When people know what we can do for them, people will come to us to bank with us *because* we can do it. When people come to us to bank with us—we go ahead."

Mr. Sturgiss ended and drew back and looked at her. He lit a cigaret and took a sip of his coffee. "We thought of offering you three—" he set down his cup and looked at her again—"five hundred a year."

She declined the post. She was girlish, and delighted him, in her expression of her enormous sense of the compliment he paid her; she was a woman of uncommon purposefulness. and increased his admiration for her, in the directness and decision with which uncompromisingly she said him no. She owed a loyalty which she could never fully pay to Simcox's, to Mr. Simcox; that was the beginning and the end of her refusal. "But if you knew how proud I am, Mr. Sturgiss! You don't mind my refusing?"

He laughed and rose to take her to the drawing-room. "I don't mind a bit. This is only what they call preliminary overtures. I shall ask you again. We mean to have you."

Between the two rooms he said: "Yes, mean to. It's a big thing. I'm certain of it. We shall keep it open for you. We shan't fill it." He put his hand on the drawing-room door and opened it. "We can't."

She went in radiant.

She was on the red bus, going home. She had stayed but the briefest time after dinner. She was too elevated, too buoyant, too possessed, possibly to remain in company; excitedly desirous to be alone with her excited thoughts.

She had a front seat on the outside of the omnibus. She gazed before her along a path of night that the lamps jeweled in chains of gold, and streamed along it her tumultuous thoughts, terrible as an army with banners. It was very strange, and it vexed her, robbing her of her proud consciousness of them, that there obtruded among them, as one plucking at her skirt, the figure of Laetitia's Harry. Similarly he had obtruded and been like to spoil the pleasure of her visit; but he had been made to provide compensations and he obtruded now only in rebirth of a passage with him that, rehearsed again, much pleased her even while, annoyed, she cut him down.

Taking her leave, she had been seen from the threshold by Mr. Sturgiss and by Laetitia's Harry. It was pitch-dark, emerging from the brightness of the interior, and he had stepped with her to conduct her to the gate. "It was an extraordinary coincidence, meeting you here," he had said.

She did not reply. His voice was most strangely grave for an observation so trite; he might have been speaking some deeply meditated thing, profound, heavy with meaning, charged with Fate. Fatuous! It was extraordinary that there was not an action of his but aroused her animosity. This vibrant gravity of tone—an organ used for a jig, just as his gifts were used for his Laetitia moon-calfings—caused newly a disturbance within her against him. She would have liked to whistle or in some equal way to express indifference to his presence.

They were at the gate and he stooped to the latch and appeared to have some trouble with it. "Sturgiss has been telling me what a wonderful person you are."

Again that immense gravity of tone. She was astonished at the sudden surge of her animosity that it caused within her. She had desired to express indifference. She desired now to assail. She made a sneer of her voice. "I should have thought you had ears for the wonder of no one but Laetitia."

"Why do you say that?"

She felt her lip curl with her malevolence. "To see you raise your eyes and hear you breathe 'Ah, Laetitia!' "

He opened the gate and she passed out, tingling.

It astounded her to find herself, a hundred yards gone from the house, nay, now upon the bus a mile and more away, recalling it, trembling and with her breath quickened. It was as if she had been engaged in a contest of wills, very fierce; nay, in a contest physical, a wrestling. She had not known, she told herself, that it was possible to hate so. That man! These men! She put her eyes upon the bus-driver, strapped on his perch so near to her that she could have touched him, and absurdly in her repugnance of his sex hated him and shrank farther away from him.

It was enormously, sickeningly real to her, her repugnance. Even on detached consideration of her ridiculous shrinking from the bus-driver she could not have laughed at it. People who had an uncontrollable antipathy to cats did not laugh at the grotesque puerilities to which it carried them. Nor she at her antipathy. "Of course they're beasts." Yes, the right word! It was the beastliness of sex that bottomed her loathing.

SHE could not have laughed; but she could and did with a conscious intention of her will put that intruder on her animation finally out of her mind. She was her own! All her proud joys, her glad imaginings, her delighted hopes arose amain and anew. She was intoxicated on her happiness.

They were come to the lighted shops and the crowded pavements. The bus drew up at the thronged corner adjacent to the divigation of the Harrow Road and she leaned over and watched the scene, smilingly (for sheer happiness) looking down upon it, as smilingly (for her triumphant altitude) she felt that she looked down upon the world. There came one in the traffic beneath her that caught her attention: a woman whom people stood aside to let pass and turned to look upon with grins; two or three urchins danced about the woman, pointing at her and calling at her. Her dress was disordered, muddy all up one side as if she had fallen; her face flushed; her hat awry; her hair escaped and wisped about her eyes and on her shoulders. She was drunk. An obscene and horrible spectacle, the mock of her beholders—a horrible woman.

It was Keggo.

Rosalie caught her breath. She made to rise, but did not rise. Keggo stopped and lifted all around a vacant gaze. Her eyes met Rosalie's straight above her. She lurched a step and stopped and swayed and looked again, battling perhaps with hints within her fumey brain of recognition. Rosalie made again to rise to go to her and again did not rise. The bus moved forward. That wretched woman, making as if to pursue her aroused befuddlement, turned about to follow and came to a few steps, lurching like a ship that foundered. The light blazed down upon her upturned face. She lurched into some shadow and, as wreckage swallowed up in the trough of the sea, her face was gone.

Lurching—as a ship—that foundered. There was in Rosalie's mind some dim memory struggling. Lurching—as a ship—in the darkness—in the night. And her face—seen and gone—as a ship—laboring—as a ship—

Ships that pass in the night, and speak
Each other in passing:
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness.

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THIS FREEDOM

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It came at Rosalie complete and word for word; and with perfect clearness, as though she saw and sensed them, all its attendant circumstances; the attic room at the Sultana's, the strange smell mingled with the smell of the oil-lamp, Keggo in the wicker chair, she beside her, her head against Keggo's knee; and Keggo's voice reciting the lines and her young protesting loving cry, "Oh, Keggo!"

She saw it, sensed it, heard it—and stonily regarded it. A thing to weep at, she knew it; but did not weep. A thing to stab her, it ought to; but did not stab. What *good* could she do? Suppose she had got up and gone down; suppose she now got up and went down and went back? What *good?* All sentimentality, that. Be sensible! If a thousand pounds would do Keggo any good, and if she had a thousand pounds, freely and gladly she would give the last penny of it. But to get down, to have got down, what *could* she have done? Why should she worry about her? Keggo had had her chance. Everybody had their chance. She now had hers. Why *should* she——

She never saw Keggo again.

SHE had not good health in the week immediately following that great day. She did not feel well. She did not look well. Mr. Simcox, profoundly sympathetic to every mood of her who was at once his protégé and his support, told her he thought she had been overdoing it. She seized upon that excuse and tried to persuade herself that perhaps she had; or, which amounted to the same thing, that she was suffering from the revulsion of those huge excitements. But she did not persuade herself. Her malaise, whatever it was, was not of that kind. Its manifestations were not in lassitude or sense of disability. They were in a curious dis-ease whose occasion was not to be defined; in a consuming restlessness beneath whose goad even the significant apartment had not power to charm and hold her; in a certain feverishness whose exsiccant heat, leaving her palms and temples cool (she sometimes felt them and had surprise), caused inwardly a dry burning that made her long for quiet places.

She could not settle to anything. Her limbs, and they had their way, desired not to rest; her mind, and it deposed her captaincy, would cast no anchor.

Mr. Simcox, as the week drew on, suggested a week-end at home. It had occurred to her, very attractively, but she had negatived it. Aunt Belle (before the idea had come to her) had written an invitation to one of the Saturday dinners in which she had "most *particularly*" desired her presence. Something *most delightful* was going to happen and she *must be there*. She had accepted, and she later told herself she did not like to refuse. She knew, instantly as she read, what was the identity of this delightful thing that was to happen, and she decided, with a sharp turn within her of some emotion, that certainly she would be there. To whet her scorn! She was thereafter much aggravated that her drifting mind, against her wish, swayed constantly toward it, sometimes with that sharp turn of that same emotion (nameless to her and without meaning), always with aggravation of her restlessness, of her fever, of her dis-ease. When came Mr. Simcox's suggestion of the week-end at home, she decided, as swiftly as she had first decided, to revoke her acceptance. She would not be there! She would not—waste her scorn!

Impatient for movement, she that evening went to the splendid house in Phillimore Gardens to tell her withdrawal. This most exasperating dis-ease of hers! Now that she was come to change her mind she did not want to change her mind. Her governance of herself was so shaken, that as she came into Aunt Belle's presence, she did no know whether she was going to withdraw or to confirm her acceptance of the invitation.

Most comfortingly, Aunt Belle saved her the decision. "My dear child! How unexpected! How opportune! I was just writing to you. Our little dinner is put off! Sit here while I tell you."

She told what Rosalie had perfectly well known. The delightful thing expected to happen was Harry Occleve's proposal of marriage to darling Laetitia. Aunt Belle knew all the signs! Every woman of Aunt Belle's experience knew them, dear child. So Harry had been asked for this dinner; a *meaningly* written letter, dear child, to encourage him, the dear, poor fellow! And had accepted, in terms so meaning too, the dear, devoted fellow. Then——

"But, Aunt Belle——"

"Listen, dear child. Then he suddenly wrote saying he found he had made a mistake——"

"Made a mistake!" The words went out from Rosalie in a small cry.

"Dear child, it is nothing. How sweet to be so concerned! Made a mistake that he was disengaged for Saturday. The dear, devoted fellow was so absurdly vague about it. Unavoidable circumstances prevented him; that was all; his writing and all the appearance of his letter so delightfully distracted! How amused we were, your Uncle Pyke and I! How amused, and how we felt for the dear, devoted fellow! Dear child, you've no idea how ridiculous those poor men are in their love! How timorous! How they suffer! The dear, poor fellows. Your Uncle Pyke wrote him at once a most kind and meaning letter—accepting his unforeseen circumstances (he had to, of course) and positively fixing him for Monday instead. '*Laetitia is expecting you*,' your Uncle Pyke wrote. So it is Monday, dear child. Monday instead. We do so want you to be there. I do so want you, and so does my darling, to be the first to congratulate her. And you shall be a bridesmaid! Won't that be nice? Kiss me, dear child. I shall never forget your sweet concern before I told you his excuse meant nothing. Dear child, you look startled yet."

She went down to the Rectory on Saturday and found herself more glad to be there and to be with her mother than she had ever been. When she greeted her mother, "Kiss me again, dear, small mother," she cried and put her cheek against her mother's and held it there some moments, rather fiercely and with her eyes closed, as though there were in that contact some febrifuge that abated her inward fever, some mooring whereto, adrift, her mind made fast.

WHAT beset her? *What* was the matter with her? *What* worked within her? Feverishly she inquired of herself, seeking to analyze her case; but she could by no means inform herself—her case was not within what diagnosis she could summon. *What?* Near as she could get she had the feeling, nay, the wild longing, to get *out;* out of *what?* She did not know. To get *away;* away from *what?* She could not say.

She found in herself a great and an unusual tenderness toward the home life. Only her mother and her father were now at home. Harold was at a branch of his bank in Shanghai. Robert was in Canada. Flora was in India, married, with two small children. Hilda was in Devonshire, married to a doctor. These things had happened, these flights been winged, and she had taken but the smallest interest in them. She had had her own affairs. She had had herself to think of. She had lost touch with her brothers and sisters. She scarcely ever thought about them. Now she wanted very much to hear about them. What news of them was there? How were they getting on? She did want—she could fix that much of her state, or it presented a relief for her state—she did want to feel that she belonged to them and they to her. She noticed with a large whelming of pity how very small her mother seemed to have grown. She was always small, but now—much smaller, fallen in, very fragile. She noticed with a quick pang how all her father's violent blackness of hair and violent red of coloring and violent glint of eye and violent energy of gesture were faded, grayed, dimmed, devitalized to a hue and to an air that was all one and lusterless. Was it possible that all this had been so when she was last here? She had not noticed it. She noticed that both her dear mother and father walked on the flat soles of their feet, and touched articles of furniture as they trod heavily across the room. Almost frightful tenderness toward them possessed her. She wanted like anything to show them devotion

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How To Be Free From Laxatives

Science has found a Newer, Better Way to Overcome Constipation

THE wide-spread use of laxatives and cathartics has caused medical authorities to issue a warning regarding their use in the treatment of constipation.

An eminent physician says that an inestimable amount of injury is done by the use of these intestinal irritants, most of which provide temporary relief only at the expense of permanent injury. Another even goes so far as to say that all laxatives are irritant poisons which affect the stomach, as well as the colon and small intestine. In time, he asserts, their long continued use gives rise to gastric and intestinal catarrh, colitis and the varied evils which accompany these disorders, especially hemorrhoids, appendicitis, and intestinal toxemia, as well as an aggravation of the constipation which they are given to relieve.

No wonder that science has sought a newer, better way. After years of study there has been found in lubrication, a means as simple as nature itself.

Lubrication

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft. Thus it is easily eliminated. But when you are constipated, this natural lubricant is not sufficient.

To find something to take the place of this natural lubricant, leading medical authorities conducted exhaustive research. They have discovered that the gentle lubricating action of Nujol most closely resembles that of Nature's own lubricant. As Nujol is not a laxative it cannot gripe. It is not a medicine in any sense of the word and, like pure water, it is harmless. These facts have led to its adoption in leading hospitals throughout the world for the treatment of constipation. Specialists consider it indispensable in treating chronic constipation.

The lubricating action of Nujol has helped thousands of people to overcome constipation, and free themselves from laxatives and cathartics, thereby wonderfully increasing their capacity for usefulness, activity and enjoyment of life.

Test Nujol yourself. For sale at any drug store, or send coupon today for free sample.

MISTOL, *a new product, for Colds in head, Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and acute paroxysms of Asthma and Hay Fever. Made by the makers of Nujol.*

Nujol
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A Lubricant, not a Laxative

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FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Nujol, Room 802-M, 44 Beaver St., New York.
For this coupon and 15 cents, stamps or coin, enclosed, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 24-page booklet "Dangers of Constipation." (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.)

Name.....

Address.....



Do you look well in a slip-on sweater?

SCARFS that match will be worn with slip-on sweaters this Summer, making them 100 per cent. more attractive. How shall you make the scarf? The Summer *Needle-Art* will give you full instructions for crocheting and knitting them, in silks and Iceland yarn, in blues, pinks, browns, yellows, reds—artistically combined. All the very latest designs, both in slip-on and Tuxedo sweaters will be found in Summer *Needle-Art*.

If you want to earn some money

take up weaving—it is both restful and profitable. Summer *Needle-Art* shows you with pictures all you need to know—how to thread up the loom, how to "beat the cloth," how to join threads, etc. And genuine home-spun cloth is very popular now. Summer *Needle-Art* tells you how to weave delightful scarfs, collars and cuffs, belts, bags, luncheon-sets and table-covers that will command handsome prices.

You will also find—

porch mats crocheted out of cord, peasant embroidery worked on plain dish-cloth, batiste undergarments trimmed with gingham, new Roumanian cross-stitch designs in color, fancy oilcloth bags for wet bathing-suits, all in

The Summer

NEEDLE-ART



THIS FREEDOM

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and, most frightfully, to receive from them signs of devotion to her—to be able to feel she was theirs and they hers. She wanted it terribly.

But what *else* did she want? *What?* They gave her all the home talk, but soon it flagged, and whatever in her desired satisfaction still gnawed within her and was unsatisfied, she ministered to them and they were pleased, but they seemed very quickly tired, they had their accustomed hours and habits, and whatever it was in her that found relief in solicitude still tossed within her and was not relieved. What beset her? *What? What?*

Monday came. She was at this dinner, this festival for the consummation and celebration of the betrothal of beautiful Laetitia and Laetitia's darling Harry. That sick dis-ease of hers had wonderfully vanished when she came into the house, when she was hugged fit to crack her to Aunt Belle's bosom with "Dear Child! Dear Child! He's just arrived! He's with your uncle down-stairs. Look at Laetitia! Lovely! Isn't she lovely? Kiss me again, again, dear child!" when she was floated to by Laetitia, exquisitely arrayed, pink and white, doll-faced, doll-headed, squeaking with coquettish glee, "Rosalie! Darling! Isn't this awful? Imagine it for me, Rosalie! It oughtn't to have been planned like this, ought it? Do tell darling mama it ought not to have been! I'm trembling. Wouldn't you be?"

Yes, gone that sick dis-ease. How at this spectacle suffer dis-ease, or any other disturbance of the emotions save only disgust, at such a horrid preparation for such a horrid rite. Excited responsiveness to their most friendly excitation was not needed in her, for it was not expected. "The shy, quiet thing you always are, dear child," Aunt Belle often used to say to her and said now. (And within the week was to beat her breast in that same drawing-room and cry with an exceeding bitter cry. "Shy! We thought her shy! Sly! Sly! Sly, to the tips of her fingers, the wicked girl!")

SO SHE need respond with no more than her normal, quiet smile, her normal tones, in their presence, of poor-relation deference and awe. So behind that mask could curl her lip and shudder in the refinements of her views at this most horrid preparation for this most horrid rite. And did. That dis-ease strangely fled, there came to her the swift belief that here, and she had not known it, was that dis-ease cause. It was the anticipation of this exhibition of all the things she hated most, of this most glaring presentment of outrage of all her strongest principles. This Laetitia, embodiment of useless womanhood, launching herself on that disgusting dependence on a man that would strand her among the derelicts; and that Laetitia's Harry that might have been a man among men coming to the apotheosis of his languishing to—ah, wreathed, fatted calf with gilded horns!

Yes, it was this had vexed her so; and suddenly informed of the seat of her injury she turned upon it disgust and scorn such as never before had she felt (and she had felt it always) for the whole order of things for which it stood. She felt her very temples throb, and almost thought they must be heard, in her fierce detestation of all the masculinity of men and most of all—yes, with a flash of eye she could not stay and hoped that he could see—that fatuous Harry's masculinity.

He came into the room—looked-pale—poor calf!—and went, with a nervous halt in his walk—sick fool!—to his Laetitia; and looked across at Rosalie and made a half step to her; and she thought with all her force, to send it to him, her last words to him: that most malevolent "to see you raise your eyes and hear you breathe, 'Ah, Laetitia'!" and surely sent it, for on that half-step toward her he stopped, hesitated, and turned and engaged Laetitia again.

She had told herself, leaving the Sturgiss's house that night a week ago, that she had not believed it possible to hate a man so. Now! Why that was not hate; that, compared with the inimity that now consumed her, was a mere chill indifference. And it made her tremble! She was rigid now. Stiff with hate! He personified for her all in life against which she was in rebellion, all in life that her soul abhorred; and while, in the moments before dinner, grunting Uncle Pyke and rallying Aunt Belle and coquetting Laetitia crowded about him, leaving her alone and far apart, she, for the reason that it gave to her hate and for the example that stood before her eyes, reviewed again her theories of life and again pledged herself in their support——

"DINNER is served." That group went laughing to the door, she followed. "No, no, my boy. No standing on ceremony. Pass along as we come. Why, hang it, man, we regard you as one of the family. Ha! Ha! Haw!" Down the stairs in a body, she following. There, from their conversation, something the wreathed calf is to get from his coat to bring to show them, a letter or a token or something. The dining-room is to the front on the ground floor. The coats hang in the hall, a narrow passage there, that runs back to Uncle Pyke's den. They are down. "Shall I get it now?" "Yes, bring it along; bring it along, my boy." "And Rosalie," (Aunt Belle) "my fan, dear child. Dear child, I left it on the table in Uncle Pyke's den. You will? Dear child!"

They pass in. She slips by before he turns from them for his coat and to the den and takes up the fan and comes with it again. It is dim in the passage. A condition on which generous Uncle Pyke years before installed this wonderful electric light that you flick on and flick off as you require it was that it should always be flicked off when you did not require it. Now as Rosalie came from the den the passage was lit only by the shaft of light that gleamed from the dining-room door; its only sound Aunt Belle's noisy chatter from the waiting table.

He was fumbling at the coats, standing there sharply outlined against the stream of light, his face cut on it in a perfect silhouette. She had to pass him. That hateful he—She was seized with a fit of that same trembling that had shaken her after the passage between them at the gate on Shoot Up Hill. It shook her now, dreadfully. Her knees trembled. She felt faint. Awful to hate so! She was quite close, almost touching him. It was necessary he should move, forward or back, to give her room. But he did not move. His hands, outstretched before him on the coats and sharp against the light, appeared to her to be shaking; but that was the hallucination of this frightful trembling that possessed her. She tried to say "If you please—" but, dreadfully, had no voice; but made some sound. He, most slowly, drew back. It was before him that she had to pass. She advanced; and felt, as if she saw it, the intensity of the gaze of his eyes upon her; and saw, as if the place were light and her look not averted, his marching face and those lines radiating to his temples (horizon tracks) where the faint touch of grayness was; and suddenly had upon her senses, with an extraordinary pungency, causing them to swim, that odd, nice smell there was about him of mingled peat and soap and fresh tobacco, of tweed and heather and the sea.

She caught her breath.

The thing's too poignant for the words a man has.

She was caught in his arms, terribly enfolding her. He was crying in her ears, passionately, triumphantly, "Rosalie! Rosalie!" She was in his arms. Those long, strong arms of his were round her; and she was caught against his heart, her face upturned to his, his face against her own; and she was swooning, falling through incredible spaces, drowning in incredible seas, sinking through incredible blackness; and in her ears his voice, coming to her in her extremity like the beat of a wing in the night, like the first pulsing roll of music enormously remote, "Rosalie! Rosalie!"

The thing's too poignant for the words one has. This girl's extremity was very great, not to be set in words. Words can not bring to earth that which, ethereal, defies our comprehension as life and death defy it and, like life and death, to our comprehension only sublimely *is*. Words only can say her spirit, bursting from bondage, streamed up to cleave to his—how tell the anguish, how the ecstasy? Words only can say her spirit, like a live part of her drawn out of her,

Continued on page 82

Famous makers of sport silks and smart sport waists make washing tests

Find safe way to launder silks ~

SPORT silks and sport waists were practically unknown fifteen years ago, Today it is hard to find a woman who doesn't wear them.

These light-colored silks have to be laundered so frequently that it is of real interest to the manufacturer as well as to the wearer to find the safe way to wash them.

The makers of Lux have helped Mallinson, famous for sport silks, and Max Held, creator of The Forsythe Waist, solve this washing problem. Together they had extensive laundering tests made. Their letters tell why, as a result of these tests, they recommend Lux as the safe way to wash silks.



H. R. MALLINSON AND COMPANY, Inc.
MALLINSON'S Silks de Luxe
299 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

Lever Bros. Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Our washable Pussywillow is now made in thirty colors, all fast to sunlight, and with the proper care, fast to washing.

Thorough washing tests with Pussywillow were made by an unquestionable authority on Home Economics. Samples were washed in Lux fifty times, - a number far beyond the life of the ordinary fabric. We found that these colors absolutely stood up and did not lose a trace of the original color or bloom. There was no roughing up of the fabric even at the end of these exhaustive tests.

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Very truly yours,

H. R. MALLINSON & COMPANY, INC.

The Forsythe Waist Co.

Lever Bros. Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Once in a while, a blouse is returned to us as unsatisfactory. We are sure of the material we use in making our blouses and we are sure of our workmanship. What we are not sure of is the treatment the blouse gets after it is in the hands of the owner.

If women would wash their blouses with Lux, 90 per cent of our complaints would disappear.

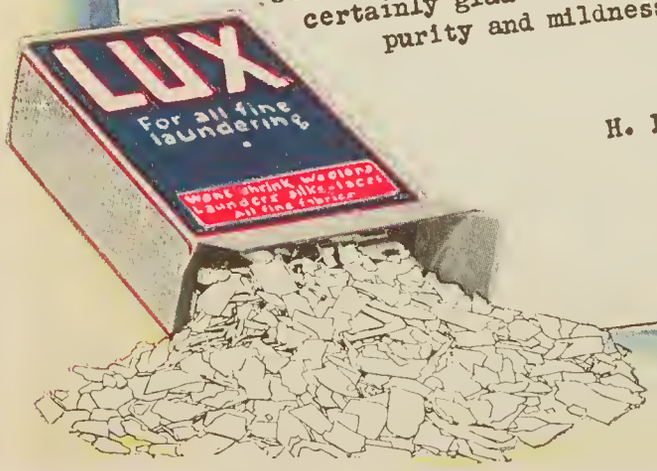
Frayed, pulled threads do not always mean a poor quality of silk, but a blouse that has been rubbed to get it clean. The thick Lux lather makes rubbing unnecessary.

The other day a crepe de Chine blouse was returned to us which had "gone" under the arm. The owner had put away the blouse which was badly soiled with perspiration. The perspiration acids had eaten the silk, and a harsh soap and rubbing completed the destruction. If that blouse had been washed with Lux as soon as it was soiled, we would not have had the complaint.

For our own protection, we recommend the use of Lux in washing silks.

Very truly yours,

Max Held



Send for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Department E-7, Cambridge, Mass.

LUX

BETTY IN THE SWISS ALPS



This is the way the little peasant girls learn to spin



The St. Bernard dogs used to help the monks



Isn't Betty darling in her Alpine suit?



This is Betty's picnic on the mountainside with the sheep



Betty is helping to drive home the cows with the little Swiss peasant boy

BETTY *is lucky this month to be playing in cool Switzerland while the rest of us are so hot at home. Switzerland is a good place to rest, too, and Betty was feeling rather tired after traveling so much in so many countries and writing letters from everywhere. Isn't the peasant girl's dress cute, and don't you like the peasant boy's suit, too? Betty is just crazy about her own gray Norfolk climbing suit with the red-lined cape that her brother bought her. The St. Bernard dogs and the outdoor picnic and the cunning little peasant chalet in the mountains—you'll read about them all in Betty's letter from Switzerland on another page in this magazine. Be sure to look for it.*

BETTY'S LETTER FROM THE SWISS ALPS

By Harriet Ide Eager

Betty begs everybody's pardon! In her letter from Norway and Sweden she said there was one king for both countries. Betty got mixed up. There used to be one, but now Norway and Sweden each has its own king.

BERNE, SWITZERLAND.

LIEBE DOTS:

You say that: "Lee-buh," and it means "Dear" in German. Goodness! Did you know they talk German here? And in some places they talk French. And other places Italian. And other places other languages. Only they're all Swiss people just the same. Isn't that funny?

Well, this is called Berne, and it's *so* cute. It's awful old and funny and Brother calls it Toy Town and says all the little old brown houses look like cuckoo-clocks. So we pretend it's a "Grimm's Fairy-Tale" and we're walking in it.

I saw a big old clock on a tower and a little old clock under it. And it was four o'clock, so a little man (not a real one, just a machine man) hit little bells, and there were machine bears that danced.

There's a bear pit here and you look down and see the bears. I fed them. They are brown. There are two.

And a man told Brother that Berne means "bears' den" because when the first Swiss people came here to live they found a den of brown bears. Brother bought me one that is a wood nutcracker and you open his mouth and put the nut in and the bear cracks it for you.

You can see the mountains all around. There's snow on top, even now in Springtime. Oh, and the air feels so nice you just want to jump around all the time.

Oh, I forgot to tell you something funny. In the park you see benches that have writing in German that says only visitors can sit on them and town people can't. Brother says that's because Swiss people make more money off foreign people.

STILL IN BERNE.

OH, WE had the most exciting time. Oh, I wish you were here! Oh Brother and I had more fun!

Why, you see, every year after the snow melts, why, the Swiss men who take care of cows and goats go up to the high part of the mountains and stay all Summer. So they have a kind of a picnic up there. The peasant man that Brother bought my nutcracker bear from told him about it in German and he said we could go.

Oh, I forgot to tell you. Brother bought me the cutest climbing suit. It's gray and has bloomers and there's a gray cape with red inside.

Well, all the cow-men dressed up in their peasant clothes and walked in front of their cows. And some cows had colored collars and *great* big cow-bells, big as a bucket. And all the other cows had bells, only littler. Oh, the big bells and the little bells jingle-jangled so *exciting!* And the herdsmen and the herd boys yodeled. That's a funny kind of way they yell, real loud and high up, so you can hear it a long way off. It's how people signal to each other in the mountains, only they don't need to so much now because there are telephones.

Well, I saw a real Swiss chalet up there. It was where that peasant man lives in Summer. It looked just like pictures. It's little and the windows are awful little and so are the rooms, on account of the wind. And goodness! there are lots of big stones on the roof so it won't blow away!

And the man has two boys, Peter and Otto, and they help him. I got awful out of breath. So did Brother. And Peter and Otto laughed. They're awful strong and they're not scared of anything because they climb around the mountains so much by themselves.

Once, I heard the funniest noise, like whistling. But we couldn't see anything. And it was a chamois. Peter said chamois are awful smart and they whistle to each other when they hear anybody coming. So you hardly ever see one. Peter said the government won't let you shoot them except in certain places and the chamois know which those places are and they never go there! Isn't that cute?

Brother wanted to make a fire because it was a picnic. And Peter and Otto thought that was awful. Because we were near a forest. And you'd have to pay a big fine because it might set the trees on fire.

The peasant man explained to Brother. He said they have awful avalanches here. You know that means when the snow melts and begins to slide down-hill. And sometimes the avalanche slides ker-bang into a village and knocks down the houses and kills all the people.

So one way to stop it is to have forests up higher on the mountain than the towns, so the avalanche will hit the forest first and stop. And whenever a forest gets knocked down, people begin to plant another one right away.

So whenever I heard a noise I was scared it was an avalanche. Peter and Otto laughed and laughed. Oh, I didn't tell you they talk English. They have to learn it in school.

We ate cheese and brown bread. You ought to see all the flowers up there. Pink and blue and yellow. Just thick! Peter climbed way high up and found an edelweiss for me. You know, that kind of fuzzy little flower that looks like white cloth.

GENEVA.

WELL, I'm in the part of Switzerland where they talk French. It's different from Berne. It's bigger. And there's a big lake called Lake Leman that's just as blue! I can see it from my window. And Mont Blanc, too.

Oh, I didn't tell you. I'm in a Swiss family. You know I kind of thought all the Swiss children lived in the mountains and took care of goats. Because that's all you read about. But the Valette family live in a nice apartment. And Philippe (he's a boy, five years old) and Antoinette (she's ten—she's a girl) why, they dress almost like us.

Their father is rich, but they go to public school. He's an engineer, the kind that builds bridges and tunnels.

Goodness! There are so many tunnels! You get all mixed up. Once our train was climbing a mountain. And it would go in a tunnel and come out and go in and come out and go in and come out. And you could see a soap factory way way down with smoke coming out. And when the train came out of the tunnel, the smoke was always on the wrong side where you were sure it wasn't. Brother and I tried to remember, but the train always twisted a funny way inside the tunnel and the smoke always came out on the side it oughtn't to be. Goodness! It made me dizzy.

Philippe and Antoinette play with me outdoors near the lake. They play hide-and-seek, only they call it *cache-cache*. That means "hide-hide." You say it: "cash-cash." And they call leap-frog "jump sheep."

STILL IN GENEVA.

OH, WE had the most exciting time! We went all the way to the big house for monks where those St. Bernard dogs live that save people. You can stay there all night without paying unless you want to. I saw all the big St. Bernard dogs. You know they wear a little sort of pocket with bandages in it and things to eat and drink. And the monks send them out in the snow to find people that are lost going over the mountain.

They don't need them so much now because there's a train that goes through a tunnel to the other side. But some poor Italian people walk because it's cheaper and sometimes they get lost, and the St. Bernard dogs save them. Tell Snippie.

Tell Jack I bought him some real Swiss moon agates. And I have a wood bear inkstand for you and a flower edelweiss pin made out of white bone.

Auf Wiedersehen. (That's German.)
Au revoir. (That's French.)
A rivederci. (That's Italian.)
But they're all Swiss, too! Ha! Ha!

BETTY.

P. S. Brother is tired, so we're going to stay in Switzerland all Summer.



Picnic Days Are Biscuit Days

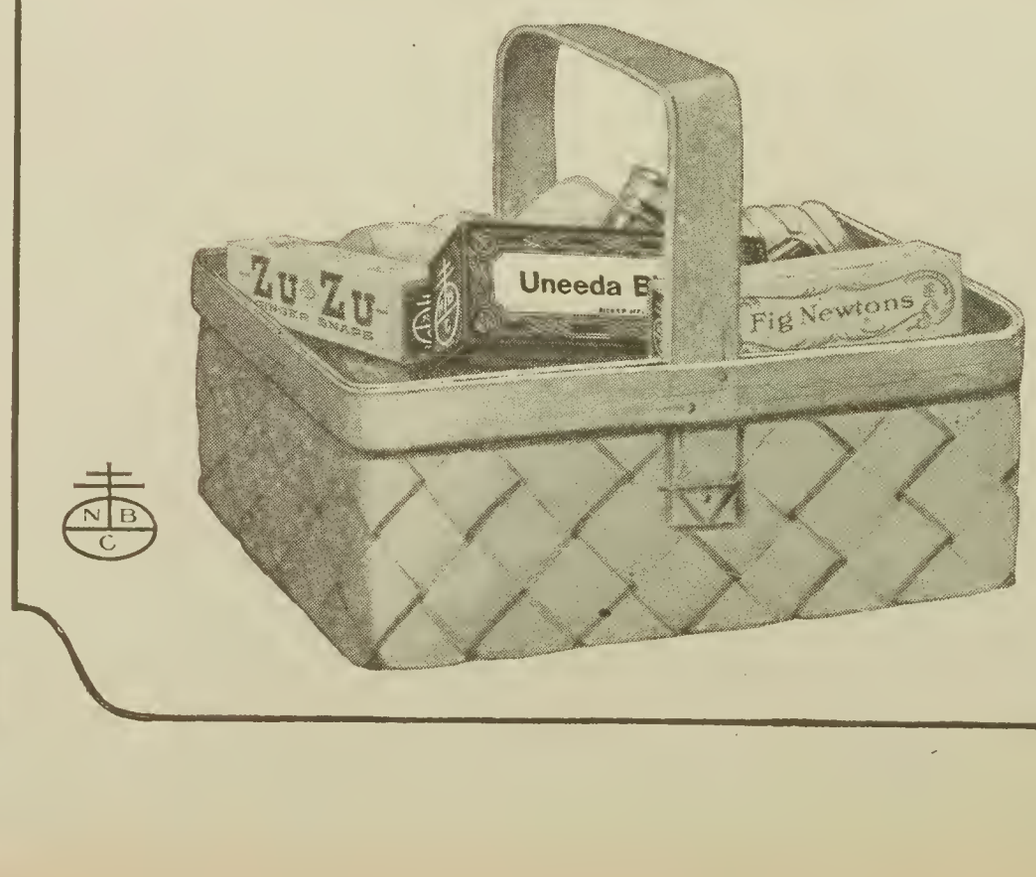
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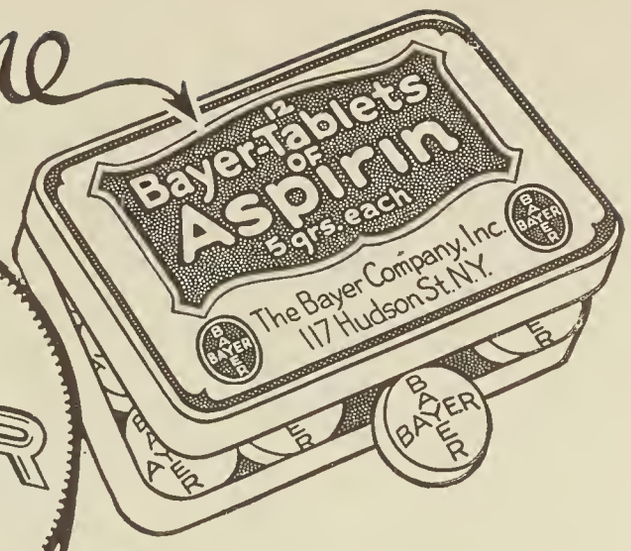
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THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 78

seemed to be rushing upward from her body to her lips; words can not tell the anguish that was bliss, the rapture that was pain. Only can say that she was in his arms, her heart to his, his lips against her own; and can not tell——

But also it is to be accounted to her for her extremity that herein all her life's habit was delivered over by her to betrayal.

He was saying, "We must go in. Can you go in?"

She breathed, "I can."

That dinner! That after-dinner in the drawing-room up-stairs! It is a nightmare to be imagined, not to be described. Imagine walking from the darkness and the frightful secret of the passage into the blazing dazzle and the eyes of the resplendent dinner-party! They, in Harry's absence, have been exchanging the last private nods and flashes. "Soon! Soon!" they have been nodding to one another. Aunt Belle, kind, kind Aunt Belle, with a last satisfied eye about the appointments of the table, has patted her Laetitia's hand and conveyed to her "Soon, soon, darling; soon, soon!" Beautiful Laetitia's has given a gentle, glad squeeze to the patting hand and smiled a lovely, happy, certain smile. "Soon! Soon!" has gone the jolly signal—and it is not going to be soon, nor late; it is never, never going to happen; and worse than never happen!

Worse than never happen! That's it. That is the awful knowledge of awful guilt with which Rosalie sits there and freezes in guilty agony at every pause in the conversation and could scream to notice how the pauses grow longer and longer, more frequent and more frequent yet. There's a frightful constraint, a chilly, creepy dreadfulness steals about the party. They go up-stairs—Aunt Belle and Rosalie and beautiful Laetitia—and the constraint goes with them. They sit and stare and hardly a word said. Something's up! What's up? What's the matter with everything? Why is everything hanging like this? What's up? And the men come in—Uncle Pyke swollen with food, swollen with indigestion, swollen with baffled perplexity and ferocious irritation; and Harry—she dare not look at Harry—and the thing is worse, the awfulness more awful. Glances go shooting round the awful silences—Uncle Pyke's eyes in the burning fiery furnace of his swollen face is a stupendous note of interrogation directed upon Aunt Belle; Aunt Belle's eyebrows arch to scalp and appear likely to disappear into her scalp and remain there in the effort to express "*I* don't know! *I* can't imagine!" Laetitia—Laetitia's eyes upon her mother are as a spaniel's upon one devouring meat at table.

Frightfulness more frightful, awfulness more awful; in Rosalie almost now beyond control the desire to scream or to burst into tears or wildly into laughter. Then she knows herself upon her feet and hears her voice: "Aunt Belle, I must go, I think. I think I am very tired to-night."

They suffer her to go.

That's all a nightmare; but, when the door is closed upon them, like a nightmare gone. She was alone upon the staircase and then down in the hall—by those coats!—and, as though no ghostly interval had been, the amazing and beloved moment was returned to her. Out of a nightmare into a dream! She stood in her dream a moment—two moments—three—by the hall door. Who till that evening never had thought of love astonishingly was invested with all love's darling cunning. She felt somehow he would see her again before she left; and love's dear cunning told her right. He came swiftly down the stairs. She never knew on what pretext he had left the room. He came to her. Love loves those snatched moments and always makes them snatched to breathlessness. She opened the door and must be gone. She said to him, speaking first, "Oh, we were vile in there! How vile we were!"

It was, the intimacy and the abruptness of it, the perfect comprehension that their thoughts were shared, as if they had known and loved for years.

He caught her hand. "My conspirator! My secret-sharer!"

She gave him her heart in her eyes.

He said, "To-morrow, I will come to you."

She disengaged her hand.

He gave a swift look all about and caught her in his arms. "You must tell me, my Rosalie. Tell me."

She breathed, "You knew, before I knew, that I loved you."

When she was home and got to her room, she undressed, suffering her clothes to lie as they slipped from her. She got into bed, moving there and then lying there as one in trance. Cataclysm! All she had been, all she had determined—all, all gone; all nothing, surrendered all. At a touch, in a moment, without a cry, without a shot, without a stroke, all her life's habit swept away. All she had been, all she'd designed, all she had built within herself and walled about herself, all she had scorned, all that with a violent antipathy she had shuddered from or with curled lip spurned away—all, all betrayed, breached, mined, calamitously riven, tumultuously sundered, burst away.

She turned her face to the pillow and began to cry, most frightfully.

It was very terrible for Rosalie.

Continued in the August DELINEATOR

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912 of THE DELINEATOR, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1922. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, who, having been duly sworn according to law, desposes and says that he is the business manager of THE DELINEATOR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City. Editor, MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY, 223 Spring Street, New York City. Managing Editor, none. Business Manager, JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, 223 Spring Street, New York City. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.) *Owner:* THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City. *Stockholders:* KATHERINE G. BRAKER, 2 East 56th Street, New York City. Estate of W. H. GELSHENEN, care of Garfield National Bank, 190 Fifth Avenue, New York City. JOHN J. HOGAN, 15 West 23rd Street, New York City. THOMPSON BROS., Milroy, Pa. ABBY L. WILDER, 70 East 77th Street, New York City. FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J., a stockholder of FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY. THE BUTTERICK COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City, stockholders of BUTTERICK COMPANY: GEORGE B. BLACK, 812 Lincoln Avenue, Mendota, Ill. CHARLES D. BARNEY & Co., Mills Building, New York City. JOHN M. DONINGTON, 37 Wall Street, New York City. CHARLES A. EDWARDS, 45 Wall Street, New York City. W. H. GELSHENEN, 100 William Street, New York City. S. R. LATSHAW, Butterick Building, New York City. JAMES H. OLIPHANT & Co., 61 Broadway, New York City. LAURA J. O'LOUGHLIN, 156 Ridge Street, Glen Falls, N. Y. MRS. ARETHUSA POND, 839½ South Vermont Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. B. F. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City. G. W. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City. H. N. WHITNEY & SON, 15 Broad Street, New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) THE DIME SAVINGS BANK, Brooklyn, New York. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.) J. F. BIRMINGHAM, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1922. CECIL L. WAHL, Notary Public, Kings Co. Certificate filed New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1924.)



OLD SHAD'S CHIPPENDALE

Continued from page 15

to push this thing too far. What could that sideboard be worth anyhow? He had no standard by which to judge. Before the afternoon came he was to have one. Around the corner he ran into the vision from the past.

She had evidently been shopping, for she had bundles under her arm and was hurrying along briskly. "Uncle Shad!" she cried and extended her hand. Again her face was like sunshine, though this time the incidental young man was not with her.

"How de young gentleman, miss?" he asked. "How Mr. Jack? I jus' gwine roun' to de bank now to see him. Yes'm—dat I was, hyah, hyah!"

"Why Uncle Shad—didn't you know? We are married!"

"Married!" he cried out in amazement, as if no one had ever done such a thing before.

"We sent you an invitation. Didn't you get it?"

"No, miss—I never got it. I ain't got no mail-box."

"Well," she declared positively, "you are coming with me. You are going to see our house. There's a street-car now. Let's run."

Out in the suburbs he followed her off the car, and she hurried him along a street of new, lively painted bungalows. All the time she was talking. She had been married three months. How was he? Wasn't he lonely out there? Did any of his children live near?

He answered quite seriously. "Miss, I do git lonesome. I got a daughter live right here in town. She been arter me to move."

"Then why don't you?"

"What a ol' nigger like me gwine do in town?" he demanded a bit wistfully. "I can't git a job here, an' I ain't gwine live on my chillun, dat's shore. I ain't come to dat yet, an' never will. I'se a able-bodied man."

She glanced up at him sympathetically. Then suddenly she turned in at the gate of a pretty, optimistic-looking bungalow. She let him into the hall, where he waited, hat in hand, while in the bedroom she took off her things. Then she showed him the bedroom, the bath, the den. It was all new, and to his eyes inexpressibly pretty. But there wasn't much furniture in the rooms.

"We are starting at the bottom, Uncle Shad," she confided. "We have bought the place, and pay so much a month. We are furnishing it as we can afford to, little by little. Everything is lovely, don't you think?"

"I sho do, miss. I never see anything pretty like dis befo'. No, mam, I never did!"

As a matter of fact he was surprised. The word bank to him meant money, riches. Her husband was in a bank; also there had been the dollar tip.

BUT he was not disappointed. His respect for the young husband was in no sense whatever diminished. He belonged to a race that does not judge a man by his money. The colored Pullman porter or hotel waiter takes your bounteous tip with due gravity and you may think him impressed thereby. But his judgment of you is based on something else than the size of your tip. The white butler, perhaps, looketh on the outward appearance; the colored one looketh on the heart. So it was in the old days. So it is now.

It was in the hall that she showed him a small mahogany table. She had bought it at Levinski's, she said, and polished it up and worked it over, bringing out the wood. She loved to work over old things. Did he see how the grain showed up? She knew how to bring it out better than they did at Levinski's.

"It's Chippendale in design," she declared. "Of course it isn't genuine. A genuine one like that would cost hundreds of dollars."

Old Shad gave a start. "Jus' a table like dis one, miss?"

"Yes indeed—just a little table—if it were genuine."

No, she could not afford the genuine, not now, she said.

"I guess," she went on, "grandma used to have 'em."

Shad's pride in old times revived. Through the haze of years he saw in magnified proportions the glories of the past.

"Yes, miss," he said. "Yo' grandma wouldn't have no furniture in her house wasn't Chickentail."

She had been looking up at him seriously. Now suddenly her face underwent a remarkable transformation. It turned red and looked swollen, like a baby's who is about to cry. "One minute," she managed to gasp, and then she fled. Out in the kitchen he heard her running a glass of water. He grew uneasy and followed.

"Miss," he asked apprehensively, "is you choked?"

She shook her head. She sat down and fanned herself. She was all right now, she declared. Then something funny must have struck her, for she laughed over and over, her slender body rocking to and fro.

"You'll excuse me, won't you?" she gasped at last. "I was just thinking of something funny I heard this morning."

Then she showed him the dining-room, large, bright with French windows. There was no furniture but a mahogany table with slender carved legs and a few chairs to match. They were furnishing it gradually, she said. Against one wall was a long vacant place.

"If I just had a sideboard there," she said, "if I just had a—a—" She seemed to be on the point of choking again. "Oh, if I did, I would be in heaven! But you are hungry, aren't you?"

She made him sit down in the kitchen and left him. When she returned, she looked as if she had been laughing again, there in her bedroom. She wore a little white apron now.

"Well, Uncle Shad, what do you want to eat?"

SHAD pondered. Could he whose mother had cooked for her people let her cook for him? But he did not hesitate long. He was a simple old fellow. He would never impose. He was a gentleman. Then he was hungry, too.

"Miss," he said gravely "in de ol' days dey used to make some t'ings like dey don't make 'em any mo'. I 'member dey was waffles——"

"Waffles it shall be," she said in a business-like way.

Shad could never forget that dinner. Waffle after waffle, light, fluffy, crisp, yellow with butter, brown with sirup, he ate at that white little kitchen table, his hat on the floor beside him, waited on by the granddaughter of his former mistress.

All the time she was talking, asking him questions about himself, telling him about herself. Jack never came home till night. He got lunch up-town. He was working very hard. He would be a big man some day.

Old Shad laid down his knife and fork. "Miss," he said with solemnity, "dey ain't de leas' doubt in my min' 'bout dat. Not de leas'! Miss, how you meet up wid him?"

They had met in France, she told him over her waffles. Yes, she had gone over, too. He had been a lieutenant.

"Now listen to dat!" cried the old fellow, delighted. "Dat's next to a general, ain't it?"

Dinner over, he told her about the burning of the old house. "It been a long time ago, miss. De Yankees come at sunup, millions of 'em. Dey stream fru de house laughin' an' jokin'. I done hid de silver an' dey never fin' dat. One of 'em tell me if I didn't show him de place he blow my brains out. I ax him what he talkin' 'bout. I tell him I don't know nuttin' 'bout no silver—hyah, hyah, hyah! Todes midday dey begin to move on. Den somebody shout de house on fire. I run in an' save what I could, but it warn't much. De house burn so fas'! Den de barn cotch, an' de buggy-house, an' ev'ything. It look like de worl' on fire. Yes, miss, dat was a day to 'member."

She sat, chin in hand, listening earnestly to the white-wooled historian. She came out with him when he left by the back way. She showed him the empty garage, with windows above, where there was a servant's room, also empty.

If he could just get a job in town, he could live there, she declared. He could mow the lawn and work the garden. At the gate she shook hands, and he promised to bring her some chickens and eggs.

The sun was setting when he reached home. He had gone a roundabout way, by a country

Continued on page 84



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OLD SHAD'S CHIPPENDALE

Continued from page 83

store, where he had made some purchases. As he drove into his yard, his grandson Sam came to meet him—hurriedly for Sam.

"Gran'pa," he announced excitedly—that is, excitedly for Sam—"a truck come here 'bout half a hour ago an' haul off de ol' sidebode. De man say you understan'. He lef' dis money wid me; he say it from Levinski. It forty-seven dollars. I done count it."

The old fellow took the bills. Forty-seven dollars! It would not only pay his dues, guarantee him impressive obsequies, but get him a new suit for the occasion and pay half the mortgage on the mule. He counted it over greedily. Forty-seven dollars in his hand!

Then the high-handedness of Levinski's proceedings struck him all in a heap. That man was trying to run all over him, bully him, treat him like a baby.

"How long he gone?" he demanded of Sam.

"Jus' 'fo you come."

"Git up, mewl!" the old fellow commanded, and turned the tired beast around. "Git up, I tell you!"

It would have been a vain pursuit had not the big truck got wedged in between deep ruts at the bottom of the hill. The young negro who drove it, with the help of some others who had gathered, had just extricated the wheels when Shad appeared on the scene.

"Here—you!" he cried. "Whar you gwine wid dat sidebode?"

"I lef' de money," said the city darky sulkily.

"I don' care what money you lef'. You turn right roun', hear me? You put dat sidebode right whar you tooken it from!"

"My God!" cried the negro. "Ain't Mr. Levinski lef' you forty-seven dollars?"

"I don' care if he lef' forty-seven t'ousan' dollars. I ain't 'greed to it. Gordamighty! Ain't dat sidebode mine? Can't I sell it or not 'cordin' to my notions?" He came close. "Young man, does you like to wear a striped suit of close? Does you like to hear de clank of ball an' chain on yo' ankle? You doesn't? Den you drive dat truck to dat wide place down dar, turn hit roun' an' put dat possession of mine in de exack, 'dentical spot you tooken it from. I means dat. I means ev'y word of it."

Muttering opinions of his own, the driver did as he was directed. Then and not till then Shad handed him back the money.

"You tell yo' boss when you git back," he said, "dat I conducts business on de plane of a gentleman. You tell him I come in tomorrow an' talk to him some mo'—mebbe. You specialize mebbe—hear? An' don't you or nobody else ever enter my house again widout my 'spress comission."

THAT night the moon was full. And a traveler along a certain deserted road would have passed the remnants of an old chimney, rising above a dark mass of plum bushes and poking forlornly into the sky. From this chimney a broken avenue of trees led down a gully-washed hill.

There were two objects in sight that possessed life. One was a mocking-bird, perched on top of the chimney and clear cut against the moonlit sky. All the night was alive with his song, which he poured forth bravely, clearly, without pause. The other was an old darky standing not far from the ruin, thoughtfully scratching his head.

He had been to the spring after water. Now as he stood here his heart was full of memories. At this very spot he had stood one noonday half a century before. The sky had been black with a column of boiling smoke, shot with flames. People were yelling and shouting.

Near at hand was a woman, her face white and set. About her skirt clung terrified children. Black folks ran to her weeping. As for him, his face was scorched and he was panting hard. He had just put down a heavy piece of furniture, the last that could be saved—a piece of furniture on whose polished top he had seen many times the glitter of silver and decanters, the shine of candles, the reflection of happy faces.

"What I gwine do wid it, miss?" he had asked.

He could never forget her face. He had seen, or thought he saw, some duplication of it to-day in the kitchen, when a young woman listened to him, her chin in her hand.

"It's yours, Shad," that far-off woman had said. "Something tells me I will never need it again. Maybe some day it will help you out."

Yes, that was a long time ago. Now it had helped him out. Old Shad turned back to his cabin, walking slowly. Still the mocking-bird filled the moonlight with his song.

Next morning before day, with the help of Sam, he hitched up the mule. Then the two of them went into the cabin. When they returned, they stumbled with the burden between them. It was wrapped in ragged bedquilts, tied about with twine strings, so that only the ends of the slender legs showed. Carefully they placed it in the wagon.

"How much you gwine make him pay, gran'pa?" asked Sam wonderingly.

"I gwine make him pay what it wuff, I tell you dat," chuckled the old man.

At noon a young wife and housekeeper hurriedly left her kitchen to answer a ring at the bell. There, hat in hand, stood Shad. Almost filling the tiny porch was something wrapped in bedquilts. A negro who had helped the old man bring it on the porch was disappearing down the street.

"Why Uncle Shad," she cried, and her face was like the morning, "what have you got there?"

"YOU wait, miss," he said. "You jus' hold dem screen do's open. I tol' you I gwine bring some eggs an' chickens, didn't I? Well, I got 'em in dis box. Yes'm, I kin tote it. I tote it once, on my shoulders, when I had to hurry. No'm, I ain't gwine scratch yo' flo'. I be keerful, miss."

Amazed, she followed him. Through the dining-room door he went carefully with the burden that looked too heavy for his shoulders. At the vacant place against the wall he set it down and mopped his face.

"Telephone a young gemman at de bank, miss," he directed. "You'se well 'quainted wid him, hyah, hyah, hyah! De bank'll let him off dis once. Den we see what we got here."

Over the phone in the hall he heard her talking excitedly. When she reappeared, he asked her to leave him alone for a while and close the door. His excuse was not the best. He was tired and wanted to blow, he said. "Sometimes I blows turrible, yes'm, hyah, hyah, hyah! When de young man you'se 'quainted wid comes, den I be ready to 'ceive company."

A quick glance of surmise, and she left him. He sat down and mopped his face with a bandanna handkerchief. The face was black and wrinkled with the years, the wool white as the cotton he had picked so many seasons. But black as it was and wrinkled, his face, too, was like the morning.

He heard the young husband run hurriedly up the steps. He had evidently been alarmed by her message, for he was scolding her there in the hall. Then the scolding was stopped, evidently by a kiss. They acted like people used to act years ago, thought Shad. Maybe they always had and always would.

"I landed the job for him," said the husband. "Janitor in the bank. Fifty a month. Old Shad, I mean."

"Shh!" she whispered. "He's in there now."

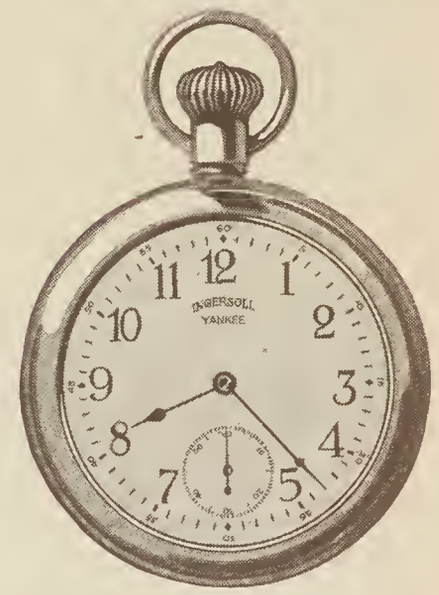
Shad barely heard this. His mind was on what he had come to do. The door opened and side by side they entered the room, and old Shad rose.

"Marse Jack an' Miss Alice," he said with dignity, "I wasn't able to give you nuttin' on yo' weddin'-day. I never got de invitation. I 'preciates you t'inkin' of a ol' black man, I sho' does. I done fetch you somethin' here. It ain't wuff nuttin' to me. I 'lowed, miss, it might be wuff somethin' to you. Miss, it used to b'long to yo' gran'ma.

"It all paint up now," he apologized. "It used to was red. White folks likes red more'n cullud, I reckon. Me an' you, miss, we gwine git de paint off. I ain't got nuttin' else to do to-day. Yes'm, it used to was red. I use' to hear folks say it com' over on a ship long befo' even yo' gran'ma was born. It sho mus' be ol'. Now I gwine show you."

Concluded on page 85

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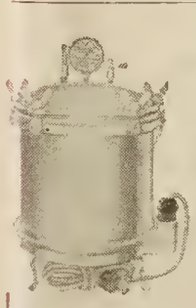
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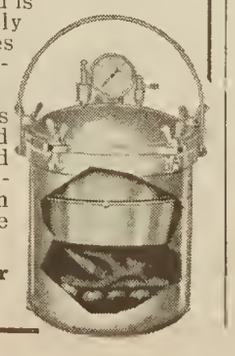


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Pressure Cooker
and canner. Also have cookers for gas, coal, gasoline, etc. Cooks chicken dinner in 35 minutes and all food in ⅓ usual time at low fuel cost. Food is delicious, thoroly cooked, all juices and flavors retained.

Sechrist Cooker cans fruit and vegetables by same method used by canning factories and Government demonstrators. Sold on payments. Write for free recipe book showing complete line.



Albert Sechrist Mfg. Co., Denver
Demonstrators Wanted to Work With Stores



OLD SHAD'S CHIPPENDALE

Concluded from page 84

It was like a solemn unveiling. With hands that trembled the old fellow opened his jack-knife and cut the twines. Then deliberately, unctuously, he removed the bedquilts.

"Miss," he said, "it a weddin' present from yo' gran'ma."

For a long time nobody spoke. They all stared at the blue-painted piece of furniture against the wall. It fitted the place as if made for it. Long, slender, graceful in every line and curve, it stood there, even in its shabby vestments a rebuke to generations that with all their arts have been able to do nothing but imitate.

"Uncle Shad!" cried the young woman at last, and her eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"Yes'm," he repeated, embarrassed, "we'll git de paint off, me an' you. Den it'll be like it use' to was. Miss," he asked with sudden eagerness, "you know all 'bout t'ings like dis. What kind of piece of furniture is dat?"

"Oh!" she gasped, looking up into his face with swimming eyes, "it's a genuine—genuine——"

"Chickentail!" said the tall young husband without batting an eye.

WATCH YOUR STEPS IN THE NURSERY

Concluded from page 20

which happens to be a large one. In this she has moved the general articles to the two top shelves and baby's articles occupy the two bottom shelves. She can reach these when taking care of baby on the table without extra steps. At her back, so it requires only a turn, is the clothes-chute leading to the cellar and into this go baby's soiled clothes, except, of course, the diapers, which have special attention.

But to go on with the arrangement in our own home—in the kitchen we have tried to arrange things to save as many steps as possible. Between a cupboard, where we keep Bobby's dextromaltose and cereal, and the stove we have an enamel-topped table. On this we keep the boric-acid solution in which his nipples are put, his empty bottles and the dishes we use in making his food. (Bobby, you notice, happens to be a bottle-fed baby.) Our ice-chest is placed in a back entry right outside the kitchen door and here, of course, are the baby's milk, fruits and vegetables, so the person who does his cooking moves about in a short straight route except when she must have water. The kitchen, however, is small and the sink directly in back of her as she stands at the stove. The table for exclusive use of the baby is a time as well as a step saver. Before we had it we had to move his food from pillar to post around the kitchen. Now we have it all together and in a most convenient place. Incidentally, I had it made thirty-six inches high so that no stooping was necessary as I worked at it.

Our laundry is in the basement. It is equipped with an electric washer, one of the kind that washes, rinses and partly dries without the removal of the clothes, so eliminating any heavy lifting of wet material. We have hose connections on both faucets and drain, so the water is easily changed. For the boiling that is necessary we just use an ordinary two-burner gas-stove and a good old-fashioned boiler. The washer is placed to the right of the boiler, so that the clothes may be transferred directly to it. Our house is built on the side of a hill and while the laundry is in the cellar, it has a dry concrete floor and plenty of sunlight. For very cold or blustry days we have a rack that can be let down from the ceiling by pulleys up close to the ceiling and the clothes are put outdoors in the sunlight. For baby we do as little ironing as possible, but of course some has to be done. For that we have a small electric iron and a well-padded sleeve-board that stays on the stationary large ironing-board. With these two pieces of equipment his little dresses can be made smooth and dainty in no time.

So much for arrangement—but before I tell you how many *miles* good arrangement saved us, let me tell you about two pieces of furniture that we have found particular joys. One is a special kind of crib. We have given you a picture of it on the porch. One of our boys is in it about to take his morning nap. You see we are firm believers in fresh air! This crib serves as a bed during the sleeping hours, but when time comes for our youngest to play we put down the springs and mattresses until they nearly reach the floor—there is a very simple mechanism to lower them—and there he is completely caged in, so that we are sure he can not fall out or climb over. The crib has large wheels and may be moved almost as easily as a baby-carriage, so we roll it from the nursery through the living-room and on to the porch and back again as it is necessary. This kind of crib goes by many trade names—all probably good—and is a great step-saver.

The other piece of furniture is a portable yard. This is more useful for our older child. Put in here to play, we are not continually running from room to room to find out what mischief he is in. We know where he is. I can not begin to tell you what a relief I felt the first day I had it! To have such a lively child actually in place was one of the most satisfying experiences we had ever felt. This yard may be folded up and put away.

WHILE I am still talking about step-saving devices, I'd like to speak about the small portable ice-box that is on the market, where baby's food can be kept, and the electric heater for the milk. If a nursery must be on the second floor and away from the kitchen, these would be decided step-savers—and savers of the mother's disposition, too, especially at night.

Do all these arrangements actually save enough steps to be worth while? Well, we used a pedometer to experiment with. We were rather careful with these experiments; any one doing the least thing for the baby wore the pedometer. We did this for five days and found we had walked an average of three-quarters of a mile each day—just for one little six-months-old boy!

I am wondering if you will believe that we found that with the old arrangement our average for the same number of days was two miles! This would mean that if we had this old arrangement we would have walked during these six months nearly one hundred and eighty-three miles more, a distance a little farther than from New York to Albany. Do you think our arrangements and devices were really time-savers?

Just as a summary let me give you the essence of our rules for step-saving as we worked them out:

1. Have the baby's room as near the bathroom, kitchen and porch as possible.
2. Arrange the equipment used for the baby in order needed and in as small a working space as is convenient.
3. Choose a few simple labor-saving devices that will meet your special needs.

A new kind of cook-book will be introduced to DELINEATOR *readers in the August issue, when we begin publication of the favorite recipes of Jessie Conrad, wife of the famous novelist. Much of the reputation that the Conrad home enjoys for the spirit and quality of its hospitality is the result of Mrs. Conrad's skill as a cook. Everywhere she traveled, new recipes were added to her collection. The best of them will be published, with an introduction by Joseph Conrad, beginning in August.*



Men knew it but she didn't

AND the pity of it was that the subject was so delicate a one that even her closest friends didn't have the heart to mention it to her.

It was one of those things that people habitually dodge in conversation even though it might be a great boon to the person so handicapped if he or she were informed.

Halitosis is not a pretty subject, perhaps. But how many, many people—men and women—suffer from it and are held back both socially and in business!

Halitosis is the scientific term for unpleasant breath—a trouble thousands suffer from and usually unawares. The insidious thing about halitosis is that you rarely know yourself whether your breath is just right or not. You can't detect it but your friends will—very quickly.

Where halitosis is a symptom of some organic disorder, a physician or dentist should be consulted. However, most cases of halitosis are only local and temporary. Then, fortunately, it yields to the use of Listerine, the well-known liquid antiseptic, taken as a gargle and mouth wash.

As such Listerine becomes an indispensable friend to people who wish to enjoy the comfortable assurance that their breath is always beyond reproach.

Listerine will put you on the safe and polite side. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves your breath sweet, fresh and clean. It is the ideal and scientific breath deodorant.

Your druggist has handled Listerine for years, and regards it as a safe, effective antiseptic of great merit.

Start using Listerine today. Don't be in doubt another day about your breath.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, Mo.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE





Warning of trouble to come!

NATURE rarely sweeps down on a man or a woman without warning. Generally, she's fair—she warns in time.

Perhaps you yourself have had one of her warnings—a warning of trouble with your teeth.

A "Pink" tooth-brush!

That's the danger signal. It means that the gums are not firm and healthy. Dental science knows that the gums nourish and support the teeth and that no tooth is sounder than the gum in which it stands.

In dealing with soft and spongy gums over 2,000 dentists have told us that they prescribe Ipana Tooth-Paste for their patients.

For Ipana contains Ziratol, a healing agent for gums that bleed. At the first trace of "pinkness" on your toothbrush, Ipana should be used regularly. Then you need never know the relief that it brings to chronic and exaggerated cases.

Ipana's flavor is smooth, snappy and delightful.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Your druggist has it in generous tubes at 50 cents. A sample, enough for a week, may be had for ten cents from Bristol-Myers Co., 41 Rector Street, New York.



THE MAKING OF AMERICA

Continued from page 7

We established your first school, back in those days,
When hunters and settlers feared for their lives;
The spirit of tolerance—that deserves praise—
We accorded to settlers, their children and wives.
In moods much lighter we've woven a tale
Of the lordly Hudson—that river of pride;
We've told of our goblins in mountain and dale,
And old Rip Van Winkle, who long since died.
Here's my favorite son—Hendrik Hudson, good sirs,
The finest of men and adventurers!
(*Followed by Dutch dances.*)

FRANCE:

Your own dear sister from across the seas,
Grief-stricken once, now with her head held high!
Lo! I am France, a twin republic, brave,
My gifts as great as my great love for you.
Long, long ago, in '76, I sent
Not only Lafayette, that stalwart youth,
But your own citizens, whose blood was French—
Such names as Hamilton and Jay and Paul Revere;
In science, Agassiz and Audubon—
Our two dear sons most worthy of both lands.
What lovelier music has your continent
Than folk-songs sung by French-Canadians?
The Southland, too, in melody bursts forth—
New Orleans, with its old, sweet Creole songs.
The delicate art of cuisine I have influenced!—
My dainty dishes tickle every palate—
French cookery is a synonym of delight!
In Fashion, too, I dictate, and you obey.
Now, Immigration, is it clear to you
What the French pilgrims bring to this broad land?
And do you wonder that our hearts beat as one?
America and France—the bond is close;
So I present, not one man from this land,
But our great Love and Faith to speak for us.
(*Chef presents a loaded tray; modiste presents frocks ad lib. French song.*)

GREECE:

Turn back the page of ancient history,
And hear my voice down the long, wonderful ways!
That love of beauty born within me then
Has never languished. It is as deep to-day
As when the earth was young. I influence
Your buildings molded in my simple way;
The Byzantine will last when new dreams perish.
We Greeks who sought America's bright shores,
Transfer our love of beauty to our trades;
Yea, often we lend color to your streets—
The gilt of oranges, our apples red,
And purple, clustering grapes—there's a master touch
In our most modest wares on stand or cart.
We love to sell you flowers and our sweets;
We do our best to bring a touch of Spring
To your drab, tired towns and countrysides.
(*Presents flowers and fruits. Greek dance.*)

RUSSIA:

Art has no language! It belongs to all.
Our music and our dancing are great gifts
From distant Russia to this flowery land.
Our literature reflects our dreary history.
Its gloom and sadness is a cry from souls
With weariness and tragedy oppressed,
But shining as the hammered brass we love.
Yet see! Our mood now changes in a flash.
Hark to that symphony, those sweet, sad strains!
See those swift dancers, hear that violin!
The Russian Ballet—do you understand
The message that we long to send you?
(*Presents violin and brass bowl. Russian dance. Violin solo.*)

SWEDEN:

Far back in 1638 we named New Sweden—
Delaware, they call it now. We settled, too,
In other States—Jersey and Pennsylvania.
Our fathers toiled and labored without rest;
We gained in health and strength through outdoor life.
We kept our bodies strong. Then all your schools
Adopted our gymnastics, and our games
Daily are seen throughout your laughing land,
Joyfully played and danced by young America.
Thus Sweden's gift, from youth to youth sent on,
Will always bring a blessing to your shore.
(*Presents dumb-bells. Swedish calisthenics, to music.*)

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA:

Your youngest sister, Czecho-Slovakia,
I beg to add my share to your rich store.
We're new to ways of governing ourselves;
We still must prove our strength; but our stout hearts
Need no fresh proof—we've shown them to the world.
America, you've known us well and long.
Our sons have brought you gifts with their great love.
Bohemian glass, that thing of rarest beauty,
And other industries we have given you:
Your buttons of pearl, your wire and your tinware,
Your tailoring by our deft fingers wrought.
In agriculture, too, we have proved our worth—
Your smallest sister, but her gifts are large:
Yes, large, because our love has made them so.
(*Presents articles made of Bohemian glass. Dance.*)

AMERICA:

Now, Immigration, you have seen enough.
I've summoned all these pilgrims from far lands
To show you how they ever held on high
Before them as a splendid torch of light
The fact that they must *give* as well as *take;*
That they have *duties*, too, as well as *rights*,
And that I need and love and want you all.
Speak, Immigration! Are you one of us?
Do you choose to cast your lot and live with us?——
Then let me summon Education hither.
No better, nobler teacher can you find;
He'll show the way, if you will follow him;
And he will lead you to light and happiness.

IMMIGRATION:

I long to follow Education!—— Oh!——
(*Starting back, frightened.*)
What is that? It has followed me to your very shores!
'Tis War, with all its pain, and children grim.
America, I pray you now protect me!

WAR:

(*Attempts to cast shackles on* IMMIGRATION.)
Lo! I am War! The crowning evil of mankind!
Come, Immigration! I will make you mine!
A slave to me you shall be throughout your days!
Nay, not to me alone, but to my cohorts,
To all my numerous offspring terrible!
Let me present them! Then, my chains will tighten,
And never, never can you escape the bonds!

IGNORANCE:

I'm Ignorance, War's best-belovèd son!
My eyes are shut to progress; I want none
Who care to help Mankind improve his lot;
If there is hope for you, I see it not.

IDLENESS:

And I am Idleness. I like to see
Your days go by in helpless misery.
I scorn to toil and earn my daily bread;
I am so weary I scarce lift my head.

POVERTY:

My name is Poverty. I'm lazy, too;
Why work, when Charity takes care of you?

PESTILENCE:

I'm Pestilence. War brings me to your gates;
Uncleanliness stands near me and oft waits
For victims superstitious and afraid.
For vices and for carelessness I'm paid.

INJUSTICE:

And I'm Injustice, War's dear daughter, too,
With Graft and Greed my best I always do.
I curry favor with the rich; those born
In poverty, I loathe—they know my scorn.

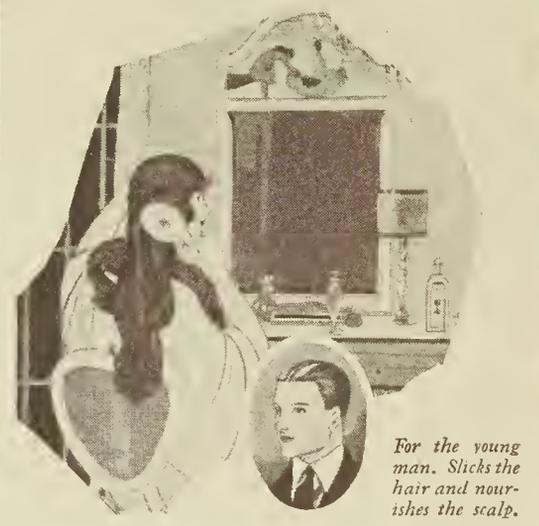
CRIME:

I'm Crime. I follow War from town to town.
I make men brutes. I love to trample down!
I kill and plunder and slaughter as I go.
Soon, Immigration, you'll be mine, I know!

ANARCHY:

I'm Anarchy. I dwell with Crime and Greed.
Of Idleness and Sickness I have need.
I have no use for presidents or kings;
Down with the right! Might always wins all things!

Concluded on page 87



For the young man. Slicks the hair and nourishes the scalp.

Keeps the hair soft and smooth. A pure petroleum product. The natural remedy for falling hair, dry scalp, and dandruff.

Send for free booklet, "Care of Scalp and Hair," or send 10c for trial size.

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If not at your dealer's, send his firm name and 25c for sample package. Specify size and style.
2¼ in.—18 pins in box—crimped—The Midget
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APPLY DeMiracle to one spot and any other depilatory to another. Wait a week and the results will prove that DeMiracle is the best hair remover on Earth.

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At all toilet counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price

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Dennison's

Where journeys end—you find Dennison baggage tags

For these tags stay right with the trunks and bags—through thick and thin—over land and sea. They're made that way. When you address Dennison baggage tags, your mind is at ease.

Write today for the Dennison Handy Book. It's free. Full of helps for the home. Write

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What Next?



FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

THE MAKING OF AMERICA

Continued from page 86

WAR:
You see my children! Powerful are they.
Now, Immigration, can you say me nay?
(*Enter* PEACE.)

PEACE:
Yea, War, she's mine! For I am Peace, you see.
Let me present my children, and with me
And mine she evermore in peace shall dwell.
Now, Immigration, choose; and choose you well.
(*Enter children of* PEACE.)

EDUCATION:
Here's Education come to lead the way,
To conquer Ignorance, and turn night to day.

LABOR:
And here is Labor. Idleness has no chance
With work well done. I bid mankind advance.

PROSPERITY:
Back, back, O shiftless Poverty! Once more
Prosperity will drive him from your door!

HEALTH:
And sickness can not take you, even by stealth,
If you will follow laws of Perfect Health.

JUSTICE:
Throughout this broad land, both for poor and rich,
There is blind Justice. She does not care which
Is richer. 'Tis the better man must win—
The man who's free from vices and from sin.

LAW:
With Justice hand in hand I always go—
One *Law* for rich and poor, for high and low.

PEACE:
Back, back, O War, with all your children grim!
America and Peace will conquer him.
See, Immigration now casts off their spell.
Our newest citizen with us will dwell.
(PEACE *and her children drive* WAR *and his cohorts off the stage.*)

AMERICA:
Good Citizenship will show our friend the way.
She enters now; hear what she has to say.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP:
What is your pleasure, Immigration?

IMMIGRATION:
O America, let Good Citizenship teach me to be one of you; let me live with Peace. I'll dwell with Education. I long for Labor. I'll try to follow Health and Law; and then I know that Justice and Happiness will be mine.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP:
Then take the first step, here and now, and I, Good Citizenship, will show you the way. On your journey you will often meet responsibility, and perhaps Temptations and Trials; but Peace and her children will ever protect you. America has shown you both sides of the shield—what she does for her children as well as what they do for her. But hark!—soon a joyous and solemn sound will greet your ears. You will hear Americans, both young and old, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, unite in that pledge which makes them one—The Salute to their Flag and their Country!

(*The Pledge of Allegiance is recited. Then the National Anthem is played, and sung by all present, and, on a beautiful tableau,*
THE CURTAIN DESCENDS)

If you want help in selecting music suitable for this timely Fourth of July pageant or for any other patriotic exercises you may be planning, write THE DELINEATOR'S *Music Editor at once. He will be glad to help you with suggestions for arranging your program. Tell him your wants as briefly and clearly as possible, and always enclose a stamped and addressed envelope for his reply.*



The Girl of Today uses Cashmere Bouquet

PERFUME TOILET SOAP

COLGATE & CO. ESTABLISHED 1806 NEW YORK CITY

Butterick Quarterly

Dainty Summer Frocks of Parisian Design Yours for the Making

A peep beneath the cover of the Summer *Butterick Quarterly* reveals the new Russian line, peasant styles in necks and sleeves, in soft blouses and brilliant embroidery, styles for cotton, homespuns, pointed tunics, and frills galore; waistlines that are universally low—whether the dresses are bloused or straight; low lying collars that rival the supreme boat-shaped neck; sports clothes, bathing-suits, the latest capes, and many other fashion hints of interest to you.

Dozens and dozens of beautiful frocks in all colors and styles fill the pages of the Summer *Butterick Quarterly*. Among them you will find a great variety that will suit your particular type—and no woman can have too many Summer dresses.

No matter how exquisite these dresses may seem, you can make them with the success of an expert. The Deltor, enclosed with each new Butterick Pattern, shows you how to make a dress from start to finish.

SUMMER BUTTERICK QUARTERLY
Now on Sale at the Butterick Counter



"There is no return for a woman!"

—says A. S. M. Hutchinson

"When a woman forgets moderation and gives herself to anything, she is its captive forever! She can't come back!"

This famous author of "If Winter Comes," the year's best seller, takes up the woman's side of life's problems in his new novel, "This Freedom," appearing in THE DELINEATOR. *Rosalie* wants her marriage to be a partnership—not an absorption by the greater of the less. She wants equality of privilege, duty, *freedom!* Get the August DELINEATOR and read this gripping story of the problems most women must face.

Things you will want to know

HOW to take care of a sick person—making the bed, giving the patient a bath.

HOW to prepare for a long trip—getting tickets and making hotel reservations.

HOW to can the vegetables that are ripe in August.

HOW to give a play—suggestions on lighting, costumes, make-up.

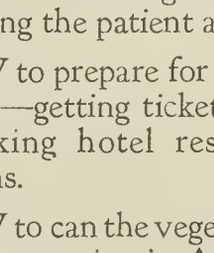
WHAT are the latest styles—the new Russian line, peasant necks and sleeves.

HOW to care for an infant—advice by the famous specialist, Dr. Ralph Lobenstine.

HOW you are able to hear music fifty miles away by radio.

All in the August issue

So—



Joseph Conrad's Cook-Book

—written not by him but for him—will be published in THE DELINEATOR, starting in August. Mrs. Conrad in her travels with her author-husband collected delicious, inexpensive recipes from all over the world; and the Editor of THE DELINEATOR induced her to publish them. The Duke of Devonshire's pudding is one of these recipes.

Do you know how to keep uncooked meat fresh for several hot days? In the Conrad Cook-Book you will find the answer to this and many other questions on the care of food. Buy the August DELINEATOR, cut out the first instalment of the Conrad Cook-Book and save it, together with all the future instalments.

August

DELINEATOR

20 cents a copy
$2.00 a year

FOR SHOW

Continued from page 6

I TOLD Mis' Puppy as best I could, and her intent on patties. I guess I mixed her up some. But all she said was: "Go and telephone them all to come on for supper. I've got plenty," and then she looked worried, and she said:

"Archer's in the parlor. I wish you'd go in and talk to him. He didn't stay to Mattie Beach's more'n five minutes. I can't make him out."

I went into the parlor. And there sat Archer Poppy on a high sofa covered with a striped shawl, doing nothing and looking nothing. Mis' Puppy's parlor ain't calculated to make anybody feel garrulous. It's got a stuffed blackbird and six crayon portraits for its most frivolous sides. But still even these objects couldn't, it seemed to me, make anybody so uninterested in his surroundings as Archer Poppy was. He just set there.

"Well," I says sprightly, "does the town look natural?"

"Not so very," he says. "Not so very." And just set there.

"We got an automobile fire-engine and an automobile hearse," I says, wishing to inform him.

"Well, well, well," says he. And just set there.

So then I just set too. I didn't dare mention Mattie Beach. And I didn't dare to tell him about the visitors. When Mis' Puppy come into the room we had both just set there for some time.

"I s'pose Mattie'll be up before long," I says then in desperation, being Mis' Puppy was there to chaperon the mention of that name. But Mis' Puppy shook her head. "Mattie ain't coming," she says. "I guess," she says, "it must be her neuralgia (she called it that) set in," she adds delicate.

Archer Poppy was looking out the window, and he says kind of sulky, "Well, it didn't show on her any," and said no more. Just like a little disappointed boy he looked and acted. So neither Mis' Puppy nor me mentioned who else was coming for supper. We hesitated!

So they burst upon him unawares—the worst possible thing that could have happened, I guess, and him feeling like he felt. Mis' Puppy and I had just come into the room with everything ready to dish up except the water and the butter left for the last minute, when the porch screen clicked—and in the six of them streamed—the three girls and the three strangers that weren't strange at all. And it didn't seem possible that anybody should have done anything but welcome them—the girls in pretty soft-colored organdies and all of them looking as happy as Spring.

BUT Archer Poppy turned red and blue and he jumped up and says to the three men:

"Is it possible that you have adjusted your plans so that you can join our party? How good of you to manage."

But oh, it was not meant; and the not-meant part showed through.

The young folks all took it good-humored, and the boys shook hands with his hand which he held out grudging. And it was Miss Janet that spoke up—she wasn't the prettiest of them, but it seemed to me just then that she was the most wonderful.

"Dear," she says, "no—it isn't that. They can't leave—but oh, we don't want to leave either."

"What's this?" says Archer Poppy—and this time he shouted.

"We knew it before we left—we said it before we left," said Miss Janet quiet. "But since we left them——"

"Oh, dearest, since we left them—" says Miss Angela.

"Papa, we can't leave them," says Miss Marcia.

Clem Marvin and Arthur Warren and Lawrence, whose last name was Levitt, said what they had to say then. It was simple and gentle and direct—but oh, it was meant. It was meant. It was Clem that wound up:

"None of us have much, Mr. Poppy. We've told you just what we have got. But we're all working, and we're working hard—and as to the other assurances——"

"I know every word you're going to say," says Archer Poppy. "I know it well. But I have my girls to think of. How do I know that I can trust you three young dogs with the money I've slaved my head off to make?"

"You're not going to get the chance to trust us with it," said Clem, grim. "But you can trust the girls with it."

"Papa," said Angela, "we'd rather all have what—what we want than all your money."

Archer Poppy snorted. "You don't know what you want!" he shouted out.

Miss Janet stood there, looking like a lily and a lady made into one.

"Dear—yes," she said. "Shall I tell you what it is? Shall I tell you what it is? Here are the three of us—your girls—twenty-six, twenty-four, twenty-three. And we each want our man, papa, and we want our children."

THERE it was, simple as a streak of lightning. And it near knocked him off his feet.

"What's the world coming to?" was all he says, kind of feeble.

"Nothing, darling," said Marcia, "if you had your way—is it?"

"Supper's on the plates," says Mis' Puppy in a favorable pause.

We all went out to supper—if the world blew up I suppose folks would sit down on the pieces and eat. And all through it my heart felt like a thistle on one side and like lead on the other, for the young folks were so happy and—I could see—so sure; and Archer Poppy, with all his money, that ought to have been having a happy home-coming, he looked like thunder filled his heart. And Mattie Beach's plate, that Mis' Puppy had fixed next to his and had forgot to take off the last minute, was there all empty with its little bunch of pansies wilting by its side.

All through the meal my mind was working—not so much to see what was what as to see what was going to be what. And when it was over I took a hand. I whispered to Mis' Puppy and then I skipped out the back door and up the street, to Mattie Beach's.

I DIDN'T find her working still like I had expected. When I went round to the side door like I always did, there she set on the stoop-steps, staring off at the edge of the sky, and doing nothing else.

"Mattie," I says, "Mattie, what's the matter with you? What you spoiling Archer Poppy's home-coming for?"

"Me!" she said only, and as she got up to get me a chair, I thought what a magnificent-looking creature she was—strong and fine and capable and sweet—but awful shy too. "I guess I couldn't spoil much for him," she says only.

"Well," says I, "you did. And I come down to get you to put on your Summer silk and come back with me to Mis' Puppy's hostess-party to-night."

She shook her head. "I couldn't, Mis' Bentham," she told me.

"Why not?" asks I direct. "You're his oldest friend here."

"Mis' Bentham," she says, "I ain't had advantages. And there's his daughters—ladies' finishing-schools and all—I can't go through with it," she said, "and have him comparing."

I tried to tell her. It was no use. She thanked me and was firm as cement—and I left her that way.

Back to Mis' Puppy's the hostesses had begun to arrive and the whole town was streaming into Mis' Puppy's house and on to her lawn, where a little new moon was looking on—the whole town, that is, that had loaned us things to fix up our houses with, and that was most everybody.

He stood on the porch, Archer did—the one big successful man of the world that the village had produced. He started in shaking hands with everybody, dignified, and introducing them to his daughters—and paying not the least attention to the three boys, that was about the usefullest things I ever see at a party—hanging lanterns, bringing chairs, running errands like mad for everybody. And then I begun to notice something. Archer, that had been so simple and nice with us, was acting kind of grand with the guests. There was no doubt about it—he was kind of grand with his old friends and neighbors. And they were just as grand to him.

"Pleased to welcome you," says old Gabe McMichael, just as if he didn't remember when Archer wasn't knee high to a five-bar fence and used to come into McMichael's back lot stealing hazelnuts. "Remember me any?" he asks.

"Indeed I do. Indeed I do, Mr. McMichael," says Archer. "Delighted that you recall me."

Bogardus Arnold had been Archer's school-teacher for a term and had expelled him for making a cartoon of the school-

Continued on page 89

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FOR SHOW

Continued from page 88

board that was more true than tender. Holmes Ellis had come near arresting him for stealing the fire-engine one Hallowe'en. But the two of them greeted him as if he was the presidential candidate.

"So good of you to keep your old neighbor in mind," said Archer Poppy, and *bowed* to them.

It was all just the opposite of what we'd have thought. It was him that was grand and his daughters that was simple and friendly and nice. And it was in the beginning that he had thawed out at getting back home—and the longer he was there the more he froze up and begun indicating his grandeur. I begun to think Mattie Beach had done right to stay home. Supposing he had been grand to her when she got there? Supposing he *had* been grand to her when he went to speak to her and found her cutting grass? But maybe *she* had been grand to him?

I couldn't have it so. I thought I sensed what was the matter. And I sensed I could mend it—maybe—if there was a mending chance.

SO, ABOUT the middle of the evening, before the refreshments begun circulating, I slipped up to the three girls and I says:

"You've had several adventures to-night. Will you come with me and have one more?"

Of course they came. They were that kind. Came without a question. And I slipped out the side gate with the three of them following me and headed for Mattie Beach's.

We didn't talk much. In fact I didn't talk at all. And the girls' conversation consisted of just this:

Marcia said: "If we do go to California it's on the distinct understanding that as soon as we get back——"

"Yes, indeed," said Janet.

"Oh, yes, *sir!*" said Angela.

Very little—but very vital.

Mattie was sitting on the front porch now. As we came up to the steps, I could see that she had on her Summer silk and she didn't quite know for what.

"Miss Beach," says I, "I want you and Archer's girls to meet." And they did.

Mattie she half rose, and she bowed stiff, and then sat down without saying a word. But the girls, they were wonderful. I don't know whether you've ever seen wise and gentle and tender women deal with somebody they knew how to set at her ease? Without gushing—they weren't that kind, and Mattie would have been the first to see through that too. They were just simple and direct and themselves—and I don't know but that's the best accomplishment there is. Of course Mattie unbent—you can't be anything but nice when folks are *that* nice. Pretty soon she was talking as gay as if they were the choir.

"Mattie," I says pretty soon, "Mis' Puppy wants you should come back with us and help with the refreshments."

"Oh, do," said the girls, three ways.

She got up without a word. Then she hesitated. "I've got something I thought mebbe—" she said, and disappeared. When she come back she had it under a napkin. She locked her door and put the key under the mat, and off we went.

At Mis' Puppy's there stood Archer still, stiff as a ramrod, on the steps. In we marched and sailed right up to him. And Mattie Beach—wish you could have heard her. It was like the girls had unlocked her.

"Hello, Archer," she says. "I've brought you a fresh gingerbread for your breakfast. I'll put it in the kitchen."

"BULLYLUJAH! So'll I," said Archer, and into the house they both went.

"Say," I heard Bogardus Allen whisper, "*that* sounded human. Mebbe the man *is!*"

I maneuvered it so that Janet and Angela and Marcia and Clem and Arthur and Lawrence sat down on the lawn to have their ice-cream with Mattie and Archer in their midst. I thought that was a good idea.

And about then Mis' Puppy had *her* idea. She come up to me with Mis' Bliss and Mis' State Senator James, and they were all looking troubled.

"Say," Mis' Puppy says, "we're not honest women."

"Has the company gone to your heads?" I ask her sympathetic.

"Why," she said, "just look how we've

Concluded on page 90

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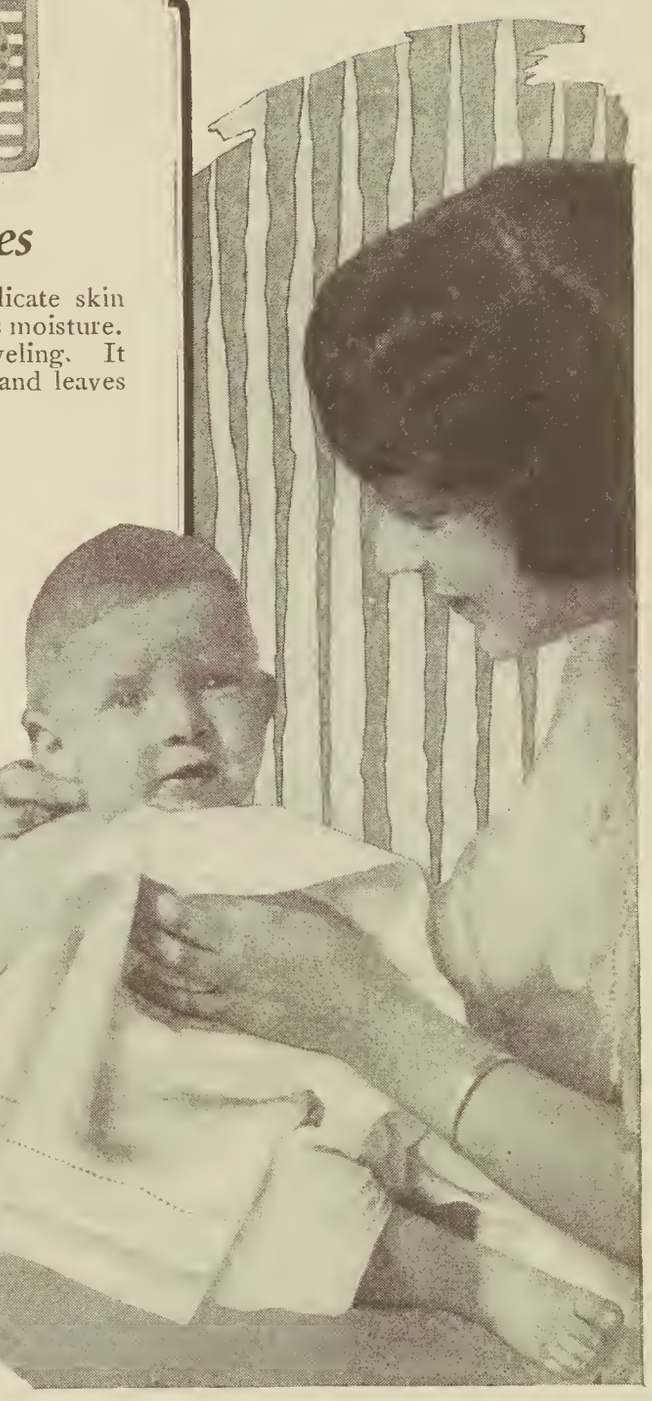
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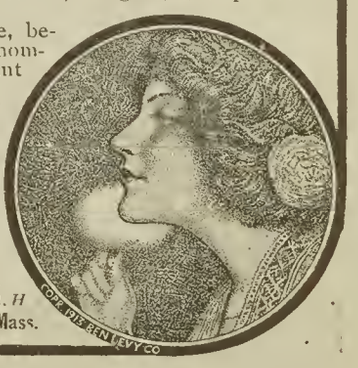
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FOR SHOW

Concluded from page 89

flammed out all over our houses with wash-bowls and blue-satin boxes that ain't ours—just to make a show."

"I know it," I says. "I've been feeling it."

"That was just our fool pride," she went on, "and the girls so simple and all. We can't stand it," she says. "We're going to own up to it."

"So do," I says fervent.

Before I sensed it she walked out into the middle of the lawn and clapped her hands.

"Say," she said, when everybody looked up astonished, "we can't keep it up. Mis' James and Mis' Bliss and Mis' Bentham and I, we want to tell our company in the presence of the owners that most of the truck in the guest-chambers of our houses has been contributed by those here present." She told off the things like lightning.

"The hand-painted looking-glass and the oxidized set in my spare chamber," she said, "Is Mis' Cold's. The rug with the dog on it is Mis' Harlowe's. The parasol in the corner is Mis' Slocum's—" So she went on down the list. And then she waved her hand at us. "And them similar," she adds, "and just as many."

"And we're sorry we tried to make a show," says Mis' State Senator James.

"THE girls are so nice I declare we couldn't stand it to put on none," says Mis' Bliss, kind of tearful. "We was ashamed."

"Amen," says I, in a deep voice—and then they all laughed.

And even while they were laughing I saw Archer Poppy getting on to his feet.

"I'm ashamed, too," said he, fervent. "I guess I been putting on some side here myself. I didn't *want* to do it very much. On my honor, I thought it was what you expected!"

And at that Bogardus Allen slapped his own knee.

"Why, Arch, dang it," he said, "we was giving you what we thought you thought you'd ought to have!"

And while they all burst out into happy laughing, I see Archer Poppy turn to Mattie Beach and heard him say:

"Was that what was the matter this afternoon?"

"Oh," says Mattie, "I never thought you and the girls—could possibly be so—so——"

"Nice?" suggested Archer Poppy, unblushing. "Nice? Mattie, would I be nice enough, do you think——"

He done it awful quick. And then he done something else quick.

"Folks," he cried out, "while I'm back here in my old home, I'd like to announce the engagement of my three daughters to the three young men you've all guessed they are engaged to."

He looked over at the three girls—and how he did enjoy the surprise he'd spread on to their faces and on to the three other faces that wasn't far off.

"Also," he said, "there's another engagement——"

We didn't let him get any further. We closed up around him and Mattie and we near smothered them. And it made a real nice minute.

The whole eight of them were married in Katytown the next week and all left for California together.

"And oh," I says, "Mis' Puppy! Think if we *hadn't* owned up to borrowing for show, they might never have got anywheres that night."

"Well," she says reasonable, "if we hadn't borrowed for show in the first place, we never could have owned up to it."

"But if folks hadn't been just themselves—" I tried to say.

"Now," said Mis' Puppy, "you've said it."

SAVING LIFE BY PRENATAL CARE

Continued from page 17

Avoid alcohol in all of its forms, and, finally, indulge sparingly in sweets, particularly rich chocolate. Free use of meats and eggs predisposes to kidney and liver complications. Overindulgence in sweets upsets first the digestion and then the liver and finally the kidneys.

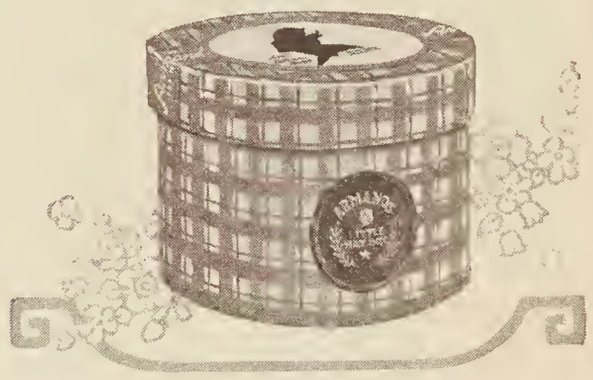
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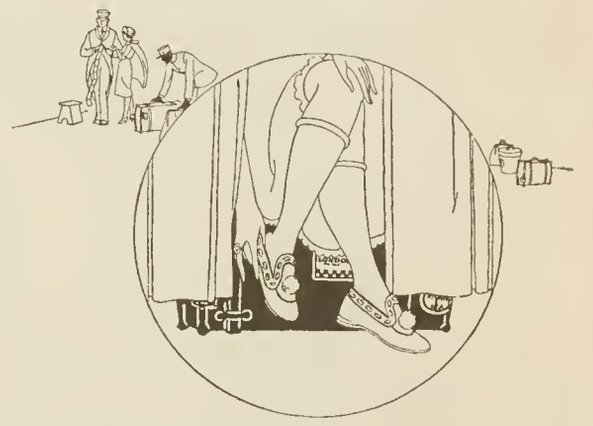
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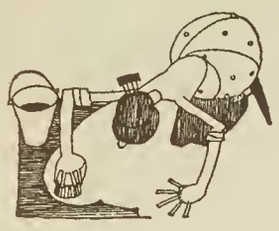
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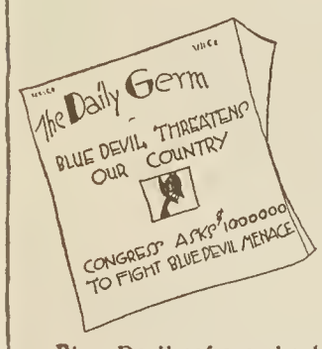
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SAVING LIFE BY PRENATAL CARE

Concluded from page 90

The general rules as to diet are these: Eat wholesome plain food frequently (every two and a half to three hours and in small amounts). Sweets, fried articles of food and pastry are especially bad.

A little dry food or a cup of clear coffee or tea before arising is often helpful.

Plenty of fresh air, freedom from fatigue and attention to the bowels are absolutely necessary. Small doses of pure bicarbonate of soda or of milk of magnesia are good. During the period of nausea, a simple pill at night, such as cascara (three to five grains), pheonalax (one tablet) or some simple rhubarb mixture will probably be necessary, as the state of nausea will not permit the use of coarse food usually given for constipation. A hot flax-seed poultice applied over the stomach in early morning for one-half hour is often of help.

Unquestionably, cheerfulness of mind—if one can be cheerful under such circumstances—is well worth all the effort. Should these simple remedies be of little help, do not fail, then, to get further advice from a physician. Severe vomiting or marked loss of weight must never be neglected.

Clothing, hygiene, etc.: The body should be kept suitably warm and prevented from becoming chilled. It is possible, particularly, to dress attractively and yet sensibly at the same time. The weight of the clothes should hang from the shoulders.

Corsets are an advantage, particularly during the last two or three months. During the early months, if unaccustomed to corsets, one may dispense with them, otherwise the usual ones may be worn, but these should not be tight.

After the first five to six months, at most, maternity corsets, properly fitted, in most cases give comfort and are a genuine advantage. Round garters should not be worn. High heels, of course, are not good at this time.

A daily bath, at least a sponge bath, should be taken, but not, as a rule, with cold water.

Both the teeth and the hair feel the effects of this time, and if troublesome should not be neglected. It is entirely safe to go to a dentist, provided he is a good one. Severe dentistry, however, should be avoided.

Rinsing the mouth frequently with a little milk of magnesia will often lessen the damage to the teeth.

Habitual constipation is often difficult to control and yet it should never be neglected; for if not remedied, it is bound to bring serious trouble during the pregnancy. Bran bread, plenty of water (two glasses before breakfast), and fruit and green vegetables are essentials. A dessert spoonful of olive-oil at night or some combination of senna will prove useful.

THE following is a good recipe for the senna: take a pound of dried prunes and a pound of figs; remove the stones from the prunes and then chop both the prunes and the figs in a meat chopper, as finely as possible, and two ounces of senna leaves. To this mixture add a little molasses, about two tablespoonfuls, and stir until the mass is well mixed. Of this mixture, one to two tablespoons at night will prove a dose.

Puffiness under the eyes or about the ankles, vomiting, dizziness, difficulty with eyesight, severe headaches, changes in the urine and an abnormally high blood pressure are the common warnings of a very serious condition, with or without convulsions. Careful attention to digestion and the bowels, frequent urinary examinations and, when available, blood pressure findings, will, in most instances, give the warning sufficiently early to ward off grave results. A pregnant woman should pass in twenty-four hours an average of three pints of urine. If there is less than this amount, drinking more water is necessary. This is not wise if there is swelling of face and legs. On the least sign of trouble of this sort one should eliminate salt from the diet.

Marriage should have with it a normal desire to have children. When this desire becomes a fact, added responsibility comes to both the husband and his wife. Both, therefore, need added patience and both will be benefited by guidance and instruction.

The mother's health, yes, her life often, will depend upon how she lives during the months preceding her delivery and upon the care she receives at the time of the birth of her child and during the early weeks after it.



From The House Beautiful

Are You Sufficiently Discontented?

FOR years I have always thought contentment was a virtue, but now I see I was quite wrong. It wasn't until this spring however that the lesson was really driven home to me.

The furniture John and I bought when we married was good and substantial. Like the excellent housekeeper I strived to be, it had been kept immaculately clean and in good condition, notwithstanding three lively children.

Our house was on the same plane. Sturdy lines, well kept up. But it wasn't until the coming of my neighbor next door that I found that a house should be charming, as well as practical, that the introduction of gay chintz over the living-room furniture made even our dispositions more cheerful, that a built-in bookcase had wonderful possibilities—in other words, that a home should have *personality*.

My good neighbor placed me further in her debt by telling me the source of all her wisdom, which I now share with you. Its name is

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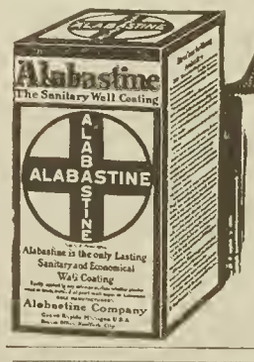
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Box 852, Butterick Bldg., New York, N. Y.

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGE 26

3801—There's an age when bibs are becoming, for instance the bib front and back of this dress with its low waistline and suspenders which hold up the straight gathered skirt. Separate guimpes with simple frill trimming are practical, and the skirt may be plaited. Use cotton homespun or chintz for the dress and dimity, lawn, or batiste for the guimpe, or use gingham, chambray, linen, linen-finished cottons, plain cottons, with a guimpe of dimity, lawn or batiste, etc.

10 years requires 1⅜ yard of 36-inch lawn and 1½ yard of 32-inch plaid gingham.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

3759—10870—The rounded collar and puffed sleeves give a Dutch air to this little one-piece dress with a straight lower edge. There are separate bloomers fastened to an underbody and the dress slips on over the head. One may use this smocking design at the front. It contains three styles which can be easily embroidered. Use crêpe de Chine, pongee, plain lawn, cotton voile, batiste, handkerchief linen, dimity, cotton crêpe, etc.

6 years requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch handkerchief linen and ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting color lawn.

The dress is nice for little girls of 1 to 10 years.

3816—10700—Summer dresses fall in soft lines from the round neck where the dress is smocked, shirred, or gathered. This dress of the slip-over type has its raglan sleeves, neck, and straight lower edge finished with bindings of silk. The smocking design is becoming. Work it in a combination of cable, feather-stitch, and Van Dyke points. Use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, pongee, China silk, taffeta, point d'esprit, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, batiste and mull.

10 years requires 2 yards of 40-inch Georgette.

The dress is dainty for girls from 6 to 14 years.

3795—10934—A nursery-tale animal pockets a small dress buttoning on the shoulders. The one-piece knickers which join an underbody are practical for play, and the dress is a slip-over type. The pussy-cat heads are enchanting. Work them in outline or appliqué. Use pin-check gingham all one material or with chambray, cotton prints with plain cottons or of one material, unbleached muslin trimmed with bright-colored appliqué, etc., sateen in two colors, chambray, linen, etc.

6 years requires 2 yards of 36-inch linen, (cut crosswise) and ⅛ yard of 36-inch contrasting color linen for appliquéd pockets.

The dress is good for little girls 2 to 8 years.

3807—10977—Three-quarters of a belt is better than no belt at all! This little suit has one-piece trousers as well, to make a small boy feel grown-up. The blouse slips on over the head with a new collar effect in front and a bright bit of embroidery. This design is to be worked in beading for dresses or outline. Wool jersey, silk and cotton jersey, poplin, linen-finished cottons, madras, or soft serge are suitable materials.

3 years requires 1⅝ yard of 36-inch linen-finished cotton and ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting cotton.

The suit is practical for little boys 2 to 5 years of age.

3757—10798—The coolest material to align itself with the one-piece linen dress is organdy. The low waistline of this dress may be shirred, though smocking is a simple way of adding a touch of contrasting color. The design contains a series of fancy smocking dots. The dress is a slip-over type with a yoke and a straight lower edge. Use pin-check gingham, pin-dot swiss, chambray, linen, plain lawn, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, dimity, batiste, pongee, crêpe de Chine, etc.

12 years requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch linen (pockets and sleeve to be cut crosswise), and ¼ yard of 40-inch organdy.

The dress is sweet for girls 6 to 12 years.

3696—The gay good times of her youngest days will be happy memories if no cloud mars their brightness—just another reason why a girl's clothes should be becoming. This dress, with its low waistline arranged with elastic in a casing, is soft and dainty. It slips en over the head and has a tucked straight skirt. Make this dress of cotton voile, cotton crêpe, batiste, net, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, chiffon cloth, silk voile, or soft taffeta.

12 years requires 2½ yards of 36-inch cotton voile and ⅜ yard of 40-inch organdy for flowers and pipings.

The dress is pretty for girls and juniors from 8 to 15 years of age.

3803—3727—10812—Separate knickers of this raglan dress fasten to an underbody, and pockets bloom at either side in much the way gardens grow. The flower motifs on the pockets are pretty. Work them in braiding, outline, or satin-stitch embroidery. Make the dress of chambray, linen, linen-finished cottons, plain cottons, cotton homespun, and bonnet of cotton prints, chintz, etc.

6 years and 20 inches head measure in the sunbonnet requires 2¾ yards of 32-inch chambray and ½ yard of 40-inch organdy.

The dress is good for little girls 1 to 6 years. The sunbonnet is nice for children, girls, misses, and ladies.

3792—10798—The tale the seashell tells is of the secret of this dainty dress, with the body and sleeve in one and a cluster of smocking at the front and on the sides. Smocking is a simple and fashionable way of trimming children's clothes. It may be done in colored threads. The dress which slips on over the head and the separate knickers may be joined to an underbody. Use plain lawn, handkerchief linen, plain cotton voile, cotton crêpe, dimity, pin-dot swiss, pin-check gingham, etc.

8 years requires 3⅛ yards of 32-inch pongee. The pipings are in contrasting color.

The dress is quaint for girls from 2 to 10 years of age.

3692—Well might she walk with proud demeanor when she wears the prettiest frock of them all! Ruffles extend all the way up the straight skirt which joins the merest hint of a body at the Empire waistline. The bertha collar and puffed sleeve are dainty acquisitions to a party frock. Appropriate materials for such a little dress are organdy, sheer lawn, pin-dot swiss, cotton voile, taffeta, Georgette, net, or point d'esprit. The sleeves and waistline are ribbon finished.

5 years requires 2 yards of 40-inch organdy and narrow ribbon for the sash.

The dress is dainty for little girls from 1 to 8 years of age.



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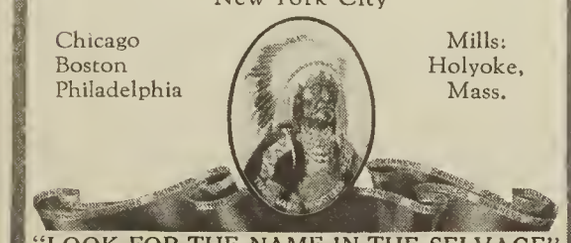
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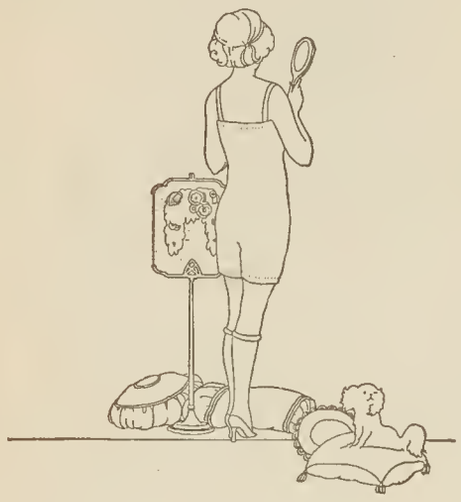
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A FASHION HINT FOR WOMEN

BY Natalie Norris



WHILE there is probably no item of feminine apparel which comes in for as close scrutiny as stockings, there are still, otherwise faultlessly dressed women who give apparently little thought to their hosiery.

Women who would never think of passing a mirror without adjusting a hat, tucking a straying lock in place or administering a few deft pats with friend powder-puff, trip serenely down the street with stocking seams running woefully askew.

And what is more unsightly than a crooked seam?

Will some women never learn they can be forever rid of this dire misfortune by buying Burson Hose?

Burson stockings, as you are probably aware, are fashioned in the knitting so that they conform perfectly to the graceful contour of the leg and ankle, and they have no seams to twist and pull awry.

Years ago, before the wonderful Burson looms were invented, stocking manufacturers hit upon the idea of putting seams in stockings to make a poorly shaped article fit a little better. Even today, some ordinary seamless stockings, with just as many needles to the ankle as the leg, are made to imitate real fashioned hose by sewing a mock seam up the back. It is difficult to detect this until after the stockings are laundered, when they lose their pressed-in shape.

To avoid the risk of getting stockings which are not permanently shaped you should buy Burson, because the fashioning or shaping is plainly visible.

Once you have worn Burson I am sure you will agree with me that they are not only more stylish but that they are extremely comfortable.

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3841 3844 3845



3843 3842

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 25



3780 3485 3809 3806 3811 3800 3798



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Brownatone has been used extensively for many years.
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YOU can be free from the objectionable odor and stain of perspiration which ruins clothing and mars your personal charm.

Profuse underarm perspiration, called Hyperidrosis, is caused by local irregularities of the sweat glands. Even the healthiest people are often troubled with it.

It can be easily and safely corrected by Odorono, without affecting the natural, healthful perspiration of the rest of the body.

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A clear antiseptic liquid, Odorono is not sticky nor greasy. Its mild but effective action immediately checks profuse underarm perspiration and destroys all odor.

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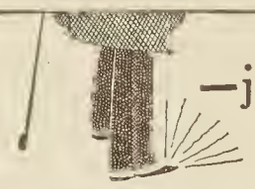


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OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGE 27

3796—Loose pointed panels break in fashionably on the even hem line of this frock, and Poinsettias mark the low waistline. This slip-over fashion places its closing at the left underarm, and the long body lining may be finished with a camisole top. The skirt is straight. A sleeveless possibility of this dress makes it suitable for more formal evening wear. Use cotton crêpe, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, taffeta, Georgette. Colored silk or cotton crêpe with white is effective.

The 17-year size requires 3½ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe. The lower edge is 52 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years. It is also attractive for small women.

3791—3325—Fashion fringes the straight lower edge of this one-piece frock instead of hemming it. It is the slip-over type and may have a blouse body lining. Use cotton homespun, gingham, chambray, cotton prints, dimity, crêpe voile, cotton voile, sports silks or silk crêpes, and gingham, cotton ratine, taffeta or faille silk for the hat.

16 years requires 2½ yards of 36-inch cotton homespun, with ¼ yard of 36-inch linen for the collar. A 21¼-inch head size requires ½ yard of 40-inch faille silk for the hat. The lower edge of dress is 54 nches in width.

The dress is adapted to misses 15 to 20 years, also for small women. The hat is for misses and ladies.

3799—2989—Ideal for vacation sports is this middy blouse and two-piece skirt with the waistline raised 1¼ inch. Make the blouse of fast-color cottons of good weight, white jean or white tub silk alone or with fast-color collar and cuffs, or natural pongee and use linen, cotton poplin, checks or plaids for the skirt.

16 years requires 2⅛ yards of 32-inch white jean for the blouse, with ⅜ yard of 36-inch linen for the collar and cuffs and 2 yards of 36-inch linen for the skirt. The lower edge is 53 inches wide.

This blouse is practical for girls and misses 6 to 20 years, also for small women. The skirt is for misses 16 to 20, also for small women.

3804—Gingham typifies the smart simplicity of youthful fashions. This frock slips over the head and joins the straight skirt at a low waistline. The blouse body lining may be omitted. Use handkerchief linen, cotton voile, and chambray with gingham, cotton crêpe with cotton prints or cotton voile with cotton ratine or plain with check taffeta, or sports silks, silk crêpes and crêpe de Chine in two colors.

A 16-year size requires 1¼ yard of 32-inch plain material for the body of the dress, and 2 yards of 32-inch plaid gingham for the skirt and bindings. The lower edge is 51 inches wide.

This dress is adapted to misses 16 to 20 years. It is also smart for small women.

3793—10948—Summer fashions take to fancy outlines sometimes to emphasize where a straight skirt joins the long body of a slip-over frock. The blouse body lining may be omitted. A touch of embroidery is effectively used. Work this in outline or appliqué. Select gingham alone or with the body of cotton voile or chambray, or use sports silks, silk crêpes and crêpe de Chine in one or two colors.

16 years requires 1⅜ yard of 32-inch plain material for the body and 1⅞ yard of 32-inch check gingham for the skirt, collar and sleeve bindings. The lower edge is 58½ inches wide.

This dress is smart for misses, 16 to 20 years. It is also suited to small women.

3781—Frills and flowers express the spirit of the season in this charming frock with its closing at the left underarm, its straight skirt following a low waistline and its long body lining a matter of choice. Use organdy, fine lawn, dotted swiss, cotton voile, Georgette, crêpe de Chine and taffeta or make the dress of dotted swiss with ruffles and flowers of plain organdy to match the dots or use fancy cotton voile with organdy.

17 years requires 2⅞ yards of 36-inch dotted swiss and 1½ yard of 40-inch organdy for ruffles and flowers. Lower edge is about 2 yards wide.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20 years. It is also a suitable fashion for small women.

3561—3789—One feels equally well dressed for street or sports in a suspender dress of this type, worn over a guimpe of normal or low waistline. The collar of the guimpe may be made separately. Make the dress of gingham, cotton homespun or ratine, linen, cotton gabardine or poplin and beach cloth over a guimpe of organdy, cotton voile, plain or dotted net, etc.

34 bust or 17 years requires 1⅜ yard of 40-inch cotton voile for the guimpe and 2¾ yards of 32-inch check gingham for the dress. The lower edge is 48½ inches wide.

This guimpe is suitable for misses 32 to 34 inches bust, also for ladies. The dress is becoming to misses 32 to 34 inches bust. It is also suitable for ladies.

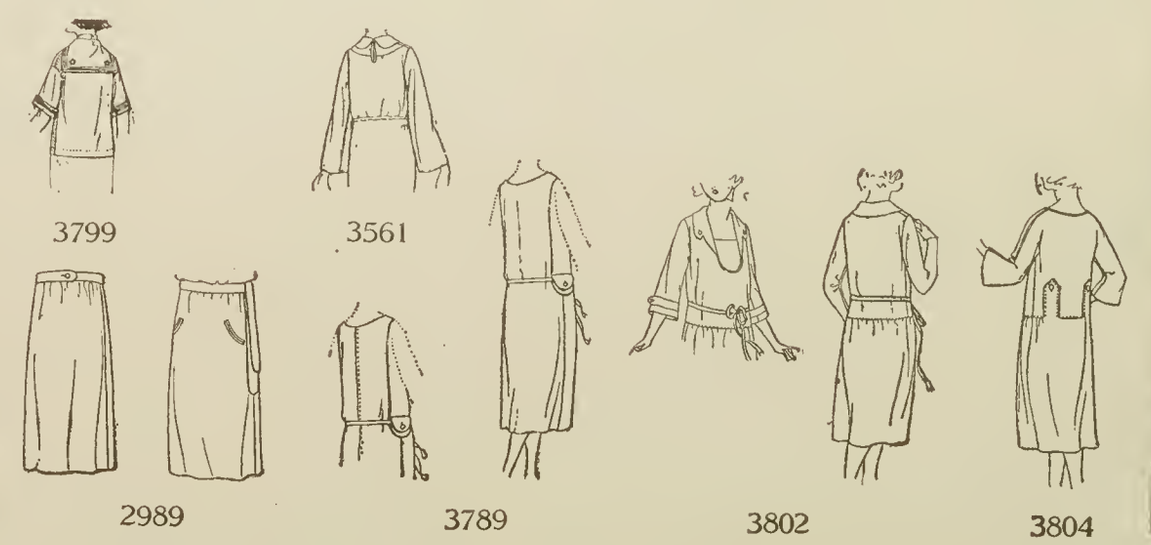
3802—Sometimes sashes desert the low waistline of a frock and arrange themselves a bit above, but that only adds to the youthful air of this slip-over fashion. The straight skirt is joined to the long body and the blouse body lining is a matter of choice. Gingham, dimity, tub silks and silk crêpes, or sports silks, silk crêpes and crêpe de Chine in two colors are suitable materials.

17 years requires 3⅛ yards of 32-inch striped tub silk and ⅝ yard of 36-inch plain material for the vestee, sash and tabs. The lower edge of the dress measures about 50 inches wide.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20 years. It is also very becoming to small women.



3796 3793 3791 3781



3799 3561 2989 3789 3802 3804

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THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

The Last Word on Fashions

Every now and then there pops up in editorial offices a mysterious circular issued over the names of Sara Smith and Matilda Brown, President and Secretary, respectively, of the "Association of Overworked-Underpaid-Dishwashing-Housewives," whose headquarters are described as "By the Cook-Stove and the Cradle, with the Wash-Tub near by." Whether the two ladies are printing their always-entertaining circulars as a means of anonymous self-expression or whether they are engaged in disseminating propaganda that is too subtle for our poor understanding, we don't know. Make what you can of their latest effusion. Here goes:

"The celebrated Parisian designers of dress for women seek, beyond all doubt, to emphasize in woman's dress the modesty, the charm, the poise, the easy elegance of THE DIGNIFIED WOMAN—THE LADY OF QUALITY—THE GRAND DAME.

"Women with hair 'bobbed' can not wear stylish clothes to advantage. They are in the same class, in this respect, as the woman who wears calf-length skirts. Hair that is carefully dressed and skirts that extend down to the heel of the shoe are essential to the *tout ensemble* of the woman of dignity; while 'bobbed' hair, or short skirts, or both, appear distinctly hoidenish.

"American women of culture and refinement conceal the legs and uncover the ears (even wear earrings), while women of low birth, or of ill-breeding, or of both, do just the opposite. Charitable allowance should be made for women who wear silk stockings as an outward and visible sign of material financial prosperity, for these women are, probably, the first of their blood, in countless generations, able to afford such luxuries and are, usually, of European peasant-birth, or of European peasant-born parents, and lacking in culture and refinement. Women of good birth, or of correct breeding, have a proper regard for the proprieties, the more especially as to the manner of acting with respect to the behavior, demeanor, duties of life and a nice appreciation of good taste and the courtesies of every-day association.

"It is a matter of congratulation that the garb affected by women who work for wages should be one evolved by themselves, approved by them, adopted at their own volition and not one forced upon them through legislative enactment. The 'bobbed' hair, the bare bust, the short skirt form an admirable costume for working-women, and all women who work for wages may wear furs for warmth because obliged to venture out in all sorts of weather; while professional women, or women of the leisure class, women not obliged to work for wages, may wear handsome wraps of cloth for style.

"It should be impressed upon the mind of the most stupid of women, women with the most dull intellect, that American ladies are not showing so much leg this season, and that women of culture and refinement no longer wear furs in the Summer-time."

The Tale of Father's Shirt

Miss Martha Van Rensselaer, Editor of The Home-Makers' Department, wants somebody to answer these questions: Are men extravagant with shirts? Or have men stopped wearing shirts? About seventy-five per cent. of the dollar-saver suggestions sent to The Home-Makers' Department suggest making something out of father's shirts. You can make work-aprons, dusting caps, office cuffs, babies' rompers, children's dresses, trimmings for kimonos, trimmings for dresses, bloomers, laundry-bags, collar-and-cuff sets, and a hundred and one other things out of father's shirts. Almost everything except a sheet and a night-cap has been suggested as "dollars saved by using father's shirts." Miss Van Rensselaer wants to know where father stands on the shirt question. From the reports that have come to the editor's desk, we wonder if some fathers are presentable to stand anywhere!

Our Friends' Indifference

The success of the Deltor as a first-aid to home dressmakers has not been unmixed with disappointment. One of the hardest problems before us is to overcome the indifference to it on the part of regular Butterick pattern users. These are old friends of ours, too, women whose own baby clothes were made from Butterick patterns and who have been loyal boosters of them since they first learned to sew. Women who have experimented with other kinds and women who have never used patterns before accept the Deltor with enthusiasm, but time and again we hear from demonstrators, merchants and DELINEATOR readers about regular Butterick buyers who ignore the existence of the Deltor in their pattern envelope.

The reason that they give, of course, is that they know from long experience how to cut from a pattern and need no guide. Now it happens that, besides making possible a saving of material such as can only be planned by experts, the Deltor gives explicit directions for perfecting the little odds and ends of detail that give the home-made garments the finish that bespeaks the professional touch. When a woman tells you that she doesn't need the Deltor, she says, in effect, that she can supply these inimitable touches "right out of her own head" and with the skill of a professional dressmaker.

A New Use for Covers

Art is adapted to some ingenious uses in these days of strenuous business competition. One of the host of subscribers who wrote to congratulate us on the April DELINEATOR cover, the picture of a baby, entitled "Her Easter Bonnet," says that an enterprising younger brother immediately seized upon her copy and had the cover framed. It seems that the young man is an insurance salesman and that the framed baby is displayed prominently on his desk. When he is talking insurance to a prospective purchaser who is also a father, the baby makes her mute appeal and father does his duty like a Christian gentleman by signing on the dotted line.

How Not to Bring Up Baby

A staff writer on "John O'London's Weekly" (England) asked a score or more of famous Britishers to record their earliest recollections. Among those interviewed was A. S. M. Hutchinson, author of "This Freedom," whose reply follows:

"I was brought home from India, where I was born, at the age of three and a half; and as I have many very vivid memories of India it is clear that I remember things which happened when I was something less than three. Which of them all is the earliest memory I could not say. It is probably a fall, for I am told I was a champion faller as a child, and I can remember heaps. I remember standing on a bank, watching my brother and sister below me, and falling off it; being swung in a swing by my father and falling out of it, and my father, while he brushed me down, making a hissing noise like a groom to make me laugh; seeing stairs for the first time in a hotel at Bombay (homeward bound) and falling down them; and standing by a bath in our cabin on board ship and wearing my vest, falling into it. Yes, my earliest recollection, like Adam's most poignant, would be a fall."

The Author of "Pigs is Pigs"

Say "Ellis Parker Butler," and the chorus is "Pigs is Pigs." All the world has laughed at that tale, not knowing that Ellis Parker Butler has a big, spiritual, serious side to him. When Mr. Butler wrote "Martin Forgot," which is published in this issue of THE DELINEATOR, we told him we thought he had done a great piece of work. Here is his answer:

"I'm heartened for the whole of 1922 by your kind wurrds. I don't admit the 'genius for the big, serious things.' One thing I do have is a cursed mania for serious things—themes—and a genius for forgetting to keep them bright and cheery when I do them. One thing *this* man forgets is that there's nobody so wise as an old fool. I keep falling into the error that nobody's so wise as the wise. And the dangdest nuisance is the old fool that starts preaching like he was a wise man! My notion is that I'm, at my best, an emotionalist, whatever that may be."

And, by the way, do you know that originally "Pigs is Pigs" was called "The Dago Pig Episode"? And Ellery Sedgwick, Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, gave it its undeniable name, "Pigs is Pigs." "And," says Mr. Butler, "if I had stuck out for my title, I might still be living in a flat. The proofreaders, too, made my life a burden, for they insisted that I knew nothing about grammar, and the story almost came to be published as 'Pigs *Are* Pigs'!"

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

A VETERAN he-editor once told us that *lady poets* could be divided into two classes ✿ ✿ ✿ "The ones that are not hard to look at," quoth the sage, "bring their manuscripts in under their wings; the others mail 'em" ✿ ✿ ✿ Now that the season for Spring poems is past we bow to the wisdom of our elders ✿ ✿ ✿ It is not permitted us to reveal in this column any advance style information ✿ ✿ ✿ That is the *Fashion Editor's* prerogative ✿ ✿ ✿ But we don't mind telling our fair pew-holders that the Summer fashions we have had a glimpse of provide ample pasturage for mosquitoes and that in our inexpert opinion it is going to be a hard Summer on the blind ✿ ✿ ✿ So much for incautious revelations ✿ ✿ ✿ Hereafter we must be more discreet, for the distaff side of the house has been largely augmented of late and as the sole representative of our sex we are greatly outnumbered ✿ ✿ ✿ Nowadays we may often be seen gazing meditatively on the picture of *Daniel in the Lions' Den*, which ornaments our desk ✿ ✿ ✿ Another picture that interests us is *Mr. Simont's* illustration for "This Freedom" on page 9 ✿ ✿ ✿ The languor of the gent in evening clothes bothers us ✿ ✿ ✿ We wish we knew him well enough so we could ask if he is waiting for the lady to get a step-ladder or if he is merely suffering from *hookworm* ✿ ✿ ✿ Just as the younger members of the never-sufficiently praised sex are getting into the papers hereabouts for wearing knickers to school and business, word comes from *Albania* that women there are outraging the Mohammedan proprieties by abandoning their trousers for modern skirts ✿ ✿ ✿ You simply can't keep a squirrel on the ground ✿ ✿ ✿ *Dr. C. E. Shepherd*, of the University of Minnesota, qualifies for a laurel wreath from grateful spinsters for discovering that their favorite tipple, tea, contains water-soluble vitamins ✿ ✿ ✿ A *Scottish* authority who has made an exhaustive study of the professions that supply the best husbands, announces that clergymen head the list ✿ ✿ ✿ Next in order, he says, come army and navy officers, professors and teachers ✿ ✿ ✿ The authority, who is a clergyman himself, makes quite a hit with us by classifying authors and journalists as unsatisfactory and artists as hopeless ✿ ✿ ✿ The newspaper stories about women politicians remind us that two women members of the city council in *Three Oaks, Michigan*, recently resigned because they would "rather wash dishes than argue over paving contracts" ✿ ✿ ✿ We make note of it as the most unconvincing reason for a woman's resignation that we have ever seen in print ✿ ✿ ✿ "In the Sudan before the war," said *Lord Dewar*, in a recent speech, "a native wife could be got for four spearheads; now one has to pay eight spearheads" ✿ ✿ ✿ Even profiteering has its silver lining ✿ ✿ ✿ The absence of the usual sprinkling of household hints in our column this month is due to the bad example it sets for well-meaning contributors ✿ ✿ ✿ One lady, for instance, is disconsolate because the "Save a Dollar" editor wouldn't pay for a suggestion that outworn powder-puffs be used for cleaning silver tableware ✿ ✿ ✿ She insists that the method works admirably in her own home ✿ ✿ ✿ When one of those "who-was-the-greatest-woman?" discussions comes up within our hearing again we'll put forward as our favorite candidate *Florence Nightingale*, who managed to drill into the heads of a few of her sex a little respect for hygiene ✿ ✿ ✿ An executive of the *Chicago Art Institute* says that one man out of every twenty-five is color-blind, while only one woman out of a thousand is similarly afflicted ✿ ✿ ✿ Another Chicagoan, *Miss Mary Bartelme*, supervisor of female delinquents, warns young women against a new mental disorder which she calls *Maturiamania* ✿ ✿ ✿ Its symptoms are believing you are lots older than you really are and we are warned that it is turning us into a nation of grandmothers ✿ ✿ ✿ Some time when you are troubled with *insomnia*, try to trace the family tree of an oyster ✿ ✿ ✿ A scientist tells us that if one oyster survived and multiplied, its great-great-grand offspring would number 66 with thirty-three naughts after it and the heap of shells would be eight times the size of the earth ✿ ✿ ✿ Now is the time to remind the *Miss* Smiths who go to summer resorts, achieve, and return as *Mrs.* Browns, to inform the Subscription Department of their change of name and address ✿ ✿ ✿ Good hunting, Girls!



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Is it the fault of the parents when children do not have good teeth?

DIET experts claim that the average person eats entirely too much refined food nowadays—food lacking in vital mineral salts.

Also, that the average man, woman and child eats too much soft, pasty food—food that can be swallowed whole—that robs the teeth and jaws of their proper task of grinding the food and preparing it for digestion.

The result is that a perfect set of teeth in a child more than 8 years of age is uncommon. And a *perfect* set of nerves in a man or woman of 30 or more is almost as rare.

We Are What We Eat

Your doctor can tell you that your physical well-being, as well as the strength and vitality of your nervous system, is largely a matter of *food*.

This is why it is so important for parents to establish a correct diet in the formative period of their child's life—at the time of the child's most rapid growth.

What to Give The Children to Build Them Up

One of the best and most complete foods you could possibly give to children is Grape-Nuts—the rich, cereal food made from whole wheat flour and malted barley.

Grape-Nuts contains calcium, potassium, magnesium, iron, phosphorus and other mineral elements that go to build up sound teeth and bones, and sure, steady nerves.

Eaten with cream or milk, to supply the necessary fat, Grape-Nuts is a *complete* food—filling every requirement of tooth, bone, nerve and muscle building.

The crisp, nourishing granules of Grape-Nuts afford the teeth and gums the proper, normal exercise that they require, if the teeth are to remain sound and healthy.

Because of its vital mineral salts, and because of the way it stimulates proper mastication, Grape-Nuts is one of the best of all foods for developing and preserving the teeth.

A Delicious Nut-Sweet Flavor

And please do not overlook the fact that the world-wide popularity of Grape-Nuts is due equally to its delicious nut-sweet flavor and crispness and its satisfying wholesomeness.

Go to your grocer today and order a package of Grape-Nuts. Serve it with milk or cream for breakfast. Or with sliced peaches or stewed fruit, for a luncheon dish. Or make up a delicious, appetizing Grape-Nuts pudding for supper, that every member of the family will relish.

Grape-Nuts can be had in the leading clubs, hotels, restaurants and lunch rooms throughout America. And it's the same Grape-Nuts you get in the Yellow package from your grocer.

"There's a Reason" for GRAPE-NUTS

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Michigan



THE DELINEATOR



MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

VOLUME C AUGUST 1922 NUMBER SEVEN

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

THE HAPPY CHILD

THE United States Census Bureau has issued a report which should arouse this nation to immediate action. One million one hundred and forty-one thousand nine hundred and thirty-nine babies died in the United States last year. This is more than fourteen babies for every American soldier killed in the World War.

The Child Health Bureau and the Maternity Center Association and great child specialists tell us that many of these babies need not die. The tragedy of it is that some of the best potential citizens born to us die the first year of their lives because parents do not understand the simple rules of caring for them.

THE DELINEATOR has undertaken a campaign to save children. We called our campaign "The Happy Child" because the child with a chance, with a healthy body and a properly trained mind will be the happy child.

Every woman should follow this campaign, whether she has children or not. Most of us have an opportunity to counsel mothers. The facts which are presented in this campaign are accurate and the latest discoveries of science.

Dr. L. Emmett Holt, noted child specialist and Director of the Child Health Organization, is the General Adviser in our program. Turn to page seventeen and read an important article by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine on the care of the new-born baby and its mother.

Next month we shall publish an article by Doctor Holt on the care and feeding of the young baby.

Help to save life by acquiring the knowledge contained in these articles. Do your part, that more than a million babies shall not die in this year of 1922.

WOMEN IN PUBLIC LIFE

NEW YORK CITY has a woman pastor. Miss Helen Ulrich accepted a call to the Church of the Divinity.

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw frequently preached in New York City, but Miss Ulrich is the first woman to become regular pastor of a metropolitan church.

For the first time in the history of England, a woman has preached in one of its churches.

The first woman to be nominated for the United States Senate is Mrs. Peter Oleson of Cloquet, Minnesota. Mrs. Oleson was one of the suffrage leaders of her State. The Democratic Party has chosen her as its nominee.

Whether Mrs. Oleson is elected to the Senate in November or meets defeat, she has cut the road a little wider for women in politics.

Four States now have towns governed by women. Next month THE DELINEATOR will tell the story of two towns which have thrived under women mayors. The men and women citizens of the towns they have ruled during the past four years have been so well satisfied with their "city mothers" that they re-elected them for a second term.

Miss Pauline M. Floyd, a young lawyer of Washington, has been admitted to practise before the Supreme Court of the United States. This is the highest tribunal of the land. In all the history of this free country, the Supreme Court has been above reproach. It is the final word in the law. It is the last appeal of all the higher courts of all the States. Here the law is interpreted and confirmed. The Supreme Court is no experiment-station—no training-school. Those who practise there must know the law and be equipped to present their cases before the twelve judges whose profound knowledge and integrity safeguard the tenets of free men. To be admitted to practise there is to have proved worthy. Miss Floyd is the youngest lawyer at the Supreme Court Bar.

THE WOMAN WHO HAS LIVED

By MADAME ROCHÉ

We must raise our sons as if they were going to live; if God leaves them to us, we shall make men of them; if He takes them back, we have perfected them for Him.

Surround them with order and calm.

If they laugh every day, they will sleep better.

Never quarrel before them.

Be just always in the tiniest details. The child is usually logical and injustice wounds him.

Choose the proper time for scolding children, and first always make sure that no physical need or discomfort is making them naughty.

Accustom them to both practical and mental charity. Egotism is ugly in a child and makes a tyrant of a man.

Teach them that one may be at home anywhere; that it is not the position which does honor to a man, but the man who can do honor to any situation.

Protect them from foolish vanity; give them a horror of the false in everything.

Do not flatter—encourage. When they have done well or evil, tell them so simply.

Punish them according to their sins; impose silence on the chatterbox; deprive the greedy of sweets; make the lazy work; and when they are stubborn, be more stubborn than they.

Do not work their small brains too hard; let them grow strong first in an atmosphere of calm; make no premature demands. Little prodigies are odious and later often become imbeciles.

Accustom them to win a victory over themselves every day.

WOMEN WHO DOWNED A HANDICAP

THERE are few handicaps except lack of ambition. For three years Miss Nellie Revell has been lying in St. Vincent's Hospital, New York City, in a plaster cast. But only her body is invalided. She has lifted her mind out of the hospital room and sent it into the busiest corners of the world. She holds three jobs. She writes a column of humor a week for a theatrical paper, she is writing a book, and she is carrying on by letter a publicity campaign. In between times, she writes poetry and answers letters that come to her from various parts of the country as a result of her humorous column.

Before Miss Revell injured her back, she was a journalist. She represented big newspapers on European assignments and was sent to write a report on the Klondike.

Florence Golson, a young Alabama girl, will never see sunsets or flowers. All the beauty in art and nature is denied her—all the beauty that can be known only through the eyes. But this blind girl has given beauty to the world. She has written a symphony which the Rubinstein Club of New York City, one of the best music clubs, reproduced. This symphony was given the first prize in competition at the Music Conservatory of Ohio.

No one knows the need of giving so well as one who has had to give up.

WOMEN HEROINES

FOUR women telephone operators were given the Gold Medal of Valor by the American Telephone Company for their courage in remaining at the post of duty during the recent strikes in West Virginia. The building in which they were working was being fired upon and threatened with burning, but they continued to keep the telephone wires open.

In the floods at Fort Worth, Texas, two telephone operators stayed at their switchboards while the waters rose around their building. They risked their own lives to save the lives of others.

Fire destroyed one of the New York, New Haven and Hartford buildings in New York recently. The telephone operators worked until the hundreds of branches had been notified of danger.

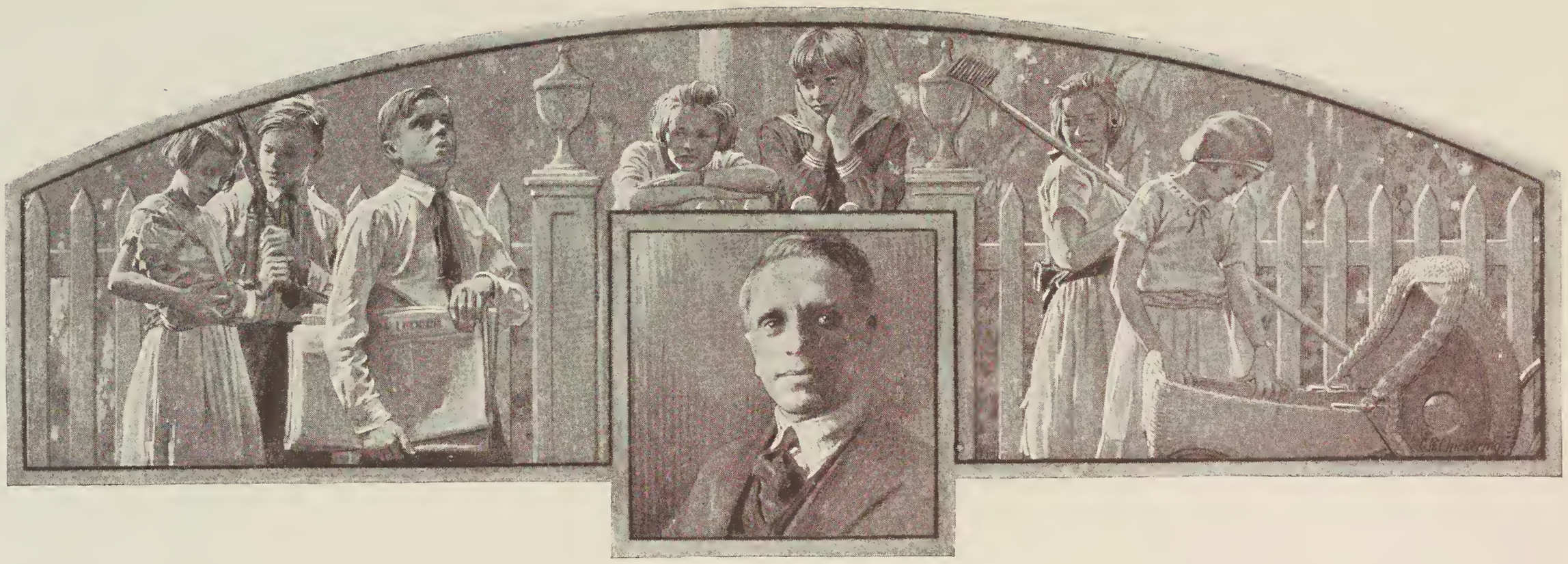
FIFTY DOLLARS FOR ADULT READERS OF THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, our Juvenile Department, has now been running six months. When the first copy appeared in February, we announced on the editorial page that after the magazine had been running some time we would give fifty dollars in prizes to mothers, teachers or any adult for the best letters about the LITTLE DELINEATOR.

We want only letters from adults who have observed the interest which children take in this little magazine. What have the children in your house or your class or your library liked best in the LITTLE DELINEATOR? What feature do you think has done them the most good? Have they expressed a desire to see anything added to the LITTLE DELINEATOR which is not there? Have you any such suggestions to make? Have you any adverse criticisms to make? Be quite frank in your letter, for what we want is not undiscriminating praise but honest opinions. Help us to make the LITTLE DELINEATOR the best department for children in any woman's magazine.

Don't make your letter longer than five hundred words. For the letter containing the most helpful suggestions, criticisms and opinions about THE LITTLE DELINEATOR from adults, THE DELINEATOR will give one first prize of twenty-five dollars, one second prize of ten dollars, and three third prizes of five dollars each. Letters must be mailed before the twentieth of August. Address LITTLE DELINEATOR Adult Contest, THE DELINEATOR, New York City.

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 90



THE WASTED SUMMER

Does your child grow or kill time during vacation?

By ANGELO PATRI

SCHOOL'S over. Isn't it grand? Nobody to find fault with the way I talk or the way I walk. Nobody to ask me for reports on lessons. Nothing to do for two and a half months. I'm going to do all the things I've wanted to do all year and couldn't because I had to go to school. Swing high! Ho! Vacation!" This was Helen's chant of thanksgiving on the afternoon that school closed.

"Me, too," said Brother with deep satisfaction. I'm going to play ball all day. Won't even stop for lunch. I wish the old school would burn down before Fall."

Their mother, listening in the background, smiled and sighed. It was always this way the first days of vacation. Soon the newness of the situation would wear off and boredom and discontent would set in. The children would idle about and whine and fuss and set her nerves on edge.

"Mother, may I go to the movies?" "Can I have a new base-ball suit?" "May I go to the firemen's picnic?" "May I write to Aunt Jane and ask her if I can go out there for a week?" "Well, can I ask Mildred to come out here and stay with me? I'm lonesome."

Can I— May I— Will you— I wish— O dear— I don't want to— My head aches— in unending lament as the hot days stretch along in drab monotonous procession. The children are weary of themselves and of their surroundings. Their mother wishes that there was some way to give the children a vacation without making them behave like this. She wonders what ails them and why they are so different.

THE reason is not so hard to discover. For ten months children follow a well-planned day. Their lives move along in a sort of monotonous variety. They rise at the same hour every day, eat their meals regularly, work during the same hours, play heartily in reaction.

Suddenly all this ceases. Vacation, emptiness, faces the children whose lives had been so purposeful, so alive with feeling and thinking and doing. The forward-going impulses are supressed and all is confusion.

A child does not stop living because the school term has come to a close. He is not dormant during the Summer months. He is very wide awake, eager, and longing to go on. To allow two and three months of his growing time to go to idleness and waste is preposterous. To throw children back upon themselves and oblige them to fritter away the long Summer days in futile plunges after something to do to kill time is unthinkable.

Should they stay at their books all the year long? Not at all. Ten months of the year are sufficient for books, the other two months should be devoted to the creative side of the child's life. For these two months at least he should be given an opportunity to try things out for himself, to put in practise some of the ideas he found in books, to use his hands and his mind, especially to use his hands with his mind, in educating himself. A great part of education lies without the covers of books and can never be bound within them. Each day should provide an opportunity for the child to do something that he wants to do by himself, out of himself, as well as for those things he does for duty's sake.

Home must take on the direction of the child's day when the school drops it, because there must be a guiding force in his life if he is not to disintegrate. This would appear to be additional work for mother but it really saves work.

For the first few days of vacation let the children do pretty much as they please. This will satisfy their desire for freedom and make them glad to settle down to the planned day. Hold fast to the schedule for rising and mealtime and bedtime. Apportion a share of the household tasks to each child and set apart playtime and free time. Let nothing tempt you to take the time set apart for play and free work for any other purpose. The schedule must stand or the value of it has departed.

WHAT are they to do in their free time? You must be ready with suggestions and make provisions for their fulfilment or the children will soon be at a loss.

If it is fruit-picking time and the children want to join the pickers, let them, provided they are old enough and the conditions are right. Don't feel that there is something disgraceful about your children doing something useful and being paid for it. The work will give them more than money if it is the right sort.

One lad delivers packages for the butcher for a few hours every afternoon, another delivers papers each morning, a girl takes care of a baby for a while in the afternoons. A couple of children agree to keep the weeds out of a neighbor's garden for the Summer.

Children should be permitted sufficient occupation to keep them healthy, alert and growing. If they select their work and it is done in the spirit of play, it becomes creative and inspiring.

One Summer a teacher decided that she was really too tired to go away. She would stay home for the whole vacation and rest in the hammock. About the end of the first week, just when time had begun to drag heavy heels over the children's days, she began to look about for something to do. She had seen the children passing her garden and casting longing looks in her direction. "Perhaps the poor things needed something to do, too? She'd see."

"Come in, children. What are you doing with yourselves?"

"Nothing," heavily and dispiritedly.

"I've been thinking. Wouldn't it be fun to have a circus?"

"A circus?" They jumped up on their toes and then sank in heaps on the grass. "We couldn't. We haven't any elephants or clowns or a band or anything."

"Why we'd be the animals of course; and clowns and fortune-tellers and riders and trapeze performers. I'll show you how if you want to try."

If they wanted to try? The orchard was the rehearsal ground in clear weather and the big hay-barn when it rained. The fathers and mothers helped, doubtfully at first and then whole-heartedly. Such sewing and cutting and pasting and fitting and whittling and modeling and painting and measuring and laughing and despairing and tumbling and dancing never was seen before in that town.

The parade was wonderful. The elephant nearly parted in the middle rounding the corner in front of the grandstand-porch of the village president, and the clown was always losing his hat and the skittish steed of the bareback rider stood stock still at the most critical time and looked gravely around to see what all this nonsense was about, and everybody laughed himself tired.

Two days that circus lasted, but its life stretched into years if you measure the fun and the health and the happiness the two months of preparation bestowed on the children.

"The best Summer we ever had in this village," said a grandmother when it was all over but the memories. "Kept the children busy every minute. It's about the first Summer that I remember that ended without some one being in trouble over something."

THE schools should be kept open for the Summer wherever possible. The shops should be opened first of all, for the Summer work should be largely creative, original work.

The boy who studied about electricity now puts it to work and rigs bells and radios. The child in the dress-making class who dreamed of a gown different in line and color from that made in the classroom now gets a chance to try it out. The boy who longed to make a toy motor-boat and see it work now gets at it and tries it out on the pond in the park.

This is the time for excursions that verify the geographies, for trips that brighten history lessons, for reading stories that literature suggested and yet crowded out.

The idle child is in danger. No matter what kind or condition of child he is, give him a full Summer.

Plan for play. The base-ball diamond and the tennis-court are moral backbones of Summertime. Plan for work, duty jobs and creative, inspiring ones, side by side.

Use the schools, the swimming-pools, and the libraries, the park story-teller and the dramatic teacher.

Remember the little ones and give them a sand-pile and slides and swings and shady tents. If you are far from a school try to engage a teacher for your group.

Do something to steady the children and make life pleasant for them. It is unkind and unfair to throw children back upon themselves. What can one expect from the child who has had no experience to guide him and senses duty dimly as something most disagreeable.

Summertime is fruiting-time. Why waste the harvest?



Sousa's Band plays for *you*

and it plays music of your own choosing. The band of the great March King plays as many encores as you wish—such playing as is possible only when Victor records and Victrola instruments are used together. You can hear not only Sousa's Band, but Conway's Band, Pryor's Band, Vessella's Band, U. S. Marine Band, Garde Republicaine Band of France, Band of H. M. Coldstream Guards, Banda De Alabarderos—the greatest bands of every nation and the best music of all the kinds the whole world has to offer.

Victrolas $25 to $1500. New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers in Victor products on the 1st of each month.



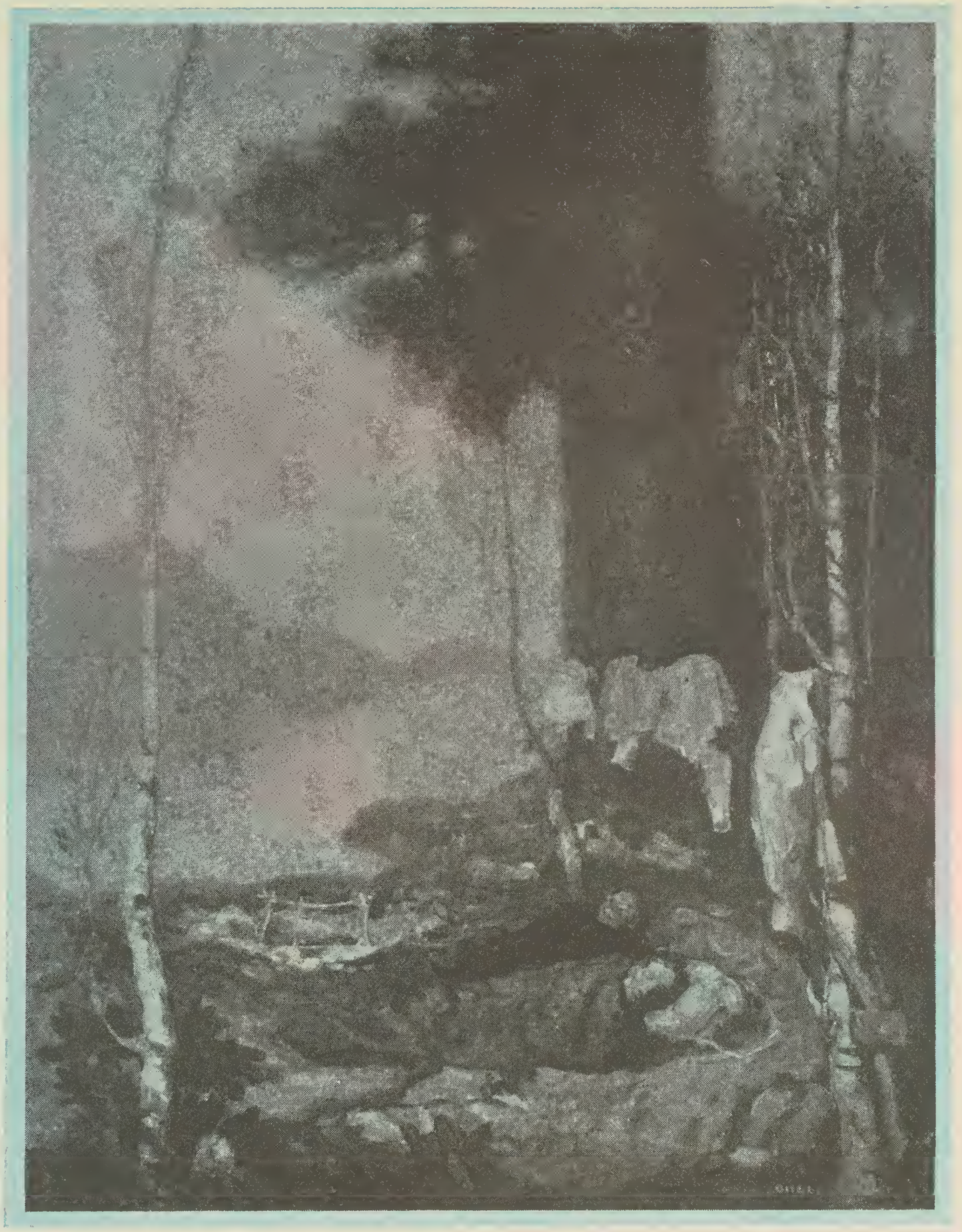
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Victrola

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Important: Look for these trade-marks. Under the lid. On the label.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, New Jersey



When men take the sky-trails

CAMP-FIRES are burning by a thousand starlit lakes and streams.

On birch branches and maple twigs the day's "wash" hangs—white under the moon.

Tired sleepers dream.

Ivory Soap has bathed away their aches.

Ivory Soap has washed their slummocky clothes clean and fresh for a new start at sunrise.

Ivory Soap has cleaned the camp-cookers of every trace of burnt bacon and beans.

Everyone who has been out with a knapsack knows how many times a day he needs Ivory Soap—and how well it responds to each call!

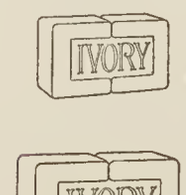
You who are "camping" at home these midsummer days can use Ivory just as often, and with the same friendly feeling, because in seven different ways Ivory makes known its goodness:—It is pure, mild, fragrant, white; it lathers abundantly, rinses quickly and "it floats."

Whenever soap comes into contact with the skin—use Ivory

IVORY SOAP IVORY IT FLOATS 99 44/100% PURE

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS EST 1837

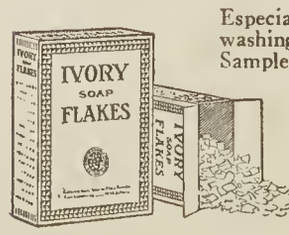
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Small Cake
For toilet, bath, nursery, shampoo, fine laundry. Can be divided in two for individual toilet use.

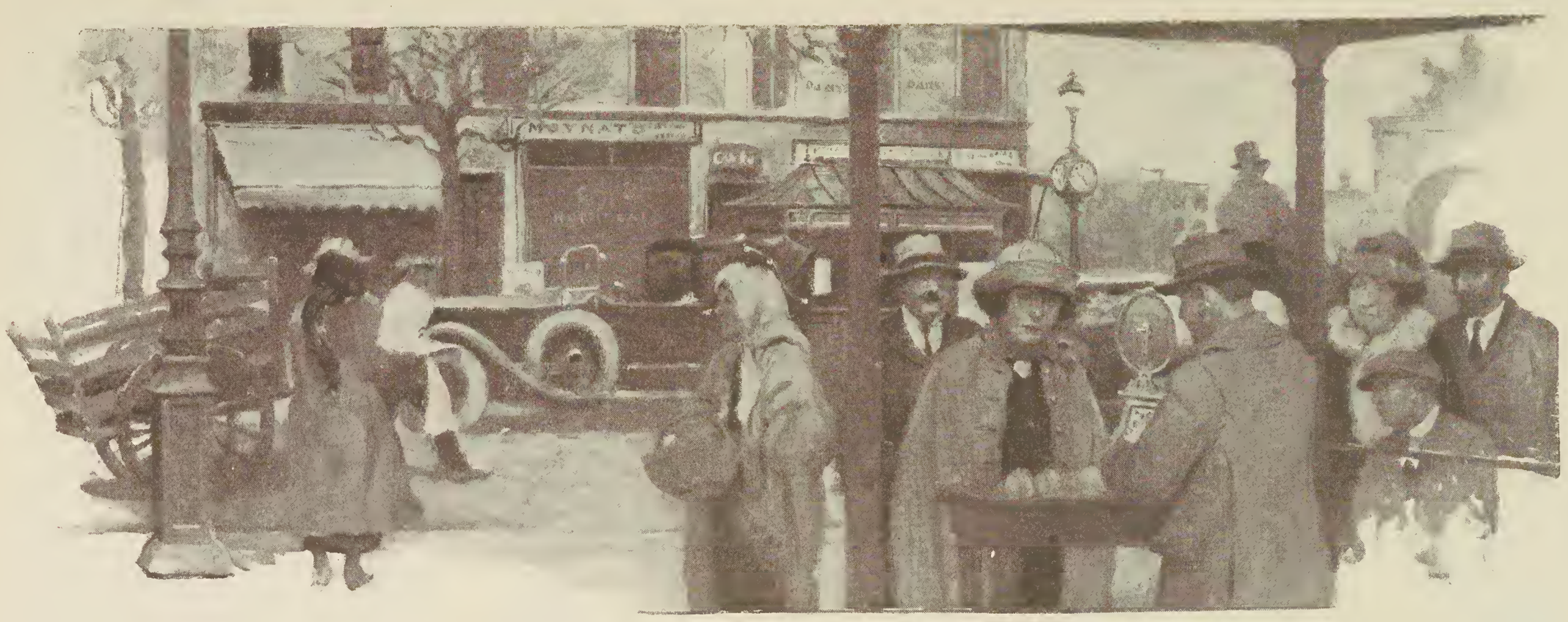


Large Cake
Especially for laundry use. Also preferred by many for the bath.



Ivory Soap Flakes
Especially for the washbowl washing of delicate garments. Sample package free on request to Division 17-H, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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"PLEASE—I HAVEN'T HAD ANY GOOBERS—OH, IN AGES!" SHE SAID

GOOBERS—À LA FRANÇAISE

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Mr. Benét is the author of several charming books of verse, including "Heavens and Earth," which divided with Carl Sandburg the Poetry Society Prize for 1921; also of many short stories, and "The Beginning of Wisdom," a recent novel of real distinction. This is a typical Benét story—filled with youth and love and delicate humor.

BUT there isn't any sense in being so homesick—there isn't any *sense!*" said Lucy Faversham to her hands, and then, "Oh, stop looking so *helpless!*" quite vehemently indeed.

The chubby French priest who sat next her looked at her incuriously for a moment. He knew enough English to understand that what she had said was in English. Another mad American, he supposed—and went back to scraping the rind of his piece of Gruyère for its last edible scrap.

Lucy flushed a little—she hadn't realized that she had actually said the words—only thought them. But when you were so entirely by yourself nearly all the time—even in the drawing academy because your French wasn't good enough yet to get much beyond the civilities of "*Bonjour*" and "*Merci*"—she imagined it was perfectly logical for you to start talking aloud to yourself sooner or later. She must watch herself after this. Had the other people noticed? She raised her eyes from her plate long enough to look timidly around the restaurant.

It had filled up as it always did by the time she came to dessert. But nobody else had heard—there would have been one murmured "*Epatant!*" at least if any one had—and Lucy returned to her small bitter cup of black coffee with some relief. She simply mustn't be homesick in front of all of them.

SHE paid her bill and walked out a little stiffly, feeling that all the people she passed must be talking about her in French and that she wished she knew what they said. She hesitated in front of the door—it was early yet, but the short Winter twilight had definitely turned to night.

All the cafés were lighted and crowded now. There was a little steam of breath like frost on the inside of the café windows and from the row of small temporary booths along the Boulevard fat women with false black curls and men with mustaches as soft and black as the hair of a paint-brush cried the advantages of every kind of bargain from cheap suspenders to slabs of pink flabby nougat, "*quat' sous la pièce!*" Lucy generally walked with an American swiftness of pace when she was alone, but to-night she was too tired to hurry and the crowd seemed luckily too busy with its own after-dinner affairs to care about her.

She had got half-way down the boulevard when the thick stream of which she was such a small and indifferent particle curved ahead of her as a river curves around an island to circle a growing clump of people standing stock-still to look at something outside one of the cafés. She wondered what it was that had drawn their attention. And then she smelled the smell.

It wouldn't have meant home or nostalgia or anything out of the ordinary to a Northerner perhaps—that faint rich tang of odor—but it was Gordonsville to her, and America, and all the things she had lived with and been until she was eighteen. She could hear the lazy Georgia speech all made out of vowels, languid as idling water—she could smell the Georgia smells. Her eyes pricked suddenly with tears—what a fool—what an *idiot* to start crying in the middle of a large boulevard because your nose had suddenly caught the odor of roasted peanuts.

Why, of course, the boy who was running the machine was an American—Lucy's heart jumped a little at the mere sight of him—he was as American as ice-cream soda in spite of his fluent business French. Young, too—and that must be an army overcoat he was wearing, though it had been dyed—his very hat reminded her of all pleasant American things. She proffered a disreputable fifty-centime note.

"Please—I haven't had any goobers—oh, in ages!" and then reproved herself sternly for "gushing." Why he might not be nice at all—in spite of the fact that he did look startingly like Mary Lou Cary's brother.

"Ca'lina?" the boy asked pleasantly as he took her note and gave her two striped-paper bags. The crowd settled back to enjoy itself. Anything might happen in Paris when two mad Americans met.

"What did you say?" Lucy said primly. He smiled, unabashed.

"So'then, miss? But yo' bound to be."

"What—oh, yes—I was born in Georgia. But how did you know?"

He was very polite.

"Yo' accent, miss, and the singulah fact that yo' asked fo' goobahs. I'm Ca'lina, me." His voice was as liquid and airy as sunny water. "Excuse me, miss, but I jus' couldn't help asking."

"OH, DEAR, but that doesn't matter, when we're both Americans," said Lucy a little timidly, then flushed. She was "gushing" again. "They *are* so good," she said appreciatively over a nut.

"Wouldn't yo' like to see how the machine goes roun'?" he offered diffidently. "It's sho'ly an amiable invention, that machine."

"Why—why—why, yes, if it isn't bothering."

"No bothah in the least to demonstrate to a So'then lady," he drawled very grandly—and the next ten minutes were devoted to a minute exposition of the mechanical virtues of the Old Carolina peanut-roaster to an absorbed if not wholly understanding Lucy—and rather to the damage of trade. Then Lucy managed to remember her American manners—he *was* nice, but a certain shadowy figure called Great-aunt Petrie kept talking somewhere in Lucy's mind about bold girls who chatted in public with strange young men.

He let her go, a little wistfully. "Yo' have cheahed me up consid'able this evening, miss——"

Lucy wondered. It couldn't do any harm.

"Faversham. Lucy Faversham."

His tone was as ceremonious as a French bow.

"My name is Rogah Wayne, Miss Lucy Favahsham; delighted to make yo' acquaintance, Miss Lucy Favahsham. And I'm Ca'lina, but my people used to be Huntingford, Tennessee."

"Tennessee. But *then* you'd know the—" Then Lucy checked herself. "Thank you very much indeed for showing me your very interesting machine," she said with formality.

"My mos' heahtfelt wish, Miss Lucy, it is that theah was dozens mo' to show to you," he said, but there was nothing in his voice that even Great-aunt Petrie could have characterized as "young impudence!"

"But theah—jus' showing you the Old Ca'lina has heahtened me up fo' all evening—mos' considable indeed. Theah is not many So'thenahs in this large French city, Miss Lucy," he added a little quaintly. "I hope that yo' will visit this machine again, in yo' passages to and fro. I truly hope so. Good night, Miss Lucy."

"Good night—and—and thank you once more—and I'll certainly come again—for goobers—and, good night, Mr. Wayne."

It was with a somewhat scared sense of definitely laying Great-aunt Petrie away in lavender with her Sunday bonnet that Lucy fell into the habit of stopping outside the Café de la Cigogne after dinner for a bag of peanuts and a little talk with Roger Wayne most evenings of the week.

SHE began to take an irritated interest in the crowd—stupid French people, they would stay there for hours watching the machine without ever buying as much as one five-sou bag; and when they did buy, for some reason or other they never liked the peanuts, and wanted their money back or threw away the bags half full.

"Yo' have suttinly a true So'then appetite fo' goobahs, Miss Lucy," said Roger Wayne with his drowsy smile. She wondered what he would say if he knew that the bottom drawer of her bureau held a growing collection of unopened bags of peanuts that she was always meaning to throw away but never did—it somehow seemed so unkind when Roger—when Mr. Wayne, of course—was working so hard and looking so anxious and people just would not appreciate the charms of the roasted peanut no matter what she could do.

Then he happened to come in to lunch at her *prix fixe* one day—and she couldn't very well ask him to go off and sit somewhere else when there were so few people there at 11:45. And then he asked her to go to the Gaumont Cinema Palace one rainy afternoon when trade was dull—and then they seemed to fall into the custom of having lunch together a good deal—they couldn't help that exactly when both had to live sparely and Boudin's was the cheapest place in the district. And she discovered that he too knew practically no one in Paris except a few ex-soldiers. So presently he was quite as familiar with Great-aunt Petrie as she was—and she could have gone about Wishfleet, South Carolina, without ever having

to ask her way from what he had told her. So the days went on—not so many of them. either, Lucy thought a little amazedly, to make her feel as if she and Mr. Wayne had known each other all their lives.

They went on till the week when Roger appeared at Boudin's after a five-days' absence.

"Yo' ah lunching with me, Miss Lucy, to-day," he said, as soon as he had spread out his napkin, "and I sho' shall take no refusals—you are thus and theahby most officiously wahned."

"But please, Mr. Wayne! We've always had it Dutch!"

"But not at all, Miss Lucy." He looked over the purple scrawls on the menu carefully. "This heah is a pahty, Miss Lucy," he announced. "The faihwell feast of the Old Ca'lina Goobah mus' be most religiously obsehved. Don't yo' remembah something about those funeyial baked meats out of yo' education, Miss Lucy? Well, though what they will suhve us heah will be too mighty grandiloquent—I am reckoning powahful on yo' doing all the appropriate honahs to the cohpse."

"Oh, *Roger!*" and Lucy didn't even notice that she was calling him openly what he always was to her when she thought of him. "You don't mean——?"

"*La Société Anonyme pour* distributing *Goobers Américain*—Mistah Rogah Wayne of Wishfleet, So'th Ca'lina, owner and managing directah—regrets to infohm its stockholdahs that aftah the Monday aftah next it will be most sorrowfully compelled to close its doahs. The great frawg-eating public, Miss Lucy"—he spoke lightly enough, but she could see that he was at his wits' end—"the great frawg-eating public has not suppohted the entahprize. The Frenchies, they jus' nachully don' take to goobahs. And Mr. Rogah Wayne, Esquiah, that prominent young So'then business man——"

"But, Roger, what will you *do?*"

"MISS Lucy," he spread out his hands, "Miss Lucy, I claih to goodness I don't know! But—honey—excuse me, Miss Lucy, but yo' have been powahful like honey to him evah since this prominent young So'then business man first set his eyes on yo'—honey, theah is wuhk in Paris somewheah, I guess, and 'tis up to me to take my foot in my hand and find it!" He smiled debonairly. "This is going to be considable pahty foh me," he confided boyishly. "I been trying to cook my victuals in my room all the last foah days."

"Oh, Roger! Oh, Mr. Wayne!" and Lucy's hands went trembling to her purse. But he stopped her with a gesture.

"Now don' yo' fret yo'self about me, Miss Lucy, don' yo' go and fret yo'self at all. This heah's my pahty—Mistah Wayne's last pahty foh some consid'able time he guesses—but as long as Mistah Wayne is entahtaining his present company, Mistah Wayne, somehow, consid-ahs it his best!"

The meal progressed—the same in every particular as a score of meals they had had together. But for Lucy it was a mortuary feast indeed.

She could not bear to think of the Old Carolina in the government pawnshop, which Roger assured her was its certain destiny—poked about by greasy French hands—looked at scornfully through sharp French eyes, traditional scheme of affairs. And Roger looking for work—a servant, maybe—a chauffeur—a waiter—oh, she couldn't *stand* it. She cudgeled her brain frantically, but it was not until Roger had lighted his cigaret at the end of lunch that even the faintest glimmer of inspiration came. Then she burst out suddenly:

"Oh, Roger, Roger, why don't you try them with *sugar?*"

Roger looked completely surprised.

"Miss Lucy?"

"Sugar, Roger!" then seeing him reach for the sugar-bowl——

"Oh not *that*. On the goobers."

"But honey. But Miss Lucy——"

"OH, IT'S only a chance, of course—I don't know why I happened to think of it"—but she was talking eagerly now, her words tumbling over each other, her cheeks bright spots of color. "Only—I was up in the Café Rotonde about a week ago with Norah—I told you about Norah——"

She must have, for a little shadow of displeasure crossed Roger's face for a moment, but he let her go on.

"Norah and some of those friends of hers—and one of them was a French girl—a little model from Calvadossi's—and one of the men was asking her what she had in that paper bag she was holding—and, Roger, it was goobers—*your* goobers.

"Well, Norah asked her how she liked them and she said she didn't like them at all." Lucy shrugged her shoulders and wrinkled her nose in imitative distaste. "But then Norah asked her what the matter with them was, and all she would say was, '*Pas sucré, pas sucré,*' and then a lot of things I didn't catch. But Norah said that *she* said that they would be *délicieuse* if they only had sugar on them but she couldn't stand the salt. And you know what *fortunes* all these *pâtissieries* make and I thought——"

She paused breathlessly, feeling rather like Edison and stout Cortez in one—and really, Roger might *try* to look a little more thrilled by her discovery. But Roger was staring at his hands as if he were trying to look inside them, and for a couple of minutes he did not speak at all.

Then—"It might," he said slowly. "It might jus'—The Old Ca'lina has till Monday aftah nex' still, befoah she mahches away—and——"

"And as long as they won't sell the way they are, it's worth *trying*, isn't it, Roger?" Then she was sorry to have put it that way—it must have hurt him. But she kept on. "It's worth *trying*, isn't it, Roger Wayne?"

"It's *mighty* worth trying, Miss Lucy," he said gravely. "It is going to be pretty powahfully tried. The Old Ca'lina, Miss Lucy—" He stopped a moment, in the grip of some emotion. "The Old Ca'lina, she's jus' going to *bust* herself trying!"

"Oh, Roger, I'm so glad. If only——"

He stopped—they were on their way to the door.

"It isn't sho', Miss Lucy. It isn't even quatha-to-middlin' sho'. But it might be done—it jus' might—and Miss Lucy——"

His face worked as if there was something he wanted to say so much and must not.

"Miss Lucy, we thank you. Officially. The Old Ca'lina and me."

"Oh, Roger Wayne! As if——"

"But there's mighty few would have thought of a little scrap of a thing like that. Or told it if they had thought about it. But yo', honey," and this time he didn't seem to want to apologize for saying it, "but yo' are yo'."

They were out on the boulevard—if she didn't go back she'd be late for her sketching class. She held out her hand.

"Good luck to the Old Carolina—and you!" she said fervently.

"And you will let me know if *it does* go—won't you?"

"I mos' sho'ly will."

Then he gripped her hand so hard that if it had been any one else it would have hurt her—and she saw him go down the boulevard, his arms swinging defiantly as he walked.

A week later—a week in which Lucy had carefully avoided Boudin's and the Boulevard St. Michel in general and spent a good deal of time, for some reason, just before she went to bed, sitting cross-legged in front of the lowest drawer of her bureau and arranging and rearranging her squirrel's treasury of peanut-bags—a knock came on the door of her room, just as she was getting up at a disgraceful but luxurious ten in the morning.

SHE took the little blue envelope from the boy in the uniform—tore it open. It read:

DEAR MISS LUCY:

The Old Carolina and myself request the pleasure of your company for dinner this evening, six-thirty, at the Café de la Cigogne, unless you are otherwise engaged. The Old Carolina, she wishes to bow to you with all her revolving wheels and doo-dads, Miss Lucy—our friends who *mange* the *crapauds* are taking to goobers *au sucré* the way a colored minister does to a fresh watermelon. Oh, Miss Lucy, pretty-please, won't you come and help celebrate?

Sincerely,
ROGER WAYNE.

Lucy's bare feet started a little shuffle of delight. It *had* worked, then—how perfectly wonderful—how perfectly——

It was not until she was dressed and half-way across the Luxembourg Gardens that she remembered. She had promised—absolutely promised—to have dinner with Norah and those two French students and the Russian girl to-night. Oh, well, that didn't matter, she would simply bring Roger along.

Roger, it is true, did not seem as enthusiastic as he might have been at the prospect of meeting the unshaven and artistic cream of the Quarter. But then he told her his news and she forgot all about being Bohemian or trying to live like people in "Trilby" or anything in the world but the Old Carolina. The turning-point had come on the third day with the displaying of the cardboard sign he showed her so proudly—"G-O-O-B-E-R-S! *Les Vrais Bonbons Américains! Très Sucrée! Très Doux!*" The crowd had smiled at the sign, but they had bought, and after buying had come back for more—the Old Carolina was running to capacity every evening now.

"Miss Lucy, that small idea of yo's has proved one lahge left hind foot of a churchyard rabbit to the Old Ca'lina," said Roger soberly, and Lucy smiled at him happily.

"I'm so *glad.*"

"Well, I'm not what yo' call mighty sorry at heaht about it, me. It means"—and again he hesitated, looking at her steadily. "It means—a powahful lot to me, Miss Lucy. But that's something I jus' can't tell yo' all the wheahfo's of jus' heah," he said, and they parted until dinner-time.

They were to meet at the Rotonde and Roger was the last to arrive. Lucy introduced him to Norah and the rest, a little self-consciously. Norah looked at him after he had sat down.

"Which atelier?" she said casually in her liquid drawl.

"Pahdon me, miss?" Lucy frowned a little at him as he said it—she had never thought of Roger except as some one always perfectly and lazily at ease—and now he was looking around the café as if his collar hurt him and his voice was very stiffly polite.

"Julien's?" Norah repeated. "I know you don't go to any of the Grand Chaumiers ones—and of course—as you're Lucy's friend—" She made the last word rather evident. Roger looked at his vermouth. He seemed to be embarrassed.

"I am feahful that yo' have some misconception of my occupation, miss," he said finally. Lucy frowned again—why *would* he use such long words. "I'm a business man, miss." Then his chest swelled a little proudly. "Ownah and sole propietah of the Old Ca'lina Peanut Roastah——"

Norah clapped her hands.

"Oh, *you're* the person who runs that *quaintly* American machine on the dear Boul' Mich! How extr-ordinary!"

"Yes, ma'am—I mean miss—that Old Ca'lina is suttinly one extrawdinary machine. Why, if yo' jus' could see how gentle she runs——"

"I *would* be interested, wouldn't I? And of course you'll show me *all* about it—though I'm simply a *baby* when it comes to anything mechanical, Mr. Wayne."

"I SHOULD be chahmed, indeed," with Roger's best Carolina inflection. Norah shot a mischievous glance at Lucy.

"That is—if Lucy doesn't mind—after all, you were rather her discovery than mine, weren't you, Mr. Wayne?"

"Why, of course, Norah dear, why should I?" from Lucy frigidly. She wondered why she suddenly had that feeling of reaching for a step.

But in spite of that fact, the dinner that had been planned to show Roger Lucy's place in dashing Bohemia was bitter apples for her. He didn't seem to mix at all, somehow—with the French students—with the Russian girl—with anybody except Norah, and he spent most of his time explaining the mechanical principles of the Old Carolina to her in English when Lucy knew that he talked such good French and had been so anxious to have him join in with the students—Norah had always said they were so diverting and those few of their merry quips that she had repeated to Lucy had certainly been clever—though, well, French, of course.

And then that cat of a Russian girl had looked at Lucy through drooping eyelids and said, "*Il est bien gentil, ton béguin, Lu-cee—mais que tous les Américains sont purs!*" and every one had laughed once more, and Lucy had only flushed furiously because *béguin* sounded nasty, whatever it might be. Oh, it had all been horrid—horrid—Roger simply must apologize, that was all—she'd never have asked him to come if she'd known he was going to behave like that. And then dinner was over and she and Roger were saying good-by. He evidently expected her to walk back to that silly Café de la Cigogne with him and it would serve him right if she didn't. But she would, nevertheless, yes, she would, if only to find out what he meant by his stupid conduct. But when the others had dropped off at the Rotonde and they turned down Rue Vavin together, his first remark was so entirely impenitent that she only gasped.

"AH THOSE—ladies and gentlemen with whom we dined—friends of yo's, Miss Lucy, honestly?" he said gravely.

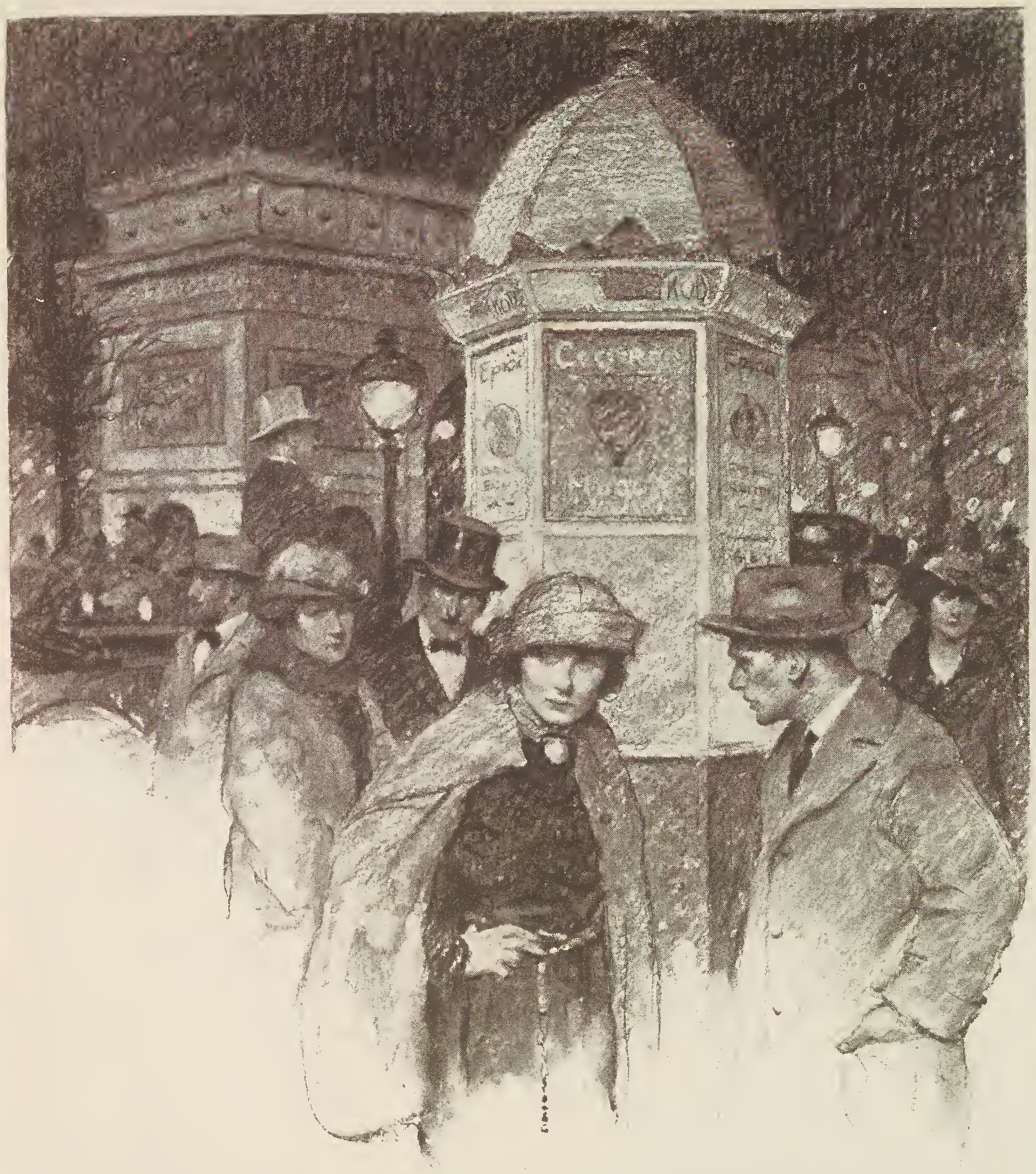
"*Friends of mine?* I should say they were! Why, Roger, they're the most interesting people I know—I'm proud that I know them! That French boy that you—" she choked—"that you were *so* nasty to is one of the most *talented* pupils old Père Chauchaud's ever had—and his brother's a *vers libre* poet—and Sonia does the darlingest little wax statuettes—and Norah—well, you seemed to appreciate *Norah* at any rate!" she ended bitterly.

"She is mo' human than the rest of them," Roger admitted, "and I'm sorry she's—done run wild—she might have been a pretty nice young lady——"

"Young lady—oh, Roger, how *absurd!* Why, Norah—" Lucy stuttered in the eagerness of her defense—"Norah leads her own life, of course—but, Roger, she's an *artist*, she has to—an artist has to be *free* and——"

"Well, Miss Lucy, I guess I don't know much about ahtists. But theah's only one kind of girl that laughs at tales like the tale that *weasly*, ornery little French ahtist sprung and that's——"

Lucy stopped in the middle of the street.



HIS FACE WAS RATHER WHITE NOW, RATHER QUEER. HIS VOICE WAS VERY FORMAL

"Roger! I laughed at that story!"

"I know yo' did, Miss Lucy." His voice sounded detestably protecting—she wouldn't be protected, she thought furiously—she was a woman, a grown woman, twenty-two years old. "An' I know yo' wouldn't have laughed at that story if yo' had the last least tiny suspicion of what it was about. I——"

She stamped her foot on the sidewalk.

"Roger, I would."

"You wouldn't, honey—why, honey, you couldn't—why, it was——"

"And there is no need at all of your calling me honey, either, Mr. Wayne!"

SHE could see his face. It was rather white now, rather queer. She was glad it was white and queer. His voice was very formal.

"Excuse me, Miss Lucy Favahsham. I beg yo' pahdon."

"Well you *certainly* should!"

"Well, I suttinly do. Mos' suttinly."

"For everything?"

"I don't rightly know jus' what yo' mean, Miss Lucy."

"For behaving the way you did this evening—to my friends," she went on steadily.

He looked at her hopelessly.

"I can't, Miss Lucy—I jus' nachully can't. They can't be yo' real friends, Miss Lucy—why, Miss Lucy, those ornery people—they isn't even fit toh black yo' shoes——"

"Very well. Then I think we had better see as little as possible of each other in the future!"

"Yo' not *faih!*"

"I am perfectly fair. Those are my friends. It is nothing to me"—her voice shook—"it is nothing to me if you like them or dislike them. But you shall not insult them—to me or any one else."

She looked at him steadily for a long moment. His face was shaken with pain as air is shaken by little waves of clear steam, but he showed no signs at all of being anything but stubborn.

"It's good-by, then?"

"Oh, Miss Lucy, lissen——"

"It's good-by." She held out her hand—he took it.

"It's foah yo' to say, Miss Lucy. If yo' say it's good-by—it's good-by," in an even, courteous voice.

"Good-by, Mr. Wayne."

"Good-by, Miss Lucy. Fum me and the Old Ca'lina." he said with a twisted smile. And then, as once before, she was standing alone and watching him go down the street. But this time there was no swing in his step at all—he walked a little as if he were crippled—and when she turned to go back to the Rotonde and Norah, she found she was crippled too.

Lucy assured herself that you couldn't be an artist—a real one, like Norah—unless you were free and suffered. Only sometimes she wondered, if that were really the case, how people ever got the courage to be artists at all.

She was wondering when she walked tiredly into the Rotonde about seven-thirty in the evening ten evenings after the dinner which she had meant to be Roger's official début in Bohemian circles.

She looked around at the clutter of little tables—the Rotonde was nearly empty—it would be half an hour yet before the crowd started to drift back from the restaurants. She was starting to turn away again when a young man who had been hidden behind a *Petit Journal* looked over it casually, saw and rose.

"*Bonsoir, Mademoiselle Lu-cee!*"

Oh, of course—it was Léon, the little artist who had told the story that Roger— She frowned, then changed the frown to a hesitating smile. He was always so polite—and Roger hadn't been nice to him—and she must be.

"*Bonsoir, Monsieur Léon!*" Perhaps he could tell her where Norah was.

But he seemed more interested in asking her if she would not be charming enough to sit down for two moments. He had had the *cafard*—the blues, one called it in English—all afternoon, he explained ingenuously. And that rascal of a dealer had cheated him on some sketches he had sold—and so it was more than pleasant seeing a friend, *ne c'est pas?*—especially (with a grandiloquent gesture) when the friend was Mademoiselle Lucee. She accepted his invitation, wearily enough—she wanted to be with somebody, anybody, as long as he would talk. She didn't want to talk, but if some one else talked it kept her from thinking about Roger. And Léon was quite a nice boy, and delightfully mannered—and those round blue innocent eyes.

They sat down. Mademoiselle Lu-cee would honor him by taking a little *apéritif?* Oh, a tiny one—of the tiniest! It was his custom before dinner, always—he apologized for both himself and the custom. Then they would go and search for Mademoiselle Lu-cee's friend, Mademoiselle Norah. Meanwhile, which *apéritif* would Mademoiselle Lu-cee prefer?

Mademoiselle had no choice—had suggested a lemonade for herself, a grenadine sirup? But how strange the Americans were! Mademoiselle Lu-cee would not think him intrusive—but if Mademoiselle Lu-cee would allow him to suggest?

All that he would suggest was merely a little *apéritif* of the properest—*un apéritif très doux, toute a fait pour les femmes.* "*Garçon!*" to the bald waiter in the dirty apron. "*Deux mandarins-curaçaos!*"

"*Bien, monsieur.*"

THE *apéritifs* came. Lucy looked at hers uncertainly—tasted it—it was sweet and thickish, but certainly not strong. She was thirsty, too—yes, it was rather pleasant, rather like an orangeade with sherry in it—she must remember the name. Léon sipped his slowly, she noticed, in the French way. She drank hers more hastily, in spite of its over-sweetness. It was all very pleasant sitting here, but she really did want to find Norah. Dinner, too, would not be unwelcome—lunch had been both scanty and hasty—she had suddenly seen Roger mentally in the middle of it and left most of her *blanquette de veau* untasted.

The waiter had taken away their glasses and brought others—full ones. She stared at hers disconcertedly—but Léon was sure to be offended if she said she couldn't drink it—the French were like that in the small politenesses of life. Léon was really a very delightful companion, too, in spite of his foreignness. She had never imagined that he was so nice—it only showed——

Léon seemed to have become rather intense about something all of a sudden. Oh, yes, he was talking about her—how eager his eyes were, how oddly eager! He was telling her how beautiful she was—well, that was the French way. Her hands, he was remarking, were like little warm white pigeons—such a curious idea! And then there was something or other about her soul.

She laughed suddenly and then grew angry at herself. Why had she laughed? There hadn't been anything amusing. The waiter was not really humorous, only bald—but it was *funny* to be bald like that—it was *very* funny——

She checked herself. Léon was asking her something—she couldn't understand quite what—his voice seemed so much farther away than it had been a little while ago. It seemed that he was very unhappy—that he had been unhappy ever since he had been a small child—but if she would only be kind to him he would never be unhappy again. Why, of course she would be kind—poor Léon, why shouldn't she?

"*Mais certainement, Léon.*"

THAT seemed to make him tremendously excited all at once. He had hold of one of her hands now. She stared at the hand—it didn't seem connected with her, somehow. Why was he holding it?

They had made a bargain, it appeared—a bargain to help each other. Well, that was all right. They would seal the bargain—Léon was suggesting sealing it with one more of those sweet, thick orangeades. No, that wouldn't do. The orangeades were mild, of course, but they made her eyes feel curiously enlarged. She explained this to Léon very lucidly and in the most perfect French.

Very well, they would seal their bargain with bonbons—with those American bonbons of which she was so fond. Lucy laughed again, and this time quite unabashedly. That *was* a funny idea—a really *funny* one!

Léon was calling her his passionate little angel with the snowflake hands. She frowned—it was all politeness, of course, but still— She remembered Norah—and dinner. Very well, they would seal this bargain, they would eat one bonbon apiece and then find Norah. Léon took the bag of bonbons out of his pocket.

Bonbons? Why those were *goobers!* Roger's goobers!

She stared at the striped-paper bag with its peanuts spilling out on the greasy table as if she were seeing her own face after she was dead. Those were Roger's goobers—Roger, that she had sent away and hurt and been unkind to. And she was sitting here talking to Léon. She had made some sort of a bargain with this person called Léon.

Concluded on page 84

ONIONS AND VAMPS

By

JESSIE WINSTON TURNIPSEED



"DAT YALLER WENCH SA'NTER BY AND FLIRT HUH EYE AT HIM—"

"DE CLOTHES doan look right good dis week, Mis' Kate," said Celia as she eased the basket to the floor. "I been so pestered in mah min', I coulden' do dem justice."

It was then I noticed her bandaged head. I made sympathetic enquiry; Celia had been my faithful washerwoman for many years.

"Hit wus dat low-life husban' ob mine. He cracked me ober de haid wid er skillet yistiddy at breakfas'."

"I hope you made a proper response," I said.

"No'm, I haden' made de sponse, eber ting else was ready, settin' on de back ob de stove, an' I wuz jes' gitten ter de 'sponse when he tuck up de skillet an' lam hit ober mah haid. Hit wuz all on 'count ob dem gol' teef, Mis' Kate, yassum. We wuz libin terge'er nice ernough twell dem teef entahed ouah home. Ain't I done tole you 'bout dem gol' teef? Well, hit wuz dis erway:

"Jim tuck er notion he gwine hab two gol' teef set right in de front. I reason wid him dat times too hard jes' ter pull out good teef. Eber toof in he haid wuz sound as er dollah. When I see he is sot on hit, I tries ter 'suade him down ter one toof. I tells him mah 'pinion is dat one gol' toof at de side-lack be lots cuter dan two in de front. He hab de inshorance ter 'low dat he ain't atter 'pinions he is atter teef, an effen I won't git dem he know er 'oman whut will. Mis' Kate, I know he hab me right dah, fuh Jim is younger dan whut I is. Mo' dan dat, he is yaller whilst I is black. I wuz lucky ter git him, but I see hit gwine be harder ter keep him dan hit wuz ter git him," Celia ended with a sigh.

"I woulden' hab minded gitten' him de teef," she continued apologetically, "but you see dah is mah aunty's tombstone. Mah aunty whut raise me fum er child. Huh husban' tuck er razor ter huh nigh onto two years ergo, in er leetle 'spute dey had, an' aunty wuz gone *right now*. Yassum. Razor lots wuss dan er skillet. You has got some chanct wid er skillet." Celia seemed almost grateful to her spouse for his choice of a weapon.

"HIT wuz as leetle as I could do ter buy mah aunty er tombstone, er dollah down an er dollah eber' week. Dat collectah-man say effen I fall down wid dat dollah, he gwine git de tombstone an' haul hit off. In course I cayn' hab de fun'al widout de tombstone, an' 'pear lack I cayn' hab Jim an' de tombstone bofe. Dey jes' natchelly eats money."

"Celia," said I, "hang on to the tombstone; let Jim go."

"Dat zactly whut I gwine do, Mis' Kate! Dis rukus wid Jim gib de tombstone er mon'strous lick, an' fling off de fun'al fuh er spell, but I gwine fix it yit an' den mah folks fum down erbout Selma all gwine come. De las' time dey see po' aunty she wuz in puffic health. I know dey gwine take on some'pin turrible!" This with deep satisfaction.

"Mis' Kate I wucks hard an' don' hab much pleasuh. Well, dey ain't nuffin I enjoys moh dan er rale fun'al. I has riz fum er bed er sickness many is de time ter go ter one an' I woulden' miss gibin' dis fun'al ter mah aunty, whut raise me, fuh all de gol' in de vermifuge.

"I wish you could see dat tombstone, Mis' Kate. Hit has got two leetle turkle-doves on top ob hit, so lubinlack. I jes' lubs ter look at hit. De verse on hit reads:

She come erg'inst er razor,
Hit drap huh down an' slays huh
An' now deah aunty plays huh
Golden Harp.

"No, Mis' Kate I didn' decompose dem lines"—with modest denial—"Deacon Adams done hit."

"But lemme go on wid de teef. I washes dem out fuh Jim. No sooner do he git dem dan de vamps is atter him. But hit doan pester me 'ca'se I knows I is er good cook an' effen dey is one t'ing Jim lub bettah dan his teef it is his stummick. So I does some pow'ful vampin' wid de pots an' pans, but spite er all dat, he lef' me.

"Yassum, but only fuh er shawt time. I knowed I wan't gwine let no scum take mah man away fum me widout er fight. But I doan git no razor ner skillet, no'm. I gits some kraut an' puts hit on ter fry. You kin smell hit er mile. I smothahs er steak wid onions, an' brings de cawfee ter er bile, an open de do' an' winder. Mis' Kate, I hopes ter drap dead effen dat nigger want dah 'foh I git dem vittles on de table. He fall on dem lack he starved. Hit sho mus' hab been slim picken' among dat trash he jes' lef. I neber say nuffin erbout his runerway spree. Effen hits in dem ter run dey gwine run—but beefsteak mo' dan apt ter bring dem back.

"Effen he had stopped wid teef I mought er made hit, but de teef jes' start him. Twan't long twell he call fuh eyeglasses dat set straddle yo' nose, sassy-lack, wid er leetle gol' chain dat fasten ter er button on yo' breas'. No'm, not nary t'ing de matter wid dat nigger's eyes."

"He might have eliminated the glasses," I murmured.

"No, Mis' Kate, *I* is de 'lim'nator. I lim' it fum mawnin' ter night fuh dat nigger. Yit an' still Jim 'lim'nate 'roun' an' git me up two mo' washin's. I got ter han' dat ter him. I tells him hit am onpossible fuh me ter git dem spec's. He rant an' rave so, I has ter pacerfy him somewy an' I 'grees ter git de glasses soon as de way am clair."

"LONG erbout den dat yaller wench, Gussie Hart, sa'nter by, an' de way she flirt huh eye at him! I know de way gotter clair up dat blessed minute. So I washes out de spec's. I doan say dey is puah gol', but I figgers dat dey will las' long as Jim las', fuh Mis' Kate, I know I jes' cayn' hol' out wid de beefsteak erg'in all dem vamps. Twant long twell I see he is res'less, but 'pear lack hit take er good turn. He take down de Bible an' read hit fum kiver ter kiver. De upshot wuz he say infan' baptism is right an' dat he gwine jine de Meferdis' chu'ch. All dis time I an' him has been deep-water Baptis'. I tell him whut diffunce do hit make ter us erbout infan' baptism seein' we ain't got no chillun. But I knows hit ain't dat whut git him. Hit wuz de stain-glass winder an' de pianner whut de Meferdis' hab. He t'ink dey go better wid dem teef an' dem spec's.

"Fus' t'ing I knows dat nigger done busted inter de Meferdis' church. Yassum. Leetle er no time he wuz supe'intenden' ob de Sunday-school. Hit wuz 'stonishin' how dat Sunday-school pick up. Christmas trees and picnics wuzen er patch on hit. Lots ob ouah membahs lit out ter de Meferdis' chu'ch. But you jes' wait. Dey be glad ter come back an' hab er han' in dat fun'al. Las' one ob dem gwine come back. Jim git so puffed up an' act so previous hit look lack mah leetle shack wont hol' him. He sets dem spec's dis way an' dat on he nose an' say ter me, 'Sister Shaw, yo' dwellin' need some repairin'. Dat leak in yo' roof git mah Sunday clothes wet. Hit mus' not happen erg'in.' "

"Does he never work at all, Celia?" I asked.

"JES' ernough, Mis' Kate, ter keep de cop fum gittin' him fuh fragran'cy. Whut he make won't keep him in cig'rets an' hair-ile. Twan't long twell I see de furerway look in he eye dat tell me same as effen I read hit outen er book dat he studyin' up somepin' else fuh me ter wash out. Hit come yistiddy mawnin'. He say er man in his sukumstance jes' haster hab er gol'-top cane. I wuz clean outdone. I tell him hit cayn' be de cane an' de tombstone bofe. I tells him dat I owes moh ter mah aunty, whut raise me, dan I does ter any creetur' under de shinin' sun, an' dat hit hab ter be de tombstone.

"Mis' Kate, fus' t'ing I knowed de skillet cracked down ovah mah haid. When I comes to, mah eye lit on mah trunk. Sho'nuff, dat lim' ob Satan done prize off de lid an' dug out de leetle snuff-box whut had de las' paymen' on de tombstone. Yassum, dey wuz tin dollahs in hit. De collectah-man say effen I gits up tin dollahs he wipe out de debt. I borryed five ob hit an' now dat nigger run off wid all ob hit. Gol'-top cane! Huh! I see him in tawmint fust!"

As she took up her basket to leave I said, "Celia, your first husband left you a good home, and renting part of it you can live in comfort, if you will keep Jim away."

"I is th'ough wid dat nigger, Mis' Kate, doan you worry." But her forlorn air was not convincing.

For three or four weeks she came and went, following the usual routine, washing as beautifully as ever, but she was not the old Celia. There was a languor about her, a detachment, that was pathetic. Speech seemed to have forsaken her and a strange quiet fell upon us.

Then there came a time when Celia brought the clothes with joy radiating from her good, black face. There was a lilt in her voice and a spring in her step that gladdened me, even while I feared the worst. She kept up a running flow of talk as if to ward off any embarrassing complications, but I was not to be put off.

"Celia, when did Jim get back?"

"Law now, jes' listen ter dat child! Wha' fur er young, lackly-lookin' fellah lack Jim come back to er ole black 'oman lack I is?" and she laughed hysterically.

"Oh, Celia, Celia, you are hopeless!"

"No, honey, Cely ain't hopeless. Cely moh holped up dan she been fuh de longes'. Dis ain' no worl' fuh er lone widder. Cely got ter hab somepin' ter wuck fuh."

She did not linger as she usually did to ask, with friendly interest about Nell's music or Billy's latest scout adventure, but hastened away. I stepped to a back window and looked out. Just as I suspected, a light-colored negro man was awaiting her. With a flash of gold teeth and the swing of a gold chain, he stopped and with one hand took the wash money from her unresisting fingers. In the other hand he flourished a gold-headed cane.

THE VILLA CLAUDIA

By SHIRLEY L. SEIFERT

If you love a home and a garden, and gentle, kindly folk, this story of Claudia and the young "landscraper" is for you



WILLIE TURNED ON HIS OFFENDED HEEL AND MARCHED AWAY

NOW, in the beginning, Pidgin had nothing to do with the Villa Claudia. In the beginning the Villa Claudia was a five-room, pale-green frame cottage in the little town of Jonesville, a haphazard structure with no two windows on the same level and a porch whose scroll-cut white posts banded in red suggested the builder's real profession—that of barber. But to Claudia Stearns it was a noble inheritance in that it embodied a wish, a yearning, a dream that had drawn her through the years like light at the end of a tunnel. It was a home to one to whom home had always meant a piece of a boarding-house with a fight for the bathroom mornings and evenings.

She had given up a one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar position as secretary in the city, had come resolutely to Jonesville to claim her legacy the week after it had been announced to her, had forced the doting old lawyer, named Graves, who had told her of it, to give her a job as stenographer in his office for fifty dollars a month; and now nothing the lawyer or Mrs. Bray, the cleaning-woman, or all the rest of the town, including the laughing-eyed Pidgin, could say would make her see any hopelessness or ugliness about it. Was she not going to hang dainty curtains at every one of those individually designed windows and plant red tulips about the base of the bay window? Had she not plotted flower-beds of unbelievable capacity for the back yard? Was the woodshed not full this minute of seeds and roots and what not for her garden? Well then! And to Willie Janowitz, a mission waif whom she had brought along to share her wealth, of course the villa was splendid if Miss Claudia said so!

To understand how irrelevant Pidgin was to the Villa Claudia in the first place, you should have seen him standing alone and wishful on the far side of the street the Saturday morning of the christening. Claudia, on a rickety step-ladder chair, nailing a funny burnt-wood plaque over the crooked lintel of the front door, didn't even see Pidgin standing there staring. Below her, Willie Janowitz, his china-blue eyes wide and solemn, held her box of hardware.

"V-I-L-L-A C-L-A-U-D-I-A," spelled out Willie. "What's that?"

"It was the name of a magnificent, beautiful home hundreds and hundreds of years ago," said Claudia, her eyes blue depths of fancy. "I loved the sound of it. I made the sign when I was a girl in high school and saved it for this."

Then she pounded her finger.

THE street was not wide. An exclamation from the far sidewalk called Claudia's attention to the superfluous character on the stage. Her reaction was astonishing. With dangerous rapidity she leaped from her perch, caught Willie by the collar and dragged him indoors.

"It's that odious smarty again," said Claudia. "I won't have him smiling at me!"

"Oh, him!" said Willie, looking out the front door. "He's that 'landscraper' from the big Howard farm, the one they're building over. What you afraid of him for?"

"I'm not afraid of him, Willie," said Claudia. "I just won't have him laughing at me. I can stand it from the storekeeper and the blacksmith and the Ladies' Aid, but I won't stand it from him. Just because he knows all about expensive gardens and real villas and has a rich patron and everything! I've hated him ever since the day he laughed at you getting off the train, when you'd broken your supporters and popped your buttons with excitement!"

"Well, he's gone anyhow now," said Willie soothingly. "Hadn't I better start out after those flagstones? They're up the creek quite a ways."

He started off with a borrowed express wagon. Presently Claudia, calming down, with a happy sigh cut the string around a bundle of small garden tools and tackled the ground before the bay windows. She had eighteen fat brown bulbs, which were to come up crimson tulips in the Spring.

The soil in that part of her estate was the next thing in hardness to granitoid paving. Moreover, Claudia naturally did not have the trick of planting her foot squarely on the spade and bearing her weight down just so as to get the maximum force on the edge of the blade. Besides, the spade may have been cute, but it needed to be strong. When she had hacked up a fair square foot of ground, the flimsy handle broke off with a snap just above the steel.

"Oh, dear!" wailed Claudia wearily. "Oh, dear!"

"What you need," said a pleasant voice from the gate, "is a fork."

It was that smarty again! That knowing, fresh, conceited "landscraper," Harold Pidgin. Claudia would have liked to throw her fragments of spade at his handsome face. Still—there was all that digging to do and perhaps a fork *was* the secret.

"Good morning," said Claudia diplomatically. "I don't——"

"I'll get one for you in a jiffy," said Pidgin and was off down the street like a streak.

When he came back with the fork, he obviously wanted to be invited in through the gate along with his tool.

"It takes lots of strength," said he. "You want to push it way in, lift the soil and turn it over. Then you'd better leave it that way for a few days before you break it up fine for planting."

Shamelessly Claudia accepted his astounding loan of knowledge and his implement, but would have none of him.

"Thank you," said she, taking the fork. "I'll be very careful with it. Excuse me. I have a pie in the oven."

And she waited inside the door until he had gone away.

When she finished that tulip layout, she was appalled. Her wrists ached as if her hands would break off any minute. She would have been afraid to look at the line of her back in a full-length mirror. What if she never straightened it? A slip of paper flapped in the wind where a clod weighted it down on the front porch. It was the plan of her estate. The magazines had said never a word about the tons of digging to every square yard of flowers. Because of her aching bones, she was near to sitting down on the steps and giving up for that day. But there was that shed half full of roots and seed packages. This was almost the first of October. Some day the ground would freeze and was she beaten so easily as all that? With a heavy sigh she picked up that dreadful fork and started for her garden of perennials and hardy annuals. But she couldn't help a groan as she set the tines against the hard ground.

"What you need—" began a pleasant voice——

Claudia dropped the spade with a sob of surrender.

"What I need," she cried, "is a man to spade this garden!"

"Righto!" said Harold Pidgin, coming over without looking for a gate.

HAROLD PIDGIN was a tall young man of the slimness, also the toughness and pliancy, of wire. His brown eyes, which could brim over with laughter, could on occasion be preternaturally solemn and earnest. Though his skin had a hearty outdoor ruddiness, he was on the whole finely fashioned, like some fastidiously molded statue. For all their strength, his hands were long and slim; and when he took off his cap to pay his respects to Claudia, she saw a broad high forehead running up into thick brown hair. He was a most attractive lad indeed.

"I had no idea digging would be so hard," faltered Claudia, shedding tears of childlike disappointment within and smiling very poorly without. "I thought it would be fun."

The young man nodded, suggesting sympathy.

"I don't know who I could get to do it for me," said Claudia.

"I've been asking for the job for a week," Pidgin said.

"Oh! I thought you——"

"Yes! Where do I begin?"

Now Claudia had all of an artist's shy sensitiveness about the little plans she had worked out for her garden. But something in the way he looked at her fairly drew



"PLEASE," BEGGED CLAUDIA, "TELL ME JUST HOW THINGS ARE——"

them out of her hands into his. However, she watched him closely. If into his brown eyes there had flashed the tiniest spark of laughter, she would have flown at him in a fury. On the contrary, if possible, his eyes grew more and more serious.

"Righto!" he said, handing them back to her. "Let's set the lines and heave to on bed number three."

Claudia, having moved in the business world a matter of seven years, had met many men, admired a few and been admired by more; but in her grown woman's experience Harold Pidgin was the first who had ever taken off his coat and gone to work for her. The fine straining of his bent back, the supple recoil, the deft power of his arms and shoulders as he went about the homely task of digging dirt, demanded and won tribute from her woman heart. A man can always touch a real woman by doing with ease tasks which seem to break her very bones and tear her joints apart. God made this difference in strength between them on purpose, I think. If it's a secret, it's time it was being told in this day of too much talk about nothing.

There was an intermission after the spading of the first bed, occasioned by Willie's delivery of the first load of flagstones. Willie, on finding Claudia's "smarty" suddenly promoted to the dignity of helper, was flabbergasted.

"Some of these was the dickens to drag up the bank," he told Claudia reproachfully as he dumped the load.

"I can get you a load of those rocks," offered Pidgin. "There are lots going to waste at Howard's."

"You can do all the digging you want to," said Willie, firmly, "but Claudia said I could make the stone walks. Don't you even tear up the old boards!"

"Why, Willie!" said Claudia.

WILLIE, having delivered his ultimatum and dumped his wagon, turned on his offended heel and marched away. Claudia looked up at Pidgin. She didn't want him to laugh at Willie.

"Bright little chap!" said Pidgin soberly, taking up the spade for bed number two.

"But if this digging has to stay this way for a while," said Claudia, "I won't get anything planted to-day."

Pidgin stood up, wiped his face thoughtfully, and came to sit on the porch steps beside Claudia. Again he drew the plan from her hand.

"Hm!" he said thoughtfully. "You could trim those old climbing roses along the fence. They need it."

"I wanted to plant something," said Claudia. "I've bushels of seeds and bulbs. You don't understand, Mr. Pidgin. I—I never planted anything in the ground in my life."

Pidgin frowned at the plan.

"The soil ought really to stay this way a day or two at least. We might put in the iris roots after dinner."

"Dinner? Oh, my conscience!" cried Claudia. "I'd forgotten about it. Willie will be ravenous. Will you—will you have dinner with Willie and me, Mr. Pidgin? I'm not an awfully good cook yet, still——"

"I heard mention of a pie," said Pidgin.

"It doesn't take long to make a pie. I think I could get dinner and pie too while you spade that last bed."

"There was a pie in the oven when you were digging out in front. Did it burn?"

Claudia's color deepened.

"That was a fib," she confessed, her honest blue eyes looking into his honest brown ones. "I just said that."

"Why?"

"Oh!" said Claudia helplessly. "Oh!"

But she had to tell him for the same reason that she had to turn over her funny garden prospectus to him.

"I thought you were laughing at me."

"Laughing? At you?"

"Well, everybody else is. I guess it does seem ridiculous for a girl who doesn't know beans about the country to come down here with just nothing at all but ignorance and a wish and try to turn a tumble-down house into a palace and such hard dirt as this into a garden. But, oh, all my life I've wanted a pretty home and flowers! I thought this might be a chance and I might never have another. I didn't dream how foolish I might seem until I got here and everybody tried to discourage me and felt sorry for me or poked fun at me. I thought you were laughing too. I thought you laughed at Willie last Saturday, poor little Willie, who's lived all his life where the children beg the school-teachers for the petals that fall off the flowers on their desks! I would hate anybody who laughed at Willie."

"I wouldn't think of laughing at Willie—or at you!"

"Well, I just naturally expected you to, then, considering how much you knew about gardening, being a 'landscraper,' as Mrs. Bray said."

A giggle sneaked through Claudia's wistfulness. Pidgin, taking heart, laughed for the first time that morning.

"But I'm not the 'landscraper' himself," he said. "I am the student from the agriculture college."

"Oh! We-el! So, you're young Mr. Howard's cousin!"

"His official poor relation!" said Pidgin. "Say, you know, if you're as sensitive as all that, you'd sympathize with him. He's a dreamer, too, and as sensitive as the dickens. He knew that building the kind of villa—I guess you'd call it—that he dreamed for the old place would stir a terrific amount of gossip and prejudice, not to say hooting ridicule. He didn't want to face all that. That's why he's staying off the place till it's ready to argue for itself."

"He must be nice," said Claudia. "Mrs. Bray told me a touching story about him and his mother. Was it true?"

"What did she tell you!"

"She said," said Claudia in bewitching mockery of Pidgin's landlady and showing a love of a dimple in her right cheek, "that old Mr. Howard was a penny-pinching skinflint and his wife a slip of a creature and very pretty, with notions like mine of flowers and window-curtains and thingdoodles like that. She died when her one lad was a matter of ten years old, died of lonesomeness and doing without things, folks said. And the old man not caring, and the boy being a sickly, puny lad, his grandparents took him to raise. His grandparents were scandalously rich. The boy never came back to his father. But now that the old man is dead, lo and behold you, word comes that young Howard will be taking the place himself to live in it. But the good Lord knows that if the old man could come back he'd not find himself at home at all. They are ripping the old house to pieces inside and out and tearing up the earth something terrific. The gardening is in the hands of a swell 'landscraper'—I thought that was you—and then there's Mr. Howard's cousin, a student from one of these here agriculture colleges, who is here to keep an eye on the 'landscraper' and see to it that he does not crowd out the pigs and the cows and the corn-fields entirely with his flower-beds and stone fountains."

"You'd have to know Howard himself to appreciate the real essence of his history," said Pidgin, kicking at a rotten edge of planking in the walk. "He was only a kid when his mother died; but something of the sordid ugliness of his childhood seems to have haunted his memory. Besides, the chap had strangely inherited a passionate love for the country, which all his grandparents' denunciations could not choke. That's why, when his father died, leaving him the farm, he planned this great remodeling. It's merely that he wants with all his soul to rectify the mistake his father made. He feels, too, in his queer, superstitious way, that it will somehow be reparation to his mother for her broken dreams. I don't know what he'd say to me for telling you all this. I hope you understand."

"I'm the one who would understand best," said Claudia, her eyes softly shining. "I'm so glad you told me! I'd felt a little spiteful about Mr. Howard. He seemed to have so much without a struggle and I was working so desperately over so little!"

"So much!" said Pidgin reproachfully. "He's the lonesomest man I know—always seeking the understanding people to share things with. He—he'd beat me up if I didn't offer you some fertilizer for this clay pit, for instance. That's what I'm going to do—get you a load right after dinner."

"My conscience, dinner!" cried Claudia, and fled.

SO IT was that Pidgin entered the Villa Claudia—by the garden gate. It was the surest way if he wanted permanent welcome. What with his digging and his fertilizer and his compelling the "landscraper" to come across with precious advice on the expert burying of brown seeds and scraggly roots, he made himself so essential an element in Claudia's garden that by the time he left to complete some special course in the State school of agriculture she couldn't tell where one dream left off and another began. She had thought that a house and a garden were all she might dare ask of the gods, and now here was another vision that made her blink and turn away dazzled as she had blinked and turned away when Pidgin first had showed her the splendor of the Howard palace coming out of the chrysalis of a ragged farm.

All through the long white Winter, while her flower promises slept under their beds of leaves and Willie outgrew his clothes and threatened to pop his skin in places, she kept getting Pidgin mixed up with all the precious wonders about her. Christmas he sent her violets, for which she had the pleasure of scolding him. They had reminded him of her, he explained, and he thought they might be a sort of promise of the Spring, when he did hope to get back in time to watch the garden sprout.

Winter passed and the miracle of Spring began. First the birds, the robins leading them before the last snow had melted away! Then the flowers! As they lifted the leaf-blankets, Claudia and Willie found tiny, pale yellow-green sprouts hungry for the sunlight.

Continued on page 80



MRS. JOSEPH CONRAD COLLECTED HER RECIPES FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD



MRS. CONRAD'S COOK-BOOK

With a preface by Joseph Conrad, the famous author

By JESSIE CONRAD

Literary critics have said that the work of Joseph Conrad will live longer than that of any other writer in this generation. He is without question one of the greatest authors of our time.

The world knows the work of Joseph Conrad; only a few know the man himself.

To know Joseph Conrad is to know another big-souled, keen-witted person—Mrs. Joseph Conrad—known as "Jessie" to all of their friends.

Joseph Conrad is a Pole. He was a sea captain for many years and did not begin to write until he had reached middle life. Mrs. Conrad is an Englishwoman, but one of the rare personalities who belong to the world and not to one nation.

To see Joseph Conrad and his wife together is to believe that romance survives marriage. They have a son who went through the war, and yet the great author and his wife are like young lovers together.

To men and women who have only met Joseph Conrad in London, or in some other far-away corner of the world, he seems a high-strung, exacting, impulsive person. To see him with Jessie is to behold chivalry and tenderness and unselfishness.

There were long, hard years when Joseph Conrad was enriching the world's literature but the world was not enriching him. There were years when the struggle for existence and the battle for art were eternally warring against each other.

In those years Mrs. Conrad kept the home together and made it famous for the spirit and quality of its hospitality. The simple meals served at the Conrad home became famous. Everywhere they traveled she gathered recipes of the best foods and wrote them down in a big leather-bound ledger.

When the Editor of THE DELINEATOR *was in England last year, she went to see the Conrads. An accident had left Mrs. Conrad bedridden. She was unable to leave her room. So Joseph Conrad makes her room the center of the house. It is a huge place, furnished like a drawing-room with the best in the home. In one corner by a great south window, looking over the famous garden, is a magnificent bed, on which Jessie Conrad spends her days. The world comes there to her. Great singers, loving Joseph Conrad and Jessie, go down into Kent and give concerts for the sole pleasure of this remarkable woman.*

We were drinking after-dinner coffee in that room, when a maid entered and asked if the wife of Doctor —— could copy the recipe for Yorkshire pudding. A cabinet was unlocked and the cook-book, famous all over England, was brought forth. It has taken a year to persuade the Conrads to let the public share the secrets of that cook-book. Joseph Conrad himself has written the introduction to it, which follows.

THE EDITOR.

INTRODUCTION

By Joseph Conrad

OF ALL the books produced since the most remote ages by human talents and industry those only which treat of cooking are, from a moral point of view, above suspicion. The intention of every other piece of prose may be discussed, and even mistrusted; but the purpose of a cookery book is unmistakable. Its object can conceivably be no other than to increase the happiness of mankind.

This general consideration, and also a feeling of benevolent interest with which I am accustomed to view all the actions of the writer, prompt me to set down these few words of introduction for her book. Without making myself responsible for her teaching (I own that I find it impossible to read through a cookery book), I come forward modestly, but gratefully, as a living example of her practise. That practise I dare pronounce impeccable. It has been for more than fifteen years adding to the sum of my daily happiness.

Good cooking is a moral agent. By good cooking I mean the conscientious preparation of the simple food of every-day life, not the more or less skilful concoction of idle feasts and rare dishes. Conscientious cooking is an enemy to gluttony. The trained delicacy of the palate, like a cultivated delicacy of sentiment, stands in the way of unseemly excesses. The decency of our life is for a great part a matter of good taste, the correct appreciation of what is fine in simplicity. The intimate influence of conscientious cooking by rendering easy the processes of digestion promotes the serenity of mind, the graciousness of thought, and that indulgent view of our neighbors' failings which is the only genuine form of optimism. Those are its titles to our reverence.

A GREAT authority upon North American Indians accounted for the somber and excessive ferocity characteristic of these savages by the theory that as a race they suffered cruelly from indigestion. The noble red man was a mighty hunter, but his wives had not mastered the art of conscientious cookery. And the consequences were deplorable. The Seven Nations around the Great Lakes and the Horsetribes of the plains were but one vast prey to raging dyspepsia. The noble red men were great warriors, great orators, great masters of outdoor pursuits; but the domestic life of their wigwams was clouded by the morose irritability which follows the consumption of ill-cooked food. The gluttony of their



JOSEPH CONRAD AND THE CONRAD HOME, WHICH HAS BECOME FAMOUS FOR ITS HOSPITALITY

indigestible feasts was a direct incentive to counsels of unreasonable violence. Victims of gloomy imaginings, they lived in abject submission to the wiles of a multitude of fraudulent medicine-men—quacks—who haunted their existence with vain promises and false nostrums from the cradle to the grave.

IT IS to be remarked that the quack of modern civilization, the vendor of patent medicine, preys mainly upon the races of Anglo-Saxon stock, who are also great warriors, great orators, mighty hunters, great masters of outdoor pursuits. No virtues apparently will avail for happiness if the righteous art of cooking be neglected by the national conscience. We owe much to the fruitful meditations of our sages, but a sane view of life is, after all, elaborated mainly in the kitchen—the kitchen of the small house, the abode of the preponderant majority of the people. And a sane view of life excludes the belief in patent medicine. The conscientious cook is the natural enemy of the quack without a conscience, and thus his labors make for honesty and favor the amenity of our existence. For a sane view of life can be no other than kindly and joyous, but a believer in patent medicine is steeped in the gloom of vague fears, the somber attendants of disordered digestion.

Strong in this conviction, I introduce this little book to the inhabitants of the little houses who are the arbiters of the nation's destiny. Ignorant of the value of its methods, I have no doubt whatever as to its intentions. It is highly moral. There can not be the slightest question as to that; for is it not a cookery book?—the only product of the human mind altogether above suspicion.

In that respect, no more need, or indeed can, be said. As regards the practical intention, I gather that no more than the painstaking exposition of elementary principles has been the author's aim. And this, too, is laudable, because modesty is a becoming virtue in an artist. It remains for me only to express the hope that, by correctness of practise and exactitude of precept, this little book will be able to add to the cheerfulness of nations.

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NO BOMB IN GILEAD

A "flapper" proves that she has brains and a heart

By BERTHE K. MELLETT

YOU know what Thanksgiving vacation is like in boarding-school. A regular sell. You get out at noon Wednesday and have to be back Friday. So unless your home is right next door, what good does it do you aside from getting out of a little work?

Among other desirable features, our school is in Massachusetts. Last Thanksgiving morning four of us were up in Liz Haskins's room, and as the house-mother was away and the faculty was dulled by holiday spirit, there didn't seem to be much chance of room-inspection or other annoyances. So why Liz should have chosen that day of all others to make her bed—really make it, I mean, taking all the covers off and putting them back on straight—shall never be fathomed. But she did, and when all was finished it looked so strange and inviting that she got back in again, removing nothing but the galoshes you have to wear over to breakfast in bad weather. Then from under the mattress she drew one of the magazines that are never allowed to enter the school and a pound of surreptitious fudge. The Grand Old Senior, who sat at the desk trying to bring her diary up to date, took some of the latter. So did I, and so also did Gilberta Bussy—Gilly from Gilead we called her, owing to the town from which she sprang.

As usual, Gilly wore a desperate air of carelessness. Her round cheeks were flushed and her pretty eyes excited. Her dainty little person was having quite a time to sprawl in a débutante attitude. She was watching everything that Liz did and aiming to do likewise. Of course we all knew that Gilly had but one object in life, which was to make herself over from what she was when she came among us, and had chosen Liz as a pattern. But Liz was tall and skinny, and every dud she had came straight from Fifth Avenue. Gilly was round and cuddly, and every dud she had came straight from Gilead, Cape Cod.

Never so long as I live shall I forget the day Gilly showed up in school. We old girls were over in the main building—and in she came. She wore a gored skirt down to her ankles! And a jacket with a peplum! And high buttoned shoes!

"Girls," drawled Liz, "skirts are getting longer, and waistlines dip in."

GILLY'S skin is a lovely goldy color. Now it burned to bright copper. And from that moment she started to make herself over—like Liz. She must have sewed in her room all night, and how she did it with all the rules there are about lights is the world's prize mystery. Anyway, next morning down she came with the ankle-length skirt made into a one-piece slip-on that hit just below the knees. And she'd ditched the things that hold stockings up and give you a waistline, and had learned to do rolled tops. Her shining braids were gone and you'd have thought her hair was a hay-stack imitating a blimp. Like everybody who starts to copy somebody, she'd gone far too far. Liz would have died before she'd have worn such things. The faculty took one look, tottered on its throne and didn't know what to do.

Well, sir, Gilly made over most everything—but the family car. And we'd never have known of the car except for an accident. Just the day after Liz's folks had driven up in their seven-passenger touring with steps instead of running-boards and bumpers at both ends, Gilly got a post-card—and dropped it. It was one of those snap-shot postals that you get taken of the house to show that you have screened porches and everything, and it showed the funniest little flivver, way high off the ground, and sort of hunched together as though the radiator wanted to keep the back warm. A little old lady smiled from the single seat, and underneath was written:

"Aunt Sophie's surprise.

"Didn't want you to feel we were out of date at home, so bought a car.

"When you come for Thanksgiving, will drive you back to school."

Liz found the card and handed it back with never a word. But Gilly laughed in a dreadful way. That evening she came down with rouge over her wonderful complexion. Bravado. We knew she'd never go home for Thanksgiving and have to come back in Aunt Sophie's surprise. And we were right. She didn't.

So there were four of us in Liz's room that Thanksgiving morning when naught broke the silence save the voice of The Senior recalling the past.

"Friday, math exam.," she muttered. "Sat.—saw Miss Warren for permission to go to the Army-Navy game. Nothing doing. Telegram from Max——"

"Thanksgiving in a hole like this," yawned Liz behind her magazine. "And Gilead only fifty miles away."

Gilly shifted in her chair.

"I need one of those automatic logs like they have on liners," droned The Senior. "Top-like things with trailing fish-lines that register where you've traveled——"

"Still harping on navigation and her jazz ensign," said Liz, "when the real question is why Gilly didn't go home. That anybody'd stay here——"

"I had an invitation some place else," blurted Gilly.

"Yes?" inquired Liz behind her book. "Wear your button shoes, dearie."

"I have an invitation—I have so. You girls get asked to Army-Navy games and have telegrams and flowers—and so you think I never have anything. Well, I could walk out to dinner now if I wanted to. I don't want to. I'm going to stay here, but——"

"GILBERTA," said The Senior, "won't you ever learn that Liz wouldn't tease if you paid no attention? She's been after me three years about the Navy——"

"Oh—you!" Gilly's face went from red to redder. "But I want you all to know that a fellow asked me to go to a restaurant in his car——"

"Don't say 'fellow,'" scolded Liz. "It's vulgar."

"You say it yourself."

"Well, I'm vulgar. But you have an innocent country air——"

"Hush!" growled The Senior. "I've put down that a fellow asked me to dinner in the innocent country air——"

"I have not a country air. I'll die if I have an innocent country air." Gilly was almost crying. "And a man I met at the soda fountain didn't think I had. Anyway, he spoke right up and asked me——"

"Good heavens, the fat boy!" Liz sat up. "Buster Hammon, who hangs around hoping some day some girl will see him and his red roadster!"

"You're a snob," said Gilly. "You think any man who lives in the village is beneath your notice. Well, even if he does live here, his house is an estate——"

"I'm not complaining about his house. It's his brains."

"Brains! Let me tell you he thought up a peachy scheme all by himself. He wrote a note to Miss Warren telling her to let me go home to-day with my cousin in his car and signed my aunt's name. I'm not going to use it. I only wanted it to prove to you girls that even if you do get invitations and candy——"

"Gilly, you're the world's worst woman!" Liz laughed and lay back on her pillow.

Outside snow was falling, making white shiny dust on the trees. Liz turned a page of her book. The Grand Old Senior looked at the ceiling and bit her pen. There was a commotion up the street. Gilly's eyes got hard and bright. The commotion drew near, but in these days of all sorts of cars you can't keep going to the window for every disturbance. Gilly seemed to hold her breath. The commotion approached. Gilly went to the window. The commotion coughed, banged and stopped. It sounded as though Gilly sobbed at the window, but before I had time to find out she whirled and rushed out the door. The Grand Old Senior fastened a baleful eye on Liz.

"EVERY time she's with you," she said, "she flies to her room and takes up another inch of hem."

"Have I told her to take up her hems?" Liz punched her pillow and appealed to me.

"Let's see," the Grand Old Senior was already back in her diary. "Then I traded my silver slippers——"

"You make me tired!" Liz flung her magazine and it fell among the galoshes, making an unusual still-life study on the floor. "You keep nagging me about what I do to Gilly, and you do worse yourself by doing nothing. She came here ten weeks ago so green—not that the cows would eat her—nothing so peaceful as that! You don't get the gentle kine pastured on your ignorance these days. You get pitched into the fiery furnace for not knowing when to come in out of the rain. Unless she learns a thing or two from us, Miss Gilly has about as much chance of getting through this world as a fresh ripe strawberry has at a boys' school picnic. Look at her taking up with Buster Hammon! Not another girl in school would wipe her feet on him. He has parked his car outside the ice-cream foundry ever since he quit scooting around in coaster wagons—and Gilly's the first that'd ever look at it. I'm trying to harden Gilly, like the rest of the world is hardened to-day. I'm trying to teach her——"

"Oh, hush!" said The Senior. "I'm only growling about the way you teach."

"Well, the way I teach isn't half so hard as the way I was taught. I got what I got in a hard way—but, thank goodness, I got it good. Raised in hotels—left nights with chambermaids—taken for my rides by chauffeurs. It wasn't very soft and—and little girlish. But it served a purpose. Nobody's going to put anything over on Elizabeth Haskins—ever!"

"But Liz—look at the child! What will happen if she ever goes home again? Every dud she has is altered. Her heavy coat is the only thing intact, and the only reason she hasn't taken that up is because it's too thick to get the scissors into. If ever she goes back to Cape Cod in those clothes——"

"Some bomb in Gilead!" said Liz and reached for her book.

All was quiet once more. The Senior's pen scratched on. Against the snowy trees outside the sky looked like silver back of lace. Suddenly a knock shattered our peace. Liz shoved the magazine and fudge out of sight and got up. I went to the door.

But it wasn't a faculty! It was a smaller, cuter visitor. A sort of Hans Christian Andersen visitor. A little old lady with a red hood and a cape made of that old sealskin that has bright brown cowlicks in it. It stood up in queer little peaks on her shoulders and fell to her feet. There were slits for arms and through them stuck two red mittens, one of which held a basket.

"YOU'RE Aunt Sophie!" Liz came forward in the queerest way for Liz. She sort of hovered.

"'Spect so!" The basket went down to the floor and the mittens came off. They hung by red strings. The hands that had been in them were little and nubbled—and nice from work. "Brought my kitten's dinner. Never since she could hold a wishbone has she gone without her home-grown turkey on this day. And never will she so long as her old Aunt Sophie can stump around."

"You brought her dinner?" Liz sounded like a little girl, asking if fairy-tales were true. "You think enough of her to——"

"Think enough! My land! Why, when I got word she had to stay and study to-day, I set right down and bellered. All the cousins and everybody was invited. I was that broke up— But bellering not being much of a way to fight disappointment, I up and says if Gilberta can't come to her dinner, her dinner will go to Gilberta. So I cranked up the car—and here it is."

"Dinah," said Liz to me in a voice that wasn't Liz's at all, "go tell Gilberta to come down. Tell her to put on her bathrobe and come down." She added the last in a kind of gasp, remembering the length of Gilly's skirts.

I went up-stairs. Nobody there. I went to the main building. No Gilly. I stood a moment in thought, then went to Miss Warren of the permission office. The next thing I did was to fly back to Liz's door and call the Grand Old Senior out.

"Gilly's gone!" I whispered. "She turned in the note Buster Hammon signed with Aunt Sophie's name——"

"Good gracious!" said the Grand Old Senior, and then Liz came to the door.

"Come in here and look at this lush basket," she caroled, yanking The Senior through the door. Then she slipped out to me and closed the door. Liz thinks fast. She seemed to know half of it before I spoke, and when I'd said a word she knew all.

"The noise in the street was Aunt Sophie's surprise,"



LIZ REACHED ACROSS THE LITTLE HALL AND JERKED ANOTHER CURTAIN BACK. "I'VE FOUND THEM!" SHE SAID

she said. "Gilly heard it, saw it—flew to her room, and away. The little fool! The little everlasting idiot! If she'd been shoved out of the way into limousines as long as I have, she'd brag about the flivver and Aunt Sophie until I'd want to strangle her."

"We can tell Aunt Sophie that at the last minute Gilly found she could go home," said I. "By the time Aunt Sophie gets to Gilead, Gilly could have found the house deserted and taken the train back."

"The pitiful little fool!" repeated Liz.

"It would save Aunt Sophie's feelings," said I.

"We've got to save Aunt Sophie's feelings," agreed Liz. "And we've also got to save that ninny off up the road with Buster."

"I guess half a day in his car won't hurt her. It isn't as though she liked that sort of thing. She really didn't want to go. And anyway you said she'd have to learn——"

"I DIDN'T know what I was talking about, and you don't know what half a day listening to Buster would do to the soul of a girl like Gilly. She's sweet—all through. Buster—Buster doesn't know the first decent thing to say to a girl like Gilly. And I don't want Aunt Sophie's kitten to be shocked—and she is going to be shocked. I know him. He was at Hot Springs one Winter when I was there. We were kids. He had everything—ponies, candy, junior golf-sticks—and I loathed the sight of him. Once he followed me and I chased him half a mile with a pointed stick. He's a coward, among other things."

"Well," said I, "it's Gilly's lookout."

"Nothing's Gilly's lookout. She hasn't got her eyes open yet. Here, you go in and say that Gilly's in the gymnasium and can't get out for an hour. Tell The Senior to take Aunt Sophie to her room—it's at the back of the house where street noises don't reach."

"Street noises?"

"Yes. There are going to be some. We're going after Gilly, you and I, and we're going in Aunt Sophie's surprise."

YOU know the Boston Post Road. Wide, black with oil, kept clean of snow by traffic—inns all along the way. And maybe you know Aunt Sophie's surprise. You do if you were on the road that day. Liz got speed out of it.

We came to The White Lion. There was a roadster in front, but we shot by.

"Red car there," chattered I into the teeth of a cold wind.

"He wouldn't be at The White Lion," answered Liz. "You could take your grandmother there."

Next we passed an old house made into a restaurant. Open fires showed through the windows.

"Maybe the car's around back," said I, hankering for the fires.

"That place sells chicken dinners—and that's all it does sell. He'll be where there's something to drink."

Ten miles on she began to ease on the gas, and to blow first on one frozen hand then the other. Wheeling into a yard she stopped as silently as she could, considering the car. Jumping out she beat her arms around her body.

"Not a sign of a car here," said I.

"Wouldn't be. People don't advertise it when they stop here."

"I don't like the looks of the place."

"Neither do I. That's why we'll go in."

There was a kind of desk in the hall; and queer-looking persons were leaning over it talking to the clerk. Liz sailed past like a yacht. The man at the desk called out had she reserved a table. She said she was looking for her party, and kept to her course. The dining-room was back of the hall. Lots of people were at little tables. There was an orchestra of two people. One of the orchestra wandered among the tables singing while the other played. He started to wander toward us, but Liz gave him a look and he changed his mind. There were teacups on all the tables—but none of them steamed. The air was full of a horrid sour smell.

"Not here," said I when we reached the end of the room. "Let's get out."

But Liz went straight on into the back hall, which was lined on both sides with curtained-off booths.

"Name of your party, miss?" panted a waiter springing out of the earth and putting himself between Liz and the curtain which she was about to draw back. Liz reached a long arm across the little hall and jerked another curtain back.

"I've found them," she said. Then pulling me into the booth she closed the curtain between us and the waiter.

She had found them all right. Out of the corner where she shrank away from Buster, Gilly stared, white as a sheet.

"Hello!" said Liz. "Stand up Buster, when ladies are standing."

"Who invited you?" snarled he, but got to his feet.

"Good," said Liz. "Now you've got that far, you can go the rest of the way. Go along home, Buster."

"Think you can boss me?" Ugliness was in his small eyes. "This is my party."

Like an eel Liz slid between him and Gilly. Gilly grabbed her and clung.

"LET go," Liz said. "Don't strangle the one who's swimming ashore with you."

"Swim ashore?" laughed Buster in a horrid way. "Say, she's used to deeper water than you ever knew there was. And the clothes she's got on look like a bathing-suit."

"The trouble with you, Buster, is that you don't know a sweet, innocent girl when you see one."

"Sweet and innocent! Good night! Clothes like that—and sweet and innocent!"

Out shot Liz's hand and a red mark burned up quick across his mouth.

He backed away, holding his arm crooked before his face, gulping and snarling at the same time. "I'll teach you," he sort of sobbed. "I'll telephone the school. I'll tell them where you are. You'll get canned—the three of you—for being found in a place like this. I'm going right now to telephone——"

Sometimes I've wondered how I'd be in an emergency. Now I know. I'd be good. Quick as a wink I remembered about Liz chasing him with a sharp stick. He was a coward. I picked a fork from the table and stood against the curtain.

Under his crooked arm the eyes of Buster got so wide with terror that they were almost good-sized. He backed away from me. Then he found himself within reach of Liz and backed away from her.

"March out of here," said Liz. "Dinah, stand aside and let him pass. Then follow along, keeping your concealed weapon handy. I guess you'll have to drive back to the village with him—there are telephones along the way and he might want to stop if he were alone."

I felt like a movie sheriff as Buster ducked out from under the curtain and I followed down the hallway, through the dining-room and out to the garage behind the house.

WE WERE half-way back to town before either of us spoke. Then Liz and Gilly hopped ahead of us in Aunt Sophie's surprise. Buster grew pale as they passed, but once they were gone his spirit revived and he grew ugly.

"I don't have to do what any girl says," he remarked. But he kept the car steady on the road.

We passed the chicken-dinner place and The White Lion. We came to the beginning of the village and ahead was the bridge that turns off toward school.

"Cross the bridge," said I. "I'll walk from the other side."

"I don't have to do what any girl says."

"Turn here," said I.

"My coat's too thick for your old fork to stick through!" He crowed when he said it and bounced in the seat. "I thought about it just after we started, but I didn't stop because enough folks'll see you going through town to get the story back to the school without me telephoning—and we're going straight through!"

He wore soft gauntlets—the expensive kind. Quick as a wink I pushed the fork down between his cuff and his sleeve. It was like Achilles's heel. "Ouch!" he cried and struck out. The car skidded. He had to grab at the wheel. The weather was beautiful for my purpose.

"Turn back to the bridge," said I, shoving the fork. The wheel came around a little. "Turn," said I. It came full around. "Now—over the bridge. Now—let me out."

Tears of rage were frozen in his lashes.

Concluded on page 77



HELLO—NORTH POLE!

All the world is "listening in" on all the world

By WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

IN THE corner on a table stand a few polished boxes. There are knobs like those on safes, a dial or two, and switches. Little incandescent lamps glow through windows in one of the boxes. Wires run to batteries and out the window to more wires stretched between two poles on the roof. A horn, somewhat like the horn of an old-fashioned talking-machine, projects from a wall.

Willie Jones, the electrician of the family, is in charge of the apparatus. He turns one of the knobs. Out of the horn wells the voice of a tenor fifty miles away. The Jones family listens, enraptured.

Willie turns the knob again. A high-pitched, musical note comes out of the horn, now long, now short.

"What's that?" his mother asks.

"It's somebody in Boston, I think, telegraphing to a ship at sea. They're making arrangements about motor-trucks to take cotton away after the ship docks."

IT ALL began in the latter half of 1921. A company that made radio apparatus thought it good advertising to fling phonograph music into the ether for the entertainment of the radio amateurs within a radius of twenty or a hundred miles—keen boys and young men, for the most part, who either built or assembled their apparatus with their own hands and who had an astonishing knowledge of electricity. The music was accompanied by a wireless request for criticism. "Do you like our music? Do you want more of it? Did you hear us?" The response was overwhelming. Did they like it? They couldn't get enough of it or listen to it long enough.

And so broadcasting was suddenly called into life. Every one wanted to hear the music and the voices that came out of empty space.

About one and a half million American families have made radio, science's latest marvel, part of their daily lives. They reason, they ask questions, they are plunged in scientific discussion. Every family that owns a radio set begins to educate itself in science. And the first question is: "How does the music come to us? Why don't the people on the street hear it too?"

Scott Bone, the governor of Alaska, has established receiving stations in nearly all of the isolated stations of the territory. He has linked the wildest outpost of the world with the center of civilization. Men and women who for six months of every year have been cut off from the world in the frozen North may have the day's news and entertainment every evening.

We are confronted with the very problem that baffled scientists long before radio communication was born. Science was compelled to assume the existence of a medium far more subtle than air. The space between the earth and the sun is absolutely void—airless. Yet we see the sun and the stars—proof that light must travel through something that is not air and yet something that fills all space. This all-pervading something was called the "ether." Electrical energy, like light, travels through the ether in waves.

If we think of electric waves in the ether as a kind of *invisible light*, we shall go far toward understanding the mechanism of radio communication. These waves have extraordinary powers of penetration. They flash through space with the speed of light—at one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, and that is why the song trilled hundreds of miles away reaches us instantaneously. At this very moment they ripple through the house in which you sit, through the paper that you hold in your hands, through your very body.

It is not the voice that is sent out on the ether in radio broadcasting. The process is much the same as that which occurs when we talk over a telephone wire; only, in radio, the ether is the wire.

This ether, of which we will all soon talk glibly, is a restless, rippling, invisible ocean in which stars, planets, human beings, mountains, and household furniture are immersed. Sometimes the ether waves are only three hundred and sixty meters in length—somewhat more than one thousand one hundred and forty feet. But there are also waves that measure miles from crest to crest. It is these that may enable us to hear in New York a play given at the Comédie Française in Paris.

The delicacy of the detectors by which the waves are caught and transformed into audible speech almost surpasses belief. The waves circle out in all directions.

When the waves are large, fewer of them strike the receivers in a second than when they are small. Sound-waves also differ in wave-length, by which we mean simply the distance from crest to crest. Strike a deep note on the piano and the waves that beat against your eardrums are longer and less frequent than when a high treble note is struck. "Low-pitch" and "high-pitch" is merely a matter of wave-length and frequency. With radio waves it is the same. A broadcasting station sends out waves of one pitch or wave-length only. The whole process of "tuning in" consists simply in adjusting our receiving set to respond to the sending station.

YOU may glide from wave-length to wave-length by the mere twirling of a tuning-knob, just as you may sing up and down the scale. On the two hundred meters wave-length you hear the zealous juvenile telegraphers calling to their radio mates, for it is to that wave-length that the Government restricts them. As you pass up in the scale you hear telegraph signals and telephone messages of a different kind—communications from ships; signals sent out from Government stations to indicate the exact time; the price of hogs and wheat broadcasted by some station of the Department of Agriculture; lessons on personal hygiene issued by the United States Public Health Service; signals sent out to guide aviators in postal planes at night or in a fog. The ether all about us is alive, and we have only to tap it in order to let in the current of the world's thoughts.

But we can not only "tune in" but also "tune out," or "sign off" as the radio operators say. If we do not relish the platitudes of a heavy, dull-witted vote-seeker, we simply rotate the tuning-knob. He dies then and there in a radio sense and we listen instead to Galli-Curci giving her full-throated best in the Polonaise from "Mignon."

There are about one hundred and fifty practical wave-lengths at present. This limited number brings up a question that perplexes governments. If we were all permitted to tell stories or sing to one another on any wave-length we may select, the ether would be reduced to something like the New York Stock Exchange when all the brokers are shouting at once. The Government has therefore been compelled to play the part of an ethereal traffic policeman. Amateurs are licensed to send messages on the two hundred meters wave-length. The broadcasting stations that now entertain us may use the three hundred and sixty meters wave-length.

ONLY stations that send telegraph or telephone communications through the ether must apply for Government licenses. Any one may set up a receiving instrument and "listen in."

As time goes on, there must be more and more Governmental supervision of radio stations. If all broadcasting stations must send on the same wave-length of three hundred and sixty meters, as at present, very sensitive instruments may hear two of them at once. It may become necessary to limit broadcasting to a few dozen stations scattered from Maine to California.

What we have now bears about the same relation to radio broadcasting of the future that the scratchings of the cave-men bear to photography. Here is an invention that will cause space to shrivel up, that will convert the whole country, even the whole planet, into a single auditorium. No prediction of radio's future can be so wild, so fantastic that even the most unimaginative engineer will dismiss it as impossible of realization.

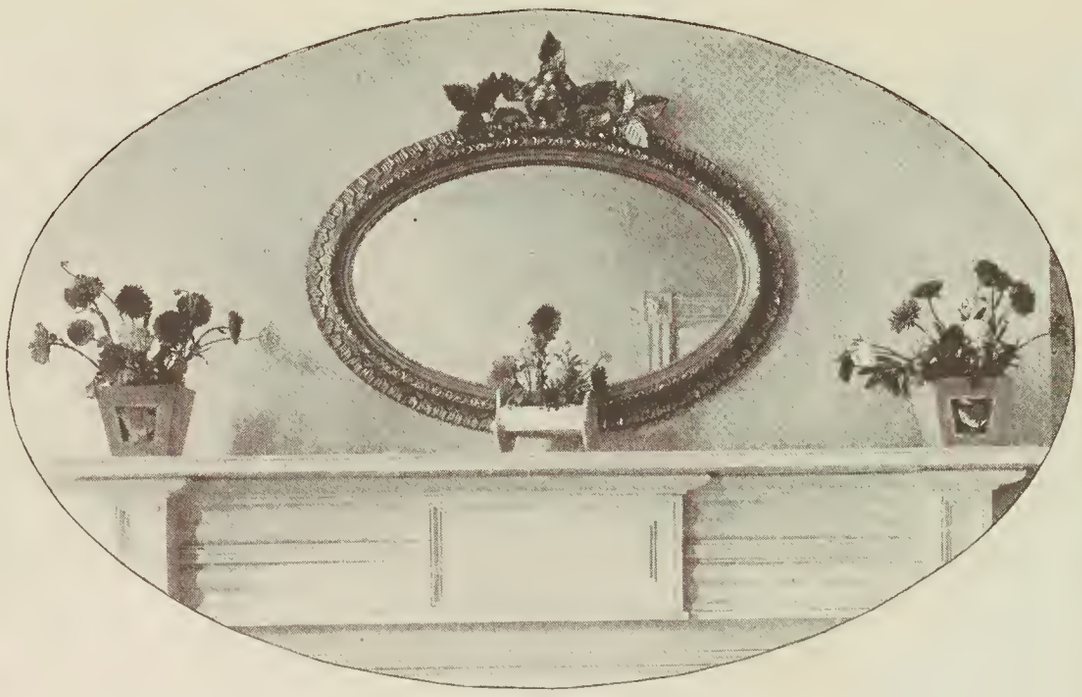
Even if these possibilities are still distant, think what even a slight development of the radio must mean in a vast country like ours. What may we not predict of it in relieving farm life of its devastating monotony, of bringing into every small town the intellectual and educational pleasures that make New York, Paris and London what they are? This new means of communication must play an enormous part in bringing women into closer and closer contact with the centers of thought.

Look at a map of the United States and try to picture the tens of thousands of farmhouses on the prairies, in the valleys, along the rivers—houses not noted at all on the map.

If somehow these little towns and villages could only be brought into more direct contact with one another! This unification is exactly what radio is destined to bring about. The President of the United States will utter his Thanksgiving Day Proclamation to the people not in cold, impersonal type but in living speech; he will be transformed to them from a political abstraction, a personification of the republic's dignity and power, into a kindly father talking to his children.



A silver basket, filled with the garden's choicest assortment, makes a substantial arrangement for a serving-table



Calendulas, or marigolds, arranged in a miniature cradle, with a pair of wooden boxes to correspond, give balance and interest to this nursery mantel

SIMPLE ARRANGEMENTS OF SUMMER FLOWERS

By MRS. CHARLES BRADLEY SANDERS



For the hall table, blue iris and deep pink roses, in a formal China vase, make a very attractive arrangement



Here the mysterious and velvety pansy is arranged in a low white porcelain bowl so as to detract none of the interest from the painting above



The dignity and balance of this mantel arrangement is well worth imitating. Pink monthly roses and blue Delphiniums make a delightful combination



For this table decoration, silver swans, and a goblet to match, are the proud containers of bright-yellow daisies and dark-blue Lupin



The reflection in the mirror of pink and white snapdragons pretends to double the quantity that the blue glass vase really holds



A pale-yellow basket filled with lavender and purple single stock looks particularly lovely against the light green wall of this porch

MAKING YOUR HOUSE DISTINCTIVE

By MATLACK PRICE



A. J. Bodker, Architect

THE "LYCH GATE" ENTRANCE, ESPECIALLY ON THE HOUSE OF HALF-TIMBER DESIGN, IS PICTURESQUE AND INVITING



A ROMANTIC DECORATION, FASHIONED FROM LEAD, MAY BE USED ON A CHIMNEY

MANY people who are about to build or to buy and remodel an old house feel possessed of an earnest longing to have a house which will be somehow different from the ordinary house. They dream of a house which will be (to use two very much overworked words) "distinctive" and "individual"—as far as possible unlike the rows of real-estate houses which are to be seen in many suburbs and newly developed residential areas all over the country.

The reasons why so many prospective builders do not make their dreams of the unusual house come true are not far to seek, and are seldom valid, though they appear to come from psychological and economic sources.

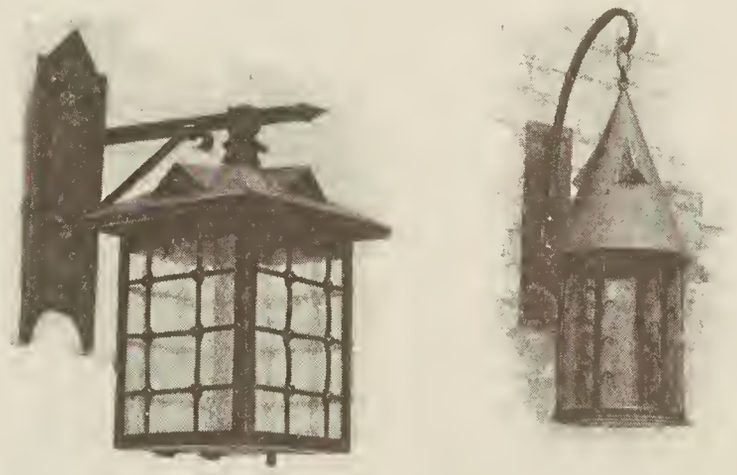
Psychologically, most people's instinctive desire to be a little "different" is outweighed by their fear of being too unconventional, their fear that some one may think them queer. They may have all but decided on the old ship's lantern beside the door, or the cracked flag walk—but when it comes to the point of actually doing the thing, they weaken and follow the beaten path. This is a deplorable commentary on human nature, especially on our own timidity in this country, and is a statement of a mental condition which is quite unnecessary.

THERE are so many unusual and picturesque country houses, both large and small, in England, because the English house-owner simply doesn't care a snap whether his neighbors and the passers-by like his house or not. He builds it to suit himself, and if he likes queer windows and quaint chimneys, he has them—and the result is a picturesque and very individual house.

When the building budget is limited, every dollar is apt to go for necessities, and there is a very real apprehension on the score of running up expense by adding incidental things of a not strictly essential character. It is too often forgotten that innumerable attractive devices and individual accents can be added to the house from year to year, not only improving its picturesque and individual qualities, but furnishing a continuous and sustained interest to the owners. It has always seemed to me that the end of all real joy in a house would be close at hand if I believed that there was actually *nothing* more to do to it. Home-owners miss a great part of the real pleasure of owning a house when they cease adding things to it and developing it. The most charming and fascinating of the old English country houses, such as Great Tangley Manor and Compton Wynyates, were the gradual growth of many generations.



THE SOLID WOOD SHUTTER, WITH QUAINT PIERCED DESIGNS, ADMIRABLY RELIEVES THE BROAD EXPANSE OF THE HOUSE WITH WHITE WALLS



SINGLY OR IN PAIRS, THE WROUGHT-IRON LANTERN, IN UNUSUAL DESIGNS, ADDS AN INTERESTING NOTE TO THE ENTRANCE



THE "GERMANTOWN FLOOD" TYPE OF ENTRANCE OF EARLY COLONIAL DESIGN IS PARTICULARLY SUITED TO THE REMODELED FARMHOUSE



Aymar Embury II, Architect

WONDERS CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED AT A REMARKABLY LOW COST BY A LITTLE ATTRACTIVELY DESIGNED LATTICEWORK

More or less related to the economic check on making the house individual comes from the unfortunate prevalence of the selling and moving habit in this country. Very few builders of houses of moderate cost build with any idea of permanency or posterity. They are more inclined to conjecture whether or not they are likely to move elsewhere and sell their house—and this is a very unfortunate spirit in which to lay one's hearthstone. Among other things, it tends to make the prospective builder consider how the house would appeal to the future purchaser—and to be on the safe side, he tells himself that he had better build an average sort of house, meaning, of course, a commonplace house.

My answer to this apprehension is that times and tastes have changed, and that the age of Philistinism of a few years ago has given place to an age of far greater artistic enlightenment than is generally supposed to exist. It is not uncommon to find among real-estate advertisements of houses for sale such phrases as "built by an artist," or "very attractive; built for an artist's studio"—the connotation of uniqueness being very evidently regarded as a strong selling point. It is safe to say that the really artistic house, even if it is quite unusual, will find a ready sale to-day, even though the overconventional purchaser of a generation ago would have looked at it askance and passed it by.

DISMISSING fear, then—self-conscious and economic fear—what can we do to make the house more interesting and unusual without having to put a second mortgage on it?

Commencing at the road, there may be an opportunity for an attractively designed gate—perhaps a hooded gate, with wooden settles. This type of gate looks best if there is a private hedge of a fair height—four feet or four and a half—and for contrast it looks its best when it is painted white. If there is a brick or stone wall, or a fence, the gate may be a more simple affair of nice proportions and constructed of three or four inch wide lumber (white pine, for lightness and strength), painted either in white or in light apple green, with good hand-wrought iron hinges and latch. If your house could live up to it, could not you dare to paint the gate a rich, deep blue? Why not? It might be the only one on the road, and thus an easy direction to give to new visitors and delivery men.

Within the gate, there is the walk to the door, which is certainly more inviting and attractive if it is laid in brick, herring-bone, than if it is only a bald expanse of colorless cement. And most picturesque of all is the walk of cracked flagstones, with close-clipped grass or moss growing between the random fissures. Before the visitor has reached the door, his impression is that his stay beneath your roof will be interesting and delightful.

The entrance itself, a design opportunity of paramount importance, is by all means the place to express as much character as possible. It should be as far as can be

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THE WORLD IS MINE

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CARE OF THE BABY AT BIRTH

By DR. RALPH LOBENSTINE

A BABY should be born in a warm room. This is of the greatest importance. Early chilling of the baby undoubtedly is responsible for serious complications.

As soon as the baby is born, it is well to hold it up by its feet, making it cry lustily. If the baby does not cry and if it is apparently asphyxiated, dipping it first in hot water then in cold, will, as a rule, revive it. Hard spanking is bad and all spanking must be done on the buttocks. It is possible to injure the lungs or other internal organs by too strenuous treatment. Asphyxia is common in prolonged or severe labors. It should, if possible, be overcome during the first hour of life.

The mouth and nose should be wiped very gently. After the cord has been properly tied and cut, it should be wiped dry with sterile gauze or cotton and a dry sterile gauze square put on as dressing and held on by an abdominal band.

Too much emphasis can not be put upon the care of the eyes immediately after the birth of baby. Blind asylums all over America are testimonials to the neglect of this simple precaution. Five minutes and a little intelligence may prevent a lifetime of blindness.

Many deaths in young babies are due to infection. This is prevented in the first place by absolute cleanliness. This does not mean tidiness in the home: it means surgical cleanliness. Everything that touches a newborn baby should be sterilized. Young babies are very susceptible to other kinds of infection which may be brought by any person who comes in contact with the child. Even common colds may be the cause of serious trouble. All sick people of every kind or degree should be kept away from a baby.

HAVING cleansed the eyelids with boric solution, the eyelids should be opened and two drops of silver nitrate one per cent. *or* argyrol twenty per cent. put in. Any excess should be wiped away, and in case silver nitrate is used the eyes should be very carefully irrigated with boric-acid solution. Never fail to have this attention given to the baby. These solutions must be fresh.

The baby should now be given a good oiling with some form of vaseline or olive-oil. It is then wrapped in a warm towel and if scales are obtainable, weighed. Write down the exact weight.

The little one should then be wrapped in several warm blankets, placed on its right side in a basket or crib containing a hot-water bag or bottle. *Be sure the bag or bottle does not leak.* The object of oiling is to help in the removal at the time of its first bath of the substance called "vernix" with which the majority of babies are more or less covered. There is no hurry about the bath. This is not given until the baby is well adjusted to the outside world. It is usually wise to wait for from four to six hours. The baby's bath should, of course, be given only in a very warm room, fully protected against drafts.

The bath water should be comfortably hot—say, 104 degrees Fahrenheit. The baby is either placed on the lap of the nurse or attendant or on a warm baby-blanket on a bed. The skin is carefully cleaned with liquid vaseline or oil. This must be done gently as the skin is very sensitive; the body, head and face are washed with a little castile soap and water and carefully dried. The baby is then dressed in the simplest of clothes.

Within six hours the baby should be put to the breast for a few minutes, but only for a few minutes. The few drops the baby obtains will help to satisfy its beginning hunger. The nursing also helps to stimulate the secretion of milk and lessens bleeding of mother. During the first twenty-four hours, in addition to the possible once or twice at the breast, the baby may receive a little warm water once in four hours. Two to four teaspoons are all it will take! If the mother is much exhausted, the nursing should be postponed.

During the second twenty-four hours the feedings may be four in number and the water continued. The baby's bladder and intestines should now be active. It should cry lustily from time to time.

The practise of giving castor-oil as a routine is becoming less and less common, unless the baby is badly constipated or jaundiced (yellow). Under these conditions it is very useful. The movements are first black from the contents of the bowel before birth. Several days are generally required for this to disappear. Gradually the movements become light yellow, pasty and of even consistency. They frequently, however, are a little green and contain small curds. The number normally varies from one to four a day.

It is customary to give a daily warm sponge-bath in a warm room, and a change to fresh clothing. The stump of the cord will usually dry up and drop off within seven to ten days. If the dressing on the baby's navel becomes moist after a few days or has some slight odor, it is important to apply a fresh sterile dressing. If the stump has distinct odor, the base of it should be touched with argyrol fifteen per cent. or alcohol. After the stump has come off and the navel is practically healed, a full tub-bath may be given.

At times, the core of the baby's navel continues to discharge beyond two weeks. One or two applications with a silver-nitrate pencil will usually produce rapid healing. A physician or nurse should do this.

The commonest causes of death in the new-born are: Prematurity; weakness due to poor health of mother; syphilis and injury at birth. These are all very, very common. In the care of premature or naturally weak babies the essentials are these:

1. Little handling.
2. Heat—plenty of it (the room should be 80 degrees in early days if infant is very small).
3. Plenty of blankets and hot-water bag.
4. *No* visitors.
5. Breast milk is of the utmost importance every two to three hours.

One baby out of every seven dies before it is a year old. A very large number of these little lives may be saved by intelligent care.

The foremost child specialists in America have developed a child-saving program for THE DELINEATOR. The first article, on prenatal care, appeared last month. Later issues will deal separately with successive steps in childhood.

Dr. Lobenstine's articles contain important information for parents. We feel that some of this material is not appropriate for publication in a general family magazine. A complete discussion of this important subject has been put in a pamphlet which any parent may obtain by sending ten cents in stamps to THE DELINEATOR Child Health Department.

The next article in this series will be by Dr. L. Emmett Holt.

THE FIRST MONTH OF THE NEW MOTHER—GENERAL ADVICE

THE average lying-in period for the mother is quite uneventful, at least so far as complications are concerned. If she has had careful instruction and supervision during pregnancy and her health is good, and if her labor has not been too prolonged and has been conducted in a surgically clean manner, she should progress evenly and rapidly.

It is well to remember, however, that no matter what one's social or economic position may be, the weeks following confinement are most important ones, so *go slowly*. The mother's future health and happiness depend much upon taking things quietly and peacefully at this time.

By the end of forty-eight to seventy-two hours the breasts should fill with milk. In some this occurs gradually and in consequence with little discomfort. In others it comes rapidly and with considerable pain. Distended breasts can be very troublesome for two or three days. At this time, the baby should be nursing every three or four hours, depending upon the fulness of the breasts or upon the wish of the physician if there is a physician in charge. Use the three-hour interval by all means, if suffering.

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THERE HAD BEEN A NIGHT—A THOUSAND YEARS AGO—WHEN A GIRL HAD TURNED HER FACE TO HER PILLOW AND CRIED, MOST FRIGHTFULLY

THIS FREEDOM

"With a great sum obtained I this freedom"

By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON—*Author of "If Winter Comes"*

Men are wonderful, but they like to show off their wonderfulness; besides, they're all beasts—that was the sum of Rosalie's philosophy. As a small girl in her English parsonage home, she had watched her gentle mother, and the entire feminine household, revolving about father and the boys. Men did the interesting things—women, the dull and stupid. All the men were like story-books—you never knew what they were going to do next; and all the women like lesson-books—they just went on and on. Rosalie early determined to be different; she would fill her own life with the bigger and more interesting work of man's world. She would never be dull and monotonous like a lesson-book. Through all her discussions with Keggo, her favorite teacher—in spite of Uncle Pyke Pounce, the husband of Aunt Belle, who had given her her education—she stuck to that, and so she went into business with Mr. Simcox, and she was very successful and very happy.

As to marriage—"Men are all cats," she would say; "tame cats, tabby cats, wild-cats, Cheshire cats, tom-cats, and stray cats—I'm not going to set up a cats' home; no thanks!" And then she fell in love—suddenly, madly in love with Harry Occleve—the man she had scorned most of all, because of his willingness to play the "tame cat" for her beautiful cousin, Laetitia; and Rosalie in love is a being consumed with happiness.

PART V

THERE'S none of us so sick as, brought to bed, that robust he that ever has scorned sickness; nor any sinner like a saint suddenly gone from saintliness to sin; and there can be no love like love suddenly leaped from repression into being.

Rosalie, that had abhorred the very name of love, now finding love was quite consumed by love. She loved him so! Even to herself she never could express how tremendous a thing to her their love was. She used deliberately to call it to her mind (as the new, rapt possessor of a jewel going specially to the case to peep and gloat again), and when she called it up like that, or when, in the midst of occupation, her mind secretly opened a door and she turned and saw it there, a surge, physically felt, passed through her, and she would nearly gasp, her breath taken by this new, this rapturous element, as the bather's at his first plunge in the cold, the splendid sea!

She loved him so! She looked at him with eyes, not of an inexperienced girl blinded by love, but of one cynically familiar with the traits of common men, intolerantly prejudiced, sharply susceptible to every note or motion of displeasing quality; and her eyes told her heart, and, what is much more, told her mind, that nothing but sheer perfection was here. Harry was brilliantly talented, Harry was in face and form one that took the eye among a hundred men. But she had known all that and freely granted him all that before. What she found as she came to know him, and when they were married what she continued to find, was, simply, that he was perfect. He was perfect in every way and there was no way in which, inclining neither to the too much nor the too little, he was not perfect.

The labor of a catalog of Harry's virtues is thus discounted. Name a virtue in a man, and it was Harry's. Declare too much perfection is as ill to live with as too much fault, and it is precisely just before too much is reached that Harry's dowry stopped. Suggest she was blind to defects, and it is to be answered that there was no man who knew him that ever had a thought against him (except Uncle Pyke, Colonel Pyke Pounce, R. E., who, justifiably, was warned by his physician never to think upon the monster lest apoplexy should supervene) nor any fellow man in his profession (and that is the supreme test) that ever grudged him his success. Disgruntled barristers, morosely brooding upon the fall of plums into other mouths than theirs, always said when it was Harry's mouth: "Ah, Occleve; yes, but he's different. No one grudges Harry Occleve what he gets."

DIFFERENT! In Rosalie's fond, fondest love for him she often used to hug her love by making that catalog of all his parts that has been shown not to be necessary. And it was the little, tiny things wherein he differed from common men that she especially cherished. By the deepest part of her nature terribly susceptible to the grosser manifestations of the male habit, it was extraordinarily wonderful and delicious to her that Harry had of these none. In an age much given to easy freedom of language it will not be appreciated, it perhaps will cause the pair of them to be sneered at, but it demands mention as illuminating a characteristic of hers (and of his) that she had, for instance, especial delight in the fact that Harry never even swore. The impossible test in the matter of self-control is when a man hits his thumb with a hammer. What does a bishop say when he does that? But she saw Harry catch his thumb a proper crack hanging a picture in the house they took, and, "Mice and Mumps!" cried Harry, and dropped the hammer and the picture, and jumped off the step-ladder, and did a hop, and wrung his hand, and laughed again. "Mice and Mumps!"

"Mice and Mumps!" It always seemed to her to characterize and to epitomize him, that grotesque expression. It always made her laugh; and the more serious the accident or the dilemma that brought it to Harry's lips, the more, by bathos, one was forced to laugh and the seriousness thereby dissipated into an affair not serious at all. Yes, that was the point of it and the reason it epitomized him. There were none of life's dilemmas—little dilemmas that irritate ordinary people or in which ordinary people display themselves pusillanimous, or tragic dilemmas that find ordinary people wanting and leave them in vacillation and despair—there were none of any sort that Harry, receiving with his comic "Mice and Mumps! Mice and Mumps, old girl!" did not receive with the assurance to her that, though this was a nuisance, he had metal and to spare to settle such; that, though this was a catastrophe, a facer, he'd too much courage, too much high, brave spirits for it to discommode him; there was no fight in such, he was captain of such, trust him!

"One that never turned his back, but marched straight forward."

That was Harry!

"Mice and Mumps!" On the evening of the day following that astounding betrothal of theirs, affianced as it were at a blow—a day spent together in the park complete, without a break for food or thought of occupation—on the evening of that day he must go, he declared, to the horrific castle in Phillimore Gardens and break the awful news, proclaim his villainy.

She was terrified. "They'll kill you, Harry. Write."

"No, no. I've been a howling cad. It's true, a howling cad, not of guile, but of these outstanding things that have happened to us outside ourselves, but nevertheless a howling cad as such conduct is judged, and will be judged. So I must go through it. I must. That's certain. I couldn't hide behind a letter. They are entitled to tell me to my face what they think of me. They must have their right. Oh, yes, I've got to give them that. To-night, now."

A howling cad, but of forces outside themselves ("Too quick for me," he had explained), not of guile.

HE had explained, in those enchanted hours in the park, that it was really by resolve to do the right thing, and not to do the caddish thing, that he had presented himself the howling cad that they would hold him. That night at the Sturgiss's at Cricklewood had charged him—("Oh, Rosalie, like bursting awake to breathe from suffocation in a dream") what for many days, only looking at her, never speaking to her, suffering her not veiled contempt, he had felt as one feels a premonition that is insistent but that can not be defined—that night had charged him that he loved her. He was no way definitely committed to Laetitia. Was he more wrong, if, now knowing his heart was otherwhere, he maintained and carried to its consummation the intimacy between Laetitia and himself, or if he stopped while yet he had not gone too far? He had decided to break while yet it might be broken. There was an invitation from Mrs. Pyke Pounce he had accepted. He wrote, endeavoring to give a meaning to his words, excusing himself from it.

She murmured, "I remember." ("Nothing in it, dear child; nothing in it!")

There came back a letter from Colonel Pyke Pounce in which Colonel Pyke Pounce also had endeavored to give a meaning to his words, and had succeeded. Now Harry knew his problem of moral conduct in a fiercer form; now, resolving to do what he told himself was the right thing and not the caddish thing, he took the step that made him be the howling cad that they would think him. ("But, Rosalie, gave me you!")

He resolved that he must accept the invitation, present himself at the house—and let the hour decide. As the situation revealed itself, so he would accept it. If it was made clear to him, as the Pyke Pounce letter much gave him to believe, that proposal for Laetitia's hand was expected of him, he would "do the right thing" and stand by what his behavior apparently had led them to expect; if the way still seemed open, the door not shut behind him, he would very frankly explain to Laetitia's grisly father that he thought it best his visits to the house from now should cease. The hour should decide! But there was in the hour, when it came, one terrible, one lovely element that he never had expected to be there. In all his visits to the house Rosalie had never been met on any other day than Saturday. This dinner was on Monday, and arriving to face and carry through his ordeal, he was startled, he was utterly shaken to see her there ("To see my darling there").

OH, forces outside themselves! "When you had to pass me in the passage nothing mattered then—except I could not let you pass."

So it was that now, the right thing not having been done that night, the right thing in this new position must be done to-day. They were entitled to tell him to his face what they thought of him and they must have their right. That was his view, and he could not abate it.

"They'll kill you, Harry."

They had come by this to the corner of Phillimore Gardens and there he bade her wait. She said again, part laughing, most in fear, "They'll kill you."

"I've got to give them the chance to do their best."

And off he went, strongly, erect. One that never but marched straight forward.

Waiting for him, she really was terrified for him. Ferocious Uncle Pyke! Terrific Aunt Belle! Swollen and infuriated Uncle Pyke! Bitter and outraged Aunt Belle!

In twenty minutes came the crash of a slammed front door that clearly and terribly was Uncle Pyke Pounce slamming it as if he would hurl it through its portals and crash it on to Harry down the steps.

Harry reappeared, uncommonly grave.



HE SAID, "I HAVE A RIGHT TO A HOME. THE CHILDREN HAVE A RIGHT TO A HOME."

She put out a hand to him, dreadfully anxious.

"Mice and Mumps!" said Harry. "Mice *and* Mumps!"

You couldn't help laughing! But also, squeezing the strong arm beneath which he tucked her hand, you felt, with such a thrill, from that grotesque expression, and from his face as he said it, that this, like every forward thing, had in it nothing that could discommode that high, brave spirit; no fight in such; he was captain of such, trust him!

THUS also her delight in another form, and yet in the same form, in that grotesque expression, when it was ejaculated as his sole expletive when he caught his thumb that frightful crack while hanging a picture in what was to be his study in their newly taken house.

Any other man in the world, even a bishop, would have sworn; would have sworn no doubt harmlessly and with an honest heartiness to which the most pious prude could not have taken exception. Agreed! But the point was—that Harry didn't!

She loved him so! She insisted she must bind up the thumb with her pocket handkerchief, and did, Harry protesting; and for years, still loving him with the old, first love, she often would be reminded by the picture of the incident and of her joy in it.

Yes, the only expletive she ever heard him use; and, lo! in that very room, years on, he seated beneath that very picture, she was to come to him with news (and hers the guilt of it) that for the first time was to strike him between the joints of his harness, visibly aging him as she spoke, and for the first time cause him to groan his pain. She was to glance at the picture as she spoke and very terribly its merry association to be recalled to her. She was to recall him young, gay, tremendously splendid, wringing his damaged hand, laughing. "Mice and Mumps!" She was to see him, gray ascendant upon the raven of his hair, shrinking down in his seat, wilting as one slowly collapsing after a stunning blow, and at her news (and hers the guilt of it) to hear his voice go, not explanatorily, but in a thick mutter, as one dazed, bewildered, in a fog, "My God, my God, my God, my God!"

How could one ever have foreseen that?

SHE loved him so! On that first day together in the park she told him everything about herself, about all her ideas and theories and principles, particularly where these touched his sex, even about the terrible fit of crying of hers in bed an hour after she had left him. And Harry understood everything and agreed with her in everything. Oh, rapturous affinity!

They met early when business London was rushing to business. They stayed late, with no thought of food or of their occupations, till business London was returning, and night, in lamps below and stars above, was setting out his sentinels.

She told him everything; and even if she had wished not to open all her heart there would have been the immense selection of *everything*—every single thing about herself—from which to choose to tell him. For there never had been such a betrothal as theirs; done at a blow with no single intimate thing ever before passed between them! Her very first words to him as they met, her greeting of him as they came together, showed how preposterous and never before imagined was their affiancement. "You know, it's incredible," she greeted him. "It's incredible, it's grotesque, it's flatly impossible. I've never before seen you except in your dress-clothes or at afternoon tea!"

Harry took both her hands in his. "But I think I've wanted you," said Harry, "ever since I was in long clothes. I know I've wanted you ever since I first saw you."

One knows another, in her place, would have bantered this off in that modern attitude toward love which is a horror, boisterously expressed, of admitting love as an emotion.

Rosalie, that had scorned the very name of love, and that, because betrayed by love, had turned her face to her pillow and cried most frightfully, received it with a sound that was between a sigh and a catching of her breath. She loved him so!

And then they talked; and the thing between them, that had come so wonderfully, was so wonderful that

they were as it were transfigured by it—as awe and spirituality and mysticism would fill the dwellers in a house visited by a miracle of God. So wonderful, that conversation, they would have felt, was not possibly a word for all that occupied them in those rapturous hours; not conversation, no, a sublime engagement of their spirits wherein (possessing the keys of all the wonders) seas, continents and worlds of thoughts were traversed by them, in every clime most exquisite affinity discovered.

As at a blow they had become affianced, so, with no stage between, but in immediate sequence perfectly natural to them both, the natural repercussion of the blow, they talked immediately of betrothal's consummation, of marriage, of their marriage.

About marriage Rosalie had immensely much to tell Harry. It was what she had principally to say, and this is how and why and what she told him.

When from her first terrible dismay—that frightful crying, her face turned to the pillow—she had recovered; when to the lovely ardor of her love—stealing about her, soothing her, in the night; bursting upon her, ravishing her, in the morning—she had passed on; she remembered her second line of defense and she fell back upon it. "If ever I fell in love," she had often said, alike to Keggo and to Miss Salmon, "if such an impossible thing ever were to happen to me, I'd marry as marriages should be. I'd enter a partnership. I would live my life; he would live his life; together, when we wanted to, when we were off duty, so to speak, we would live *our* life. A partnership, a mutually free and independent partnership."

THE second line of her defenses! Oh strong and reassuring thought! Of course, of course, the first line, breached and swept away, had never really mattered. Foolish to have wept for it! It was built against love and she knew now, by her darling and her terrible experience, that against love— Nay, in that whelming admission's very tide, sweeping upon her from envisagement of Harry and bearing her deliciously upon its flood, there had come a thought as strong with wine as that was sweet with honey. Built against love! Why, in seeking to build against love, to shut away love from her life, was she not perpetrating against herself the very act—denial of anything a free life might have—that it was her life's first principle to oppose? A man's place, a man's part, everything that a man by conventional dowry is given, hers should be as freely as a man's it is! That was her aim; that at once the basis of her standpoint and the target of her shaft; and lo! at the very outset of her independence, she had sought to deny herself that which (as now she knew) was life's most lovely gift. She was steadfast, and she was caparisoned, to obtain and possess the things that, of her sex, commonly a woman might not have; and she was shutting herself from that which, if it offers, not all the man-owned world can deny the woman lowliest in office, heaviest in chains, deepest in servitude!

Oh senselessness! She could see, as looking upon an individuality not her own, that foolish girl that for such had turned her face to her pillow and cried out her heart; and at that very moment, and no other, of smiling pity for that mistaken grief, there came to Rosalie a sudden sense of womanhood attained; of much increase of years and wisdom; of growth of stature; of transportation, as from one world to another, from the character and the presence that had been hers to a personality and a body that looked down upon that other as, tenderly, a mother upon the innocence of her small child.

THAT poor, brave, foolish Rosalie that was! Did she protest, that foolish girl, that she was right in what had been her attitude to love? Did she with would-be bitterness recall those views laid down upon the women in the boarding-house—that they were derelicts because, precisely through this love business, abandoned of men, relict of men, foot-sore and fallen in pursuit of men?

Ah, small, misguided creature! The principles were right but all askew the application. Love! Consider other attributes of life. Consider learning; consider food. Learning and food—were they not bounties of life's treasure, to be absorbed and used for sustenance in order, by their nourishment, to give to live this life more fully? Why, so with love! Derelicts, those women, because receiving love (that loveliest gift of all!) not as a means but as an end—the end of all: that attained, everything attained; that won, all finished. That was it! That the misapplication! Learning, or food, or love—the same with all! How dead the life that only lived in scholarship; how gross the life that only lived to eat; how derelict that she that only lived to love, to marry—then ceased to live!

And equally, oh small, misguided girl, how starved the life that has no books; how weak the frame that has no food; and dear (thus smiled she to herself), how dead the life that knows not love!

The second line of her defenses. Nay, as now through this mature and happy cogitation she saw it, the first and last and only line! In her aloneness, in that girl's single life, there had been nothing against which to defend. She had fought fantoms, that girl; resisted shadows. Now was the necessity, now the test; and now, because with Harry, because she loved him so, because he was every way and in all things perfect, now should be the triumphant exposition.

And she told Harry; marriage that should be a partnership—not an absorption by the greater of the less; not one part active and the other passive; one giving, the other receiving; one maintaining, the other maintained; none of these, but instead a perfect partnering, a perfect equality of duty, equality of freedom. "Harry, each with work and with a career. Harry, each living an own life as every man, away from home, shutting his front door upon that home and off to work, leads an own and separate life. Harry——"

Oh wonderful beneath this imperturbable sky, among these common, passive things—these paths, those trees, that grass, this bench—within this seclusion of that murmurous investment of this city, the ceaseless roar of London, standing like patient walls, eternal and indifferent, about her quietudes; oh wonderful in these accustomed and insensible surroundings thus to be calling "Harry," as he were brother, him that a day and night away was virtually unmet; to be exposing, as to a gracious patron, all her mind's treasury of thought; to be revealing, as in confessional, the inmost places of her heart; to be receiving, as by transfusion, the glow of affirmation on her way and in her trust. Oh wonderful!

Wonderful, because remember for her that she was still beneath the shock of her dismay at the betrayal of herself; still breathless at that rout from her prepared positions; not yet assured her banners were unsullied in their withdrawal to her second line; not yet convinced it was no rout but a withdrawal, wise and strategical, ranks unbroken, to the true point of her defense.

Do try to imagine her, tremulous in this her vital enterprise, tremulous in this wonder that her armies found. It is very desirable to remember what can be remembered for that girl.

HARRY assured her! Harry convinced her! Harry was there upon the battlements, come with her in her retirement, joined with her as her ally. All her ideas were his ideas. He, too, had these new views of marriage. He said they always had been his. He hated, as she hated, that old dependence notion; all the privileges

Continued on page 70



HER FACE, THAT HAD BEEN MUTINOUS, WAS LOVELY IN MATERNAL LOVE



DEAUVILLE DRESSES ITSELF FOR SUMMER "EN GRANDE TENUE"

A cape and dress costume from Paul Caret bears the print of the Parisienne's lingering fondness for scarlet on white in a foulard pattern. Fine tucks are one of the new trimmings much used on Mid-summer modes

Capes which have shortened themselves to suit Summer weather retain their full length as evening wraps. For a cape of the greatest elegance, "en grande tenue" as the Parisienne calls it, Paul Caret uses steel cloth, flounced with steel lace

SOULIÉ SKETCHES FROM *THE DELINEATOR'S* PARIS ESTABLISHMENT



Deauville, when dressed by Jean Patou, dines and dances in organdy over taffeta. Here Patou has used white organdy over black silk enlivened by multi-colored embroidery on the body and slit skirt

White net inserts itself with marked individuality in a Paton dress of lemon-yellow organdy over a deeper yellow silk with a corsage bouquet of fruit and flowers at the waist



The suit divided against itself by a jacket of one material and color and a skirt of another is very smart in Paris. Drecoll uses white vegogne for his short coat and black gabardine for his skirt and binds the two together with a trimming of flat black braid



Organdy plays a conspicuous part in the rejuvenation of the "robe de style" and Paris has been quick to adopt this material. Alice Bernard binds with green organdy the uneven edges of a much-ruffled dress of geranium organdy girdled with green-leather leaves and scarlet-leather flowers

SUMMER SEES THE TRIUMPH OF THE LONGER SKIRT FOR PARIS GOWNS



Octagon mesh netting embroidered so beautifully that it has all the air of lace is used by Georgette in ochre color over ochre-colored crêpe Georgette. The embroidered net falls into the broken hem line at the lower edge



It is not unfashionable to be out of the elbows in the case of a Charlotte dress made of white crêpe Marocain. The deep cuffs which separate themselves from the sleeves at the back are gaily embroidered, to match the bodice



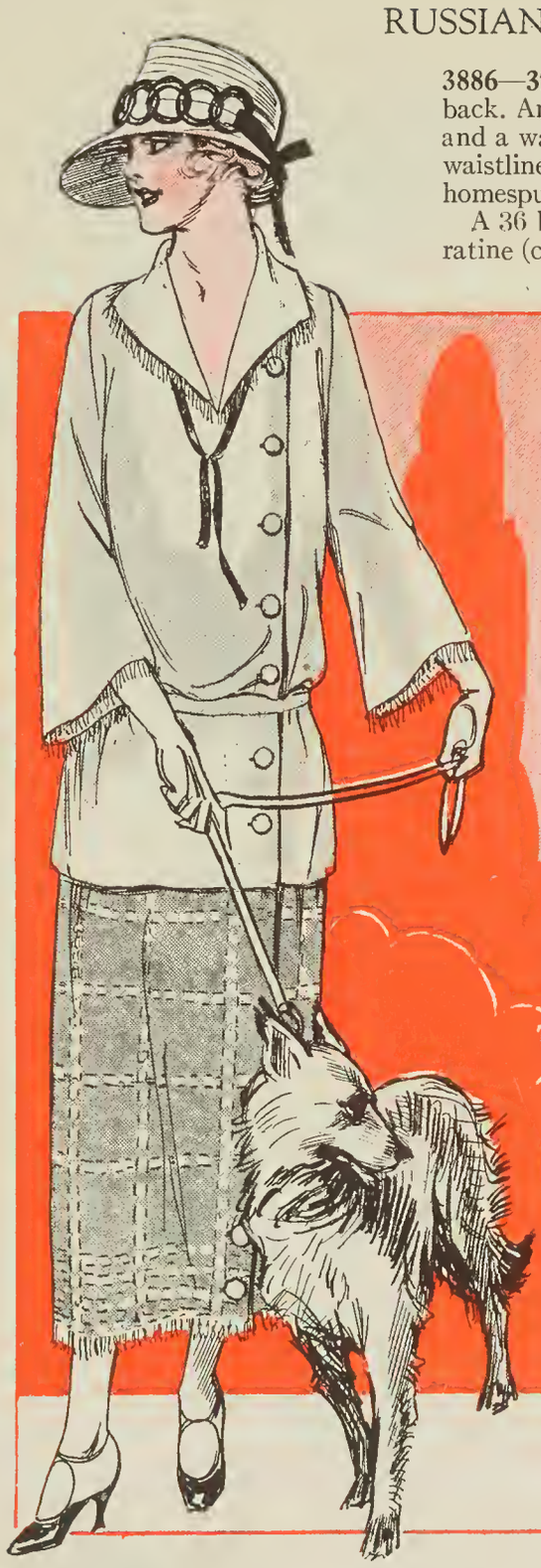
Paris is fond of silk lace for dinner dresses and race gowns. In a Bernard gown white crêpe Marocain falls into the always lovely cascade drapery at the hips, and the new low waistline is underlined with the vivid red of ribbon cockades

Gingham, except in farmhouse curtains, is an unknown quantity in France but Paris uses a gingham check pattern for a linen dress while bands of blue linen trim the tunic. Red roses border the dividing line of the low waist. By Lucien Lelong

RUSSIAN COSTUMES RANK EQUAL WITH THE DRAPED OR PANELED GOWN

3886—3737—Particular points of interest on this Russian blouse are a side opening and neck rather low at the back. An elastic at a low waistline will allow a more comfortable fit over the one-piece skirt. The set-in pocket and a waistline raised 1¼ inch distinguish the straight skirt. It may be in 36 or 33 inch length below a normal waistline at the front. For the blouse use crêpe de Chine, heavy silk crêpes, pongee, etc., and for the skirt, homespun, basket weaves, tweeds, eponge, etc. The lower edge of the skirt is 48 inches.

A 36 bust and 38 hip measure require 2⅜ yards of 36-inch cotton ratine and 1¾ yard of 36-inch novelty ratine (cut crosswise). The blouse is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the skirt is good for ladies 35 to 45 hip.



Blouse 3886; skirt 3737



Dress 3800



Dress 3867
Embroidery design 10914



Dress 3817

3800—Summer sports call for dresses which blend utility with beauty. This frock puts on a sailor front with the silk tie which matches the collar and pocket flaps. The bib reaches around in a sash which ties gracefully over the low waistline where the straight skirt is joined to the dress body. There may be a long body lining if desired. The pockets are new and very convenient on such a dress. Gingham, chambray, cotton prints, dimity, cotton crêpe, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, pongee or tub silks are appropriate materials to use for this dress. The lower edge of the dress measures 63 inches.

A 36 bust requires 4⅛ yards of 36-inch gingham tissue and ⅝ yard of 36-inch plain material.

The dress is practical for ladies 32 to 46 bust measure.

3867—10914—The vivid, exotic embroideries of the East inspire Midsummer frocks to dare bold trimming. Embroidery and fringe play new rôles on this one-piece dress. The left shoulder and underarm take the burden of the closing and the low waistline uses elastic in a casing to adjust the slight fulness. The dress may have a blouse body lining. Beading follows an all-over design. Work it in one-stitch embroidery and bugle heads. Use linen, linen-finished cottons, cotton prints, gingham, chintz, cotton ratine, Canton crêpe, silk crêpe, etc.

A 36 bust requires 3⅝ yards of 40-inch Canton crêpe and 3½ yards of ribbon. The lower edge of the dress is 54 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 48 bust measure. It is also becoming to misses.

3817—Figured fabrics are particularly lovely seen in the light of Georgette panels. The panels of this dress, which slips on over the head, unite with a straight skirt in meeting the dress body at a low waistline. The dress may be made with a blouse body lining if one prefers. Figured foulard with plain foulard or Georgette will make a smart frock. Both the neck outline and a set-in sleeve are good features. For a dress with wide sleeves and panels falling below the hem, one may use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, taffeta, etc.

A 36 bust requires 3⅛ yards of 40-inch figured crêpe de Chine and 1⅛ yard of 40-inch Georgette. The lower edge of the dress measures 54 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3836—Wise frocks for Midsummer wear have cast aside superfluous appendages and come forth simply, short of sleeve and straight in line. Very often they add long, left-tying sashes which reach down below the hem of the dress. This dress in the new Russian effect joins a straight skirt to the waist at a low waistline. It slips on over the head, and, if one prefers, may be made with a long body lining. Make the dress of silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, soft taffeta, foulard, Georgette, silk voile, tissues, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe voile or cotton voile. The lower edge of the dress is 1¾ yard.

A 36 bust will require 3⅛ yards of figured voile 36 inches wide and ¾ yard of plain voile 36 inches wide.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3839—3665—10954—Many of the blouses we wear owe their origin to the land of the steppes. This blouse in Russian style marks its low waistline with a ribbon girdle or uses an elastic in a casing. It slips on over the head quite easily and adopts a new embroidered design. Work the design in a combination of cross-stitch embroidery and beading. The hat is one of a set containing a type suitable for ribbon. Use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, pongee, radium, cotton crêpe, etc., and make the hat of satin, taffeta, etc.

A 36 bust requires 2⅛ yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine and ⅝ yard of ribbon for the belt. The hat for ladies or 21⅞ inches head measure requires ⅞ yard of 36-inch taffeta.

The blouse is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust measure, also for misses. The hat is suitable for ladies; it is also good for misses.

3841—10968—When a bright silk and vivid beads conspire to trim a Summer frock of the slip-over type, the effect is altogether winning! This dress conceals a closing under the left arm and its loose panels and straight skirt meet the dress's upper half at a low waistline; or there may be a long body lining marked for a camisole top. Silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, swiss, organdy, fine cotton crêpe used all one color, in two colors, or a figured with plain material are suitable choices; or use crêpe satin or crêpe meteor all one side of the material, or combining dull and shiny surfaces, etc.

A 36 bust will require 4¼ yards of 40-inch Georgette and ¾ yard of silk 40 inches wide for the girdle and ornament. The lower edge of the dress is 53 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3875—Panels, avowedly loose, suggest fuller skirts for the new dresses, but low waistlines are insistently determined to preserve the straight silhouette. The loose panels, the hem of the skirt, and the chiffon collar, cuffs and vestee of this one-piece frock are bound with plain silk. The dress is a slip-over type and may be made with a long tight sleeve. A blouse body lining is another possibility. Suitable materials to use are silk crêpe, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, foulard, linen, etc. The lower edge of the dress measures 1½ yard.

A 36 bust requires 3¼ yards of figured crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide and ½ yard of chiffon 40 inches wide.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 46 bust measure. It is also smart for misses.

3842—Lace is patrician, distinguishing a one-piece dress in the wide sleeves and loose side panels. The best features of this dress, which slips on over the head, include a shoulder slightly wider than the average and a deep armhole where the sleeve is sewed into a long body lining. There may be an elastic in a casing arranged at the low waistline. Use silk crêpes or crêpe de Chine with sleeves and panels of a harmonizing color, or figured crêpes or silk with plain crêpe or silk Georgette or chiffon for sleeves and panels, plain with figured crepês, etc.

A 36 bust requires 3⅛ yards of 40-inch crêpe satin and 1¾ yard of 40-inch all-over lace. The lower edge of the dress is 53½ inches.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust measure. It is quite as smart for misses.

3852—Fabric trimming has wound its way into many of the new Summer clothes. For this straight-lined, loosely bloused, simple type of dress it is a dignified trimming for the sleeves and lower part of the skirt. A wide sash girdles the low waistline where the waist and the straight skirt meet. The dress has a long body lining and slips on over the head. One may use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse, satin, taffeta, foulard or heavy cotton crêpe, etc., for this dress. For a much more formal frock for later wear chiffon or velvet is appropriate.

A 36 bust requires 4 yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide and ⅜ yard of Georgette 40 inches wide. The lower edge of the dress is 1¾ yard.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3845—Drapery is never in the dark concerning the laws of attractiveness. In accord with many of the French draped costumes, the drape centers itself at the left and places two ornaments at the low waistline of the dress. The closing of this dress, which slips on over the head, comes under the left arm and the draped skirt joins the body at the waistline. One may include a long body lining with a possibility of a camisole top. Make the dress of silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, moire, foulard, or of cotton crêpe. This is the type of frock which will be suitable in chiffon or velvet to wear for evening this next season.

A 36 bust will require 3¾ yards of crêpe satin 40 inches wide. The lower edge of the dress measures 50½ inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Other views of these garments are on page 87

Blouse 3839
Hat 3665

Embroidery design 10954

Dress 3836

Dress 3841
Embroidery design 10968

Other views are on page 87

Dress 3875

Dress 3842

Dress 3852

Dress 3845

Dress 3840

Rompers 3853
Sunbonnet 3727

Dress 3834
Embroidery
design 10734

Dress 3872
Embroidery
design 10812

Dress 3876

Dress 3855
Embroidery design 10948

Dress 3859
Embroidery
design 10890

Dress 3830

Suit 3880

Dress 3857
Embroidery design 10954

Other views and descriptions of thes garments are on page 86

Blouse 3837
Skirt 2989
Embroidery
design 10972

Dress
3850

Blouse 3632
Dress 3822

Dress 3844

Dress 3861

Other views and descriptions are on page 89

Dress 3881

Dress 3864

Dress
3877

Dress 3856

Dress 3843
Embroidery
design 10871

Dress 3873
Embroidery
design 10937

Dress 3879

Dress 3869

Blouse 3729

Other views are on page 88

Dress 3871
Embroidery
design 10895

COMFORTABLE SUMMERY CLOTHES FOR THOSE ABOUT TOWN OR COUNTRY-BOUND

3632—3819—10937—A raglan blouse in peasant style is a happy beginning to a jumper costume. Both the blouse and one-piece dress slip on over the head. There is an elastic arranged in a casing at the low waistline. The monogram is effective. Work it in satin-stitch or outline embroidery. For the blouse use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, China silk, pongee, cotton voile, etc., and for the dress gingham, cotton homespun, etc.

A 36 bust requires 3⅛ yards of 36-inch novelty cotton for dress and 1⅜ yard of 40-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse. The lower edge of the dress is 1½ yard.

The blouse is good for ladies 32 to 40 bust, also for misses; the dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust, also for misses.



Blouse 3632; dress 3819
Embroidery design 10937

Cape 3731; dress 3794
Embroidery design 10956

Dress 3894
Embroidery design 10930

Dress 3806

3731—3794—10956—This cape is a lovely excuse to top the embroidered dress beneath. It may be made much longer. The dress is a slip-over type and the straight skirt joins a dress body bright with embroidery. Work the design in a combination of one-stitch or bugle-bead embroidery and beads. Use wool jersey, tweed, crêpe jersey, silk crêpes, etc., for the cape and silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, cotton voile, crêpe voile, all one color, in two colors, etc., for the dress. It may have a blouse body lining. Lower edge is 63 inches.

A 36 bust requires 1½ yard of 40-inch Canton crêpe for the body of the dress and cape collar, and 3¾ yards of 40-inch contrasting crêpe for the skirt of dress and cape.

The cape is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust. It is good for misses. The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3894—10930—A wise little belt knowing when to disappear contributes to the tailored appearance of this dress. Its two-piece skirt joins the body at a low waistline and it may have a blouse body lining. The trimming is gay. Work the design in large beads or French-knot embroidery. For the body of this dress use plain taffeta with checked taffeta, crêpe jersey in two colors or with a silk-crêpe body, white linen with colored linen, chambray with gingham, checked ratine with plain ratine, etc. Attractive color combinations would be red, henna or jade green for the body, with a navy blue skirt, etc.

A 36 bust requires 1½ yard of 36-inch linen for the body of the dress and facing and 1⅞ yard of 36-inch contrasting linen. The lower edge of the dress is 1½ yard.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3806—For morning wear or the jolly jaunts of vacation days a frock like this is indispensable. The soft gathered, straight skirt has a wide trimming band which matches the long collar and the cuffs of the dress. Like most of the Summer dresses, its skirt joins the waist at a low waistline. The dress may be made with a blouse body lining if you desire. Gingham, chambray, cotton prints, dimity, cotton crêpe, silk crêpe crêpe de Chine, pongee or tub silks are appropriate materials to use for this type of dress. The lower edge of the dress measures 58 inches.

A 36 bust requires 3 yards of 38-inch gingham tissue and ⅞ yard of 44-inch organdy.

The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3856—High noons see gingham still useful, and when one says gingham one means checks. Such a material is used for this frock with its comfortable sleeve and vest front. Around the straight skirt which joins the waist at a low waistline is a bias piece of the material to give the effect of a tunic The dress may be made with a blouse body lining and one may have a short sleeve. A narrow colored ribbon ties over the vest in a graceful bow. Make the dress of gingham, chambray, cotton prints, dimity, cotton crêpe, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, pongee or tub silks.

A 36 bust will require 5⅛ yards of 32-inch gingham and ⅝ yard of 40-inch organdy. The lower edge measures 58 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3843—10871—The Quaker-girl air of this dress is doubtless due to the collar and cuffs. The arrangement of a two-piece skirt in one with the front and back gives a panel effect, and the inside pocket is an added attraction. The dress slips on over the head and may have a blouse body lining. An embroidery design endeavors to convert the fabric into a plaid. Work this design in one-stitch or bugle beads. Suitable materials are linen, linen-finished cottons, plain cottons, gingham with chambray, cotton prints with plain cottons, etc.

A 36 bust will require 2⅜ yards of 36-inch linen (with tuck seam at the back), 1¼ yard of 40-inch cotton crêpe and ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting linen. The lower edge measures about 52 inches.

The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3873—10937—Prominence to one's monogram is the newest cry for dresses, as this frock testifies. It advocates straight lines, but makes a happy compromise with plaits at the sides for fulness. This dress slips on over the head and may be made with a blouse body lining. Dresses these days seem to be agreed on the subject of collars, and the graceful one on this frock is most becoming for any age. The initials are easily done. Work them in satin-stitch or outline embroidery. The neck is slightly below normal at the back of the dress. Use linen, linen-finished cottons, plain cottons, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, pongee, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor or satin.

A 36 bust requires 3⅞ yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine, ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting. The lower edge is 2½ yards.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3879—This frock reverts to wigwam days and uses a trimming resembling that on the costumes of the squaws. It edges the sleeves, pocket and runs all the way down the Russian closing of this one-piece dress. This type with its straight front and tailored belt is especially suitable for linen, and made of this material it will make a splendid tailored costume for warm weather. The dress may omit the blouse body lining if you prefer. Make it of materials like crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, crêpe jersey, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse, or tub silks, gingham, linen or linen-finished cottons, etc.

A 36 bust will require 3⅜ yards of 36-inch linen. The lower edge of the dress measures 54 inches.

The dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust. It is also practical for misses.

3869—Wide sleeves are original and flaunt a facing to match the long shawl collar of this one-piece dress. The side closing marshals the pockets to the right, and the low waistline may have an arrangement of elastic in a casing or the dress may be made with a blouse body lining. The sleeves may be of the one or two seam variety. The bordered effect is a happy thought for a linen dress. For this type of dress use heavy silk crêpes, heavy crêpe de Chine, charmeuse, crêpe satin, linen, cotton ratine, linen-finished cottons, etc.

A 36 bust will require 3½ yards of 36-inch linen and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting material. The lower edge measures 1½ yard.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 48 bust. It is as becoming for misses.

3729—The Vacation Girl of the present season will need several blouses like this one if she plans to enjoy sports. It is a straight type which slips on over the head, and is loose enough to be cool and allow freedom of motion for athletics. The companion pockets piped with the same material as the collar are piquant. Bright-colored ties are worn nonchalantly at the front of the blouse. Appropriate materials for this blouse are crêpe jersey, crêpe satin, heavy crêpe de Chine, pongee, habutai silk, cotton homespun, cotton eponge or heavy cotton crêpe, etc.

A 36 bust will require 1½ yard of 40-inch Canton crêpe and ⅜ yard of 40-inch contrasting material.

The blouse is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust measure. It is also becoming to misses.

3871—10895—Gingham does the unexpected on the body of this dress which slips on over the head. The dress may have a blouse body lining if desired. Bright pansy faces are appliquéd at the waistline. The design should be worked in a combination of beading or French-knot embroidery and one-stitch or bugle-beads. Silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe voile, fine cotton crêpe or foulard all one material, with body of a harmonizing color or a figured with plain material, are suitable materials; or use crêpe meteor or crêpe satin, all one side of the material or combining dull and shiny surfaces, crêpe jersey in two colors or with a body of silk crêpe, etc.

A 36 bust will require 2 yards of 36-inch silk gingham, including material for trimming and binding, and 1⅜ yard of 36-inch plain white silk. The lower edge of the dress is 63 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 88



Dress 3899
Embroidery design 10749

Dress 3898

Dress 3897
Embroidery design 10772

Dress 3901

Dress 3900

3899—10749—Summer fiestas are gay with the bright and buoyant colors of the year. Frocks like this depend upon color or a different touch of embroidery to carry them through, since their lines are very simple. This one-piece dress has a becoming vestee and collar. It slips on over the head and has a low waistline with elastic in a casing. If you prefer you may make it with a blouse body lining or it may hang straight. The embroidered motif has a tone of revelry. It should be worked in satin-stitch, outline or chain-stitch embroidery. Use heavy silk crêpes, heavy crêpe de Chine, charmeuse, satin, crêpe satin, sport silks, cotton ratine, cotton homespun, linen, linen-finished cottons, gingham, etc.

A 36 bust requires 3⅞ yards of cotton homespun 36 inches wide. The lower edge of the dress measures 1½ yard.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 48 inches bust measure. It is also good for misses.

3898—As to sleeves, have you learned that the set-in sleeve's most becoming? It emphasizes the graceful curve of the arm and adds to its charm. This type of sleeve is becoming used with the Russian closing. The straight skirt of this dress is joined to a long body. A narrow belt feels disposed to assume the burden of marking a waistline and buttons divide trimming responsibilities with fringe. The dress may have a blouse body lining. Make this dress of charmeuse, satin, taffeta, a heavy silk crêpe, linen, linen-finished cottons, cotton ratine, cotton homespun or gingham, etc.

A 36 bust requires 3 yards of 36-inch striped ratine and ½ yard of 36-inch plain ratine. The lower edge of the dress is 50 inches.

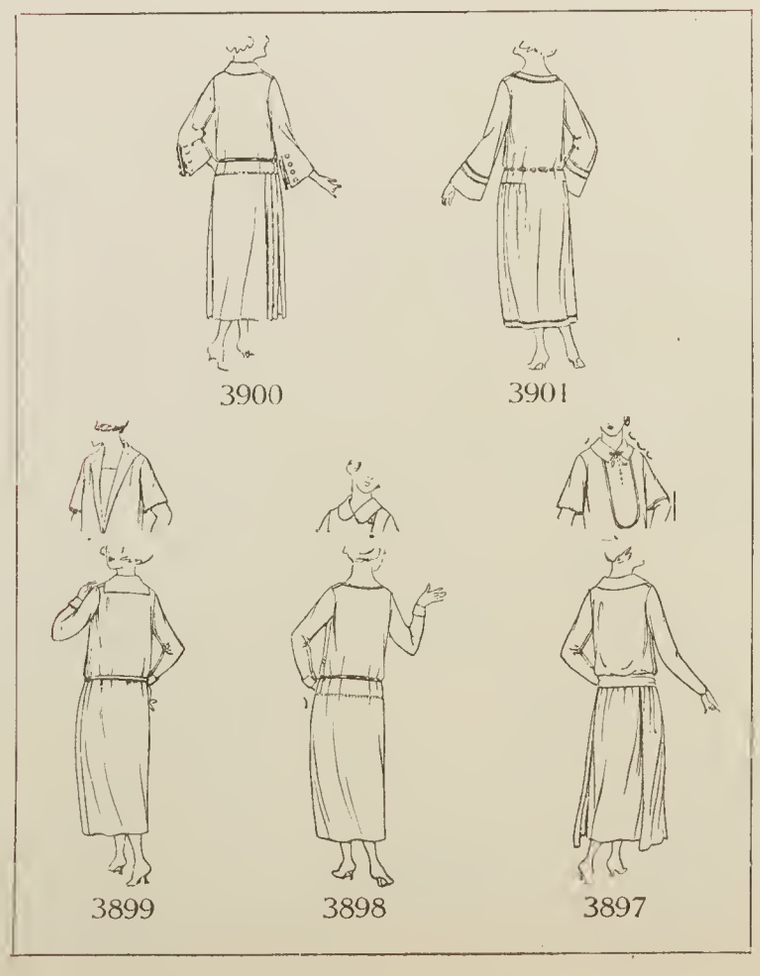
The dress is very attractive for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3897—10772—Formal functions for the frivolous demand a varied wardrobe, and at least one of the new paneled gowns is imperative. This one has its straight skirt and loose panels joining the long body at a low waistline. There may be a long body lining. Great spiral motifs are embroidered on the sleeves, front, and panels of the dress. They should be worked in a combination of outline and single or one-stitch embroidery. Suitable materials for this gown are broché or plain silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, soft taffeta, foulard, figured silks, crêpe meteor, Canton crêpe, charmeuse, crêpe satin, or gingham tissues, heavy cotton crêpe, crêpe voile, etc.

A 36 bust requires 4⅛ yards of 40-inch cotton crêpe and ½ yard of 40-inch contrasting crêpe. The lower edge of the dress is 54 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

INVITING FROCKS DISSERT ON THE WITCHERY OF NEW NECKLINES



3901—Ginghams are gay to various degrees of frivolity; sometimes they are bright with a checkerboard pattern as in this one-piece dress. The closing decides to affiliate with the bateau neckline and comes on the shoulders. The dress slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. If you like, it may be made with a blouse body lining. Make the dress of silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, pongee, charmeuse, or satin with vest and bands of a contrasting color, or gingham with piqué or chambray vest and bands. Cotton ratine, linen, or linen-finished cottons in two colors are suitable.

A 36 bust requires 3½ yards of 32-inch gingham and 1 yard of 32-inch plain material. The lower edge of the dress measures 54 inches.

The dress is stunning for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure. It is also nice for misses.

3900—When one's clothes wear out one's troubles begin unless she be so fortunate as to discover a simple becoming dress like this one to utilize her old and a new fabric. Two materials are an inspiration for this frock. It has a straight plaited skirt which joins a long body and may have a blouse body lining. The vestee is a smart background for the long V of the neck outline. Appropriate materials to use for this dress are taffeta, linen in two colors, or chambray with gingham. If you desire a dress of one material use silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, pongee, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, satin, linen, linen-finished cottons, or plain cottons.

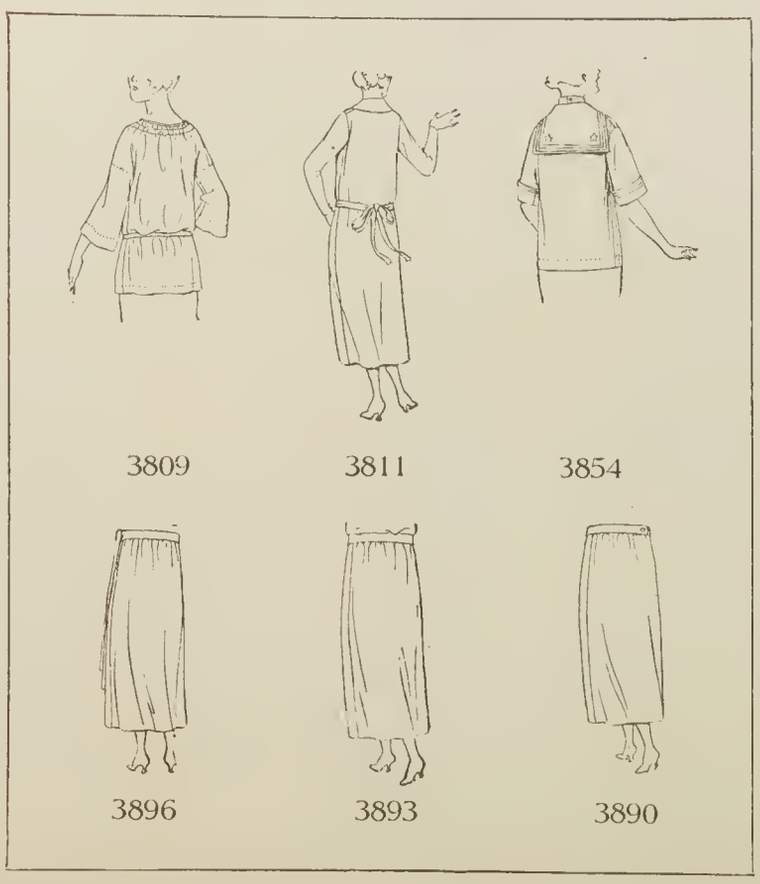
A 36 bust requires 1⅜ yard of 36-inch linen and 2⅝ yards of 36-inch contrasting linen. The lower edge of the dress is 2¼ yards.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 46 inches bust.



SKIRTS RIVALING BLOUSES IN TRIMMING

AND A COLORED LINEN FROCK



3809—10981—The cool costume blouse is a happy adjunct to skirts for Summer wear. This blouse of the Russian type edges its short sleeves and marks its Russian side closing with a characteristic peasant embroidery, a favorite costume for warm weather. The low waistline may have elastic arranged in a casing. The embroidered design is one of those bright cross-stitch favorites. It should be worked in peasant embroidery in the color combinations prevalent in such designs. Use crêpe de Chine, chiffon cloth, Georgette, silk voile, pongee, China silk, fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile or batiste.

A 36 bust will require 3 yards of pongee 32 inches wide.

The blouse is smart for ladies 32 to 40 inches bust measure. It is also a good type for misses.

3854—One thing truly national is the middy blouse; school girls or their older sport-loving sisters have accepted this as the most comfortable sort. This blouse follows the regulation type quite closely and is very attractive worn with bright ties. Suitable material combinations are serge or flannel in navy, red, brown or green, with collar and cuffs trimmed with white silk braid or linen tape. Fast-color cottons of good weight with collar and cuffs trimmed with white linen tape are suitable; also white jean all one material, with fast-color navy, cadet, red collar and cuffs trimmed with white linen tape, etc.

A 36 bust requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch linen and ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting material.

The middy blouse is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3811—10849—A wide embroidered banding and buttons do new things to this one-piece frock for Summer. The long collar and inside pockets are just enough and not too much contrasting color. The dress slips on over the head and may be made with a blouse body lining. The arrangement of the embroidered design is effective. Work it in outline stitch, couching and chain-stitch or a combination of satin-stitch and outline embroidery. Gingham, chambray, cotton homespun, linen, linen-finished cottons, plain cottons are suitable.

A 36 bust will require 3⅞ yards of linen 36 inches wide and ⅝ yard of contrasting-color linen 36 inches wide. The lower edge of the dress measures 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust, also for misses.

3896—10957—The plain years for skirts are of the past and the newest step out gay with embroidery or frivolous with fringe. A hang-over sash and set-in pockets are spokesmen for this two-piece skirt. It has a waistline which is raised about 1¼ inch. A bright border is embroidered on the lower edge of the skirt. Work this design in a combination of satin-stitch and outline embroidery. Use sport silks, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, sports satin, satin, pongee, cotton ratine, cotton eponge, cotton gabardine, cotton, poplin, or for a warmer weight for Fall use soft serge, soft tricotine, soft twills, flannel, stripes, etc. The lower edge of the skirt is 1¾ yard.

A 38 hip requires 2¼ yards of 40-inch cotton eponge.

The skirt is useful for ladies 35 to 47½ hip measure.

3893—10787—The simple type of skirt for wear with sheer Summer blouses is a necessity for vacation wardrobes. This two-piece skirt has a tailored appearance due to its inside pockets and a waistline which is raised about 1¼ inches. The gathered back makes it a type which is very becoming. The monogram saves it from utter plainness. It should be worked in satin-stitch or outline embroidery. Make the skirt of ratine, linen, linen-finished cottons, cotton homespun, cotton gabardine, beach cloth, sports silks, sport satin, shantung or heavy silk crêpes.

A 38 hip will require 2¼ yards of flannel 36 inches wide. The lower edge of the skirt measures 54½ inches.

The skirt is good for ladies 35 to 47½ inches hip measure.

3890—Plaids are precisely the fashionable thing for Summer skirts. This three-piece skirt with a plain front has gathers at the back to make it comfortable for frequent wear. It is the type of skirt to wear with the cool sweaters of Iceland wool or with the new flannel middy sweaters. Fringe marks the side closing and trims a side pocket. The waistline of this skirt is raised about 1¼ inch. Use crêpe jersey, sports silks, satin pongee, heavy silk crêpe, cotton homespun, cotton ratine, linen, linen-finished cottons, plain cottons, plain gabardine, cotton poplin or beach cloth, etc.

A 38 hip requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch plaid ratine. The lower edge measures 1½ yard.

The skirt is smart for ladies 35 to 55 inches hip measure.



Dress 3802



Dress 3874

Dress 3895



Dress 3889
Embroidery
design 10677



Dress 3883
Embroidery
design 10981



PEASANT EMBROIDERIES RENEW THEIR WELCOME ON
DRESSES ALONG WITH BANDS AND OTHER HAND-WORK

Dress 3882

Dress 3892
Smocking design 10700

3802—This cool gingham frock is for fly-away dispositions. The side-tying sashes match the body, which joins the straight skirt of the dress. It slips on over the head and may have a blouse body lining. Make the dress of gingham, dimity, tub silks or silk crêpe, or use sports silks, silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine in two colors. For combination of materials use chambray for the body and gingham for the skirt, or heavy cotton crêpe with cotton prints, plain with check taffeta, etc.

A 16-year size requires 1¼ yard of 32-inch chambray, 2 yards of 32-inch gingham and ¼ yard of 40-inch organdy. The lower edge of the dress is about 50 inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years. It is also suitable for small women.

3874—She is really "up in the air" over her new little dress with separate bloomers, which, by the way, are joined to an underbody. The straight skirt of this dress goes all the way up to meet a deep yoke. Use pin-check gingham or cretonne, all one material or with chambray; dimity, dotted swiss or cotton prints, all one material or with plain lawn, unbleached muslin trimmed with bright-colored appliqué embroidery or contrasting material, or sateen in two colors, chambray, cotton crêpe, plain lawn, linen-finished cottons, plain cottons, cotton homespun, pongee, crêpe de Chine, etc., in one or two colors.

A 5-year size requires 2 yards of English print 36 inches wide and ¼ yard of plain cotton print 36 inches wide.

The dress is nice for little girls 1 to 8 years.

3882—Dresses may be dampers to fun unless they are free and comfortable for play. This little one-piece dress has separate bloomers which make it practical to wear for Summer outings. Busy mothers learn to like a type of play frock which may be used from the cradle to the age of first school and active play times. The bloomers are joined to an underbody. The soft gathers at the neck of the dress are dainty for wee girls. The pockets are added to please the whim of these wearers. Appropriate materials for this type of dress are fine cotton crêpe, pin-dotted swiss, dimity, mull, cotton voile, lawn, batiste, nainsook, crêpe de Chine or pongee.

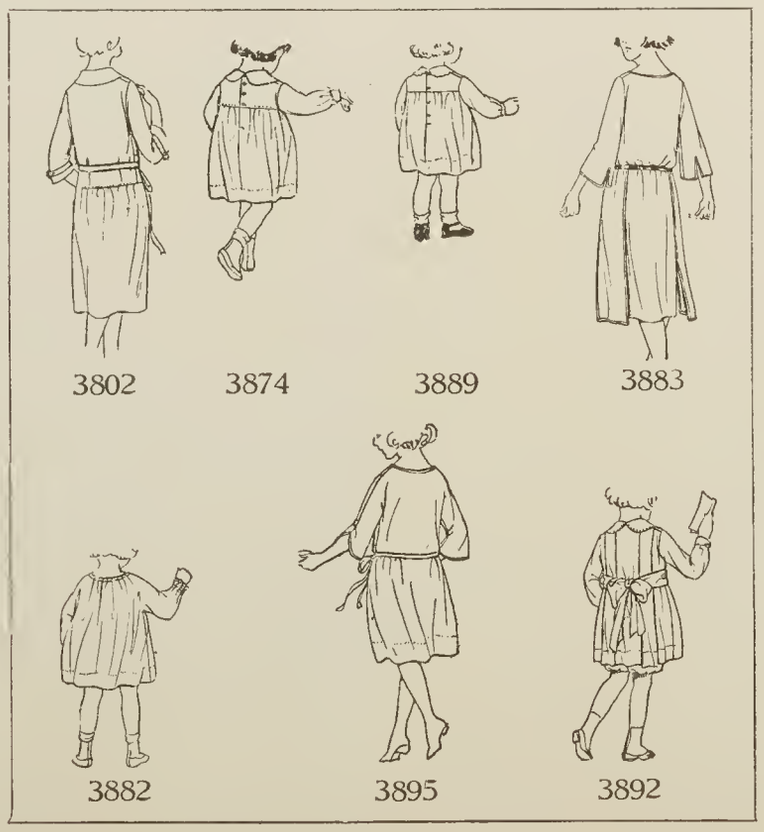
A 4-year size requires 2⅛ yards of pongee 36 inches wide.

The dress and bloomers are sweet for little girls ½ to 6 years.

3895—In one's "green salad days" one may be quite as attractive as older sisters who have arrived. Pretty frocks have everything to do for such a state, and a dress like this in Russian effect is most becoming. Its straight skirt joins a long body and it has a unique trimming band. For the body of the dress use chambray and for the skirt, gingham; or use a cotton-crêpe body with cotton-ratine or cotton-homespun skirt, plain silk with check or plaid silks, cotton voile, batiste with gingham tissues, cotton voile, linen or cotton ratine in two colors, etc.

A 13-year size requires 1¼ yard of chambray 32 inches wide and 1⅞ yard of gingham 32 inches wide.

The dress is attractive for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.



3889—10677—Golden-headed cherubs should wear the daintiest of white dresses. This dress is drawn in by lace insertion at an Empire waistline, although it may be made to hang free or with a French waistline. There is no seam or plaited fulness under the arm and the skirt has a straight lower edge. The dress is a suitable type for infants. Delicate flowers are embroidered on the yoke and pockets. Work this design in eyelets, satin-stitch, French stemming and buttonholing. For the dress use batiste, nainsook, lawn, cotton voile, dimity, mull, handkerchief linen, fine cotton crêpe, pin-dot swiss or crêpe de Chine. For infants use batiste, nainsook, etc.

A 2-year size requires 1⅜ yard of batiste 36 inches wide.

The dress is good for infants and children up to 3 years.

3883—10981—Cross-stitch has been cast for an important rôle on smart one-piece dresses for the younger set. The dress in Russian effect slips on over the head and the low waistline has an arrangement of elastic in a casing. It may be made with a blouse body lining. The embroidery design adds a gay note. It should be done in peasant embroidery. Use gingham tissues, linen, crêpe, voile, cotton crêpe, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, soft taffeta, pongee, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, foulard, raidum, etc. The lower edge is about 49 inches.

A 17-year size requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch Canton crêpe and ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting-color crêpe.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years. It is also as attractive fo small women.

3892—10700—Smocking or shirring agrees pleasantly with this little dress. The bloomers are separate and may be omitted if desired. The smocking introduces a pleasant bit of color. The design is arranged in a series of fancy smocking dots. Make the dress of chambray, small-check gingham, linen-finished cottons, dimity or plain lawn, all one material or trimmed with contrasting material, or of cotton crêpe, nainsook or plain lawn, all one material or trimmed with plain lawn in contrasting color, crêpe de Chine, pongee or challis, all one material or trimmed with contrasting material.

A 6-year size requires 2⅞ yards of chambray 32 inches wide and ¼ yard of 36-inch linen.

The dress and bloomers are nice for little girls 2 to 10 years.



THE JUNIOR WORLD TAKES FORETHOUGHT FOR SCHOOL AND BLEAKER DAYS

BABY CLOTHES USE SLIGHT TRIMMING

3868—10863—Preparations for the Fall baby must include clothes for facing the world outside. Quite dainty is this hood cape, which may be twenty-five inches long or a shorter length. Make it of cashmere, albatross, flannel, French flannel, flannelet or crêpe de Chine, China silk, Japanese silk, interlined with flannel and lined with China silk. A wrapper in twenty-five-inch length will make his mornings comfortable. For it use the materials suggested above or challis. A delicate spray embroidery trims the front of the cape. It should be worked in satin-stitch, eyelets, scallops and French stemming.

The cape for an infant requires 1¼ yard of 36-inch cashmere. The wrapper for an infant require 1⅛ yard of 36-inch cashmere.

Both the hood cape and wrapper are dainty for infants.

3848—Whether it be a sponge or a plunge which starts the day for little girls, a cherry-blossom kimono wrapper is a cheerful augury. If she desires a lighter garment for warm weather, in shorter length this will make a dainty dressing-sack. Various trimmings for such a negligée are possible; scalloping or colored bands are suitable for finishing. Appropriate materials to use for this wrapper are cashmere, albatross, French flannel, flannelet, challis, cotton crêpe, washable corduroy or crêpe de Chine.

A 7-year size requires 2⅛ yards of Japanese crêpe 36 inches wide and ⅜ yard of plain crêpe 36 inches wide.

The kimono wrapper or dressing-sack is suitable for infants and for girls up to 13 years of age.

3638—3870—Boys' blouses have one-piece collars removable or fastened to the blouse, or a neckband ready for wearing separate collars. The blouse may have the reguation or French cuff. The knickerbockers join an underwaist with leg bands or elastic and may be made with a fly. For the blouse, use madras, flannel, galatea or percale, etc., and make the trousers of mixtures, serge, cheviot, flannel, etc.

A 12-year size requires 1⅝ yard of 36-inch striped madras and ¼ yard of 36-inch plain madras for the blouse and 1½ yard of 27-inch flannel for trousers.

The blouse is practical for boys 4 to 16 years. The knickerbockers and underwaist are durable for boys 3 to 12 years.

3885—Pride in a new belted overcoat is a real aid to a good carriage. Its convertible collar makes it practical to wear straight through a school season. In the days of roller-skates, marbles and basketball, when mothers must look to wearing qualities, such a double-breasted coat is a happy find. The back gains a tailored effect from the inverted or box plait and large patch pockets further its comfort. The overcoat should be made of materials like mixtures, homespun, tweeds, gabardine, cheviots, light-weight chinchilla, whip-cord or of covert.

A 10-year size will require 2 yards of tweed 54 inches wide for this overcoat.

The overcoat is good for boys 2 to 15 years.



3777—10877—In the hurry and rush of sending one's older sister off to college the youngest is forgotton. To compensate for apparent neglect she should have a new coat. This one in cape effect will be suitable for either school or better wear. The wide sleeves are a pleasing grown-up feature. A wide-brimmed hat to wear with the new coat is embroidered with vivid-colored flowers. Work the design in a combination of appliqué, outline or chain-stitch embroidery and beading or French knots. For this type of coat use tweeds, homespun, camel's-hair, cheviot, serge, taffeta, silk faille, etc.

A 12-year size will require 2⅝ yards of 44-inch cheviot and ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting material.

The coat is smart for juniors and girls 4 to 15 years.

3866—10900—Simple wrappings with ribbons blue are an essential part of baby sweetness. Very young babies need a number of sacks like these sacks, which are quite as suitable for little girls. They may be trimmed with either binding or a delicate embroidery design. The one above is a fine floral pattern. It should be worked in eyelets, satin-stitch, lazy-daisy stitch, outline, French stemming and buttonholing. Make these sacks of albatross, cashmere, flannel, French flannel, flannelet, or crêpe de Chine, China silk or Japanese silk, interlined with flannel and lined with China silk.

The embroidered sack for infants requires ⅝ yard of flannel 27 inches wide and the plain sack for infants requires the same.

The sacks are good for infants or little girls up to 7 years.

3849—The enthusiastic flapper goes in for every sport; perhaps 'tis only another excuse to wear these becoming sports clothes. A middy blouse like this one, with a collar which may be joined to the blouse or detachable, is a necessary pleasure. It may be made with a yoke facing. Use serge or flannel in navy, red, brown or green, with collar and cuffs trimmed with white silk braid or linen tape; or use fast-color cottons of good weight, with collar and cuffs trimmed with white linen tape; or use white jean all one material, etc.

A 16-year size requires 3¼ yards of white jean 27 inches wide.

The middy blouse is nice for girls and misses 4 to 20 years. It is also suitable for small women.



Apron 3858 Embroidery design 10982 — Combination 3851 — Apron 3887 — Apron 3878 — Apron 3860-B

APRONS FOR "THE FIRST YEAR" OR "FIRST FIFTY YEARS" AND A CHILD'S GARMENT



3858—10982—The hazardous reefs of early married life would not loom nearly so formidable if young housewives could realize the close relation of sweet tempers and a neat appearance. This apron masquerades as a house frock and is so easily slipped on over one's head in early morning hours. The trimming is gay. The design for it should be worked in appliqué or outline embroidery. Suitable materials to use are gingham, chambray, percale, madras, seersucker, Japanese crêpe, cretonne, chintz, or cotton prints. Unbleached muslin trimmed with chintz or a bright color in embroidery, etc., is suitable. The lower edge of the apron is 1¾ yard.

A 36 bust will require 3¾ yards of chambray 32 inches wide and ⅜ yard of contrasting chambray 32 inches wide.

The apron is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3851—Summer sewing should include lingerie for little girls. This is the opportune month to mend or sew on buttons on old underthings and to add new garments to this part of a growing child's wardrobe. This combination consists of one-piece drawers and a comfortable underwaist. Even little girls show an early preference for lace-trimmed lingerie and this will make a dainty trimming for the garment. Choose an edging which is durable enough to withstand the effects of constant laundering. Buttons too, should be stoutly fastened where they belong. Make the combination of nainsook, cambric, or of muslin.

An 8-year size will require 1⅜ yard of muslin 36 inches wide.

The combination drawers and underwaist make a practical garment for juniors and girls 2 to 12 years.

3887—Aprons can forget their domestic origin and go in for the Russian. This apron in Russian effect slips on over the head and the lower part is two-piece. A sash ties in piquant manner at the low waistline where the lower part joins the upper. For the body of the apron use chambray with gingham, cretonne, chintz, or cotton prints. A gingham body with chambray lower part, or body of Japanese crêpe or English prints and chambray lower part are suitable combinations; or use flowered sateen, cretonne, or chintz for the body and black sateen for the lower part, colored sateen with black sateen, etc.

A 36 bust requires 1¼ yard of 36-inch unbleached muslin, and 2⅝ yards of 32-inch cretonne. The lower edge of the apron measures about 1⅝ yard.

The apron is trim for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3878—Checked gingham is a stanch supporter of chambray in an apron of the slip-over type. Straps come up over the belt at a low waistline where the two-piece lower part joins the body. Use chambray for the body and gingham, cretonne, chintz, or cotton prints for the skirt; or use a gingham body with a chambray skirt, Japaense crêpe or cotton prints for the body and chambray for the skirt. Flowered sateen or cretonne for the body and black sateen for the skirt are suitable, or use colored sateen with black sateen trimmed with appliqué or embroidery, or Japanese crêpe with contrasting color Japanese crêpe trimmed as suggested for sateen, etc.

A 36 bust requires 1⅝ yard of 32-inch chambray and 2¾ yards of 32-inch gingham. The lower edge is about 1⅝ yard.

The apron is neatly attractive for ladies 32 to 48 inches bust.

3860-A—10982—Dusting is a delightful duty if one wears a becoming one-piece apron. This is the sort of apron which weighs lightly on its wearer and is a welcome aid to housework. There are various ways of trimming these garments. A bright-colored flower makes a gay addition to this one. The design should be worked in appliqué or outline embroidery. Cretonne, chintz, cotton prints, gingham, chambray, percale, madras, Japanese crêpe, or seersucker are suitable materials to use for such an apron. Unbleached muslin trimmed with cretonne or a bright color in embroidery, cross-stitch, appliqué or contrasting material are other suggestions.

A 28 waist measure will require 1¼ yard of gingham 32 inches wide.

The apron is attractive for ladies 24 to 36 inches waist

3860-B—Color is a wonderful brightener for blue Mondays and only the misguided would ever think of choosing somber shades or dull materials for their work-a-day clothes. This one-piece apron appreciates the advantages of rickrack braid it is most convenient to slip on over one's frocks when one prepares light Sunday night suppers. For the girl who plans for college in the Fall, it is almost a necessity. Make it of cretonne, chintz, cotton prints, gingham, chambray, percale, madras, Japanese crêpe, seersucker or unbleached muslin trimmed with cretonne, or a bright color in embroidery, cross-stitch, appliqué, or contrasting material.

A 28 waist measure will require 1⅝ yard of percale 36 inches wide and 7 yards of rickrack braid.

The apron is good for ladies 24 to 36 waist.



Nightshirt 3863 Pajamas 3846 House dress 3888 Negligée 3891 Kimono 3847 Drawers 3865

Night-gown 3884 Embroidery design 10900

THESE COOL GARMENTS WILL PROVIDE FOR FAMILY COMFORT

3863—Part of a housekeeper's duty is as overseer of the clothes drawers belonging to the men in her family. Not only must she know where everything is, but she must be responsible for the good condition of the articles. This sack nightshirt is a necessity for father or his son. Its comfortable cut and easy-fitting sleeves make it especially desirable. It may have a yoke at the back or may be made without this feature. There is a possibility of a short sleeve. Durable materials which will stand constant laundering are muslin, cambric, nainsook, pongee or flannelet.

A 38-inch breast requires 3⅝ yards of 36-inch muslin.

The nightshirt is practical for men or boys 24 to 50 inches breast measure.

3846—Tiny folk will march off to bed in these sleep-coaxers. If the children use the sleeping-porch all through the Fall and Winter, these night-drawers may have a hood, but for warm weather this style pajama is preferable. The sleeves may be either the bishop or shirt-sleeve type. The pajama closing with frog fasteners and drop seat are especially good for children and are a welcome feature to mothers. Above all, if you would please your small girl or boy, do not forget the pocket! Appropriate materials for these pajamas are plain percale, madras, dimity, cambric, muslin or cotton crêpe.

A 7-year size will require 2½ yards of madras 36 inches wide.

The pajamas or night-drawers are suitable for children from 1 to 13 years.

3888—Pretty percales for house dresses save one from perilous surprises sometimes. The housewife never knows when she may receive an unexpected call on a busy morning and there are always emergencies. The panel effect of the front of this house dress lends a neat appearance. Its straight skirt joins the long body at the sides and the back, and a sash ties in the fulness there. Make the dress of gingham, chambray, percale, madras, seersucker, Japanese crêpe, cretonne, chintz, flowered sateen or cotton prints.

A 36 bust measure will require 3¾ yards of 36-inch percale, ⅜ yard of 36-inch plain percale and 2⅜ yards of rickrack braid. The lower edge of the dress measures about 1¾ yards.

The house dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3891—Happy thoughts are hers who wears this soft negligée of the Empire type, the sort that is useful as well as altogether lovely. Wise women are convinced that clothes have great influence upon moods; then what floating dreams of happiness one can experience in this lovely garment! The pockets, pointed sleeves and the high waistline are edged with frothy frilling. This negligée may be made of soft taffeta, wash satin, figured silks, challis, albatross, crêpe de Chine, figured voile, dotted swiss, crêpe satin, cotton crêpe, Georgette or silk mull. Soft and delicate colors are suitable for Summer.

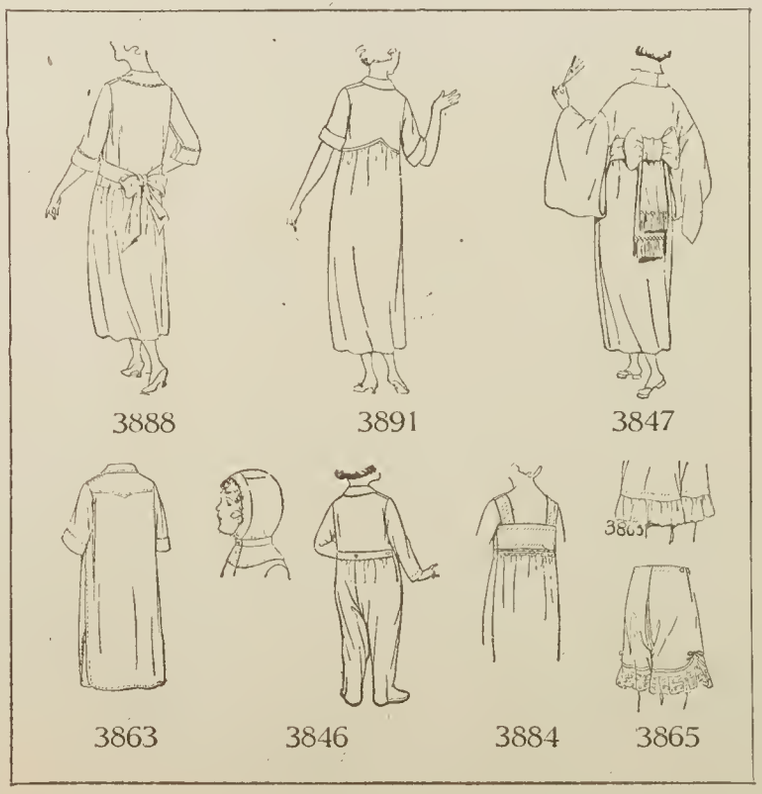
A 36 bust will require 5 yards of taffeta 36 inches wide. The lower edge of the negligée measures about 1¾ yard.

The negligée is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3847—This gay kimono is quite Far Eastern in its bright design. The wide sash, called by the Orientals an "obi," and the trimming bands about the sleeves and across the front are of vivid contrasting color. Since this is the typical Japanese kimono, it may be used as a dress, if one desires a real Japanese costume. The one thing needed is a chrysanthemum in her hair! The best materials for this kimono are crêpe de Chine, China silk, Oriental silks or cotton crêpe.

A 36 bust will require 5¼ yards of 36-inch Japanese crêpe and 2⅛ yards of 36-inch plain crêpe. The lower edge of the kimono is about 58½ inches.

The kimono or dress is becoming to ladies 24 to 44 inches bust measure. It is also suitable for misses or even girls.



3884—10900—Nightime is assuredly the most comfortable period of these Midsummer days, and cool lingerie are the clothes one likes best. This gown of the slip-over type with shoulder-straps and embroidered band has a negligible weight. The embroidery design has a graceful arrangement of sprays. Work it in eyelets, satin-stitch, lazy-daisy stitch, outline, French stemming and buttonholing. Use crêpe de Chine, tub silks, tub satin, radium, silk mull, Georgette, nainsook, batiste, cotton voile, handkerchief linen, long-cloth, cotton crêpe, cross-bar, underwear mulls or dimity. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

A 36 bust requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch batiste, 3⅜ yards of edging, 4½ yards of insertion and 2⅜ yards of beading.

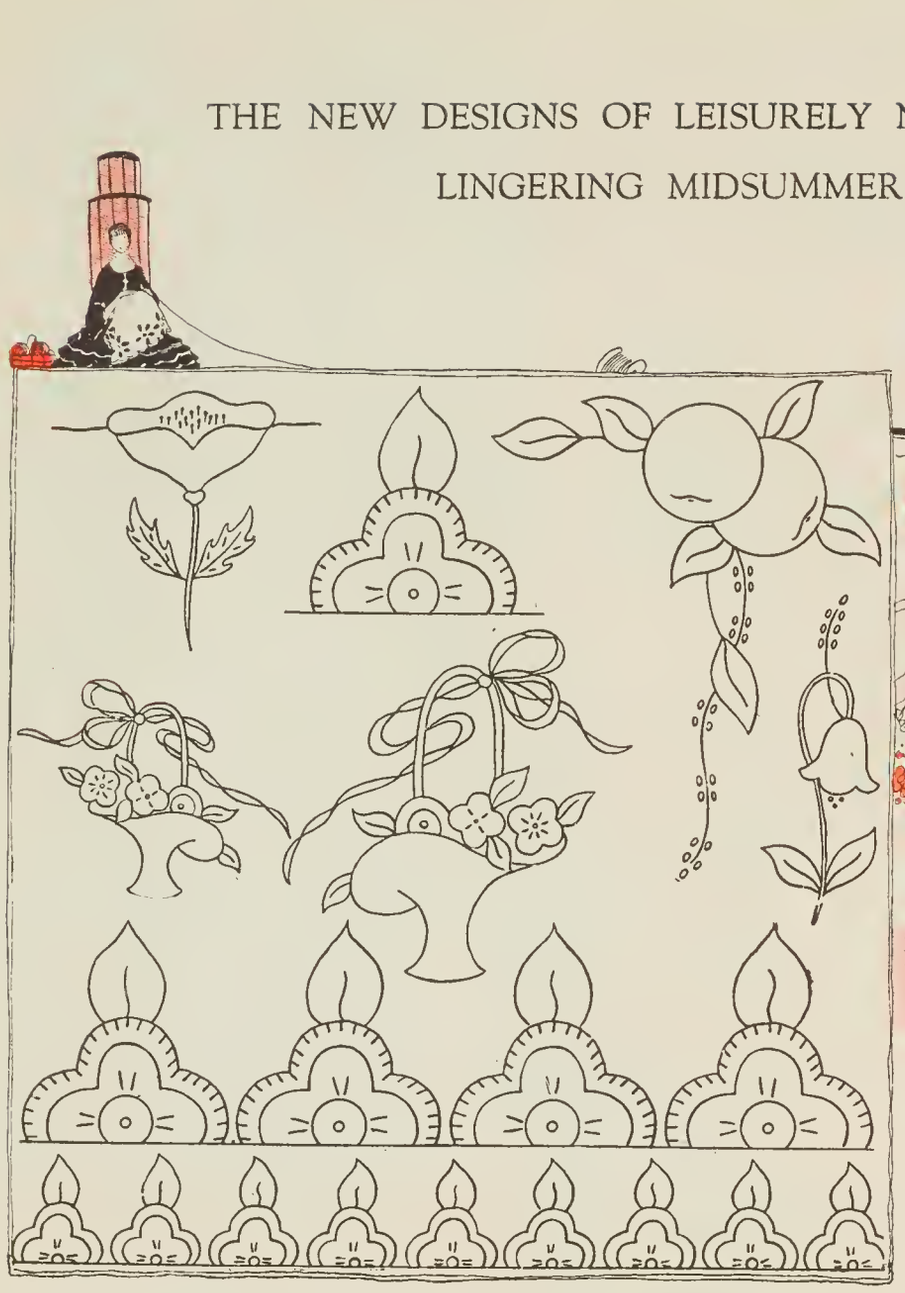
The nightgown is lovely for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3865—The trimming is the important thing on these closed underdrawers. Colored bandings of handkerchief linen make pretty edgings. They are so plain that any one can make them. They may have an inverted plait or omit the plait and have drawstrings at the back. The 24-inch length of these drawers makes them practical, and the plain front and back with fulness at the lower part makes them suitable for stout figures. Appropriate materials for these drawers are nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, etc. Bottom leg width 24 inches.

A 38 hip will require for view A 1⅜ yard of 36-inch muslin; for view B, 1⅝ yard of 36-inch muslin, and for view E 1⅛ yard of 36-inch muslin and 2½ yards of 5½-inch edging.

The drawers are good for ladies 35 to 52 inches hip measure.

THE NEW DESIGNS OF LEISURELY NEEDLEWORK FOR LINGERING MIDSUMMER DAYS



Embroidery design 10982



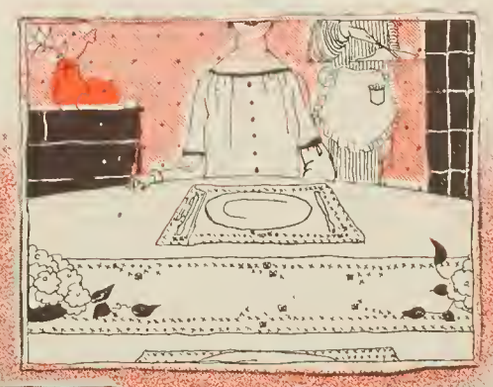
Embroidery design 10981

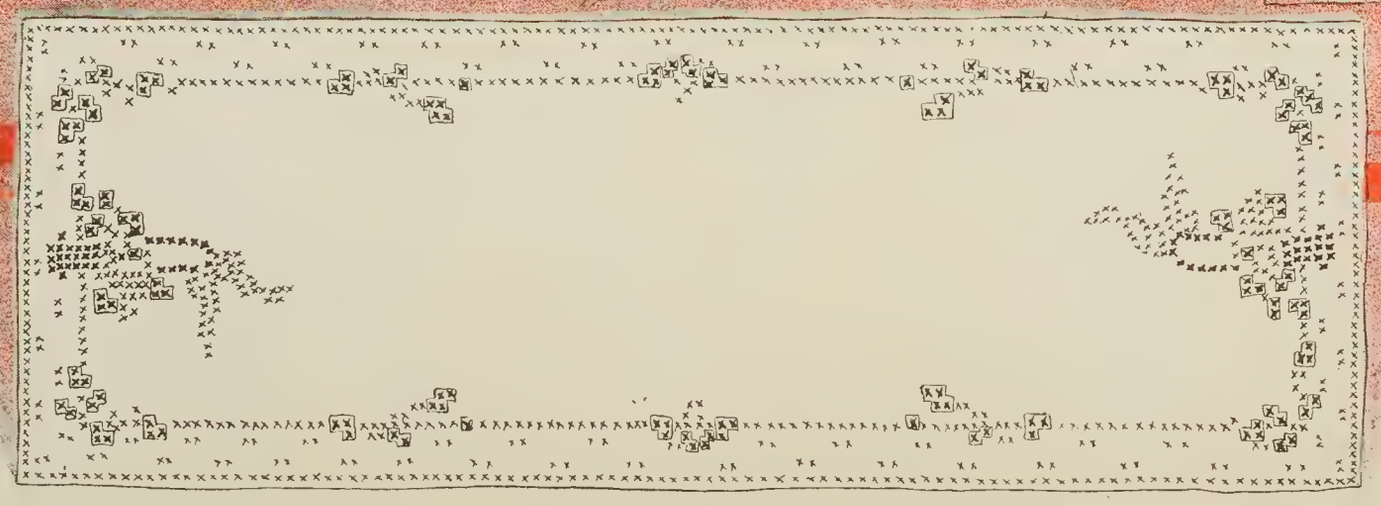
10982—The simple art of appliqué has many stanch supporters; women who are indifferent to tedious embroideries or those too busy to yield the precious minutes of their hours find it the quickest way of putting color on clothes or linens. This design offers a wide variety of fruits and flowers—thoughtful flower-faces, blue bells or graceful poppies, and a French basket full of flowers. The fruit motif is often useful for various household linens. Aprons or house dresses are more becoming with the touch of such flowers, particularly on pockets, and children's clothes need their vivid color. The pocket motifs are used a great deal on children's rompers or dresses. This embroidery is suitable for those bags one finds convenient to have about the house for needlework, odds and ends. They may be worked in outline embroidery if one prefers. This design can be adapted to 1 yard of banding 5⅝ inches wide, 1 yard of banding 2⅝ inches wide, two baskets 9 inches high, four baskets 5¾ inches high, two motifs 6⅜ by 5⅞ inches and six assorted motifs. There is a duplicate of every band and motif to be used for appliqué.

10981—The peasants of continental countries know the worth of color and brighten their clothes with touches of it in the oddest places. If their costumes seem slightly dull, it is customary for them to add a linen apron cross-stitched in red or some similar bright color. Their color combinations are striking reds with blues and greens, or purple, black and red with touches of gold. Modern blouses in peasant style have appropriated some of these same designs for use on their sleeves, around the neck outline, or to make a gay fronting for themselves. This design may be used for the Summer hats to match one's costume. Dresses are the gayer for this touch of color and even coats may adopt it with impunity. The newest Fall dresses particularly emphasize cross-stitch and peasant embroidery for trimming. The design, though appearing formidable enough at a superficial glance, is very easily worked out in peasant embroidery. The design can be adapted to 5¼ yards of banding 5 inches wide, 7¼ yards of banding 2 inches wide, 5⅛ yards of banding 1 inch wide, and three motifs 3⅛ by 1¼ inches.

10980—Cozy, cool porches are urgent invitations to spend long Summer afternoons out there with gay fancy-work, and with languid days upon us there is no more opportune time to begin plans for gifts for Winter bazaars or Christmas. Luncheon-sets are appropriate for such uses. They make a welcome gift to shower the Fall bride, and with formal linens rather in the discard she will need a number of lovely sets. This one in an oblong shape is just the size for the long refectory table and has plate doilies and dainty little square tea-napkins to match. An analysis of the hieroglyphic design embroidered on this set discloses its French basket and flower origin. If one desires, this set can be embroidered in color on linen or linen-finished cottons. Such a design should be worked out in cross-stitch embroidery. The design can be adapted to one scarf 15 by 43 inches, six plate doilies 8 by 13 inches, and six small baskets for use on tea-napkins.

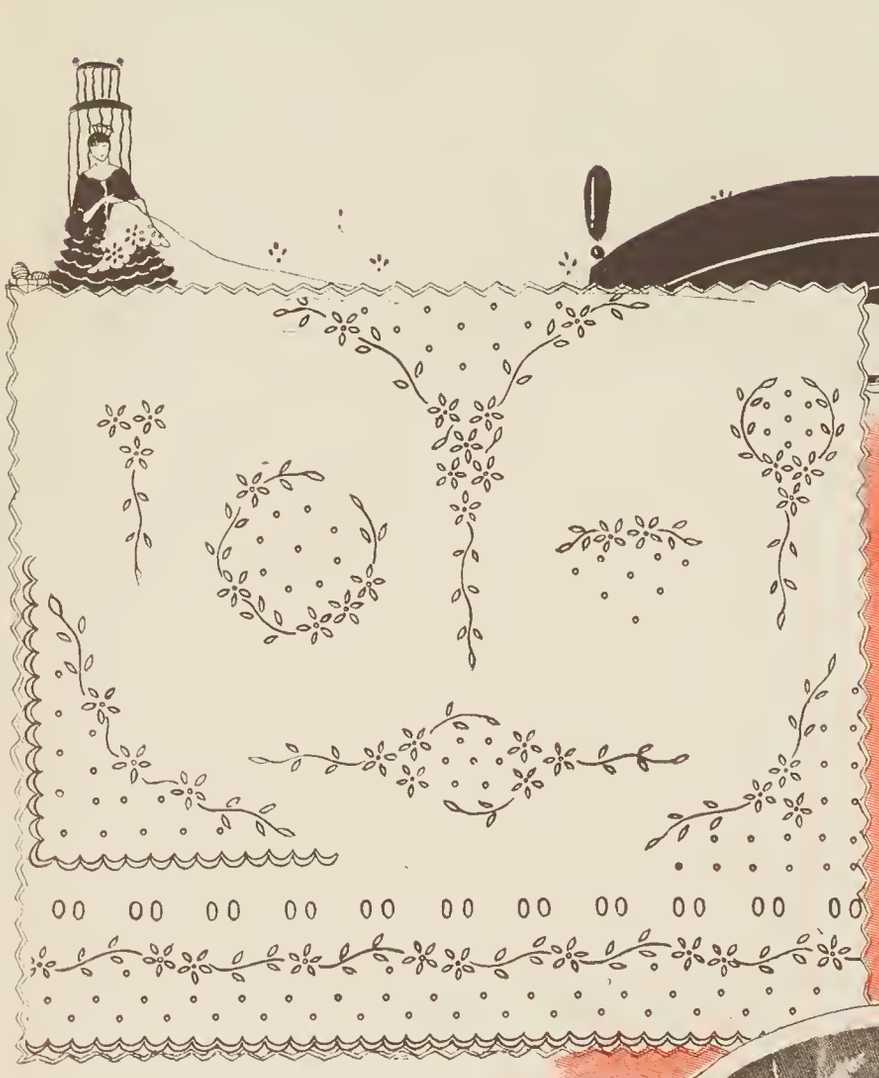




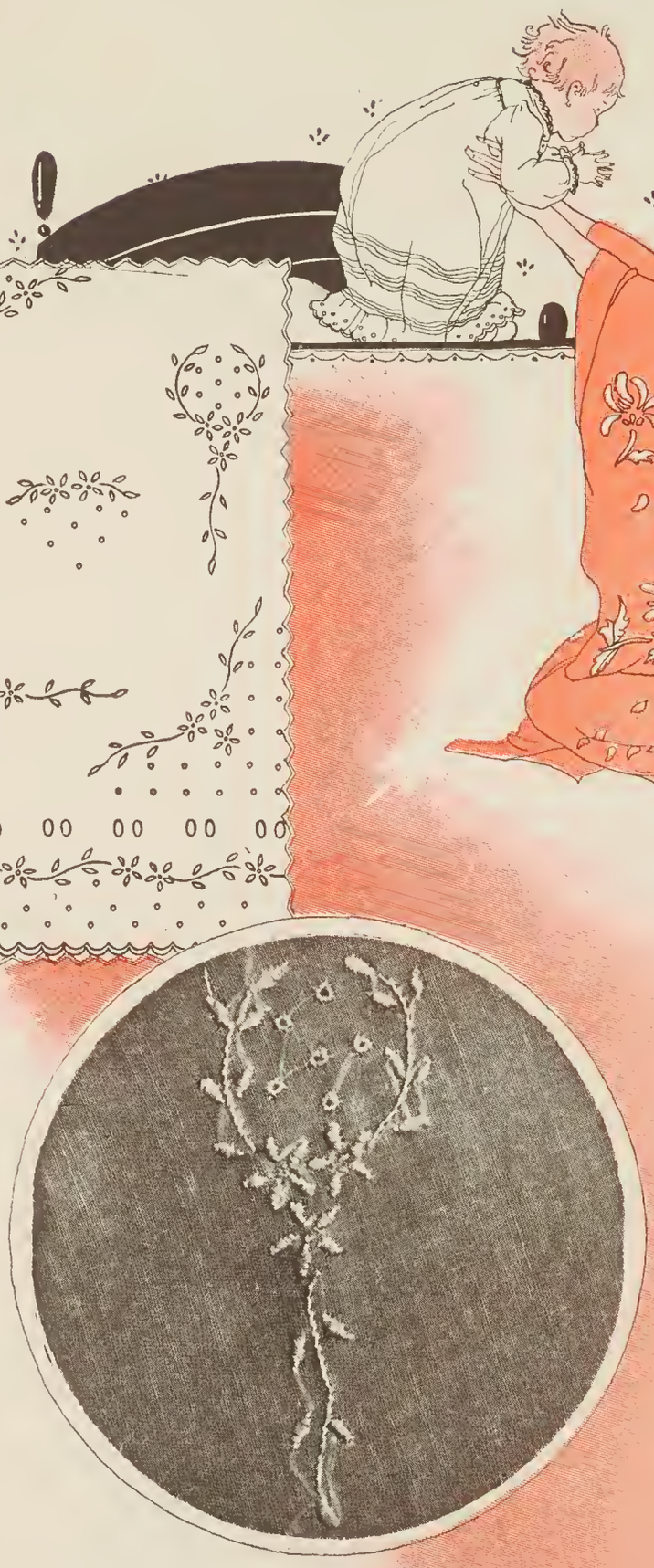


Embroidery design 10980

FLOWERS BLOOM ETERNAL FROM EMBROIDERIES



Embroidery design 10978

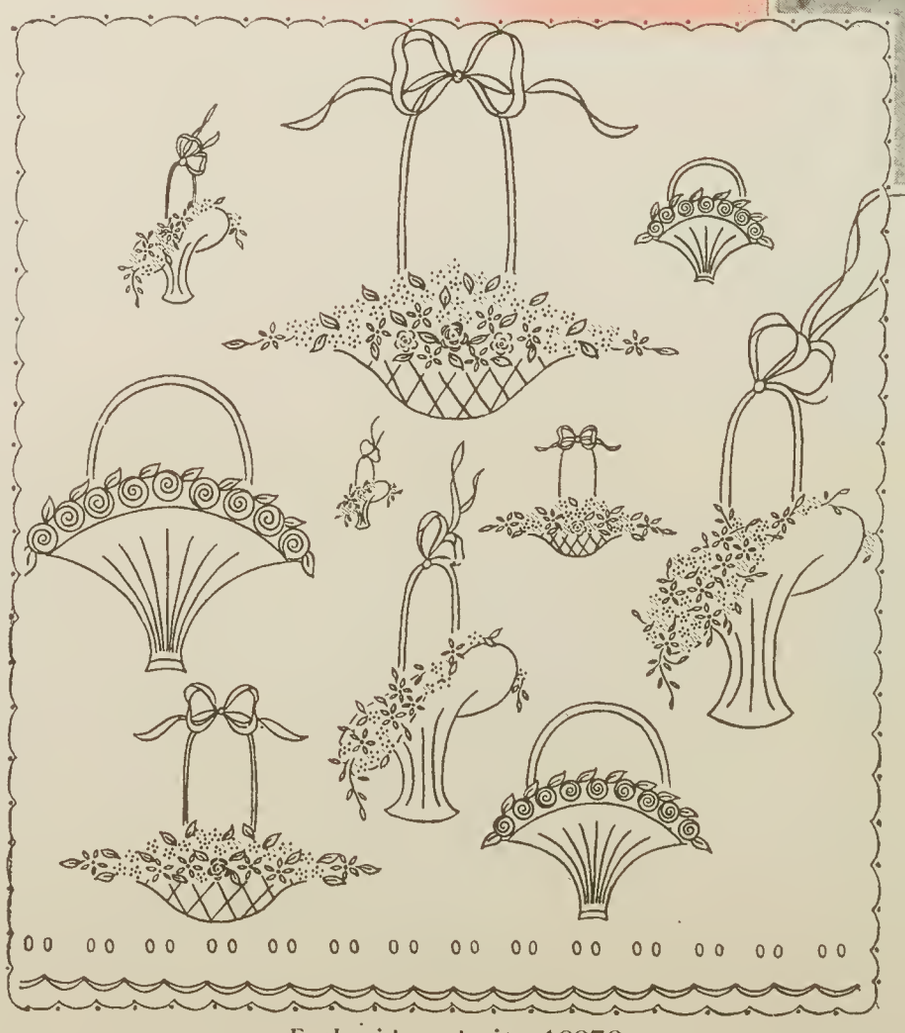






Embroidery design 10983





Embroidery design 10979

10978—Is there a tiny baby in your home? This graceful design of floral sprays is especially for those dainty little dresses, diminutive petticoats, or wee bibs which are a part of infants' belongings. For children of two or three a spray or two embroidered on dress yokes is an exquisitely delicate trimming. One can combine the sprays with scalloping and make one of those dainty boudoir pillows, an acceptable gift for a bride-to-be or the girl who plans to go away to school. Boudoir pincushions can adopt this design with effect and it is fine enough to make excellent trimming for the daintiest French lingerie. To bring this design to its best perfection one uses eyelets, satin-stitch, scalloping and French stemming. Or for the busy housewife who can give only a modicum of her time to these fascinating embroideries, outline or lazy-daisy embroidery is a short cut. The design can be adapted to 1⅝ yard of scallops ⅜ inch in width, 1⅝ yard of scallops and sprays 1¾ inch in width, 6 corners 5⅛ by 7 inches, 1 neck outline, 4 corners 1¼ by 1⅝ inch and 31 assorted sprays.

10983—Familiarity with a comfortable kimono works for naught but everlasting contentment. Since many hours of these warmest days will be spent in this sort of costume, take a thought to its decoration! For ostentatious beauty and great splashes of color, the chrysanthemum is the peer of all floral decorations, and for kimonos or gay negligées it has few dangerous rivals. These flowers have other uses as well, for the motifs of this design may be used with effect on various household linens. Worked with mercerized embroidery cottons in a combination of satin-stitch and seed-stitch, they are beautiful on tableware, and one can picture an exquisite dresser scarf or table-cover adorned with chrysanthemums in bright colors. The newest clothes will witness the inauguration of rich embroidery and flowers are a striking decoration for dresses or blouses. If they are used for this purpose they should be worked in outline embroidery in harmonizing colors. This design can be adapted to 22 assorted sprays and 2 large motifs for the neck of the garment or for the loose panels of a dress.

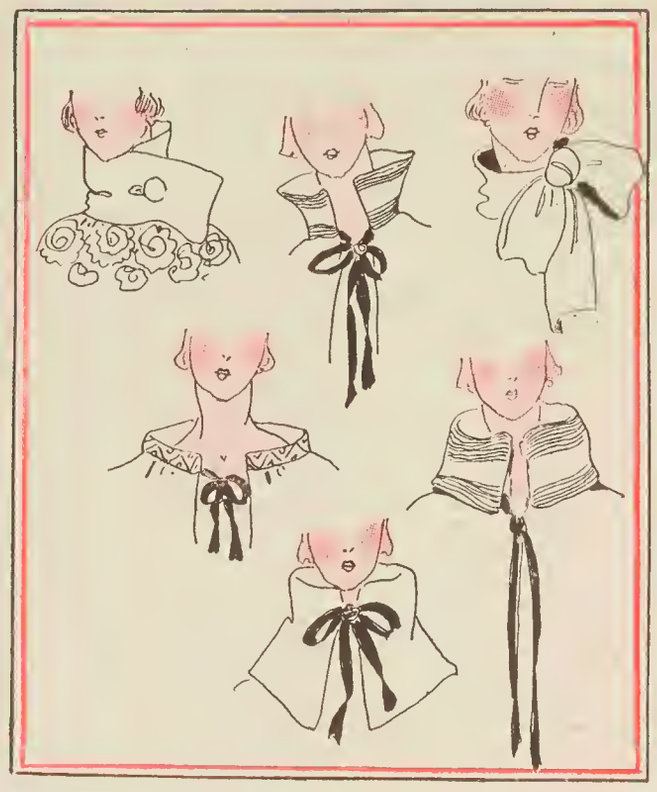
10979—The laggard Summer rose is the *leit motif* for the newest designs in basket flowers. They come in varied and numerous sizes so that one can find a size for any purpose. There are stiff fan-shaped baskets with flowers in formal array, suitable for trimming dresser scarfs or guest-room towels and other household linens. And for table linens there is the conventionalized French basket, bow-tied and spilling over its blossoms from Summer gardens. This style may be combined with a scalloped edging to give a finished effect and worked in outline embroidery, lazy-daisy stitch, French knots and rambler roses. In appliqué this variety of basket is a gay note on children's clothes as a trimming for dress pockets, sunbonnets, rompers, or diminutive aprons. Here is a supreme opportunity to cater to a child's love of color and, if she is old enough, to teach her the art of appliqué. The low, long-handled carrier for midsummer posies makes a bright decoration in beading for blouses. If one uses beads an assortment of vivid colors in harmonizing combinations is possible. This design can be adapted to 3¼ yards of scallops 1 inch wide and 1⅝ yard of beading with 25 baskets in 14 assorted sizes and designs.

MIDSUMMER SEWING FOLLOWS THE SHORT CIRCUIT OF THE DELTOR

BY ELEANOR CHALMERS

SUMMER sewing is quite unlike the sewing of any other season. It must be either the pick-up work that you can swing along with you in a gay bag on your arm, against the hour when you find yourself the fifth hand in a bridge game, or it must be a much-needed frock or wrap that spurs you to work while the rest of your world is playing. In the latter case you want something that goes quickly and looks delightful when it's finished, preferably a slip-on dress with two seams, no sleeves and the present unadorned neckline.

YOU can get an immense amount of effect with very little work with the new printed materials, thin silks and voiles mostly in very large designs of black (sometimes with orange), coral red, jade green or Chinese blue on a white ground. These dresses are made with wide sleeves of white Georgette for the silks and of white voile for the cottons, and with white panels cut longer than the dress and headed with fabric roses. It is astonishing how easily they are made, for, of course, the machine-hemstitcher will finish the panels with picot, and also the neck and sleeves, though in the French dresses the neck is usually bound to make it look a little more important. It keeps its shape better, too. The binding is very narrow and the Deltor shows how to put it on and also how to make the charming fabric flowers. These simple, easily made dresses are a godsend when the unexpected invitation comes over the phone or by radio, and you find to your dismay that you haven't exactly the right thing, that distressing zero hour that strikes so often even when women have extensive wardrobes, and which one can offset so readily with two or three yards of a Summer tissue and a few hours of light sewing.



THERE is another Summer style that comes under the "sewing-made-simple" category. It is what I call the strap-hanging fashion, though strap has rather a hard, misleading sound, for the narrow panels are fluttering and weightless and are used on skirts and on dresses from neck to hem. They are also used to make long, caught-in sleeves. These panels furnish the whole trimming of the dress and yet are no more work than sewing on a ribbon.

SUMMER evening capes are usually straight, and in the unlined silk crêpes your faithful hemstitcher again takes them off your hands, returning them to you with their pointed outlines picoted like the frilled edge of a clove pink, while you, in the meantime, have made the great fabric roses of the collar from a few twists of the silk crêpe. The two meet in the pleasantest way, and you have a wrap of distinction and elegance with little effort. The Paris dressmakers use these fabric flowers almost altogether for the collars of their capes, and the Deltor shows the French trick of making them.

THERE are two new notes in the Summer fashions that repeat themselves with an insistence that merits notice. One is the dress draped on the left hip. There are a number of versions of it, some simpler and easier to wear than others, but all of them with a fresh look that goes with an entirely new style and one that promises a radical change. For if the draped fashions are generally accepted, it may mean a gradual drawing away from the extreme simplicity and almost careless type of dress that came in with the war, and a return to the greater elegance of prewar days.

The other change in style to which I referred is less radical, for it is applied to the present styles of slip-on dresses, blouses and skirts. It is the Russian side closing and it is made emphatic by cross-stitch embroidery, buttons, soutache braiding or flat braid, or bands of contrasting color or of a contrasting material. It is extremely smart and distinctly new.

WRITE TO ELEANOR CHALMERS WHENEVER YOU ARE IN DOUBT

Eleanor Chalmers will be glad to answer any question in connection with dressmaking or tailoring. State your difficulty as fully as you can and write to her, care of THE DELINEATOR, New York. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her answer.

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I think the Deltor is wonderful, but there is something wrong with the pattern. I measure thirty-six bust, but the pattern is too small for me across the bust. A size thirty-eight is too large all over. What is the trouble? C. L.

FROM your description of your difficulty your bust is apparently large in proportion to your bust measure. Your back is probably narrow and your bust a little full in proportion. In cases where the bust is only slightly out of proportion an alteration can be made at the underarm seams when you try on your lining, waist, etc. If the bust is unusually large, the alteration must be made in the pattern before you cut your good material. You will find instructions and illustrations showing the proper way to alter a pattern for your type of figure on page 26 of "The New Dressmaker."

The right size pattern fits the figure of average proportions, but when the figure is out of proportion at any point—it might be full in the bust, broad across the back, or the shoulders might be round or too square or too sloping—alteration must be made to fit the individual figure. The alterations of every type of figure which varies from the average are given in Chapters 4 and 5 of "The New Dressmaker."

MY DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I bought five yards of crêpe de Chine for a dress and when I cut it out following the Deltor I had a yard and a half left.

F. S.

YOU ought never to buy your material till you have bought your pattern. The pattern will tell you just how much you will need and it will always save a considerable amount over the estimate you yourself would make. Furthermore until you have bought the pattern you do not know what width of material you can use satisfactorily. Some widths are not recommended at all on certain patterns because they would piece badly, and the piecing would come in an ugly and conspicuous place. Other widths would be unnecessarily wide and would waste good material and are therefore not recommended. Always buy your pattern first.



MY DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I am a dressmaker and have received a number of circulars in regard to the new Deltor pattern. I really do not see how it could help me as I draft my own patterns and, of course, know all about putting together and finishing. However, I would be very grateful for your candid opinion of it.

P. G.

IF YOU are a good dressmaker, your time is much too valuable to spend drafting patterns when you can get them for all the new French fashions in the accurate guaranteed form, and at a very low price. The same thing is true with the amount of time saved by the Deltor layouts. If you are not sufficiently experienced to draft a good pattern, you not only waste your time in trying to do so, but you run the very great risk of ruining your customer's material.

As to finishing, unless you are in a position actually to examine and handle the new French models you can not keep in touch with the little changes that come each season. The Deltor gives you information in regard to every new style which you can not possibly get short of a trip to Paris.

THE DELTOR HERE AND THERE

IN ALLIGATOR, MISSISSIPPI

A WOMAN came to a Butterick pattern department with a pattern which she had purchased through a newspaper in a little town in Mississippi. The style was smart and pretty, but the pattern called for 6½ yards of 36-inch material. The woman had read somewhere that the Butterick pattern with the Deltor took a very small amount of material and she came to the department to see if she could do any better with a Deltor. She was going to use a very fine French voile that cost a dollar and a quarter a yard.

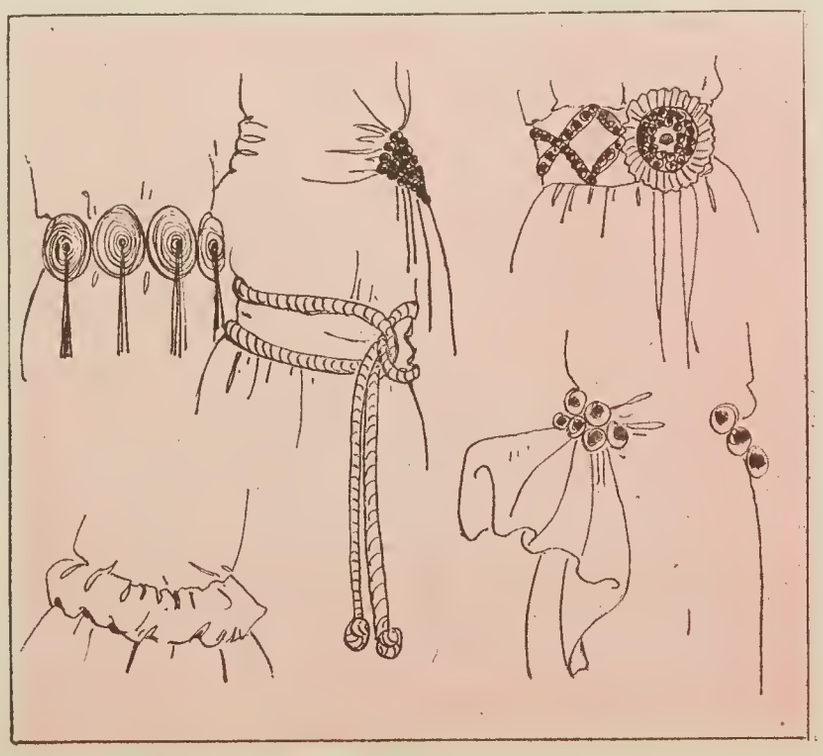
The saleswoman found a Butterick pattern of the same style and on consulting the table of quantities found that it took 3¼ yards of 36-inch material and 1¾ yards of the same width for trimming, 5 yards in all. The woman took the pattern with the Deltor but also bought 6 yards of material—"just to be on the safe side," as she expressed it. She came in a few days later looking a little rueful.

"I saved 63 cents," she said, "but I might have saved over $1.88 if I hadn't bought that extra yard. It didn't seem possible, but you can do it with the Deltor."

FROM HOFEIHSIEN-ANHWEI, CHINA

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: In the January DELINEATOR I notice your comments on young women and the Deltor. It may be both youthful and American to like your new patterns, but my observation is limited to a Chinese man of at least forty, my tailor. His experience has been limited to a dozen women living in this remote corner of the world.

I will confess to not knowing of this new method in Butterick patterns until, after an unusually quiet and efficient day's work, my tailor said: "This is truly a wonderful thing." I paused to see what the new wonder was, and behold, the last pattern I had brought from Shanghai had this



picture sheet which as the tailor said, "All you have to do is look at it." In addition to being a mere man and a Chinese, our tailor happens to be deaf, and it goes without saying that the instructions we Americans give in the Chinese language are very easy to misunderstand. So after a five years' struggle to make clothes as they should be when we don't know ourselves, both the tailor and I rejoice in the pattern with the picture sheet.

"Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," overlooked Butterick patterns and my Chinese tailor.

Cordially yours,

(MRS.) —— ——

FROM FIFTH AVENUE AND THE FIFTIES

A YOUNG saleswoman came to a Butterick pattern counter for a pattern. Later she came back. It seemed her sister, who worked in a Fifth Avenue dressmaking establishment, was going to help her with the dress.

"We didn't use the Deltor layouts," she said, "because, of course, my sister thought she could cut as close as any one. She cut part of the dress her own way and then found she didn't have enough for the rest. I had to buy 2 yards and 7 inches more. Would you believe it? My sister looked at the Deltor afterward and she said it was wonderful, and that it must have taken some one hours to study out that arrangement of the pattern pieces so that you saved all that goods. She said the Deltor showed how to make a new French trimming that they were using on their afternoon dresses and that if she ever went into business for herself she'd use the Deltor. It would save her so much work."

THE HAIR-FREE COIFFURE AND ITS AFTERMATH



Photo from Underwood and Underwood

Mlle. Gisèle de Ryeux has followed the American fashion of bobbed hair to which is lent a certain Parisian sophistication and elegance by the pronounced artificiality of its wave



Photo from Underwood and Underwood

For a face and forehead of almost perfect beauty, and hair not too pale in color, is the coiffure drawn back from the forehead and tossed lightly into short curls at the back of the head. By Simon of Paris



Photo from Underwood and Underwood

A classical coiffure that makes the most of beautiful hair is parted at the side, waved softly, curled about the face and pinned with a carved shell at the back of the head. By Simon, Paris



Photo from Underwood and Underwood

A hair-dressing for hair that has been bobbed and is growing again reveals the lovely outline of the head. It is softly waved across the brow and curled at the sides and back. The coiffure is by Simon of Paris



Photo by The White Studio

The short cut is usually an experimental matter. The length and arrangement must suit the face and straight hair in most cases must be curled. For Grace La Rue in "The Blue Kitten" the hair is curled in short baby-like curls



Photo from Underwood and Underwood

Hair that is "going up" after being cut off in its youth takes naturally to a psyche-like knot of curls at the back of the head. For most women the hair has more light and beauty if it is slightly waved. Coiffure by Simon, Paris



Dressing-sack 3164 Negligée 3388 Kimono 3092 Embroidery design 10983 Negligée 2929 Negligée 3210 Breakfast coat 2973 Embroidery design 10812

NEGLIGÉES OF LACE, SILK OR SHEER COTTONS ARE CLAIMANTS TO BEAUTY

3164—Most delectable for these hot Summer mornings when never a breeze stirs the air are lacy dressing-sacks, tied with ribbon bows. This one-piece sack is so easy to make and requires so little material that it should find a welcome place in any feminine wardrobe. It is most convenient for various emergencies, for it can be slipped on hastily over the top of slips or underthings. Make it of materials like cotton crêpe, cotton voile, dotted swiss, lawn, crêpe de Chine, wash silk, crêpe meteor, soft taffeta, figured silks, challis, etc.

A 36 bust will require 1½ yard of all-over lace 40 inches wide with ribbon for tying.

The dressing-sack is soft and dainty for ladies 32 to 48 inches bust measure.

3388—The soft lines of a draped negligée are first aid to those who desire to forget the milestones of the years. And how comfortable it is during warm August weather to slip on this delicate garment for intimate evenings at home! A dainty picoting outlines the edges of this one-piece negligée and one may wear either a cord or a novelty chain and stone girdle. It slips on over the head and has the popular bateau neck outline. Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, novelty silks, or cotton voile are suitable materials to use. The lower edge of the negligée measures about 55 inches,

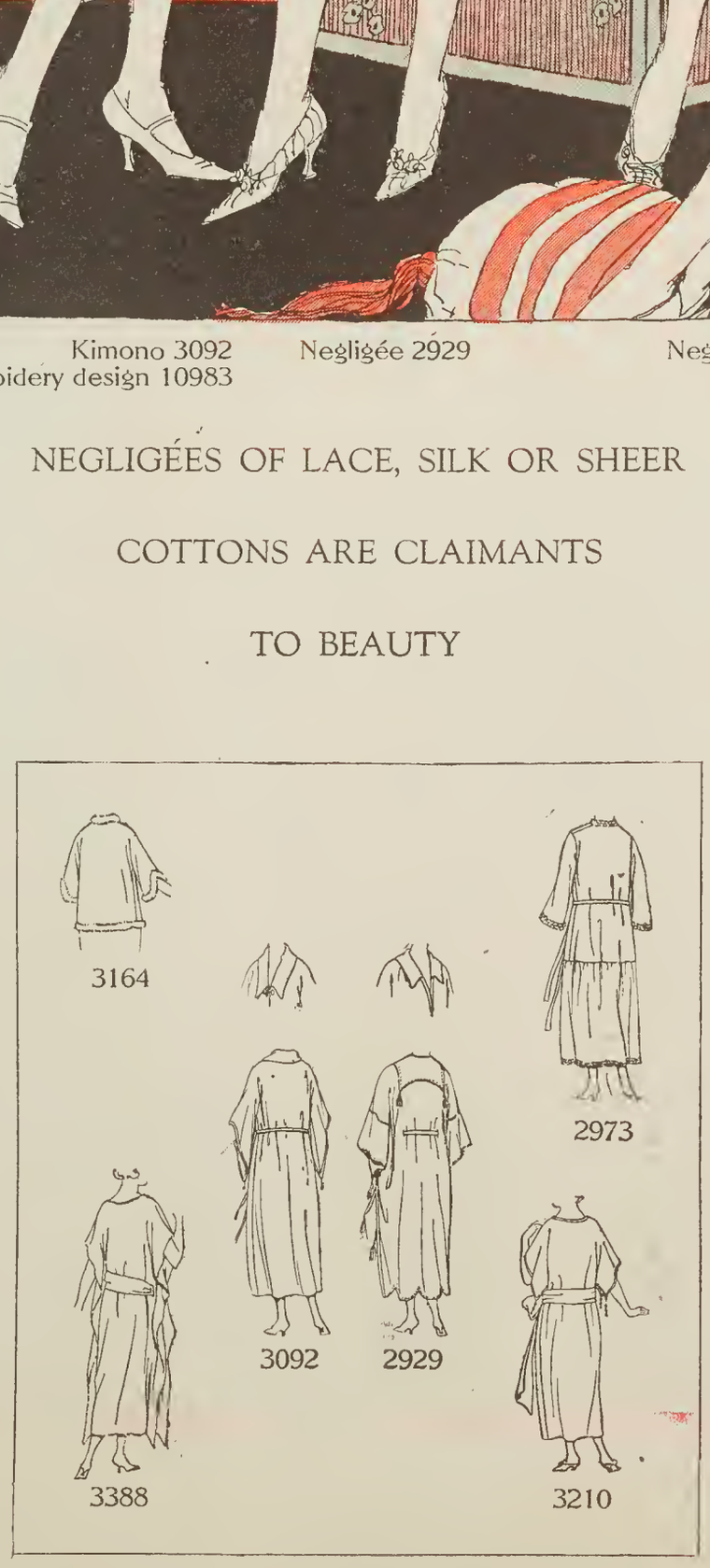
A 36 bust will require 3⅛ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide.

The negligée is appropriate for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust.

3092—10983—The bluest of the blues can be scattered if one starts her day in a bright kimono splashed over with vivid chrysanthemums. The flowers are a gay design. Work them in a combination of satin-stitch and seed-stitch or outline embroidery. If one prefers a dressing-sack, this long kimono may be cut in shorter length. Make it of crêpe de Chine, wash silk, silk mull, soft taffeta, figured silks, cotton crêpe, cotton voile, dotted swiss, corduroy, challis, quilted satin or similar material.

A 36 bust requires 3¾ yards of china silk 32 to 36 inches wide and ⅞ yard of contrasting-color china silk 36 inches wide. The lower edge of the kimono is about 1¾ yard.

The kimono or dressing-sack is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



2929—Such a piquant little negligée reminiscent of one's bridal lingerie! The fabric dares to adopt fringe for trimming, and tiny ribbon rosebuds decorate the pocket and short sleeves and negligently appear again on the front of the negligée. The belt which pulls through and ties at the front prevents that bulky, untidy appearance and insures a neater fit for fastidious persons. Use crêpe de Chine, wash silk, wash satin, silk mull, taffeta, cotton crêpe, cotton voile or dotted swiss, etc., for this type.

A 36 bust requires 3¼ yards of taffeta 40 inches wide. The lower edge measures about 2 yards.

The negligée is very attractive for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

3210—Bobbed hair beauty attracts unto itself bright silks and iridescent batiks in Oriental tones. Other styles of beauty as well can indulge a passion for color in the riotous-hued silk and gay ribbon of this one-piece negligée. The girdle decides upon the fate of the sleeve and cuts its width at a comfortable point for the waistline, and the binding of the neck, sleeves and hem repeats the girdle's color. For this negligée use cotton crêpe, cotton voile, dotted swiss, crêpe de Chine, wash silk, wash satin, taffeta, silk mull or Georgette.

A 36 bust requires 3 yards of figured silk 36 to 40 inches wide and 3½ yards of ribbon 6 inches wide. The lower edge of the negligée measures about 1¾ yard.

The negligée is stunning for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust.

2973—10812—What a temptation to sit on a cushion and dream away the Summer hours in a breakfast coat so light and airy. The straight flounce lends a little weight and ruffles, and ribbons are distinctive trimming. Color is introduced in the appliquéd flowers. It is possible to work this design in braiding, outline or satin-stitch embroidery. One can also use this as a negligée. Use crêpe de Chine, taffeta, washable silk, corduroy, cotton voile, dotted swiss, lawn or fine cotton crêpe. The lower edge is about 2 yards.

A 36 bust requires 3⅝ yards of 36-inch dotted swiss and 1 yard of plain material 40 inches wide.

The breakfast coat or negligée is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

THE ANIMAL HOSPITAL

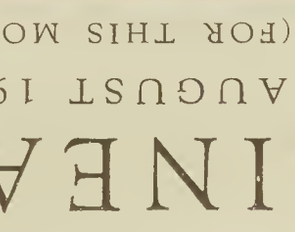
TOLD TO OTHER DOGS BY WAGS HIMSELF

WOOF! Woof! Fellows, I've been a-visiting the S. P. C. A. Animal Hospital in New York City. And woof, fellows, it's great!

When I saw that big brick building with my own shiny black eyes, woof! fellows, my chest swelled with pride, and I wriggled all over my shiny black self, and stuck my tail high in the air (it's two whole inches long).

Bow wow, fellows, those

Photo courtesy S. P. C. A.



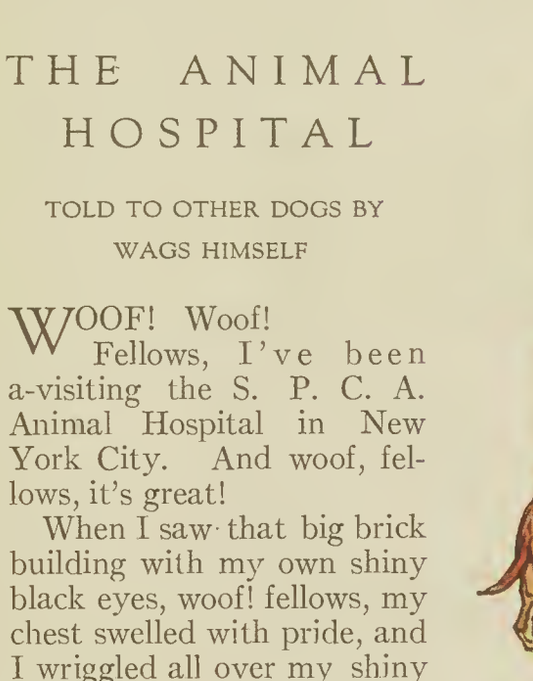
When I saw that big building, my chest swelled with pride

halls smelled as clean as any people's hospital. One door said "No Admittance," but it didn't say "No Sniffing," so I took a smell. Woof, fellows, you ought to have heard all the talking inside—dog talk, I mean. One deep bark growled: *"Let me out! Let me out!"* One little screechy bark cried: "Bow wow! Bring on the grub! Bow wow! Bring on the grub!" Another one called: "Put me to sleep! Put me to sleep!"

You see, fellows, that's the room where dogs stay until the Hospital puts them to sleep so they won't wake up. You know how it is yourself, fellows. When you're so sick something hurts you all the time, and you'll never get well, or when nobody loves you and you haven't any warm home, and you just wander around the streets till your poor ribs stick out, why, then any dog would rather a kind man would put him to sleep. That's what the Hospital will do for you. The doctor puts something over your nose and you take a deep breath and doze off nice and quiet, and never, never wake up again.

Then, woof! woof! I trip-trip-trot-

Photo courtesy S. P. C. A.



Then I saw the beds for sick dogs, only they were clean little kennels



I watched the dogs cutting up high jinks on the roof

trot-trotted up a nice clean stairway to a nice clean waiting-room. Well, bow wow! then Doctor Little came in. And woof, fellows, the minute I sniffed that man, I stopped feeling scared. He's just the kind of human us fellows are crazy about.

Doctor Little had on a clean white coat and clean white pants and rubber gloves, because he had been operating. And he took me in the operating-room.

There was a glass case full of shiny clean steel instruments for the doctor to use, like in a people's hospital. There was lots of clean cotton, too, with no germs.

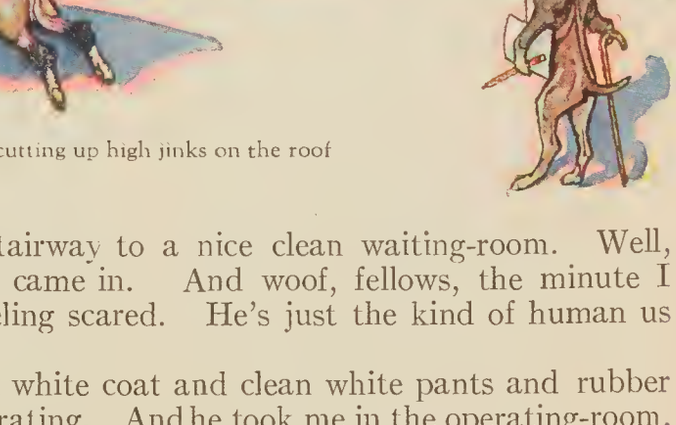
Bow wow! Then I saw the beds for sick dogs, only they were clean little kennels in a row, with grated doors. Each patient had clean sawdust to lie on, and a white basin of clean water. And fellows, there was a row of kennels with sick cats too. I barked to them how sorry I felt about chasing them up trees.

But, woof! woof! that's not all. Not by a long tail! Doctor Little took me to a big clean room full of big clean horses. Every patient had a stall to himself, and straw to sleep on. I yelped to them I was sorry about snapping at their heels so much and they said: "Oh, that was all right, Wags."

Well, then, woof! woof! I watched the dogs exercising and cutting up high jinks on the roof. They go there to get the air every day if they're not too sick, just like people patients in a people's hospital.

Now boys, let's bark a yell for the S. P. C. A. Hospital. All together now, fellows:

Bow wow! Woof! Woof!
Woof! Woof! Bow wow!
Yippety-yip, yippety yay!
S. P. C. A.! S. P. C. A.!
Wow-w-w-w!



Now boys, let's bark a yell for the S. P. C. A. Hospital

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

AUGUST 1922

EDITOR (FOR THIS MONTH)—WAGS



DOG-DAY NUMBER

LOOK AT THE COVER OF THE BIG DELINEATOR AND THEN LOOK AT THIS



AUGUST

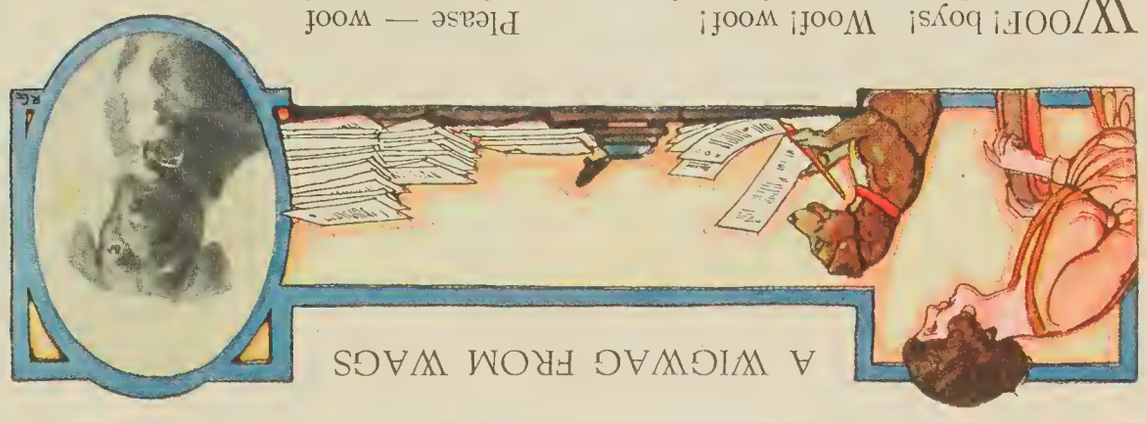
Ah, these days are the very best—
Under the trees we dream and rest,
Grass smells sweet and the breeze smells warm,
Up, high up, goes a blackbird swarm!
See in the leaves how the sky shines through!
These are the days I love—don't you?

WOOF! boys! Woof! woof!
Woof! girls! Woof! woof!

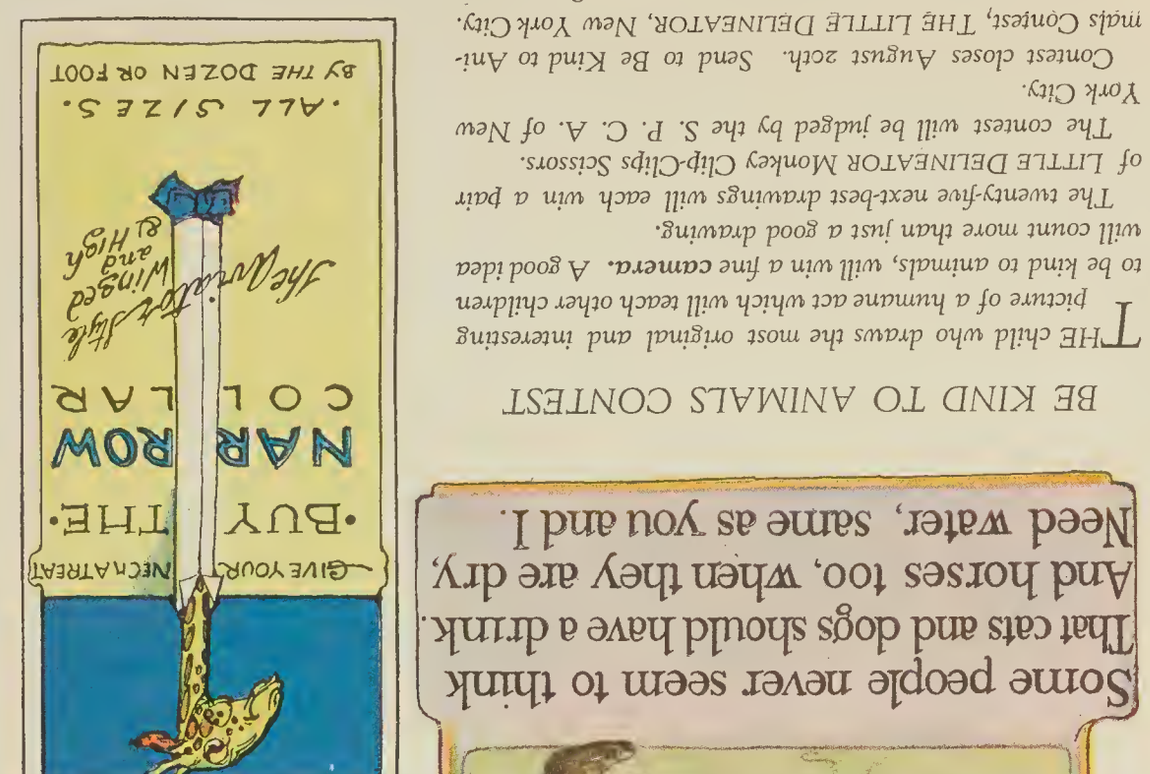
I'm Wags. I'm a flop-eared, wiggle-nosed, stumpy-tailed, shiny-eyed, slick, slippery little black mutt dog. When your Editor said to me: "Wags, darling, will you kindly have the kindness to be Editor of my dog-day LITTLE DELINEATOR for this month, why, I just wiggled and I wriggled and I waggled and I snaggled (that's dog language for smile) and barked "Yes!" Please — woof — please — woof —please write to me ALL about your pet dog or pet cat or pet-any-animal. I'll wiggle and I'll wriggle and I'll waggle and I'll snaggle (Do you remember what that means in dog language?) and then I'll write you a funny little bow-wow dog answer. First read what your Editor says at the bottom of page seven.

Woof! Woof! Woof!
Bow! Wow! Wow!
Write, write, write to Wags.

(Editor for this month.)



A WIGWAG FROM WAGS



THE SAND-NEST

PAINTED BY VIRGINIE DEMONT-BRETON

DOESN'T it make you feel cool just to look at this picture? Aren't the three little children having a good time? All this warm Summer morning they have been running and digging and building their little sand-nest. At last it is finished, and now they sit inside and cool off in the breeze and laugh and wiggle their toes in the wet squ-ushy sand.

The ocean splashes loud and cool on the shore. The spray sprinkles the children's faces. A breeze is blowing the sand. It says: "*Sh-sh-sh!*" The sun is shining and the sky is blue. The three little children feel happy because no storm is coming to knock down their dear little sand-nest.

What do you think they are pretending? Maybe they are pretending they are "Rub-a-dub-dub, Three Men in a Tub." Or maybe they are pretending the sand-nest is a robin's nest, high up in a tree, and they are Father Robin and Mother Robin and Baby Robin, and the sound of the green water is the sound of green leaves rustling in the forest breeze, saying: "*Sh-sh-sh-sh! Sh-sh-sh-sh!*"

BE KIND TO ANIMALS CONTEST

THE child who draws the most original and interesting picture of a humane act which will teach other children to be kind to animals, will win a fine **camera.** A good idea will count more than just a good drawing.

The twenty-five next-best drawings will each win a pair of LITTLE DELINEATOR Monkey Clip-Clips Scissors.

The contest will be judged by the S. P. C. A. of New York City.

Contest closes August 20th. Send to Be Kind to Animals Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York City.









WHY DOGS SNIFF

BY ELSIE SPICER EELLS

ONCE upon a time there was a dinner-party. All the dogs were invited, and all the dogs accepted the invitation. There were big dogs and little dogs and middle-sized dogs. There were black dogs and white dogs and brown dogs and yellow dogs and gray dogs and spotted dogs. There were dogs with long tails and dogs with short tails and dogs with no tails at all. There were dogs with long pointed noses and dogs with short, fat, turn-up noses. All these dogs came to the party.

The dinner was most wonderful. All the good things to eat were spread out on the rocks by the sea. There was a gay, sparkling little brook which brought water to drink. The sun was shining and a soft, gentle little breeze was blowing. Everything seemed perfect.

Now it happened that there was a cross, fussy old dog who came to that dinner-party. She was a yellow dog, they say. Nothing ever suited her. Whenever she went to a party, she always found fault with something. Sometimes there was not enough to eat and sometimes there was too much. Sometimes the hot things were not hot enough and the cold things were not cold enough. Sometimes the hot things were so hot that they burned her mouth and the cold things so cold that they gave her indigestion. There was always something wrong.

At this dinner-party, however, there was not too much to eat and there was too little. The hot things were just hot enough and the cold things were just cold enough. Everything seemed to be exactly as it should be.

"How good everything tastes!" said a big black dog between polite mouthfuls.



"There isn't any pepper," she whined

"Everything is seasoned exactly right," remarked the black-and-white-spotted dog between mouthfuls that were too big to be polite.

It was too bad he said that. For the cross, fussy yellow dog heard it, and she immediately began to think there was something wrong with the seasoning.

"There isn't any pepper," she whined. "Will somebody please pass the pepper?"

All the black dogs and white dogs and brown dogs and yellow dogs fell over each other trying to find the pepper to pass. There was not a single bit of pepper at that dinner-party.

"I'll go into the city and get some pepper," said one of the dogs, and he went so fast nobody ever knew which dog it was. The dog that went into the city to get the pepper never came back. Nobody ever heard what became of him.



So when two dogs meet, they sniff

So now whenever two dogs meet they always sniff at each other. They sniff to see whether the other is the dog who went to the city. If he is, they'll smell the pepper.

MOVE OVER, WAGS!

MOVE over, Wags, and give **me** *a little room to talk. Listen, children: The Big* DELINEATOR *has spent* **one thousand** *dollars since* THE LITTLE DELINEATOR *began, just for stamps on the letters I write to you!* **One Thousand Dollars!** *So the Big* DELINEATOR *asked if each one of you would mind sending an envelope with a two-cent stamp on it, addressed to yourself. Then I'll slip my answer inside and mail it to you. So, please, please remember that, when you write to Wags or to your editor—Harriet Ide Eager.*





Edited by
MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University



WOMEN, under the adversity of war, united in community service. Community projects were staged in order sooner to effect relief. The power of social organization was tremendously effective in comparison to the haphazard every-woman-for-herself effort to conserve food, to release men for war, to raise funds for relief. Personalities were lost in the bigness of the job. Women treated each other without respect to religion, wealth or politics.

When the war ceased, many women dropped their community canning and knitting, and even their conserving. Some spent money to make up for lost time. They went back to their household group and to their social life even though Europe was starving.

Compensation for sacrifice of life and wealth is still necessary. Does it need the shock of war to arouse social responsibility or is the welfare of the living enough to insure moral preparedness? When individuals are interested in each other, there can be group action to effect a large program. Was the splendid community spirit developed by women during the war only a "flash in the pan" to die out without permanent benefits?

Well equipped mentally and with more leisure than men, with the discipline of wartime experiences, can they find in peace a satisfying scope for community action? Without an altogether acknowledged field in the business and political world, perhaps women have in reserve a large responsibility for community housekeeping.

The home is a household group brought together by the need of shelter, food and clothing. The community is where the household group lives. The levels of good health and moral standards are determined not by the household alone but by the community. An individual household may be clean, moral and intellectual, but if its neighbor is not, the level is determined by the weaker neighbor.

There are peace measures loudly clamoring for championship. What are women doing to make a more efficient and economical use of the money they pay as school tax? Is the property turned over to school boards used for the best civic and social purposes, and are the boys and girls receiving a square deal at the hands of the school board and teacher?

Community insurance may be in the form of a well-ordered playground for boys and girls whose back yards will not admit of tennis-courts and ball games.

Community action will hold business at home, standardize goods, minimize the difficulties of distribution by united and trained demand. It is a matter of systematic cooperation of the buying world.

The social spirit in some communities cries for the housing of community exhibits, child-study clubs, arts and crafts, games, associated charities, clinics, day-nurseries, music, libraries and restrooms. This is a community colosseum for the use of the big family.

The peace program for community action is to build health in babies, to make conditions right for rational social standards in youth, to replace ugliness by beauty and filth by cleanliness.

THE DELINEATOR wants to know what its readers are doing for community housekeeping.

Martha Van Rensselaer

THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT

WHAT TO CAN IN AUGUST

THIS is a between-seasons month for canning in many sections.

Where crops are rotated, a second planting of string-beans and peas will be ready for canning. A pea purée is a handy mixture for soup-making. The beets and carrots will need continual thinning and the smaller ones may be canned as they are ready.

Okra is ready for canning this month.

Some vegetable soup may be made from late string-beans, peas, carrots, early corn, tomatoes, cabbage and okra. This may be canned with or without meat stock and rice.

Those who are very fond of Summer squash may wish to can a few jars of this vegetable.

Early corn will be ready to can. Try a few jars "on the ear" for a real Winter's treat.

The surplus of ripening tomatoes will make a few cans. This vegetable is particularly valuable for its rich vitamin contents and a large supply should be preserved. Consult the canning budget.

Some Swiss chard may be put down in salt as well as canned.

Late raspberries and early varieties of peaches make delicious conserves and marmalades if not in prime condition for canning. Don't overlook canning some raspberry-juice.

Plums are in season for canning, spicing, preserves, plum butter, plum jelly and candied plums for Christmas puddings.

Can some huckleberries with tart apple or rhubarb for flavor.

Pears make their first appearance. Canned baked pears are much more delicious than plain canned pears.

The first Fall apples make their appearance in August. Windfalls make excellent jelly. Start the Christmas-gift glasses now. Add a geranium leaf, a slice of cherry, a tiny spray of currants or a sweet-clove blossom for decoration and flavor.

TRAVEL ETIQUETTE No. II

TO TALK OR NOT TO TALK

HOLDING a small child's hand in one of her own and a huge valise in the other, an elderly woman struggled down the station platform. A young man bound for the same train raised his hat and said, "Won't you let me carry your bag, madam? I am taking this train too."

And then a flush crept over his face; he hung his head and stepped back from her humiliated. The woman had stared at him angrily and continued on her way without saying a word.

Somewhere that woman had heard that one should never speak to a strange man. She did not know that the most fundamental of all rules of etiquette is that a well-meant act must always be received with courtesy.

When in doubt it is better to speak kindly to some one who intends to insult you than to risk insulting some one who means to be kind. Even the man who offers some service from obviously flirtatious motives will almost always stop annoying the woman who says politely but firmly, "Thank you, I do not need help."

Of course a woman should never enter into conversation with a strange man and it is safer for a young girl not to talk with a strange woman; but polite thanks and conversation are two entirely different things.

No one should ever allow a stranger to pay for anything for him. But it is perfectly good form for a strange man to offer a woman some slight service such as help in raising a stiff window, or, when a porter is not at hand, in carrying a heavy bag. She may refuse this help if she likes or she may accept it, but whichever she does she must thank him politely. Conversation beyond a word of thanks is not called for.

Custom dictates that even on long journeys travelers on trains should remain as complete strangers to each other as travelers on street-cars. Common sense, however, should govern individual modifications of this rule.

On shipboard it is customary for fellow travelers to introduce themselves to each other if they wish to do so; when they are seated at the same table for all their meals it is almost necessary to do this. However, even on shipboard a woman does not get into conversations with men whom she has not met. Some man in her party or some woman with whom she has become acquainted should introduce her to any men with whom she may wish to chat.

At large hotels fellow guests are supposed to remain strangers to each other unless they are introduced by a common acquaintance or the hotel manager. They may ask the hotel manager to introduce them, if they like. Here again, however, common sense may be the guide. There is no point in refraining week after week from speaking to fellow guests who look congenial and who, you think, would find you so. A polite "good morning" or a comment on the weather may gradually be extended as time goes by, until a very pleasant acquaintance has been formed in spite of the fact that no introductions have been made.

Fellow guests at hotels in the country or at resorts (unless they are large and exclusive) customarily exchange courteous greetings when they encounter one another.

At a small hotel or boarding-house where fellow guests are seated at one table if there is no one to introduce them to each other they may follow the same rules that hold good on shipboard.

In clubs, talking with a stranger may be an easy and natural occurrence—due to the feeling of kinship and good sportsmanship that all golfers and tennis players have.

For personal advice on good manners and good form write to Mrs. John Cabot Kimberly in care of THE DELINEATOR.

Next month the etiquette editorial will discuss "Introductions."

PROVIDING FOR OLD AGE

OUT of every sixty-four men who are sixty-five years old or more, fifty-three depend on others to support them and six are so poor that they have to go on working for their living. Only five out of sixty-four have money of their own saved to live on in independence.

Of the three million widows over sixty-five years of age in this country, one million are without the bare necessities of life, while one million seven hundred do without ordinary comforts.

This is because Americans do not save systematically and because they lose their savings in "wild-cat" schemes. Only one-tenth of our people have savings accounts.

The people of Switzerland do not earn as much as we do; yet over half of them have savings-bank accounts. That means two or three accounts to each family. Regularly they put a little money in the savings bank. These little sums are left to add up at compound interest. When there is enough to put into some very safe investment they may do so, but they do not risk their money on speculative schemes. In this way, by the time a Swiss has reached old age he has a little sum to live on.

The hope for us lies in the fact that each one of us can do as the Swiss, and can teach our children the gospel of saving and investing conservatively. In this way, America will become as glorious a place for the old and feeble as it now is for the young and strong.

THE SUCCESSFUL HOSTESS

IN A Middle Western town lives a woman who though she does all her own housework, and lives very simply, is considered the most perfect hostess in her community. Her secret is that she keeps a little box of cards in her kitchen with notes on the tastes and the diets of all her friends. When she expects an old friend for dinner, she pulls out the card with his name on it and reads the notes that she had made on some previous visit: "Especially fond of lemon-meringue pie. Does not eat tripe. Takes two lumps in coffee." She then gives him his favorite food for dinner, avoids food that he does not like and, when serving the coffee, knows without asking how he takes it.

This kind of thoughtfulness does more than satisfy a guest's appetite. The interest in his tastes gives him a sense of being welcome, of being regarded highly, that is more heart-warming than the most lavish entertainment that money can buy. A woman who has a smaller circle of friends can note their tastes on the back pages of her cook-book, instead of using cards.

Another woman notes on her engagement calendar each year the birthdays of those of her friends who do not live at home. She forestalls the homesickness that solitary people are apt to feel on anniversaries by inviting them to a simple family dinner on their birthdays and adding some special birthday touch, such as a cake with a few candles or snapper-caps at the places.

The guest-room, too, offers the thoughtful hostess an opportunity. Besides the usual brush, comb, pins, face powder, hairpins, needle and thread on the dresser, it is always appreciated if you keep in the guest-room a glass and a vacuum bottle full of ice-water, lemonade or milk.

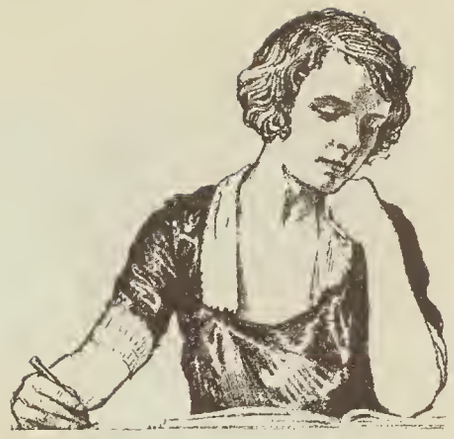
One woman broke down the fixed antagonism of a brother-in-law with apples! She knew he was especially fond of them, so whenever he came for a visit she would always keep a bowl of them in his room. This little attention completely won his heart.

Many people like to eat a bit of fruit before going to bed, so it is not a bad idea to put a bowl of oranges and apples in the guest-room each day. Crackers kept in the guest-room will please the guest who likes a bite to eat before sleeping.

It is dangerous, however, to trust to memory in regard to people's tastes. One woman was expecting for dinner a crotchety old uncle whom she had not seen for some years. She recalled that there was something odd about his tastes in connection with pineapple, so she served for dessert a big dish of sliced pineapple and said to her uncle "I remembered you have a passion for pineapple." It turned out that he hated them so much that their mere presence on the table made him feel sick.

SAVE A DOLLAR

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department

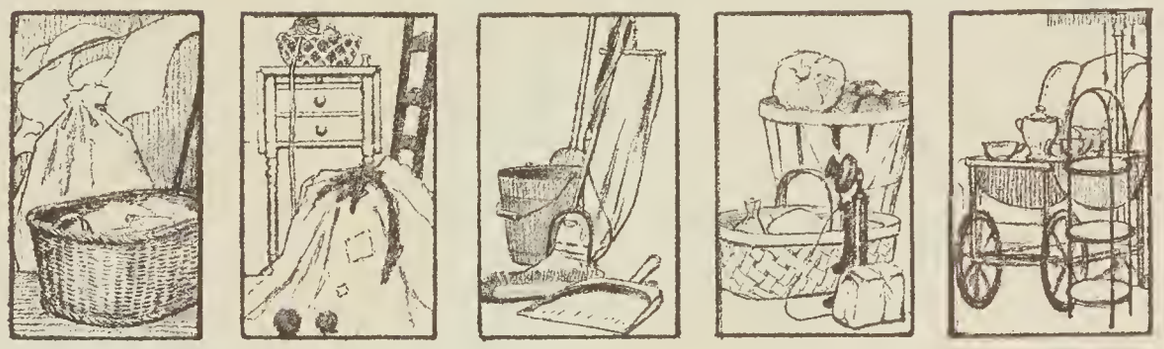


THE DELINEATOR will pay ten dollars each month for the best suggestion for saving the housekeeper's time, money, labor, fuel or food. We will pay five dollars for any suggestion we use on this page. Unavailable suggestions can not be returned. Payment will be made on publication. Send the idea that saved you a dollar to the Home-Makers' Department

MAY PRIZE-WINNER

IN THE kitchen newspaper may be used to lighten labor in a great many ways. An old magazine to set kettles on may speedily be freshened by pulling off the top soiled page. A newspaper spread over the table in the kitchen before preparing a meal may be lifted off after the dishes are done and there is a clean surface with no effort at all.

The Sunday picture rotogravure supplements of papers are especially useful ona surface where liquids are spilled as they withstand much moisture. For those who use wood or coal stoves newspapers are indispensable when frying or broiling is being done. Spread on the hearth they absorb grease, and when they are burned everything is as clean as if you had spent an hour scrubbing things. Some women peel fruit and vegetables in newspapers instead of putting the peelings in pans; no dishes have to be washed or garbage emptied after the papers are thrown into the stove. The mean work of cleaning the garbage-pail can be avoided by lining the pail every day with several thicknesses of newspaper. When the garbage is collected, the paper is lifted out, emptied and put with waste papers and the garbage-pail is left clean and odorless.



AN OLD magazine covered with an old denim school-book cover makes a good place to set smoky pots. The cover may be washed whenever it becomes soiled.

Oilcloth aprons are a great saving in the laundry of aprons and clothing. They protect clothes from being stained by liquids. When the aprons are dirty, they may simply be wiped off with a damp cloth. They are more attractive if, when they are made, the edges are bound, but this is not necessary, as oilcloth frays very little. They may be made like butchers' aprons with a tape to go around the neck and two tapes to tie in the back around the hips. Old oilcloth that has been used on tables and has worn at the edges can be cut to make these aprons. Pieces of oilcloth may be cut and slipped on over the wrists and held by elastic bands to protect the sleeves of long dresses. This is valuable for the use of a woman who wears long sleeves with white linen cuffs. As soon as she is ready to serve dinner, she can slip off the cuffs and leave the sleeves fresh and clean. Bags of oilcloth are useful for keeping oily cloths for cleaning. A piece of oilcloth may also be used to set the soap in on the kitchen sink. In this way the jelly that forms around wet soap may be preserved and rinsed right into the dish-pan when dishes are being washed.—BERTHA STREETER, Detroit, Mich.

SAVE OILCLOTH

OFTEN the oilcloth breaks at the corners of the table. It will last much longer if before covering the table with it, squares of heavy muslin or of flour sacks are pasted on the wrong side of the oilcloth where it is to cover the corners.—MRS. H. A. STEPHENS, Fort Collins, Colo.

SAVE BREAD AND CAKE

CAKE remains fresh longer if kept in a dry ice-box. Failing that, use a tin cake-box with several compartments or two tin boxes, one for fresh and one for less-fresh cake. Put cake of different degrees of freshness and dryness into different compartments or into different boxes. This will prevent any danger of one piece of moldy cake contaminating a fresh batch.

Keep left-over bread and ends of loaves in a separate box from the new loaves; for then, if your older bread should mold, it will not ruin a beautiful fresh batch. Tin cracker-boxes make good containers for stale bread and cake.

Regularly once a week look over your left-over bread and cake, throw away any that you suspect of having been kept too long. Dry slices of bread may be used for breakfast or dessert as French toast by dipping them in milk and in egg, frying and serving with sirup. They may be used with all kinds of fruits to make fruit Bettys. They may be dried and ground for crums or cut in small squares and fried a golden brown for croutons for soup.

Cake that is too dry to be eaten sliced can be served in a boiled-custard pudding, or if it is only slightly dry it is good served with a moist chocolate or lemon sauce. An extra-good pudding may be made by using dry crullers or cake in place of bread in a pudding like bread pudding. When you clean your bread and cake boxes each week, give them a scalding with plenty of freshly boiling water and baking-soda or ammonia. If the box is painted on the inside, use hot but not boiling water. Scrub the shelves and lining with a mild scouring powder, dry with a towel and if possible air out-of-doors in the sun for an hour before replacing the bread and cake.—FLORENCE MCGOWAN, Columbus, Ohio.

SAVE THE CHAIR RUNGS

WHEN the children are too large for high-chairs yet so small that their feet do not touch the floor, they are apt to mar the rungs of the chairs by putting their feet on them. To save this, and to enable the children to sit in comfortable and healthful positions, keep foot-stools of various heights under the dining-table. These can be made from grocery boxes of different sizes covered with denim or dark-colored oilcloth. Each child should have his own stool of the right height for him to rest both feet squarely on it without hunching up his knees.—LOUISE DINWIDDIE, Richmond, Va.

SAVE ICE

AFTER a year or so of service the doors of many refrigerators become loose and warped or the hinges of the doors become loosened. A little time and work will reduce the ice bill considerably. If the doors are not tight after giving attention to the hinges, a strip of felt or canvas at the points of contact of the doors of the refrigerator will keep the warm air out.—MRS. HARLEY J. PECK, Neola, Iowa.

SAVE OLD FURNITURE

I PUT new bottoms in some sturdy old kitchen chairs and enameled them gray, with a touch of rose in the carving. I purchased a plain kitchen table with drop-leaves and small serving-table, both were unpainted, and enameled them to match the chairs. Then I covered old linoleum with gray floor paint and hung gray curtains at the windows. My breakfast-room is charming at one-third the money ordinarily spent for a similarly attractive room.—MRS. C. ALEXANDER, Beaumont, Texas.

SAVE STEPS

I KEEP a large tray at the top of my cellar steps and on it I place all the articles that must be taken down cellar, thus saving many steps. On the return trip I fill the tray with potatoes and vegetables and some canned goods. The tray is a great time and labor saver.—MRS. O. H. SEIBERT, Lemont, Ill.

SAVE STOCKINGS

WHEN buying stockings for children, always buy two pairs exactly alike. In this way the stockings that are worn out first may be discarded and the two that last longest may be worn together.—MRS. SAMILSON, The Bronx, New York City.

SAVE FOOD FROM ANTS

IF YOU are having trouble from ants, scrub the shelves with carbolic soap, then place a small piece of gum camphor in their runways, and you will have no further difficulty with these pests while the remedy is applied.—MISS MAUDE MCNEAL, Rector, Ark.

SAVE WILD FRUIT

WILD raspberries make even better jam and jelly than cultivated ones—and that is praise indeed. Combine some with currants in making the following delicious Concordia "Bar-le-Duc:"

Four quarts of currants, one quart or less of raspberries. Stem the currants and put on to boil with the raspberries, adding half their combined weight of sugar, one-fourth of a cup of vinegar and two tablespoons of mixed spices—stick cinnamon, cloves, allspice—tied in a muslin bag. Bring slowly to a boil and cook about half an hour, stirring carefully occasionally. Remove bag of spices and can in pint jars. Use with meats or with crackers and cheese as an accompaniment to salads. Try to spare enough raspberries to obtain enough juice to fill a pint jar or two, canning while boiling hot; save it to combine with apple-juice to make jelly. In early apple time, add to the raspberry-juice three or four times the quantity of apple-juice procured as in making apple jelly, and proceed as with ordinary apple jelly. If possible, use wild apples for this. This combination forms one of the very finest jelly products.

Make a family expedition to some favored locality where blueberries or huckleberries grow abundantly and enjoy a berry-picking tournament. Use the berries freely in making seasonable goodies, but can as many jars as possible with Winter desserts in view. Pies and blueberry Betty are exactly as good made of these canned berries as of fresh. The latter may also be dried and used for Winter berry cake.—FLORENCE TAFT EATON, Concord, Mass.

SAVE IN CUTTING BUTTER

FOLD a piece of the oiled paper which is wrapped around the butter over the blade of the knife and cut as usual. It makes it possible to cut butter into uniform pieces without breaking the edges, as none of the butter sticks to the paper.—MARY F. HENRY, Ithaca, N. Y.

SAVE ON BROOMS

BROOMS will last much longer if they are dipped occasionally in soapy water, shaken as free as possible of the water and then hung up by the handle to dry. If there is a tendency for the broom to wear unevenly, press it into shape while it is wet and pliable. This process keeps the broom clean, in good shape and prevents it from growing brittle.—MRS. M. F. SCOTT, Albany, N. Y.

SAVE THE SWEATER

BEFORE washing the sweater sew firmly to the neck a piece of white tape about three inches in width and the length of the shoulder seam and fasten it to the top of the sleeve. This tape prevents the stretching of the sweater over the shoulders.—MRS. L. E. LOCKESLEY, Rutland, Vt.

THE DELINEATOR Calendar AUGUST

Home-making is a seasonal job. The Home-Makers' Department tells you what to do and when to do it

NOTABLE DATES IN AUGUST

1st—Beginning of European War (1914)
11th—Fulton's first Steamboat Voyage (1807)
15th—Opening of Panama Canal (1914)
17th—First Atlantic Cable Message (1858)
23rd—First trans-Atlantic steamer launched (1818)
31st—Earthquake in Charleston, S. C. (1886)

THIS IS THE MONTH—

To capture the family's waning appetite with salads and fruits.

To take advantage of the Midsummer sales for Fall school clothes.

To live out-of-doors all day—even at mealtime. See "Dine on Your Own Porch."

To arrange extra rooms or army cots and hammock beds for the Summer guest.

To can ripe vegetables for the Winter table. See "Can What You Can."

To buy records for the porch dances, lawn festivals and tennis-court parties.

To decorate your house with the glories of your garden. See "Arrangement of Summer Flowers."

To simplify housework by eliminating hangings and ornaments, and doing all possible tasks early in the morning.

To keep in a handy place cold water for drinking and making cold drinks.

To save money by buying furs now or having your old ones remodeled.

To take useless fatigue out of housecleaning. See "Watch Your Steps in the Housecleaning."

To buy palm-leaf fans or an electric one for future dog-day use.

To sleep out-of-doors or to have the beds close to the windows.

To have inexpensive picnic equipment ready for impromptu picnics.

To plan outdoor plays for children or charity entertainments.

To plan cooling frozen desserts for warm days. See "Catching Jack Frost for Dog-Day Meals."

EAT SUBSTANTIAL, NOURISHING SOUP EVERY DAY





The finest vegetables that grow

are in this thick, rich, delicious soup

So plentifully supplied with solid, luscious vegetables and strength-giving cereals that every spoonful comes to you heavy-laden with nourishing food. You relish the tasty invigorating meat broth and the delicate blending and seasoning which have made the name Campbell's so famous. Here is delight for your taste in delicious flavors and contentment for your keenest hunger. A generous plateful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup is a meal —this one dish containing fifteen choice vegetables blended with seventeen other ingredients—thirty-two in all!

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

Tiny, tender peas, baby limas, juicy-ripe tomatoes, sugar-sweet corn, Chantenay carrots, golden turnips, potatoes (white and sweet), chopped cabbage, snow-white celery, alphabet macaroni, selected barley, French leeks, okra and fresh parsley—all these unite with the other ingredients to make this such a hearty, filling, tempting soup.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

I am the pride of all the beach
The kind the boys call "just a peach."
Good Campbell's Soups keep me so trim
I like my plate filled to the brim!



Campbells' SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

WATCH YOUR STEPS IN HOUSECLEANING

By Mary W. Leonard

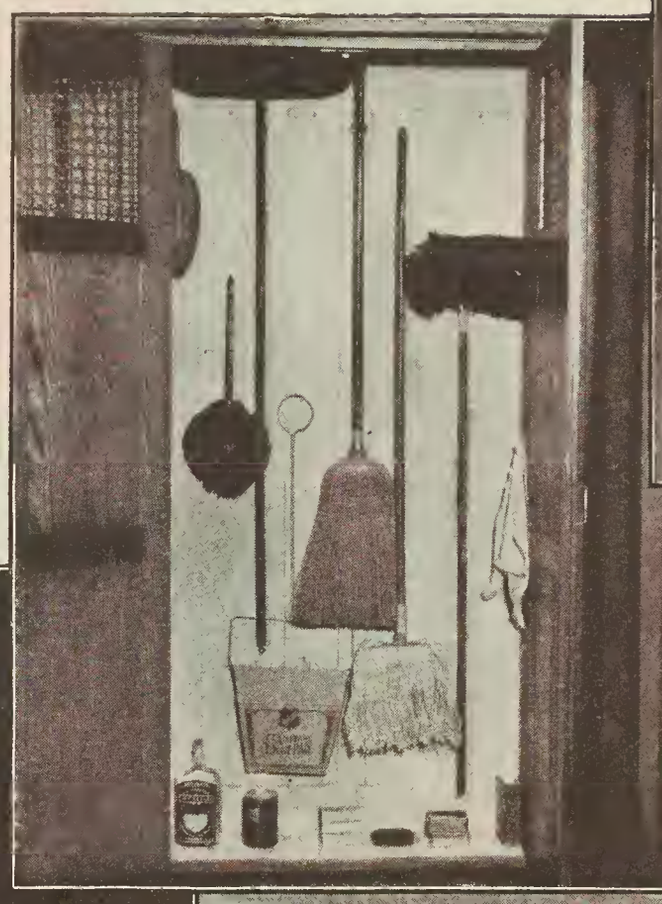
Four miles saved in cleaning the house! Under the direction of Miss Martha Van Rensselaer, an expert worked out an improved system of cleaning which reduces the steps taken in the weekly housecleaning from an average of seven miles to three. The steps were counted and measured by a pedometer worn by the worker when she cleaned

CLEANING day had been a bugbear for years, but until I wore a pedometer to count my steps I had not any idea what tremendous distances I was traveling. I found that I actually walked seven miles in doing the housecleaning. Besides these steps there were, of course, many motions that the pedometer could not register; the work with the hands, the reaching and the bending and the extra effort of climbing the stairs. This made me realize that I must be wasting effort and led me to work out a better method—a method which reduced the steps taken in cleaning the house from seven miles to three.

My former method had been to do all the cleaning in one day and to keep my cleaning equipment scattered in various places.



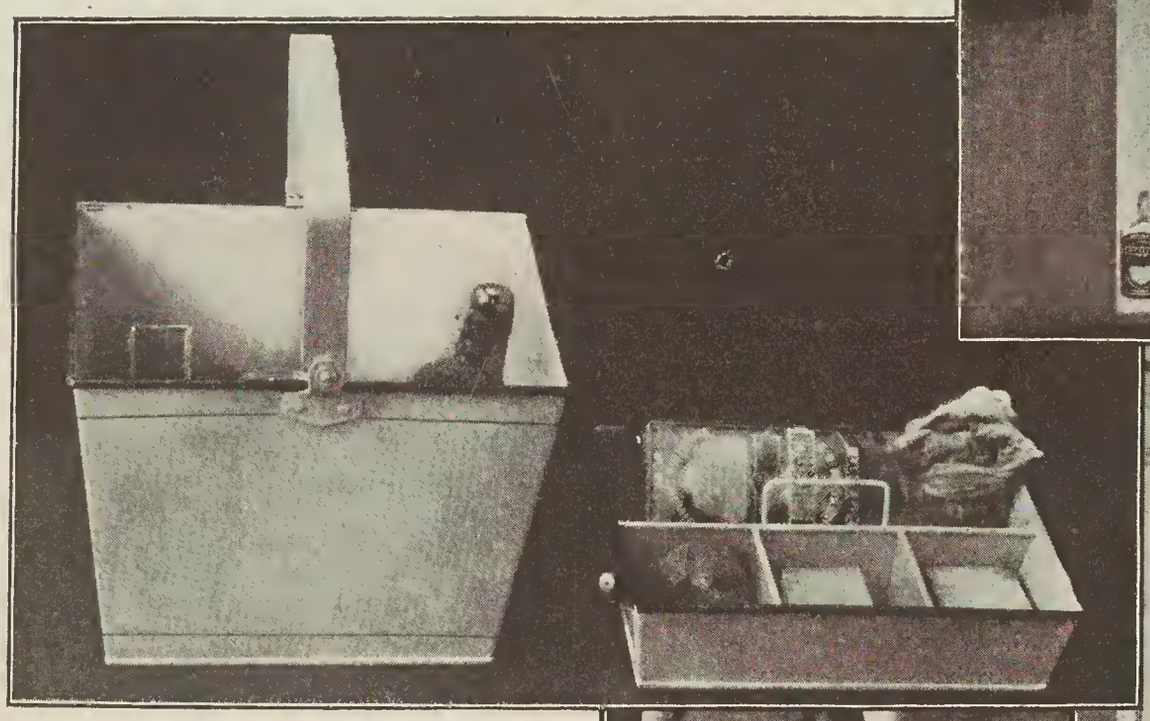
The pedometer registers each of your steps





Above. A pail with a mop-wringer operated by foot power saves stooping and wringing the mop in dirty water. A pail like this removes the most back-breaking task of housecleaning

At the left. Each floor should have a ventilated cupboard where brushes can be hung and all cleaning equipment kept together. A shelf, preferably at the top or the side, should hold the cleaning compounds and floor finishes



Cleaning agencies should be kept in one box or basket ready to be taken from room to room at one time

My first reform was to do away with a general cleaning day and to clean one or two rooms a day until, by the end of the week, I have cleaned the entire house.

In the early part of the week I do the rooms on the top floors, working downward. The latter part of the week I clean the down-stairs rooms, leaving the living-room and dining-room till last, so that they shall be spotless on Sunday when they are used more than on any other day. I clean my stairs, which lead directly into the living-room, just before I do the living-room, so that the dust that falls from them will be taken up in the regular living-room cleaning.

Next I assemble all my cleaning things in one closet—not only the brushes, brooms and dust-cloths, but soap, cleansers and floor finishes as well. This cuts out steps in assembling cleaning things and makes it almost impossible to forget something and have to make an extra trip for it. The problem of carrying supplies from room to room I solved by getting a basket with a handle which holds the most commonly used cleaning articles.

My old way of cleaning had been to remove the lighter furniture, the rugs and bric-à-brac *en masse* from the room while I cleaned floors and walls. I found this a waste of effort. In my new method I disarrange the furniture as little as possible. The chairs I pile on the bed or couch and cover with a sheet. The bric-à-brac, which I have reduced to the minimum, I put into bureau drawers or move just enough to dust them and the furniture on which they stand and then cover all with a sheet. Instead of carrying rugs to the yard I leave them on the floor and clean them with a vacuum cleaner.

I worked out a definite technique of finishing all the work in the room that involves the use of one piece of equipment, except dusting with a cloth, before using the next piece. I first dust with a cloth the bric-à-brac, chairs



and furniture that can be covered. I put the lighter bric-à-brac in drawers and cover the other things with old sheets. With a long-handled brush I work systematically around the walls of the room in such a way as to avoid retracing my steps, cleaning at the same time the tops of doors, picture-moldings and base-boards.

Next, in the same systematic way I work around the floors, going over the rugs, carpets, cushions and upholstered furniture with the vacuum cleaner. If the floor is bare, with only small rugs, I put the clean rugs on some piece of furniture in the room while I brush the floor with a soft brush and, if necessary, clean from one side of the room to the other systematically with an oil or chemical mop; or if the floor is of undressed wood, with a water mop. When I wish to sweep or mop



For cleaning wall space out of ordinary reach, a long-handled soft brush is best. It removes dust without rubbing it in

under a piece of furniture, I simply push it out of place for a moment.

With a dampened cloth I then remove finger-marks from the woodwork. Finally, I again take the dust-cloth and wipe off the pictures and the furniture that have not been covered during the cleaning.

This system greatly decreased my labor; but still I wasted many steps carrying brooms and brushes in perhaps two or three loads up from my down-stairs cleaning closet. To reduce this work I indulged in an up-stairs cleaning closet with a duplicate set of cleaning equipment. I had it built into an unused part of the hall with the woodwork matching that of the hall. A ventilated tin box in the cupboard contained oiled dust-cloths; the brushes and brooms hang from hooks by metal rings screwed into their handles. By not touching the floor they wear longer. On the bottom shelf I put my supplies. This, I find, is not ideal, for the dust from the brushes falls on them. It would have been better to have a shelf at the side or across the top for cleaning compounds.

It may seem an extravagance to have a double supply of cleaning equipment, but it isn't, really; for, apart from the great saving in labor, each article wears twice as long.

One little scheme I installed that saves me labor is to keep the necessary equipment for cleaning the bathtub in the bathroom, and to have each member of the family clean the tub after he uses it.

My enthusiasm at the great lessening in work and fatigue that this system has brought about has led me to improve it still further by buying from time to time new labor-saving pieces of housecleaning equipment. The vacuum cleaner, of course, is a tremendous labor-saver; the long-handled brush for walls saves the spine and does the work well; the soft floor-brush collects dirt from hardwood floors better than a broom.

A mop with a pail which has a device for wringing it saves back-breaking stooping.

The long-handled dust-pan is another spine-saver. It automatically closes when it is raised from the floor so that it can not spill the dust. Finally, I bought a wonderful box with a handle which carries all my smaller cleaning things and so saves steps. In addition, there are special brushes for radiators, banisters and so on, which make cleaning more workmanlike.



Instead of bending to reach the floor, use a long-handled dust-pan within convenient reach of the hand



With children about the house, there is many a cut finger—many a bloody nose. Fels-Naptha takes out blood-stains quickly, thoroughly, safely.

For your most personal laundering

FELS-NAPTHA, the *Sanitary* Soap

The exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha enables this great, sanitary cleaner to do the most disagreeable washing jobs in a jiffy, and with the least possible handling.

In no other soap do you get the same double-cleaning—the soap-and-water cleaning, and the naptha cleaning. Either the soap or the naptha in Fels-Naptha is a wonderful cleaner alone. But *together*, you have the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend that has never been successfully imitated!

The test of Fels-Naptha Soap *before* using is to *smell* it. The test *after* using is the white, sweet, sanitary cleanliness of the clothes, free from any odor. The *real* naptha does its work, then vanishes.

And in "the golden bar", naptha is *held* to the last sliver until released by the wash-water. Fels-Naptha has real naptha in it and *holds* this dirt-loosener for the work on washday. Put Fels-Naptha to the hardest tests. It is *safe* for all laundry work. Begin now. Directions for using are printed inside the wrapper.



Real naptha!
You can tell by the smell



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Philadelphia

The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper.

FREE If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately, send for free sample. Write "Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia."

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



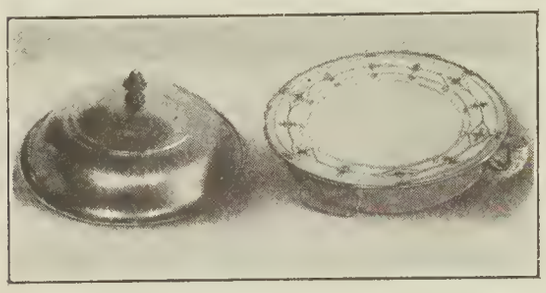
Back porch, side porch, even a sheltered front porch, makes a practical dining-room. It is convenient, but not necessary, to have special equipment for serving outdoor meals

DINE ON YOUR OWN PORCH

By Lillian Alber

PORCH cookery and porch meals have been put within the reach of most homes that possess a porch. Even the house which has only a front veranda may, if it has any privacy, use it for outdoor eating.

If you have a side or back porch, you may at very little cost and trouble turn it into a Summer dining-room. If you try this once, you will never again on a hot day eat in the dining-room. The porch on which meals are to be served should, if possible, be screened.



Hot-water plates and platters keep the food warm in the open air

If you have electricity in the house but no connection on the porch, invest in a base-plug and charge it to Summer vacation. The base-plug may be used not only for lighting, but, if guests come and you have an electric percolator or chafing-dish, it adds pleasure and ease to your hospitality.

A drop-leaf or gate-legged table is the most desirable because between meals it may be closed, giving more room.

Every porch should have loungy, comfortable chairs, but these are not satisfactory for use at the table.

One housewife who has made a success of her porch dining-room found that a long wall bench which could be used at the side of the table was an excellent accessory.

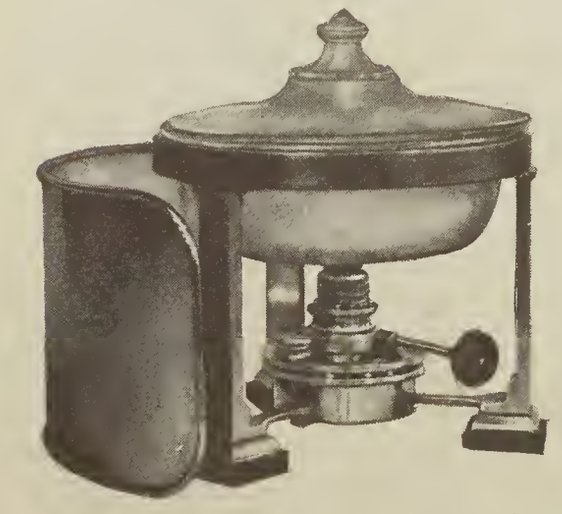
If you are beginning to furnish your porch for dining-room use, it would pay you to get cheap kitchen chairs of very light weight and paint them to carry out the color scheme of your porch.

Put the entire meal and all the table accessories on the tray and trundle them to the porch at one time. This should include table-linen with napkins, silver including serving-spoons, knives and forks, glasses, butter-plates, dishes for each course, salt, pepper, salad-dressing, condiments, water in a vacuum bottle or with a big lump of ice in the pitcher, butter on ice, bread, crackers, beverages, sugar and cream if required, and the foods for the entire meal in their serving dishes covered with napkins or covers to keep them hot or cold.

IN PLANNING meals for porch service remember that individual servings and foods which must be placed in separate dishes are not desirable. The meat should be carved in the kitchen and it and the vegetables should be arranged on one large platter; or if they have been cooked in a casserole, they should be served in it. The larger varieties of casseroles are most useful. Some of the new casseroles come with partitions, so that two foods may be served in the dish at the same time. These dishes have covers and they hold the heat as long as necessary for Summer serving. Hot-water platters and serving-dishes are on the market and are not very expensive. They are excellent for keeping food warm. Some of the smaller fireless cookers may be left on the porch.



Tin, nickel or aluminum covers are an asset for outdoor meals



Chafing-dishes are useful for porch cooking. Alcohol ones require windshields

At times the chafing-dish may be used for a variety of hot dishes particularly suited to Summer weather. Equip the alcohol or solidified alcohol chafing-dish with a windshield for use on the porch and select one having pans that may be used either over direct heat or over hot water.

Supplement casserole or chafing-dish "dishes" with green salads, fresh fruits or frozen desserts and you will have charming Summer meals that may be conveniently served.

With the wheel-tray as an accessory to the porch table, the entire meal, with china, silver and all other service, may be placed on the trays and trundled to the porch. There it is arranged on the table, the cooking completed and the meal served in an orderly manner, using the tray as a side serving-table. If a wheel-tray is not convenient, good-sized carrying-trays are satisfactory for small families.

If you have planned a frozen dessert, you may put the freezer on the corner of the porch and serve the dessert after placing on the tea-cart your dishes from the main part of the meal.

Every porch which is used for a Summer dining-room should have at least one extra table, which may be used as a side-table. It need not be large, but it should be big enough to hold a good-sized tray on which may be put dessert-dishes and the water service.

Don't make your porch meals picnics. Papier-mâché plates and picnic makeshifts are not necessary and they are apt to make the men of your family feel that they have not been given a real meal. With a tea-cart it is very easy to use the same table service you have in the dining-room.

COLD DISHES

COLD sliced meats, potato or macaroni salads containing some green vegetable, jellied or aspic veal, ham, cheese or chicken, and meat salads in which vegetables and a starchy food are combined, are the favorite types of cold dishes.

JELLIED CHEESE

1 egg
¾ cup cheese cut in small pieces
1 teaspoon onion-juice
Salt, paprika
1 cup milk
1 cup boiled rice, cold
1 tablespoon butter
⅓ cup minced celery
1 tablespoon gelatin soaked in ¼ cup cold water



Casserole meals cooked and served in the same dish offer variety in the porch menus. The dishes come in fire-proof china, oven glass or earthenware

HEAT the milk, pour it gradually over the beaten egg and add the cheese. Cook slowly in a double boiler until the mixture is thick and creamy. Remove from the fire, add the gelatin, the rice and the other ingredients. Turn into individual molds or mold and slice for serving.

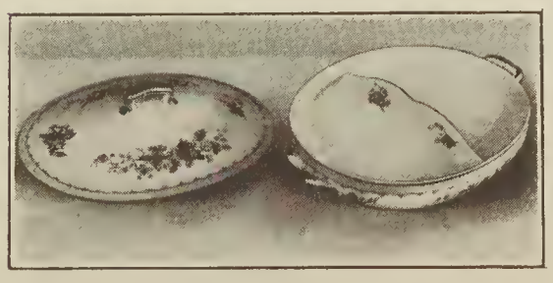
HAM MOLDS

1 cup soup stock
¾ cup cold boiled ham, minced
2 tablespoons minced cucumber pickles
2 tablespoons minced olives
2 tablespoons mayonnaise dressing
1 tablespoon gelatin soaked in ¼ cup cold water

DISSOLVE gelatin by setting the dish in a pan of hot water. Mix the other ingredients in the order given, turn into individual molds or a large mold.

CASSEROLE DISHES

ALMOST anything that can be braised, roasted, stewed or baked may be prepared in the casserole. Less liquid is used than in other methods of preparing, since the casserole is covered. The water or stock may be well seasoned with vegetables and savory herbs, as the flavor is absorbed throughout the food that is being prepared.



Two vegetables can be carried in one dish if you use this partitioned vegetable-dish

The time for casserole cooking should be double that for ordinary cooking because of the slow conduction of heat and the desirability of slow cooking. An oven of about simmering temperature (212 degrees Fahrenheit) is best for casserole cooking.

Casserole dishes are particularly desirable cooked in the fireless cooker and this combination of devices is excellent for the preparation of porch meals.

Soups, fish, poultry, meat, vegetables, puddings, eggs, hash, stews, ragout, "wiggles" and such dishes as "mock duck" of round steak and "poor man's goose" of stuffed liver are types of casserole possibilities. Chicken, cheese, beans and chops are more familiar casserole dishes.

SWEDISH MEAT-ROLLS IN CABBAGE LEAVES

1 pound steak put through a food-chopper
1 cup cold boiled rice
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
2 tablespoons chopped onion
Salt, pepper

MIX the ingredients together. Form the mixture into rolls and wrap each one in a cabbage leaf which has been wilted in boiling water. Place the rolls close together in a casserole and add enough hot water to nearly cover them. Cover the casserole and cook the rolls in a slow oven for three-quarters to one hour.

COMBINATION CASSEROLE

2 tablespoons tapioca
½ cup cold water
2 cups canned tomatoes
½ teaspoon onion-juice
1 cup salted codfish (brick)

SOAK the tapioca in one-half cup cold water. Drain it and add it to the tomato, the onion-juice and the codfish washed in cold water and cut in pieces. Cook in a double boiler or a slow oven until the tapioca is clear and the codfish is done.

CHAFING-DISH OR GRILL DISHES

BOTH the chafing-dish and electric grill are hospitable devices and their appearance on the table gives a feeling of good-fellowship. Success in their use lies in preparing the dish decided upon as far as possible in advance of the meal and in having the materials and equipment necessary to complete the dish on a large tray with the cooking device.



A large copper plate heated by an alcohol-lamp will keep the dishes warm

Any dishes that are to be prepared by boiling, sautéing or frying or in a double boiler may be prepared in either chafing-dish or grill. Scrambled eggs with anchovy paste, chicken à la king, mushroom dishes, clam chowder and cheese scrapple are prime favorites as well as substantial foods. Chops or steaks may be pan-broiled or an egg omelet prepared on these devices.

For further information about equipment for serving meals on the porch send a stamped self-addressed envelope to the "Houshold Helps" Department.

Summer-Winter Town-Country Big House-Little House



IN THE LITTLE COTTAGE nestling under a friendly elm and in the proud mansion on the avenue, the New Perfection Oil Cook Stove does three-times-a-day service in preparing meals properly and on the minute.

The New Perfection has no "off hours"—it always provides a steady heat for cooking—fast or slow. The chef in the palatial town house has no heat-control advantage over the housewife in the farm-house, if she has a New Perfection Oil Cook Stove.

There is a New Perfection model for every home—from the lordly 5-burner No. 35 down to the single burner, which can be stowed away with the portable phonograph for camping days. There are generous cabinets and ovens to assemble the kind of cooking equipment you favor. And Aladdin Utensils in aluminum and enameled steel to give you a kitchen de luxe.

Made by
THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
7658 PLATT AVE.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

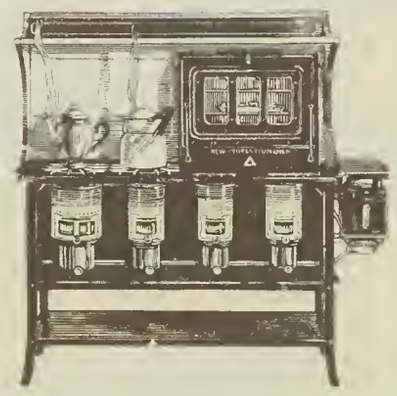
HOUSEHOLD CMP PRODUCTS

Also makers of
PERFECTION *Oil Heaters and*
ALADDIN *Cooking Utensils*

New Perfection Stoves made in Canada by The Perfection Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ont.

The Great New
Oil Range
that Cooks as Fast as Gas

There is now a super-stove in the New Perfection family. It has the newly invented SUPERFEX Burners that cook as fast as gas and are absolutely reliable. This greater New Perfection Oil Cook Stove is built on generous and graceful lines.



New Model No. 304 New Perfection with Superfex Burners

This handsome and sturdy range has a higher and bigger *porcelain-enameled* cooking top with a convenient end-shelf. The extra strong base shelf provides additional space for utensils. New one-piece angle steel legs add strength and rigidity. The warming cabinet is porcelain enameled—snow-white—the same quality as Aladdin Enameled Steel Utensils.



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TWO SIZES of SUPERFEX Burners on each series 300 New Perfection. One is the Giant SUPERFEX 7 inches in diameter, the largest oil cook stove burner ever marketed, and the most powerful. Look for the name SUPERFEX on the gray burners—your guarantee of new speed, convenience and comfort with a long-established New Perfection quality. Visit your dealer.

NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK STOVES & RANGES

CAN WHAT YOU CAN IN AUGUST

By Winifred Moses

ONE of the points in canning, upon which in a large measure success depends, is the selection of only young and tender vegetables. This lessens the chances of spoilage and insures the best possible flavor. Second, can vegetables as soon as they are gathered. One of the most frequent causes of flat sour is to allow vegetables to stand for several hours in bags or in covered containers in a warm place. This is especially true in the case of corn, beans, peas or asparagus. It is also advisable to can a few jars at a time. If a large amount of vegetables is prepared for canning at one time, it is almost impossible to work so quickly that at some point in the process some of the food does not have to stand for a considerable length of time. If vegetables are allowed to stand, conditions arise which are suitable for the growth of those organisms which produce flat sour and spoilage even before the work of canning is finished.

Food should not be packed too closely, especially if it is to be sterilized in the hot-water bath. The cans should be so packed that when the water is added it may penetrate and circulate among the contents. Heat is conducted more readily by the circulating water than by either the solid vegetable or air. If the vegetables are too tightly packed, the heat may not penetrate to the center of the jar and destroy organisms there.

Use hot water in filling the cans. The hotter the contents of the jar when it goes into the sterilizer, the more rapidly the material heats through.

Finally, the cans when removed from the sterilizer should be clamped immediately to prevent access of air and inverted to detect leakage. When they have been washed and labeled, they should be stored in a cool, dark place to prevent the growth of any organisms that may have escaped destruction and to preserve the color.

STRING-BEANS

FOR string-beans either the green bean or the wax-bean may be used.

The beans should be young and tender, without spots of rust, and they should be canned as soon as picked. They may be canned whole or cut into inch pieces. After the beans have been washed and the strings removed they should be blanched in boiling water for from three to five minutes according to their age or tenderness. They are then packed into clean jars, one-half teaspoon of salt added to each half-pint jar of beans and the cans filled with boiling water. Care should be taken that water fills all the spaces. This may be achieved by stirring or paddling the beans with a wooden spoon or knife. The beans are then processed under ten pounds' pressure for fifty minutes.

CORN AND BEANS

IF PROPERLY selected and carefully canned, corn retains much of its original flavor and may be used satisfactorily as a soup, a vegetable or as a pudding.

Select corn which is in the milk stage, and in order to retain the flavor, can it as soon as it is picked. The Golden Bantam, Country Gentlemen, and Evergreen give excellent results. Remove the husks and silk and blanch it on the cob for from two to five minutes, or until the milk is set. This may be tested by pricking with a fork. If the milk does not ooze out, the corn has been blanched sufficiently. Dip quickly in cold water and remove at once. With a sharp knife cut the kernels from the cob. Then scrape the cob. If a pack of whole kernels is desired, can the scrapings and the first cutting separately. Otherwise they may be canned together. Pack corn to within an inch of the top of the jar, but do not pack too tightly, since corn contains much starch which, in processing, may swell and force out the rubbers.

It is safer for the housewife to can her corn in pint rather than in quart jars. Add one-half teaspoonful of salt to each pint—one teaspoon of sugar may be added if desired—fill the jars with boiling water and place them at once in the canner. The safest method is to can in the pressure canner at ten pounds' pressure for fifty minutes. Remove from the canner, seal and invert. Wash, label and store in a cool place. If corn is to be processed in the water-bath, it should be cooked for three hours. If one does not find the acid taste disagreeable, this time may be shortened to one and one-half hours by adding one tablespoon of vinegar to each pint can of corn.

Corn may be canned in combination with other vegetables. Corn with tomatoes is excellent. Use two parts of tomatoes to three parts of corn and proceed as in canning corn.

Corn may also be combined with beans, celery, carrots, peas and green pepper in the form of a soup mixture. Combine equal parts of the beans, corn, celery, carrots and peas and add one sliced onion and one green pepper diced and one teaspoon of salt to each quart of the vegetables.

BEETS AND CARROTS

THE wise housewife, unless she has a storage-cellar or a market from which they can be procured readily in Winter, will find it advisable to put up at least a few cans of these colorful vegetables. They add an attractive touch to many salads and may be served in many forms.



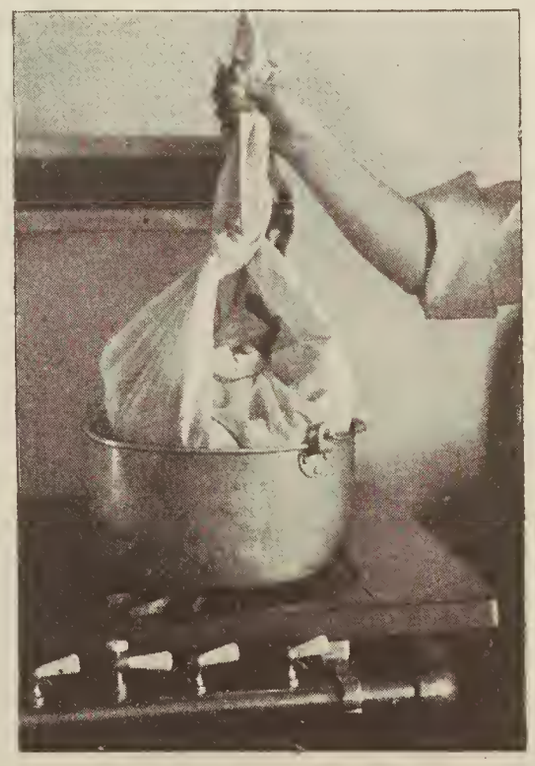
Vegetables cut in fancy shapes before canning to be used for garnishing. The little cutters which made these various shaped pieces are shown, each above its product. Carrots and beets are well adapted to this fancy cutting



Swiss chard has a dual personality. The stems make a vegetable which tastes like asparagus, while the leaves make a vegetable like spinach. The jars at the left contain diced chard stems; those at the right, chard leaves



Tomatoes in a wire basket ready for blanching. After blanching, dip in cold water and slip off the skins

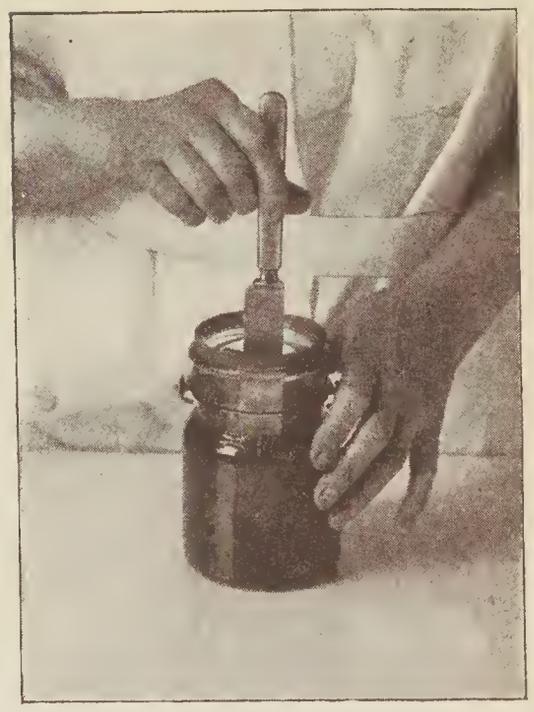


Chard in cheese-cloth ready for blanching. All greens should be blanched in boiling water until they have shrunk

SPINACH AND OTHER GREENS

IN CANNING greens use only those that are tender and freshly gathered. Wash them thoroughly in several waters, and for this warm water is better than cold. Next they are tied *loosely* in a piece of cheese-cloth, plunged into sufficient boiling water to cover them well and blanched until they have been thoroughly shrunken, otherwise they continue to shrink in the cans and the finished cans are only half-filled. The greens are then cut up, if desired, and packed, but not too tightly, in the cans. The salt and boiling water are added and the greens thoroughly paddled to remove air-bubbles and to allow thorough circulation of the water. They are then processed in the pressure cooker under ten pounds' pressure for forty minutes. If the acid method is used, they should be cooked in the water-bath for one and one-half hours. If the acid is omitted and the water-bath method used, they require cooking for three hours.

When canning Swiss chard with long, tender stems and midribs, these may be removed, diced and canned separately from the rest of the leaf. The flavor is delicious.



Paddling with a knife removes air-bubbles. Water-filling the space between the solids reduces the danger of spoilage

BEETS

THE best beets for canning are the young beets about an inch in diameter. These may be canned whole. If large beets are used, they should be cut in slices or in quarters. The beets are washed and the tops cut off, leaving an inch or more of the stems of the leaves and all of the roots. This prevents loss of color. The beets are then blanched or cooked for from ten to twenty minutes, or until the skins will slip off easily. Dip in cold water and remove. The beets are more easily handled after this dip. The skins are removed and the beets packed whole or in slices according to size. One-half teaspoon of salt and one tablespoon of vinegar are added to each pint jar and the cans filled with boiling water. They are then cooked in the water-bath for one and one-half hours. If the vinegar is omitted, they should be cooked for at least two hours. Beets canned in the pressure cooker have a tendency to lose their purple color.

TOMATOES

TOMATOES may be preserved either by the cold-pack or by the open-kettle method. For the cold-pack method, medium-sized, firm, ripe but not overripe tomatoes, free from blemishes and of a uniform red color, should be used. Green spots give poor flavor and color in the finished product and blemishes may contain bacteria with which the whole pack may become infected. After washing the tomatoes they should be plunged in boiling water for from one-half to two minutes. A wire basket or a piece of cheese-cloth may be used to hold the tomatoes for this purpose. They are then dipped in cold water and the skins removed and the tomatoes packed whole. One-half teaspoon of salt and one-half teaspoon of sugar are added, and the jar filled with hot water or hot strained tomato-juice. They are then boiled in the hot-water bath for thirty minutes. The remainder of the process is similar to that for other vegetables.

In canning by the open-kettle method, the blanched tomatoes are cooked for twenty minutes in an open kettle before putting them into cans. In using this method, care must be taken to sterilize the cans by covering them with boiling water and boiling them for twenty minutes. The rubbers should be dipped in hot water. When putting the cooked tomatoes in the can, no unsterilized spoon or utensil should be allowed to touch the tomatoes, the inside of the jar, the rubber or the cover. In this method the canning is finished when the cans are filled, the rubber and top adjusted and fastened down.

Another method that may be used for the left-over tomatoes is to make them into a purée. For this about a peck of tomatoes, two small onions, two or three stalks of celery, a bit of bay-leaf and a tablespoon of salt are mixed together and cooked until the tomatoes are tender. The mixture is put through a sieve. The pulp is then cooked until it is reduced to one-half its original volume and sealed in hot, clean jars.

SAFETY FIRST

NO CANNED vegetable that has the slightest indication of spoilage when it is opened should be used. All canned foods should be boiled for five minutes after they are opened to destroy all danger of any toxin.



There really was a Buried Treasure

More valuable than the gold of Captain Kidd.

More wonderful than the jewels of Blackbeard.

More shrewdly hidden than the treasure chest of either of them.

Wrapped in the interior of the kernel of Indian corn was a "taste" with a charm which food flavors seldom have. Once in a while there would be a hint of the full richness and delicacy of this flavor—when the pop-corn or the "roasting ear" happened to be prepared just right.

It took much hunting and skill to locate this treasure and perfect it for use.

It has been done in Post Toasties.



These deliciously crisp flakes of golden-brown have the full flavor from the selected hearts of corn—seasoned and processed and toasted *just right*—and then triply sealed to preserve the oven-freshness for you.

Post Toasties are called Post Toasties and not just "corn flakes" because they are a particular and better kind of corn flakes—though usually they cost no more than other kinds.

A bowl of Post Toasties for breakfast or lunch is a feast of appetite joy.

Ask any grocer for Post Toasties, and you will be well paid for specifying these corn flakes by name. The Yellow and Red package is the Post Toasties package.

Always in good taste

Post Toasties

IMPROVED CORN FLAKES

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

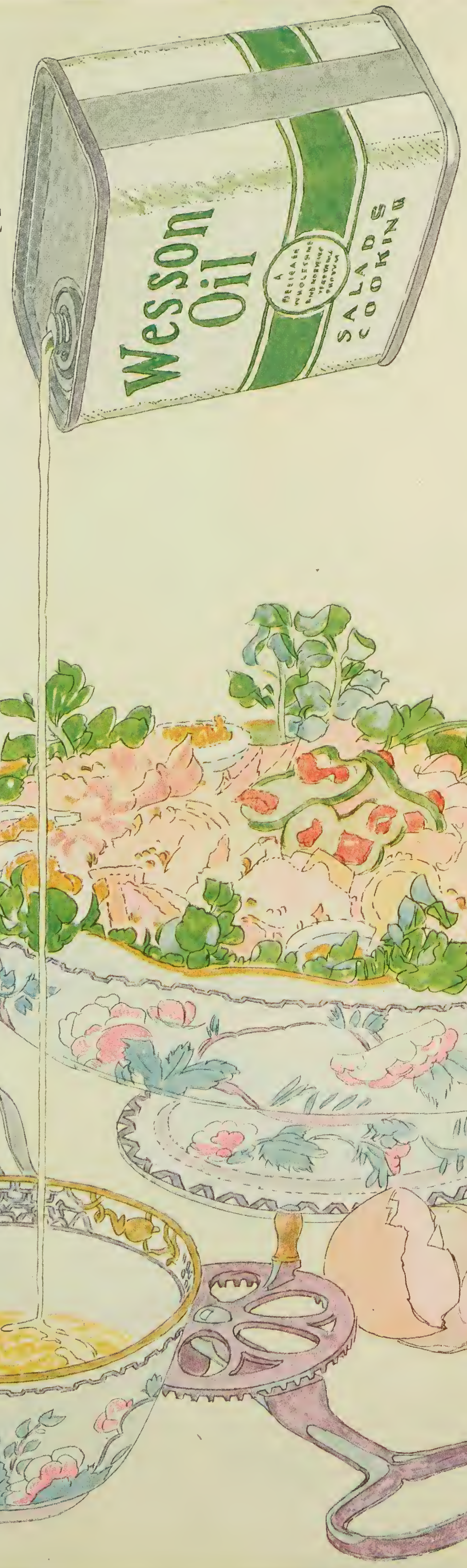
One Minute MAYONNAISE

A delicious *home-made* mayonnaise that you can make in *less* than two minutes by the clock.

1 egg
½ teaspoonful salt
½ teaspoonful dry mustard
1 tablespoonful lemon juice or vinegar
2 cups Wesson Oil

BREAK the whole egg in a bowl. Put in a half teaspoonful each of dry mustard and of salt, with one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Beat these together a few seconds with a Dover egg beater. Then slowly pour in two cups of Wesson Oil, beating it in with the other ingredients as it is poured into the bowl.

This mayonnaise is very mild. If a more piquant dressing is preferred, increase the seasoning to taste.



R C

CATCHING JACK FROST FOR DOG-DAY MEALS

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

THE most popular dessert for a hot day is a frozen one. Plain or Philadelphia ice-cream is usually just cream, sugar and flavoring mixed and frozen. In flavor it may be the so-called "plain," "fruit," or "nut," either walnut, almond or pistachio. The very rich greasy nuts, such as Brazil nuts or butternuts, do not combine well in ice-cream. "Bisque" cream uses such materials as pulverized macaroons or stale sponge-cake or Grape-nuts.

French or Neapolitan ice-cream is made from a cooked custard in which some milk as well as cream may be used and in which eggs are used for thickening. Popularly speaking, "Neapolitan" cream is tinted in three colors and molded in bricks.

Water-ices are made from water, sugar and fruit-juices. Sherberts are like water-ices with beaten egg-white and often gelatin added. Milk sherbets are now becoming very popular, as they are cheaper and lighter than ice-cream and more nutritious than water-ices.

The above classes are stirred as they are frozen. There are other frozen desserts, some of which are packed and frozen without stirring; others are stirred and frozen, then packed and refrozen.

Parfait is a custard made from hot sirup and eggs folded into whipped cream. The yolks only are used for yellow parfait and the whites only for white. They are packed and frozen without stirring. They freeze slowly, taking longer than mousses.

Mousses are cream sweetened, flavored, whipped and frozen by packing.

A *Biscuit* is a parfait mixture stirred and partly frozen, then packed in paper cases and frozen. Yellow parfaits are usually used, although the whites of eggs may be added.

Bombes are a combination of two colored creams or an ice and a cream frozen and then packed in a mold, with one used to line the mold and the other used as a center. Bombes may be filled with plain whipped cream. After molding they are packed and frozen.

Now for general directions: Flavor all mixtures to be frozen more highly than for unfrozen mixtures. The flavor freezes out. Stir well and allow time for sugar to dissolve thoroughly before freezing the mixture. For fruited creams, crush the fruit thoroughly or put it through a food-chopper. Partly freeze the mixture before adding the fruit, otherwise the milk or cream may curdle and the fruit may settle to the bottom.

Scalding the cream and milk (not boiling) will give greater body and finer grain to the ice-cream.

Keep the mixture cool before beginning to freeze. The best temperature is about forty degrees Fahrenheit (it should never be over sixty degrees Fahrenheit). If too warm, the cream may curdle before freezing.

Freezing incorporates air in the mixture. Allow plenty of room for "swell." Fill the freezer cylinder not over three-fourths full; half full is better.

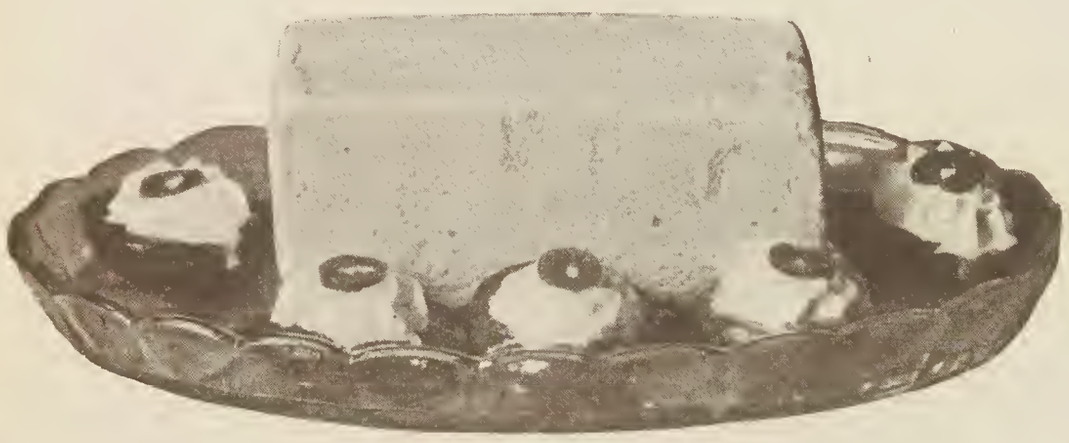
Turn the freezer slowly at first until the mixture begins to freeze, then turn it rapidly. This beats up the cream and produces a swell. From twelve to twenty minutes are required for freezing ice-cream. Sherbets take from twenty to thirty minutes. The ratio of salt to ice is important. Use fine dairy salt and finely chopped ice for freezing and coarse rock salt and coarsely chopped ice for packing. One part salt to ten parts ice by weight is enough for freezing. Use the salt with the ice in the upper two-thirds of the freezer, pour cold water over to start the ice melting and to make a brine so that every part of the freezer cylinder is in contact with the freezing mixture.

Ice-cream is ready for packing when it has a dull appearance. It should adhere to a spoon and retain its shape for some time. By thermometer test it should be around twenty-seven degrees Fahrenheit. It should be firm and mellow, smooth and velvety, neither tough nor mushy and should be free from grains or lumps. Ice-cream or ices should be molded when ready for packing and while soft enough to handle well.

To pack ice-cream, drain off the brine and pack in coarse cracked ice and salt. Use one part salt to eighteen or twenty of ice by weight. Cover the top of cylinder four to six inches.

Ice-cream, mousses or bombes may be packed in molds of any shape. Place waxed paper on the top, cover and seal with any hard fat (mutton, beef, tallow or lard) rubbed along the seam of the cover and pack directly in the ice and salt mixture or in the freezer cylinder if this has first been chilled.

To unmold, dip the mold in cold water, wipe it dry and invert on a service-plate. If it does not come out at once, wring a cloth out of lukewarm (not hot) water and wipe quickly over the outside of the mold.



A sigh of joy greets the peach mousse. The block of ice-cream is flanked by peach halves filled with whipped cream and garnished with peach rings



A coupe topped with nuts and served in a tall glass makes an attractive frozen dessert

PHILADELPHIA ICE-CREAM

1 quart thin cream
1 teaspoon vanilla
⅔ cup sugar

MIX the ingredients together and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Pour into the container and freeze.

FRENCH ICE-CREAM

4 egg-yolks
4 cups medium cream
⅔ cup sugar

SCALD the cream, add the sugar and pour the mixture gradually over the well-beaten egg-yolks, beating the mixture constantly. Cook in a double boiler until the mixture is of the consistency of a custard. Cool, pour into the container and freeze.

JUNKET ICE-CREAM

3 cups milk
1 cup cream
¾ cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 junket tablet crushed in 1 teaspoon cold water

HEAT the milk and cream until lukewarm, add the sugar and stir until it is dissolved. Add the dissolved junket tablet, stir thoroughly and let the mixture stand in a warm place until it thickens to a smooth custard consistency. Pour into a container and freeze to a mush. Add one-half cup Grape-nuts and finish the freezing.

The ice-cream may be tinted pink and when frozen to a mush add one-quarter cup each of grated pineapple and chopped maraschino cherries.

BISCUITS

PACK small paper cases with yellow parfait. Place in freezer with waxed paper between layers of cases to freeze for three hours. Serve plain or sprinkle with chopped browned almonds.

BISCUIT TORTONI

ADD one cup of pulverized macaroons to yellow parfait mixture.

CARAMEL PARFAIT

¼ cup sugar caramelized
1 cup boiling water
1 cup sugar
Yolks of 4 eggs
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 pint heavy cream

CARAMELIZE the one-quarter pound of sugar by melting slowly without addition of water and cooking until it is a light-brown color. Add the boiling water and when the caramel is dissolved add the remaining cup of sugar. Cook until the sirup spins a thread. Pour slowly over the beaten egg-yolks and cook in a double boiler until the mixture coats a spoon.

Set the mixture in a pan of cold water and beat until cold. Add the vanilla. Whip the cream until stiff and fold it into the egg mixture. Turn into a mold. Let stand packed in a mixture of four parts ice and one part salt for four or five hours.

RASPBERRY BOMBE

LINE a mold with raspberry sherbet and fill the center with plain vanilla ice-cream. Place oiled paper over the cream and cover the mold, tightly sealing the joint between cover and can by rubbing it over well with hard fat. Pack in ice and salt and let stand for three hours.

CANTALOUPE FRAPPÉ

2 cups sugar
Juice of 2 lemons
Juice of 2 oranges
2 pounds cantaloupe-pulp

SELECT cantaloupes having a rich orange color. Remove the seeds and rind and press the pulp through a sieve. Add the other ingredients and freeze to a mush.

PINEAPPLE FRAPPÉ

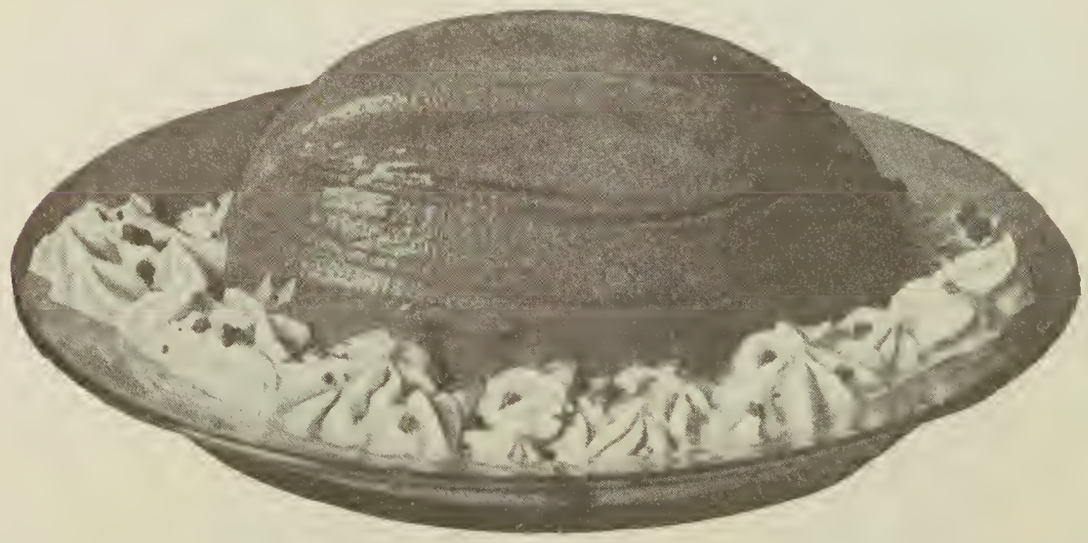
2 cups sugar
3 cups water
Juice of 2 lemons
2 cups grated pineapple

BOIL the sugar and water together for ten minutes. Cool and add pineapple and lemon-juice. Freeze to a mush.

PEACH MOUSSE

1 cup powdered sugar
2 teaspoons gelatin soaked in ¼ cup cold water.
Juice of 1 lemon
1 cup peach-pulp
1 pint heavy cream

DISSOLVE gelatin over hot water and add it to the peach-pulp, lemon-juice and sugar. Mix the ingredients well together; whip the cream until stiff and firm. Fold the cream into the fruit mixture. Turn into a mold. Pack in a mixture of four parts ice and one part salt and let stand for three or four hours. Turn out of the mold and serve with halves of fresh peaches filled with whipped cream.



This bombe of red-raspberry sherbet has a center of vanilla ice-cream. The whipped-cream molds are made with a pastry-tube

RASPBERRY SHERBET

1 quart raspberry-juice
1½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon gelatin

SOAK the gelatin in one-quarter cup cold water and dissolve it over hot water. Combine the gelatin with the other ingredients, mix well and freeze.

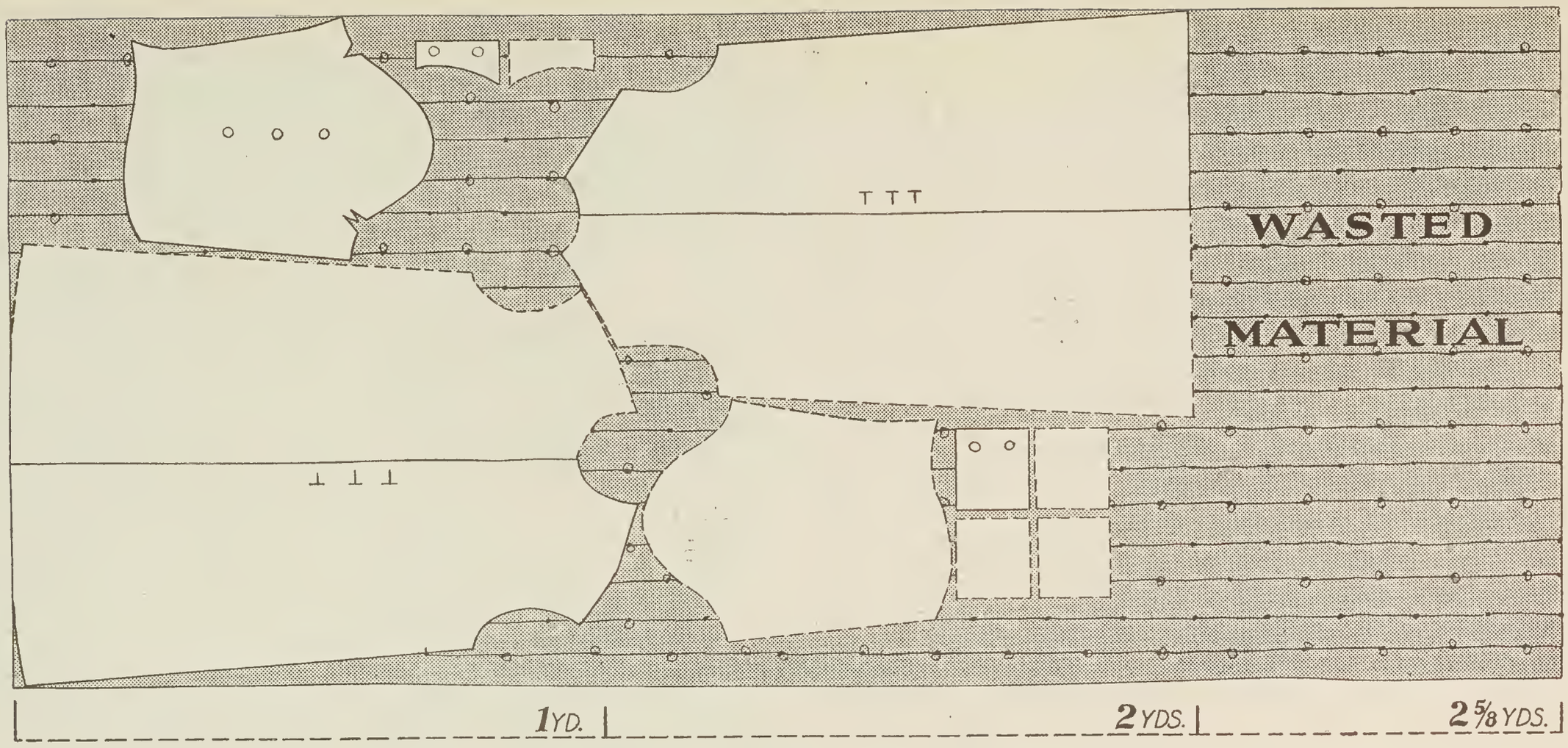
MAPLE MONDAE

PUT a spoonful of preserved grated pineapple in a tall glass. Add a large spoonful of vanilla ice-cream. Pour maple sauce over all. Cover with whipped cream and sprinkle with sliced pecan-nut meats.

For recipes of delicious sauces and sirups to serve with ice-cream desserts, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the Home-Makers' Department.



A biscuit, frozen in a paper case, makes a dainty refreshment for a party when tables are not used. The individual cases can be bought at a caterer's



This pattern called for $1.09 worth of unnecessary material,
as a Deltor cutting layout for it proved

The "Unnecessary Margin"—at last the Deltor has done away with this drain upon women's pocketbooks

FOR years when an ordinary pattern told a woman how much material she would need, it always had to specify *more* than the necessary amount, for many women would be sure to waste some of the material, in cutting it.

Because some women cut wastefully or unskilfully, *all* women had to buy this extra allowance of material; this "unnecessary margin."

The Deltor absolutely does away with this extravagant practise.

It provides a cutting guide so simple that the most inexperienced sewer can follow it; so exact that the most expert cutter can not improve upon it. It does away with the need for even an extra inch of material.

Butterick the first to abolish the "unnecessary margin"

In abolishing the "unnecessary margin" and introducing a vital new economy into women's dressmaking, Butterick is doing what no other pattern maker has yet dared to do—as the following incident shows:

Recently the Butterick cutting experts went out and bought a number of the leading patterns on the market; they also bought the material each one specified.

Then they made Deltor cutting charts for these patterns.

They found that *every one of these patterns callea for unnecessary material;* every one allowed the "unnecessary margin."

The pattern shown at the top of this page was one instance. It called for 2 5/8 yards of crêpe de Chine. This material cost $1.75 a yard.

By making a Deltor cutting chart for it, the Butterick cutting experts found that they could get the pattern out of *2 yards.* That 5/8 of a yard was *wasted.* Five-eights of a yard at $1.75 meant $1.09—saved by one Deltor cutting chart alone!

Another pattern called for 5 6/8 yards ot Canton crêpe at $4.00 a yard. A Deltor cutting chart was

BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE

made. Six-eighths of a yard that the pattern had called for was left over. This meant three dollars saved—six times the price of the most expensive Butterick Pattern with the Deltor.

The Deltor cutting layout enables any woman to cut to the line—there is no need to allow an "unnecessary margin." Butterick Patterns with the Deltor specify only the material that is absolutely necessary. You do not buy one inch you do not need.

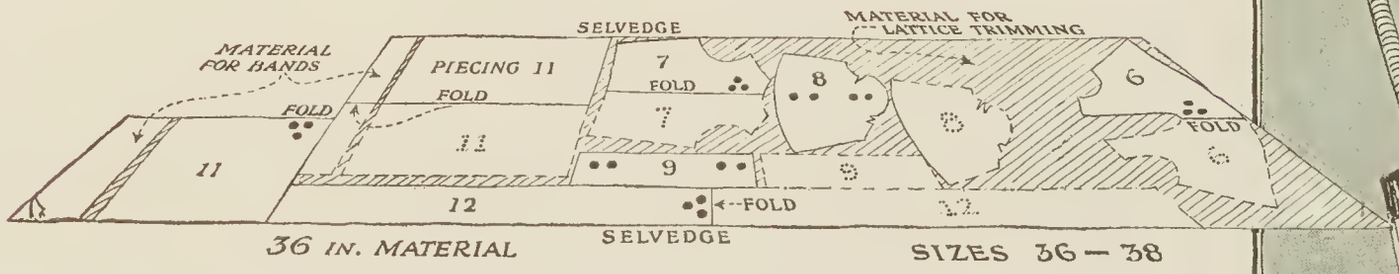
The Deltor cutting layouts are made by men trained by years of experience—not one person in a thousand has their skill. They are experts in cutting. The saving in material over other patterns that these layouts guarantee you, more than pays, in itself, for the price of the pattern.

When you buy a Butterick Pattern you will find its Deltor in the envelope. Every new Butterick Pattern now gives you the complete Deltor service—the greatest dress-making help to women since the paper pattern itself.

BUTTERICK, NEW YORK, PARIS, LONDON



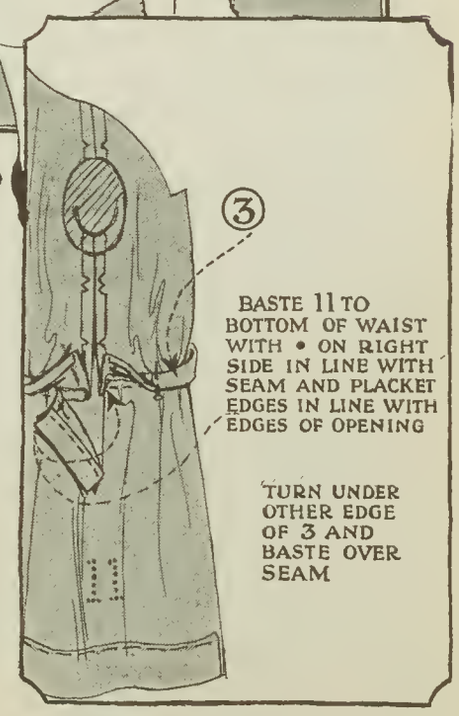
You need only 4⅛ yards for this dress — other patterns for similar models call for from 5¼ to 7½ yards

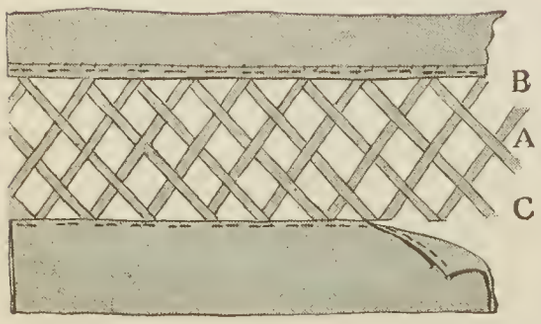


"I bought my material first," writes one woman, "then when I got my pattern with the Deltor I found I had 1⅜ yard more than I needed with the Deltor cutting layout."

With the Deltor you know you are not buying an inch of material you do not actually need. There are no expensive left-overs.

Every Deltor gives you a layout for every size the pattern comes in, and every view, laid on every suitable width of material. You simply select the one that meets your needs and go ahead.





You sew with all the sureness of a professional

Putting your dress together is the easiest thing in the world when you have the Deltor. The exact way a professional did it, is there before you in the Deltor. You have all the expert short cuts, the clever ways that give "line." It all goes so swiftly and simply, and because you work like an expert, you retain all the grace of the original model.

That delightful French finish

No one in the world is as exquisite at finishing as the French. This ability, this French touch, is yours when you have the Deltor. You know just exactly how to finish each detail of your frock to give it what the French themselves call the "bloom" of a dress. No wonder when it is done, no one will believe you made it yourself—it has the atmosphere of an atelier about it.

DELTOR—*The pattern that pays for itself in material saved*





APHRODITE FROM THE WAVES

By Celia Caroline Cole

All the refinements of personal cleanliness that are immediately refreshing and permanently beneficial to the hot, tired body are revealed in this treatise on the art of the bath. You may consult Mrs. Cole freely for special advice on any subject relating to beauty. Letters should be sent in care of THE DELINEATOR, and should always be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply

THE gay, wise gods of the pagans would have it that their Athena, goddess of Wisdom, sprang from old Zeus's head, full grown and, if I remember rightly, with all her best clothes on; and that Aphrodite, goddess of Love, rosé right up out of the sea, glowing and gorgeous and ready for business.

We've always understood Athena's stepping out of her father's head; that's a perfectly reasonable place for her to come from. But why should the goddess of Love come up out of the sea?

But, of course! Love, beauty, cleanliness, water. Water, cleanliness, beauty, love. There it is.

She came up out of the waves because they were such a part of her. Beauty is the very self of love; there never yet was a love that hadn't beauty—beauty of some sort, mind, body or soul—as the very heart of it. And beauty, beauty of any kind, is sister to cleanliness. And where do you get cleanliness without a little *soupçon* of water thrown in!

Recently we began to talk to people about baths. We discovered that almost nobody knows how to bathe properly. From the messy people who believe only in Saturday night, to those who take a bath on rising and another just before dinner, almost nobody did it *right!*

Of course you ought to have a bath every day, unless you're under a doctor's care and he says you mustn't. Not a bath in a tub necessarily, but some kind of a bath to keep your pores open and your circulation glad. You can't have a good complexion unless all the pores all over your body are clean and active. You can't have *perfect* health. You can't feel like an eagle whizzing along in the top of the sky. Take some kind of a bath every day. A hot one if you can stand it.

And this is the way to take it so that it will not be weakening, unless you are already in a very weak condition. Take it as hot as you like, only don't lie in it for more than five minutes. After five minutes, scrub! And let the hot water begin to run out and the cold in, so that by the time you get out you step out of a fairly cold bath. And it mustn't take more than ten minutes for the whole thing.

THE most perfect hot bath is the Japanese bath. Get into fairly warm water and then let hot water flow into your tub until it is very hot. Scrub around in that. Now pull out the stopper, turn on the cold water and let it pour in as the hot water flows out. When it is cold, get out.

Now as to cold baths. The test of whether you can take a cold plunge or not in the morning is the color of you when you get out of it. If you're pink, you're fit for cold baths, but if you're bluish, you're not. But even when you're fit, don't plunge in and do nothing except shiver and howl. Splash! Slap yourself! Rub with a rough washcloth. Then when you get up out of it, don't stand and chatter. Prance and slap.

There are all kinds of crystals and salts and perfumes to put in baths, delightful things that make you feel like a Sybarite. Some of them cleanse, some whiten and some merely pamper your fastidiousness. But soap—a good, pure, not very highly perfumed soap—is the usual thing.

Glycerine soap, the absolutely pure glycerine, will whiten and soften skin as well as anything.

So much for the ordinary tub baths. Now for the gentler ways of getting clean.

One of the nicest sponge baths is to put a bath-mat in the tub so you won't slide around, then take your sponge from running water. This thing of standing in front of the basin and scrubbing yourself is rather half-way, not enough water in it. Remember Aphrodite needed the whole ocean. Be sure to get the soap well rinsed off your body so the pores are left open and free.

AND then there's the salt glow. A salt glow is strengthening, and cleansing, too, but it shouldn't be taken over twice a week. You take the coarse cooking salt, not that educated, refined kind that comes in boxes, and filling your hand with it, dampen it a little and rub it vigorously all over your body. Then pop under the shower and rinse it all off. Very nice; but only twice a week.

For those people who have that strange, defiant thing called a "body smell," put a teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda into your basin of water and take a sponge bath with it. Don't get it on your face or head as it is too drying. There are a few good perspiration cures on the market that really will counteract that smell and not be harmful, but the bicarbonate bath is one of the best things you can take if you are troubled with an odor from the body.

If your skin is sensitive, you can't use rough wash-cloths and towels. But if it is not supersensitive, the harsh towels and cloths are best; they scrub off the dead particles of skin and whip the circulation up out of its lethargy.

A bath sponge is good if you are very careful about keeping it clean and about putting it in the sun often to cleanse it further and revive its spirit. Personally, we like brushes—the nice long-handled kind that get down between the shoulders and never miss an inch. There is really a delightful one on the market now with a little spray right down its middle, and the whole brush attached to a little rubber hose which fastens on to the tub faucet, with the result that your brush is cleansed while it scrubs you and your soap is rinsed off at the same time. Elbows and knees and nails and backs almost demand a brush, especially in this day when they're all so exposed to the cruel world.

If there ever was a setting-up thing in this knock-down old world, it's a shower. Toddle under it, turn on the warm water and let it get hotter and hotter, pattering down on your back like a hot, healing rain, and then gradually make it colder and colder until it's like cheery bits of ice bidding you stand up and be a man.

It's a good idea always to put on a rubber cap when you bathe, even in the tub. It will help you relax because you don't have to hold up your head to keep your hair dry.

If you're a person of strong character, you'll take a few setting-up exercises before your bath, standing before an open window in either Winter or Summer. If you are earnest enough about it to write us, we'll send you the best kind to take.

Then rest a bit after your bath, if you want to get full beauty benefit.

There is the Turkish bath, and the cabinet bath, and electric baths and other de luxe baths that only the wildly rich know. It's not a bad idea to take a Turkish bath once every two or four weeks if you're a normal, healthy person. Of course you can take an imitation one in your home, especially in Summer. Get your bathroom filled with steam from boiling-hot running water and sit there clad only in the anticipation of getting spotlessly clean. You can't breathe very well, but it's worth it if you feel the pores all over your body opening wide and little streams of impurities running down. Then take a hot scrub and stand under the shower, if you have a shower, or let the water run in cold until you have a cold tub.

In an honest-for-sure Turkish bath you go amongst your fellow women clad in a sheet and a little tube of cold-cream in your hand. You are sent first into a hot room where you lie in a steamer-chair and bake, and sip cold water from a glass and mop your brow with a little damask ice-bag. If you care anything about your skin, put cold-cream on your face when in the hot room. After about fifteen or twenty minutes there, you go out to another steamer-chair and are wrapped up in blankets and blankets and blankets to dream and doze and most awfully perspire as long as you like.

THEN the steam room, where you lose your sheet and almost your courage—in fact the only thing that keeps you there longer than one second is your stern admonition to yourself "Tis not life that matters but the courage you bring to it!" You can't breathe. You can't see. You can hear, but only gasps, gasps of other victims somewhere in the room. Your heart beats like a trip-hammer. Your face and body melt into perspiring little streams. But you stay. Yes, you stay, because you're going to be clean or bust! Then suddenly your endurance ends, and you jump *spang* out of that door as if you were fleeing from all the furies.

Next you are laid upon a marble slab where you're scrubbed with a brush and soap and water and the mercilessness with which a good housewife scrubs her dirty kitchen floor. Then a shower that is so vigorous that it almost blows you over. You wave about and gasp, and are finally released for a rub-down and a soothing alcohol rub.

Anyway, you're *clean!*

Cabinet baths, where you are pushed into a cabinet lined with gleaming electric lights, are mostly for getting rid of superfluous fat, or rheumatism or a cold or some other thing that doesn't really belong to you. People who are trying hard to reduce take them every day. Very strong medicine, that! And it should not be taken without your physician's consent.

WE'VE almost forgotten to speak about Aphrodite's particular kind of bath—the ocean.

Ocean baths are to us what April is to a lover. It is only when we're in the ocean that we understand why we have a body.

The length of time you should stay in depends rather on you individually. Never stay in after you begin to feel shivery. And when you first get in, swim hard, or if you don't swim, jump and splash and wave with all your might.

Then get out and bake in the sand. And unless you're exceptionally strong, don't go back into the water. Trot off home and take your shower and rub. Personally we don't always shower. We like the ocean so much we keep it on—most of the time. If you sunburn, put a tablespoon of pure glycerine—it must be absolutely pure or it will irritate—into a pint of water. Rub this into the skin where it is exposed to the rays of the sun and don't wipe off.

Ocean baths make your skin like velvet. If you can't go to the ocean, make it come to you as nearly as you can. Buy some sea-salt and put it in your bath. Always get the salt out of your hair, either with a cleansing tonic or a quick shower. If you allow the salt to remain in your hair it makes it sticky and rots it.

A certain immortal cautioned us to beware of getting only the outside of the platter clean. Beauty has deep roots. You can't be really beautiful unless your intestines are clean and your liver alive. Drink at least twelve glasses of water a day, the more the merrier. Two, either hot or cold, half an hour before breakfast, and then keep it up all day. You'll notice a glorious difference not only in complexion but in your general health.

And there's a still deeper cleanliness. Thoughts and impulses and judgments, clean as dawn after a rainy night, generous as the sun, lighted as love—there is the real root of beauty.

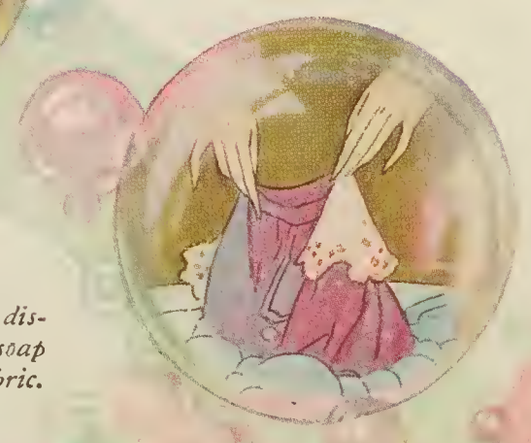
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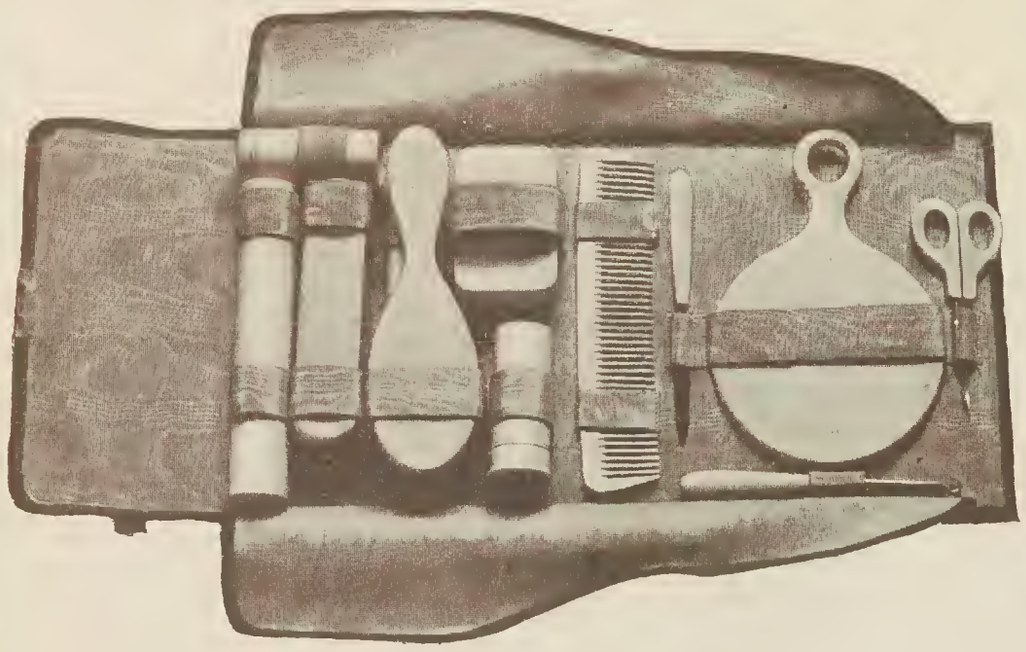
TRAVELING WITHOUT WORRY

By Florence Wolfe

THE best way to take the worry out of traveling is to travel light. A trunk that has to be rechecked in the course of a journey proves a combination of white elephant and *bête noire*.

There are special little overnight suitcases either fitted with toilet things or not that are small and light, yet big enough to hold everything needed for a week-end journey. A brief-case is good for a short trip, for it is light, compact and flat when empty so that it can be put into a trunk or suitcase when not in use. It will hold a nightgown, kimono, toilet accessories, a fresh blouse or two, handkerchiefs, slippers, stockings and if you have a thin evening dress that will not suffer from crushing there will be room for that, too. Even if you are carrying a larger suitcase, it is convenient for a trip on a sleeper to pack all the things needed on the train in a brief-case and leave the suitcase unopened until you reach your destination. You can get, instead of the unpretentious brief-case, a suitcase with a little Pullman case in the top which can be lifted out, folded and carried to the dressing-room. It is fitted with toilet accessories and allows space for a few garments.

A wardrobe trunk is convenient because in hotels closet space is often small. Its hangers and drawers make it a sort of portable wardrobe which need not be unpacked. A good feature of some of these trunks is an iron bar which runs down the center of the drawers and can be locked when you leave your room.



This dressing-case folds into a flat, compact oblong and fastens with a press-stud. It is like a traveling dressing-table, for it contains all necessary toilet articles

When the whole family is traveling, it is often an economy to have a separate hat-trunk. A new type of hat-trunk is lined with broad bands of webbing instead of cushions. This allows the hats to be pinned as close together as possible on the webbing. In the spaces between the hats there is room for light garments. Hat-trunks often have an additional compartment for shoes.

A steamer-trunk is convenient because it can usually be put on the front of a taxi and carried to your hotel with you. In large cities, however, you usually have to wait a half-hour or so to get a trunk even though it came on the same train with you. At such stations it is often more convenient to hand your check to a local expressman.

ON EACH full ticket one hundred and fifty pounds and on each half-fare ticket seventy-five pounds of baggage may be checked free. Excess weight is charged for by the pound; and the charge increases with the distance traveled. If a single trunk weighs over one hundred and fifty pounds, it can be checked on two tickets. However, it is more convenient and better for a trunk not to put too many heavy things like books into it. At any station where the traffic is heavy, check your baggage twenty minutes ahead of train-time; otherwise the baggage may not go on the same train with you.

A way to combine the freedom of a trunkless tour with the pleasure of having plenty of clothes is to carry a suitcase and check your trunk through to your final station. It will be kept at a small storage charge per day in the station storeroom until you arrive to claim it. If you do not expect to arrive within a day or two after your trunk, attach a tag to it or write the baggage-master to hold it.

For short trips it often pays to express a trunk from your home to your destination and be rid of the trouble of two local expresses. Express C. O. D., if possible.

Remember that there are stores in almost every town. Unless you are going into the wilderness, it is not necessary to carry with you much soap, tooth-powder, tooth-paste.

On the sleeper a dark kimono of uncreasable silk or crêpe is almost a necessity. It should fasten down the front or slip on over the head so as to look as little undressed as possible. A dressing-case with all the necessary toilet things is a great convenience; leather or cloth ones lined with rubber can be bought, or cretonne ones can be made. You should have a rubber case for your wet wash-cloth and a celluloid case for your tooth-brush.

A dark suit with both tailored and dressy wash-blouses is excellent for travel. They enable you always to look fresh and tailored on the train and dressy at the hotel. A small dark tailored hat is the most suitable. Jersey and knit-silk garments are good because they do not wrinkle. A lace evening dress has the same advantage.

Underwear of silk or cotton crêpe that requires no ironing saves expense and enables you to do with fewer changes of clothing. The extra pair of shoes or slippers is often a comfort as it affords a rest for weary feet. Needles and thread and pins are necessary; a fountain pen and an address-book are helpful, and a few post-cards to notify your family of your safe arrival.

Celluloid dressing accessories are good because they are light and unbreakable. It is well to take a cake of soap lest you dislike that supplied by Pullmans and hotels; and a tube—not a jar—of cold-cream, to remove dust from the skin. Take also a veil, plenty of hair-nets and, if you are subject to eye-strain, tinted glasses.

A case to keep the trunk keys together and a chamois or linen money-bag that hangs around the neck are useful. And do not forget to carry calling-cards or some other convincing means of identification in case you need to cash a check or money-order.



The hats are pinned to the webbing of this hat-trunk

AS TO DOLLARS AND CENTS

THE ogre to the woman traveler is money. To carry a large amount in cash is foolish. If you do so, always entrust it to the hotel safe. Of course it is almost impossible to get a check cashed where you are a stranger, but there are regular check forms especially made for travelers which you can buy from your bank. They are safer than certified checks because they require a double signature. When you get them at your bank, you sign in the presence of a bank official and then, when on your trip you want one cashed, you countersign it. It can be cashed without trouble almost anywhere.

If you should be stranded in a strange town, penniless, a telegram can be sent home collect and money can be telegraphed back to you. If you are not in a hurry, a postal money-order may be sent.

TICKETS AND RESERVATIONS

YOUR local ticket-agent will sell you tickets to any point in America and will make Pullman reservations for you. If the trip is a long one, it is well to buy your tickets at least an hour in advance.

It is safer to reserve a Pullman seat or a berth a week ahead of your departure; if you are crossing the continent or traveling over a holiday, when the traffic is heavy, apply even earlier. Do not, however, make the reservations before you are sure of the date of your departure, as they can not be transferred. They must be canceled and new ones made.

When you ask for reservations, say you want to be near the ladies' dressing-room.

Your local ticket-agent will tell you about changes and stop-overs. A stop-over is a privilege the railroad gives you of visiting a city en route to some remote place, without the trouble of buying a new ticket to each point. If you plan to make a stop-over, be sure to ask the ticket-agent the length of time allowed for the visit, as railroads have special regulations for this privilege.

For children under twelve, half-fare is charged. Children under three or five, depending on the railroad, are carried free of charge. For long trips it is not comfortable and sometimes not possible to travel in a day-coach, for many of the fast through-trains do not carry coaches. A parlor-car or chair-car is a pleasant daytime way to journey. It has a dusky guardian who will give you a small pillow, a paper hat-bag and a table.

IF THERE are two in the party, a section is pleasant for a long trip, for you will have facing seats and can sit in one and use the other for magazines and baggage.

A compartment is a train stateroom. It has an upper and a lower berth, a sofa-bed and a lavatory. A drawing-room holds the same number of passengers but has a partitioned-off wash-room and is therefore more expensive. It often pays a mother to pay extra for a compartment or drawing-room, as it permits children to take their usual naps.

West of Chicago, tourist sleepers offer an economical way of traveling. The fare is the same, but the sleeper rate is less. A tourist-car also minimizes the expenses by supplying for your use a tiny kitchen at one end of the car. These little kitchens have a coal-stove with an emergency burner and a small sink. You arrange your cooking-time with the porter and every day at that time the kitchen is yours. You must, of course, bring your food from home. Canned foods are useful for such a trip.

Tourist-cars are not carried by the fast trains. It is possible, of course, to stay in these cars for the advantage of the lower sleeper rates and yet to use the diner.

Some parlor-cars will serve you some hot food at a table by your chair and you can make the rest of the meal on food you have brought with you. This is not permitted in the diner.

It is well to make hotel reservations in advance, as you can not foresee events which may crowd the hotels.

For further information about travel and travel equipment, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to THE DELINEATOR Service Department.



When Listerine meets halitosis

THE distressing thing about halitosis (scientific term meaning unpleasant breath) is this: You're usually not aware yourself of whether you are guilty—whether or not your breath is just right.

Let Listerine put you on the safe side. It will do so quickly and pleasantly—unless, of course, halitosis is chronic with you, due to some deep-seated disorder which a doctor or dentist will need to correct.

This is what happens when Listerine meets halitosis: Halitosis most commonly is due to the acid fermentation of starchy and sugary foods in the mouth; to putrefaction of food particles retained about the teeth, or to excessive use of tobacco.

Listerine, by virtue of its peculiar antiseptic properties, halts both putrefaction and fermentation and removes disagreeable mouth odors.

It leaves the mouth and breath sweet, fresh and clean, putting your mind at ease as to whether or not you may be offending those about you.

How much better it is, then, to have Listerine at hand in your bathroom, to use it systematically and to be sure you are on the safe and polite side!—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE



ORIGINAL APPOINTMENTS WILL SCORE FOR THE HOSTESS

ALONG with other outworn ideas to be cast aside in the hinterland of discards is the *notion* that parties are odious duties to be dreaded. It all depends, as wise persons will predict, upon the angle of approach. An afternoon's bridge is a real delight to the hostess who has taken a personal interest in the appointments—one that is economical—for these aids to successful bridge can be made with very little expense. Since there must be a table for each four persons, the first consideration is for smooth table-covers. Then one must give a thought to score-cards for each table and tally-cards for each guest. The very newest thing to do when refreshment time draws near is to cover the card-table with a pretty tea-cloth made just the size of the table and with napkins repeating its design. And as for prizes—any one will value the gift with a touch of hand-work far above those the hostess can possibly buy.

COVERS FOR CARD-TABLES

ORIGINAL wash covers may be made of white linen-finished cotton. Measure the table and cut a square exactly its size. Cut off the corners and apply the card motifs from embroidery design 10948 in the center of each corner 2 inches from the edge. Place a card over each motif and outline in pencil. Paint the motifs with black and vermilion oil-paint which has been mixed with stencil mordant. If one prefers they may be appliquéd. Now work the outline of the card in outline embroidery, using black around the black motifs and red around the red motifs. Bind the edge of the cloth with red bias binding. Cut four pieces of binding ½ yard long. Sew one to the center of each side to tie the cloth to the table.

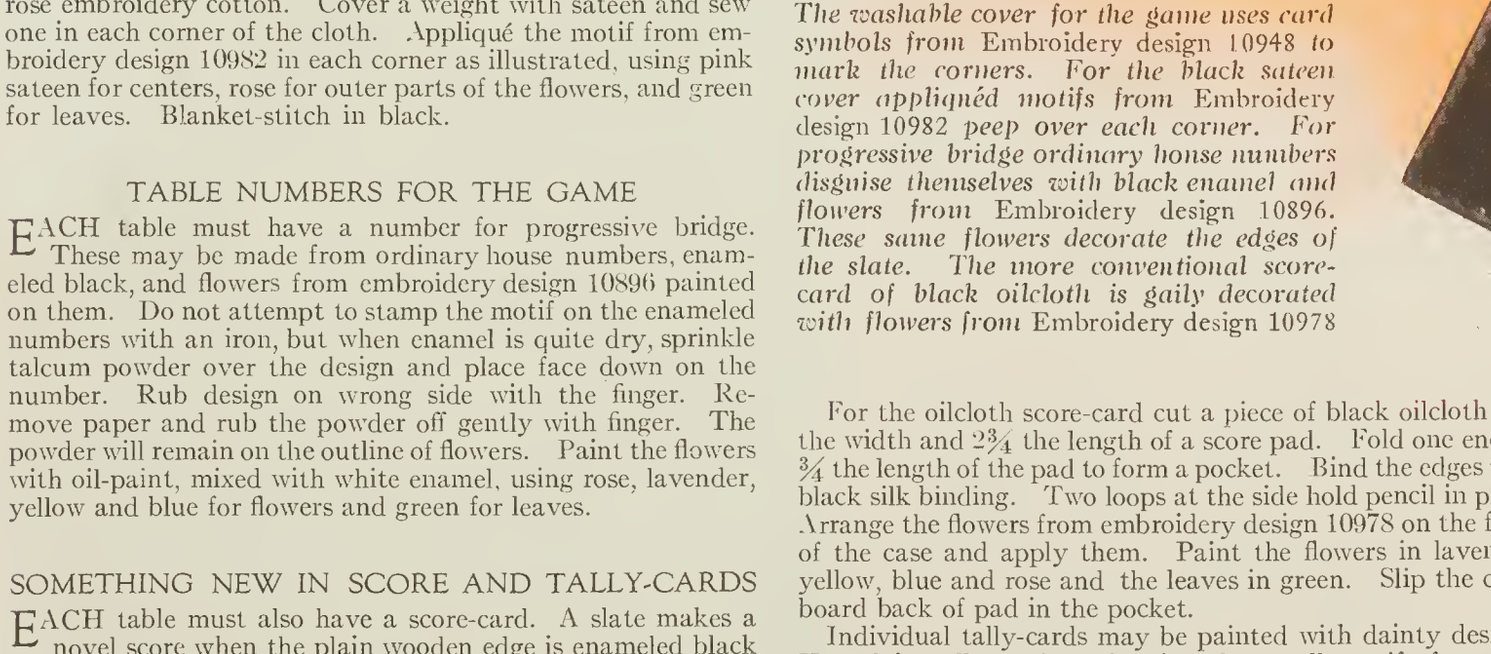
The black sateen cover is brightened with appliquéd flowers. To make it, cut black sateen the size of the table. Turn the edge in for a ¼-inch hem working a cross-stitch all around in rose embroidery cotton. Cover a weight with sateen and sew one in each corner of the cloth. Appliqué the motif from embroidery design 10982 in each corner as illustrated, using pink sateen for centers, rose for outer parts of the flowers, and green for leaves. Blanket-stitch in black.

TABLE NUMBERS FOR THE GAME

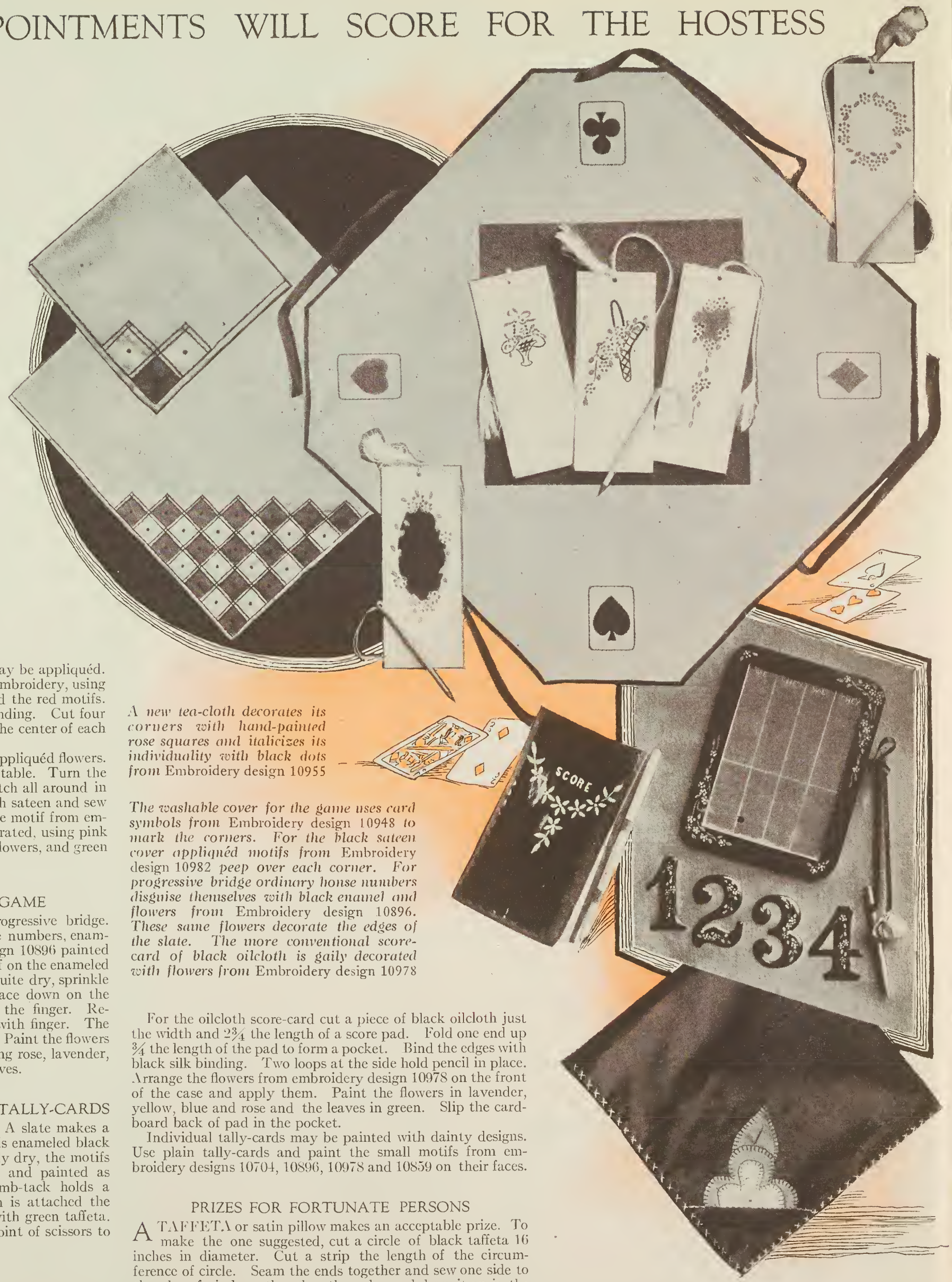
EACH table must have a number for progressive bridge. These may be made from ordinary house numbers, enameled black, and flowers from embroidery design 10896 painted on them. Do not attempt to stamp the motif on the enameled numbers with an iron, but when enamel is quite dry, sprinkle talcum powder over the design and place face down on the number. Rub design on wrong side with the finger. Remove paper and rub the powder off gently with finger. The powder will remain on the outline of flowers. Paint the flowers with oil-paint, mixed with white enamel, using rose, lavender, yellow and blue for flowers and green for leaves.

SOMETHING NEW IN SCORE AND TALLY-CARDS

EACH table must also have a score-card. A slate makes a novel score when the plain wooden edge is enameled black and painted. When the enamel is thoroughly dry, the motifs from embroidery design 10896 are applied and painted as described for the numbers. A fancy thumb-tack holds a piece of black ribbon on one side to which is attached the pencil and eraser—a bit of cotton covered with green taffeta. The lines on the slate are put in with the point of scissors to keep them from rubbing out.



Half the enthusiasm for entertaining is kindled in preparations for a party, a lost joy if one buys the tally-cards or bridge prizes. Hand-painted flowers from Embroidery designs 10704, 10896, 10978, *and* 10859 *decorate plain tally-cards. A taffeta rose pillow is a prize worth striving for and who would not yearn to carry this oilcloth bag? The "Mary Contrary and her garden" design comes from* Embroidery design 10966



A new tea-cloth decorates its corners with hand-painted rose squares and italicizes its individuality with black dots from Embroidery design 10955

The washable cover for the game uses card symbols from Embroidery design 10948 *to mark the corners. For the black sateen cover appliqué motifs from* Embroidery design 10982 *peep over each corner. For progressive bridge ordinary house numbers disguise themselves with black enamel and flowers from* Embroidery design 10896. *These same flowers decorate the edges of the slate. The more conventional score-card of black oilcloth is gaily decorated with flowers from* Embroidery design 10978

For the oilcloth score-card cut a piece of black oilcloth just the width and 2¾ the length of a score pad. Fold one end up ¾ the length of the pad to form a pocket. Bind the edges with black silk binding. Two loops at the side hold pencil in place. Arrange the flowers from embroidery design 10978 on the front of the case and apply them. Paint the flowers in lavender, yellow, blue and rose and the leaves in green. Slip the cardboard back of pad in the pocket.

Individual tally-cards may be painted with dainty designs. Use plain tally-cards and paint the small motifs from embroidery designs 10704, 10896, 10978 and 10859 on their faces.

PRIZES FOR FORTUNATE PERSONS

A TAFFETA or satin pillow makes an acceptable prize. To make the one suggested, cut a circle of black taffeta 16 inches in diameter. Cut a strip the length of the circumference of circle. Seam the ends together and sew one side to the edge of circle, gather the other edge and draw it up in the center. Cut a strip of taffeta 9 by 12 inches. Fold lengthwise. Turn the ends in and gather along raw edges to form a petal. Make fifteen more petals in the same manner and group in center to form a rose.

For the oilcloth bag cut a piece of dull pebble-finished oilcloth 14 by 20 inches. Fold in half and seam the sides. Apply the motif from embroidery design 10966 in yellow on one side of the bag. With oils, mixed with white enamel, paint the dress in rose, the collar, cuff and petticoats white and the bow on the hat blue. The flowers are lavender, blue, rose and yellow and the leaves green. Line the bag with rose silk. The handle is 1¼ inch wide and of oilcloth doubled.

A CLOTH FOR DAINTY REFRESHMENTS

FOR refreshments one puts this attractive cloth right over the card-table. Cut a square of white linen-finished cotton a little larger than the table. Turn in a ¼-inch hem and work a row of black outline embroidery around the hem. Apply part of the banding from embroidery design 10955 in each corner. Paint every other square with oil-colors mixed with stencil mordant in rose, outlining the squares in black outline embroidery and working the dots in center of each square in black. The squares may be appliquéd instead of painted if desired; this will make a very attractive cloth.



Clean clothes *every day,* with ease—what luxury!

How luxurious if you and your family could change into crisp clean clothes *every day* this hot weather!

What's to prevent?

Is it the *extra* washing, with its gruelling labor and theft of precious time? Is it the *extra* heat from boiling?

Let the modern washing method with P and G The White Naphtha Soap *take out the extras.*

You needn't *boil* clothes with P and G. Just soap and soak, in cold or lukewarm water.

You needn't use the back-tiring, clothes-destroying washboard *rubbing* with P and G. Just squeeze and rinse. Only places like cuff-edges, neck-bands and knees need rubbing at all, and then only lightly between the hands.

For P and G The White Naphtha Soap is a *double-duty* soap. It combines the *speed* of *naphtha* soap with the *safety* of *white* soap. Its use means *more* clean clothes with *less* work.

Try it and see! So many other women have learned its speed *and* safety that it is now quite naturally the *largest selling laundry soap in America.*

Not merely a naphtha soap;
Not merely a white laundry soap;
But the best features of both combined.



for Speed *and* Safety

Copyright 1922, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

HAND-PAINTED ART TURNS SUCCESSFULLY TO SUMMER BASKET UTILITIES

THERE are no barriers to the gay elect who find a joy in creating lovely things. Any one who yearns long and intensely enough will find the very desire for them a spur to the first endeavor, and what surprise is hers to discover that simple directions make most of the new hand-work easily within her grasp! Painted basketry offers much artistic pleasure; there are innumerable combinations of color possible. Attempt to buy these bags, boxes, fans or trays in the shops and be convinced of their worth! It is far less expensive to buy basketry in various Japanese shops and paint your own.

Baskets with smooth surfaces are much simpler to paint. The design may be applied with an iron on any flat surface. If the surface is not flat, the design may be traced with carbon-paper. The design is first applied to the basket; the next step is painting the background. Two coats of black enamel, one applied after the other is thoroughly dry, make the best background. If a colored background is desired, use white enamel mixed with a little oil-paint in the desired color. The next step is painting the design itself. Use oil-colors mixed with white enamel. After the design is quite dry, paint the entire article with white shellac thinned with wood alcohol, and you will have an attractive basket at very small cost.



What a Summer comfort for some hot guest this gay fan will make! A rose-and-blue flower with green leaves from embroidery design 10964 *blooms on a black background for this lovely breeze coaxer*



This graceful little basket will be a dainty accessory for one's crisp Summer costume. It is just the size to hold the handkerchiefs in some scented dresser drawer. The background is black and on the front a motif from embroidery design 10910 *is painted with rose flowers and green leaves. The black-silk cord handles are finished with tassels.*

These luncheon mats will make the high-noon meal a pleasure. The motifs from embroidery design 10966 *are painted in black on the three sizes.*

THIS tray is most inviting to serve cool refreshments on the porch on afternoons. It is 18 *inches long and* 11 *inches wide. The background is black, the top of the rim around the edge vermilion, and the motif from embroidery design* 10876 *worked out in bright green, vermilion, yellow, lavender and tan.*

The oblong basket at the left would make a pleasing prize for some lucky card-winner. It is 11 *inches long by* 8 *inches wide. The background is the natural color of the basket. Near the top runs a* ¾*-inch band of black enamel and the motif from embroidery design* 10947 *appears on the front. The leaves are green, flowers black with vermilion centers, and center spaces blue.*

Shopping is simple if one carries the ample bag below. On an old-blue background appears the motif from embroidery design 10948 *painted in yellow, rose and lavender, with the leaves in green and both leaves and flowers outline in black. A black band* ¼ *inch in width runs around the top of the bag.*

For sewing things, candy or odds and ends, the round basket at the right below is just the thing. The top is decorated with the motif from embroidery design 10920, *carried out on a black background in rose, blue and lavender flowers with yellow centers and green leaves. The entire design is outlined in black.*

The round coverless basket shows a rose lining and around the edge a banding design from embroidery design 10977 *flaunts its yellow, rose and blue colors on a black background.*

The dainty flower fairy on the oblong basket is silhouetted in black against the basket's natural color, and her oval frame outlined in vermilion. Motif from embroidery design 10931.



GOOD TEETH AND WOMANLY BEAUTY

The Importance of Daily Care Before Decay Begins

WOMAN'S crowning glory may be her hair, but no woman who has an appreciation of the real meaning of beauty can believe that lovely hair would make her beautiful if her teeth had been neglected. Good teeth are, indeed, the first requisite of feminine attractiveness. The artist who portrays smiling beauty gives his subject a full set of good teeth. The novelist, describing the charms of his heroine, is almost sure to refer to her beautiful teeth, and in real life the woman who is admired must have teeth that make her "unafraid to smile."



Rousseau said: "If she has good teeth no woman can be ugly." This is not merely a well-turned phrase. Even the jungle woman who possesses gleaming teeth escapes the blight of ugliness.

Prevention Better Than Cure

NATURE, unfortunately, is not impartial in distributing strong, beautiful teeth. Some people have teeth that require little care; others—the great majority—find that constant vigilance is the price of freedom from tooth troubles.



Neglect, in most instances, is followed by discoloration, decay, distress, and finally, the loss of the affected teeth, and disfiguration. It is most important, therefore, to give the teeth watchful care—to clean them at least twice a day with a *safe* dentifrice—before decay begins.

"The reparation of beauty lost through neglect of the teeth," says Irma Frances Dupre in a recent magazine article, "is a task so disheartening, so difficult, and so expensive, as to be a bitter lesson to the woman approaching middle age and regretting the carelessness or indifference of her younger days toward the proper care of this most precious of possessions. . . . Complete and continual tooth cleanliness is essential to tooth preservation."

The daily use of a safe dentifrice and an examination of the teeth every six months by a dentist are requirements that no woman can afford to neglect, and every woman who has children should consider it her duty to see that they pursue this sensible course.

Brushing the teeth night and morning need not be a task. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with its delicious flavor, makes it easy to induce children to acquire the healthful habit of cleaning their teeth twice a day, and adults also find that the use of Colgate's imparts a pleasure to the practice of dental hygiene. Colgate's cleans teeth the right way, *safely* and *thoroughly*. For this reason, Colgate's is recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice.

Bad Teeth a Menace to Health

DURING the past few years widespread alarm has been aroused over the dangers that arise owing to the presence of "dead" teeth in people's mouths. A dead tooth is one in which the "nerve," or pulp, as it is called by the dentists, has died or been killed.

Eminent physicians insist that every dead tooth is likely to be a source from which poison will find its way through the system. Dead teeth are held responsible for rheumatism, indigestion, heart troubles, impairment of sight, and other dangerous ailments.





Many people, acting upon the advice of specialists, have had their teeth pulled, in the hope of recovering lost health; the medical and dental journals devote liberal space to articles concerning the deadly danger that accompanies bad teeth; the newspapers are discussing the subject; health authorities have turned their attention to it; dental hygiene has been taken up in the schools, and in various other ways the public has been made aware of the importance of giving regular and particular care to the teeth.

Development of public interest in the importance of dental hygiene has naturally been followed by the appearance of many kinds of tooth pastes and powders, for some of which extravagant claims are made. It is always advisable to be cautious regarding the use of preparations that are alleged to possess merits which cannot be verified. Look into the character and responsibility of the house that produces the dentifrice you are using, and keep in mind the fact that truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture.

Notwithstanding the advice that is given by physicians and dentists concerning care of the teeth, it happens too often that thought is given to the subject only when exposed nerves give painful warning of trouble that might have been prevented.

In addition to the difficulty of repairing teeth that have begun to ache, the operation usually is so distressing to the patient that it becomes necessary to kill the nerve. Then there is another "dead" tooth, with all the dangers that accompany it.

The care that is necessary to prevent tooth troubles never can begin too early. Children, while still possessing their first teeth should have the benefits accompanying the daily practice of dental hygiene. If the baby teeth are permitted to decay or be lost too early, the second teeth are likely to be defective.

The first teeth should be cleaned regularly; they should be treated by the dentist, if necessary, and the child's gums should be kept in a healthy condition. Such precautions are quite likely to have a desirable effect upon the second teeth, which will have a chance to develop properly, come in regularly, and be sound and strong.

"In the whole range of hygiene," said Dr. William Osler, "there is nothing more important than dental hygiene."

The Safe, Sensible Course

IT is important to remember that the most valuable part of a tooth is its surface—the thin shield known as enamel, which Nature provides for the protection of the inner structure. Injury to the enamel exposes the tooth immediately to the danger of decay. The smallest scratch or break provides a lodging place and a point of attack for the microorganisms that are responsible for cavities. Once the enamel is scratched by the application of an abrasive that is too harsh, the damage is permanent. Nature does not repair the injury.

Whenever and wherever particles of food or other foreign substances are left clinging to teeth or wedged between them fermentation ensues, acid is generated, and decay follows.

Cleaning the teeth regularly night and morning with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the safe, sensible course for men, women, and children. Colgate's is free from injurious ingredients; its purpose is simply to *clean* teeth, which it does effectively, and this is all that any dentifrice should be expected to do.

You can buy Colgate's anywhere. It is recommended by high dental authorities, and it has many advantages in addition to its effectiveness as a safe cleanser. The ribbon, as it is pressed from the tube, lies flat on the brush; the delicious flavor makes its daily use a pleasure; it does not dry out or become hard or brittle, and it is economical. The large sized tubes cost only 25c.



cleans teeth the *right* way

It is safe and efficient; contains no harmful ingredients; the flavor is delicious.

For Good Teeth—Good Health, use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream regularly night and morning. Large tubes 25c. Why pay more?

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Garden Terrace Theater, Yankton College, Yankton, South Dakota

HOW TO GIVE AN OUTDOOR PLAY

By Katharine Lord,
Author of "The Little Playbook"

IN THE cycle of interests that follow the changing year, there comes the occasion that demands the open-air play or pageant.

In the open-air performance, you must cut your garment according to your cloth. You will look over the facilities for staging the play very carefully before choosing it, the arrangements for seating an audience before you decide how many can be invited, the possibilities of lighting before you determine whether your performance shall be in the day or at night.

Perhaps your object is to earn money for the local hospital, a playground or other community enterprise. For such purposes nothing can be better than a play or pageant. You give people something for their money, and the people who do the hard work also have a good time.

Let us consider first the regular play, since its production in the open air is perhaps more difficult than that of the pageant, the festival or the masque. Take a small play in a school yard, for example, or in somebody's orchard, on a lawn, or even on a well-situated veranda.

In the school yard the space will not be very large but probably will be level. There will presumably be the advantage of an enclosed space. Dressing-rooms will be at hand. Perhaps there is the high solid board fence that so often encloses the playground or backs the basket-ball field. Such a fence will prove advantageous as a sounding-board, and may easily be made into a decorative background by being decked with green boughs or hung with flags, large draperies or rugs. Before this background you may mark the stage limits in any one of the several ways discussed later on. Screens set up at right angles to the fence will still further define the acting space. It will be a simple matter to seat fifty to a hundred guests on benches and chairs brought out from the classrooms, leaving a space in front of them for children and young people who do not mind sitting on the ground. Such ground-space may be covered with floor canvas, or, if that is not available, grain sacks or even newspapers will serve the purpose. Collect the newspapers a few days in advance, and have ushers give them out at the entrance to those who are willing to occupy this lowly but advantageous position. This is better than spreading papers down in advance, where careless footsteps may destroy or stray breezes play havoc with them.

The choice of plays for the school yard will cover a wide range, according to the age of the pupils. For younger children there are "Katjen's Garden" or "June Magic," by Katharine Lord (in "The Little Playbook"); the arrangement of "Pilgrim's Progress," by Harriet S. Wright (in "New Plays for Old Tales"); "Festival Plays," by Marguerite Merington, which contains plays suitable for holidays. For high schools: "The Chinese Lantern," by Lawrence Housman; "Sherwood," by Alfred Noyes; some of the comedies of Lady Gregory; "The Amazons," by Pinero (the gymnasium scene frankly transposed to out-of-doors), or "'Op-o-me-Thumb," by Penn and Pryce.

Other collections are: "The Atlantic Book of Modern Plays," edited by Sterling A. Leonard, a valuable and varied collection containing several plays not easily found elsewhere, together with an especially good bibliography of plays for reading (Atlantic Monthly Press, Publishers), and "A Treasury of Plays for Children" and "A Treasury of Plays for Women" (Little, Brown & Co.).

THE using of shrubberied lawns and tennis-courts as play settings is always effective, though in fairness to the owners of the lawns and courts it is suggested that only such spots should be chosen as will permit the chairs to be placed in the graveled drives or on verandas. The veranda itself has received little attention as a theater, but its possibilities are many and interesting. An informal production could be given on a very low unrailed porch which gives onto a greensward at the back of the house. In one such situation, seats were improvised from planks and sawhorses covered with rugs, with a row of chairs at the back and a row of rugs at the front where the younger generation sat cross-legged on the ground. Really this greensward was the clothes-yard, and also served at times as a playground for the little children of the house. With its flanking trellises, covered with vines, it made a unique and charming "little theater."

A good many modern houses have a bricked terrace at the back or side. Here the audience might be seated on the terrace while the players moved about the lawn, a flowering border making a delightful back-scene. Country clubs frequently have terraces or low verandas that would serve such a purpose delightfully. Try the veranda play. You will find it that most desirable thing—a novelty, and it will exercise your ingenuity most amusingly.

The scene of the more spectacular pageant, or the full-length classic play, will necessarily be some larger space, perhaps the town's common, a city park, a fair-ground, or a large open space chosen for its accessibility as well as for its beauty and appropriateness of setting.

Quietness should also be a consideration,

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for at best there are bound to be some distracting outdoor noises.

The choice of material for the pageant is one which will settle itself in advance. Ready-made pageants are necessarily few, for the modern pageant is usually built upon local history and at its best is the work of the people of the community. Suggestions about how to build a pageant may be found in several good books on the subject. The "Technique of Pageantry" and "Shakespeare for Community Players," by Roy Mitchell, have much valuable material.

There are first the problems connected with the stage. If the ground itself be used, the stage should always be defined, lightly but unmistakably, both for the actors and to keep the free-ranging audience from encroaching upon the acting space. Different means that have been used are a row of stones placed not too closely, a marking of lime or of tape such as is used for tennis-courts, or a row of small branches stuck in the ground. One of the most beautiful markings I ever saw was used in a school production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and consisted of a large rope wound with leaves and flowers. It was made the day before of leaves and flowers that did not wilt too easily, and kept in a cool, damp spot overnight.

Any one who has ever had to eject an ambitious spectator from just the spot where an important bit of action is to take place will welcome the leafy rope, or even the less beautiful tape or lime marking that says "thus far and no farther" to the friendly audience. It is wise to make this stage space at least six feet larger all round than the actual space needed, for it is disconcerting to deliver lines with a row of expectant faces literally at one's feet, perhaps *on* them.

SOME arrangement by which actors can enter or depart, such as screens at the side, are practically essential, though in a really woodland scene certain entrances may be made from a distance in full view of the spectators. In the production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" spoken of above, when the fairies came from a hillside at some distance, over a rustic bridge, flitting along to the beautiful Mendelssohn music, the illusion was complete and the audience forgot it was only a play.

The screens, to be most useful, should be angled so that several actors at once can wait their cues. And make sure that the screened space is ample to shield from view other waiting actors, stage manager, director and all and sundry whose presence is essential. Then sternly exclude all who have no definite business back stage. It will perhaps take all your firmness and tact to do this, but it is essential for smooth production.

The matter of cues presents a problem not known in the housed theater. Besides the spoken cue, the actor must learn to depend upon a pantomimic cue. A gesture, a turn of position, should be agreed upon to supplement hearing. When entrances are made from a distance, there must be a complete system of signals. It is best to put the relaying of cues to a distance into the hands of the prompter, who will stand behind the leafy screen or sit at one side of the first row of the audience, and he must have dependable assistants. There should be most careful working-out of such cues in rehearsal, allowing time for the entrances to be made, and it will be worth while to have all such entrances doubly rehearsed.

IN THE open-air performance, the raising and lowering of the curtain may be replaced by the sound of a bugle, or a musical chime, or by quaintly costumed heralds who make some announcement in keeping with the lines of the play. A pretty idea would be to have a mock drawing of an entirely nonexistent curtain. To music, let four Greek-costumed dancers come from either side of the stage, and in a very brief pantomime dance, draw an imaginary curtain, bowing deeply as they retire at the sides.

Since many amateur plays are given for the purpose of making money for some philanthropic purpose, it is desirable to study what can be done for the least money. A New England town last year put on a small pageant that perhaps was a record in this respect and made a goodly sum for its hospital. There was practically no expense except for a small amount of printing.

They called it "Main Street" and for a day shut off traffic from a section of that beautiful old street. The genuine old dresses, jewelry and accessories that many of the townspeople still cherish, were brought out. Scenes from the past were set, some on the doorsteps or in the beautiful gardens, some within the houses, women spinning and weaving, winding wool on "swifts," making sails, ladies serving tea, a spelling-bee, a Colonial wedding, the sailors' dances and the stately minuet, to all of which small admission fees were charged. As many people as possible were induced to dress in costume, and some of them were required to walk about creating atmosphere. On the side streets, so as not to interfere with the picture, were installed all the usual catch-penny devices, cake, candy, lemonade booths, post-card stands, etc., that are always so good a source of income. The same town is planning a more comprehensive pageant for this year.

THE general locality picked out, you must now consider the problem of lighting, and this means natural lighting as well as artificial. For a daytime performance, the audience should never face the west. If the choice lies between the audience and the players, it is better that the latter have the sun in their eyes. Best of all, however, is to have the audience face north when the sun will be on their left. There will be a more pictorial light and shade than if the sun shines full face on the players.

The best hours for a daytime open-air performance are the two hours before twilight. Nature will help you to lovely color effects and the waning light give variety.

If artificial lighting can be managed, an evening performance has certain definite advantages. Darkness shuts out all extraneous objects and the lights "frame" the stage picture, while all kinds of color effects may be achieved with the gelatin screens. The night air carries voice more clearly, and there are fewer of the noises of work-day life to distract the audience.

Lighting at night is easily done if it is possible to connect with electric light current and if you are situated where you can rent the proper appliances. The flood lights, bunch lights, and baby spots used so largely in the theater are equally effective and simple to use out-of-doors. On the other hand, much has been done by ingenious people in lighting a scene with acetylene-gas lamps, or even by high-powered automobile headlights. Two cars on either side of a small stage will furnish ample light, and with the use of the dimmers and the spot-lights, with which most motors are equipped, considerable variety can be attained.

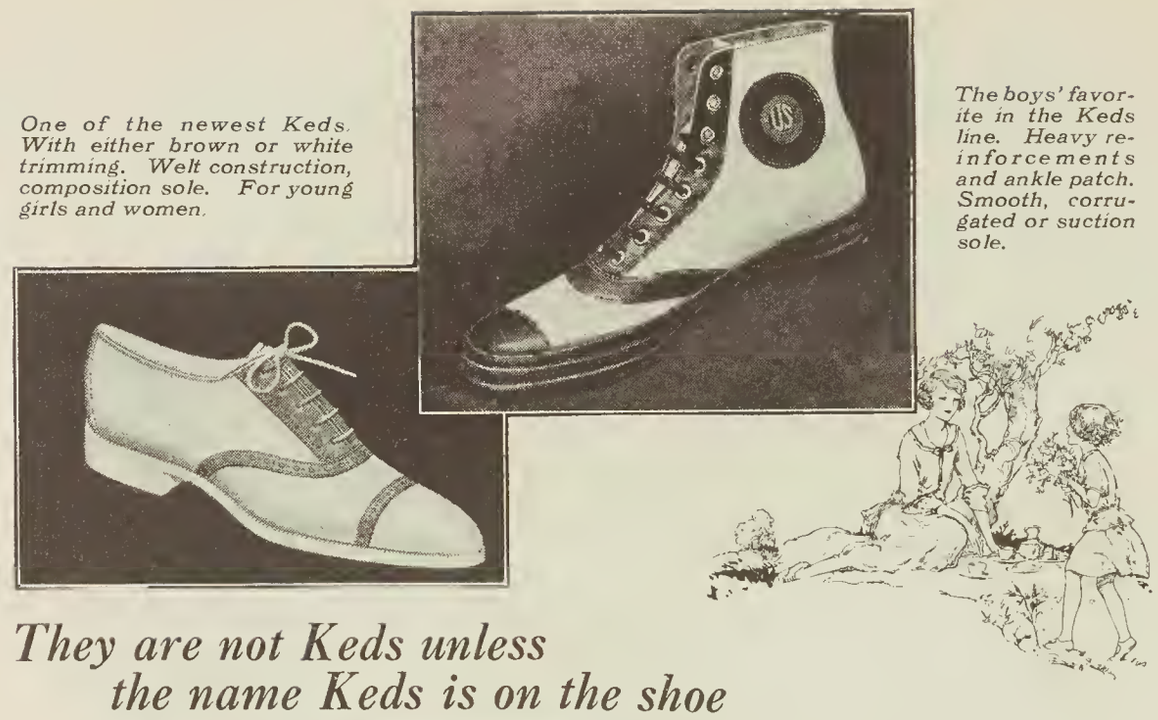
THERE are one or two problems that have to do with the actual rehearsing of the play or pageant after the problems of setting have been successfully solved. Especial care must be taken in making the stage groupings, and the same play may have its incidents quite differently arranged in outdoor and indoor performances. As there is more distraction for eye and ear, groups should be less spread out or individuals brought farther down stage. Make your groupings with especial care, so that important figures do not "cover" each other; use as few accessories as possible, and let those few be of sufficient size and vividness of color so that the audience can quickly grasp their significance. If a character holds a small object in his hand (a key, for example) which nine-tenths of the audience can not see clearly, it will be all in vain for him to exclaim, "This explains everything!"

The amateur may well remember that while greater voice volume is necessary, mere shouting is never desirable, and that the low-pitched voice definitely aimed at a certain spot will often be heard when the merely raised voice is lost.

Having worked out satisfactorily the staging problems, you will turn your attention to the details of seating the audience.

The personnel of the open-air play or pageant will not differ materially from that of the play given indoors, but the distribution of numbers may be somewhat different. There must be a director, stage-manager, lightman (if a lighted play), property-man, prompter, call-boy, though several may be combined in one person. Of ushers, guides and keepers the open-air play will require more than the indoor play, and the pageant will require as well group leaders, persons to relay cues, messengers and guardians of wraps and accessories, an organization that must be under perfect and willing discipline.

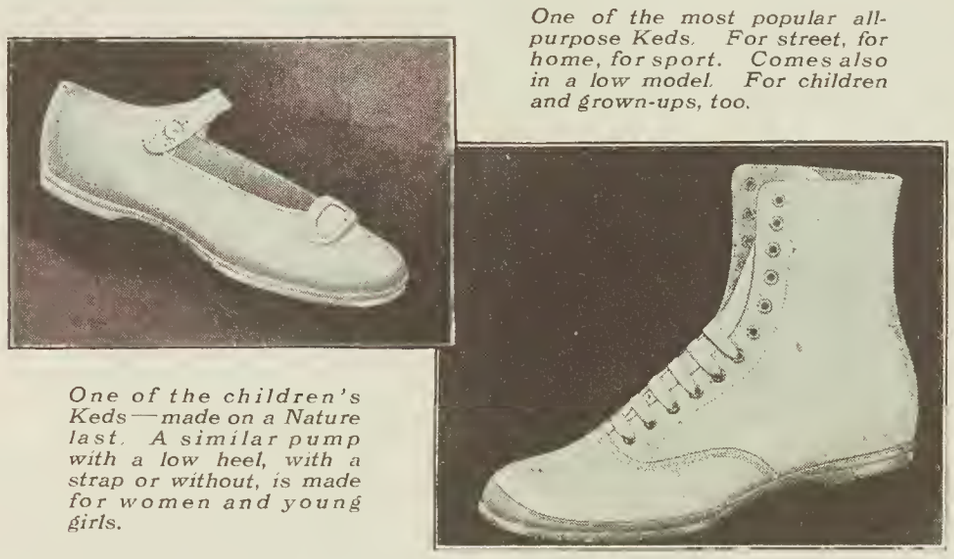
In what may be called its moral organization, the open-air production is like the indoor. There must be perfect cooperation, consideration, enthusiasm and willingness to work on the part of all. Then all will go well and the open-air play or pageant will mark a successful festal day.



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You will be interested in our booklet, "Outdoor Games for Children." Write for a free copy to Dept. S-4, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

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They who have pretty teeth

Note how many pretty teeth are seen everywhere today. Millions are using a new method of teeth cleaning. They remove the dingy film. The same results will come to you if you make this ten-day test.

Why teeth are cloudy

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Film absorbs stains, then it often forms the basis of thin, dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Old brushing methods do not effectively combat it. So most teeth are discolored more or less.

Thus film destroys tooth beauty. It also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea, now so alarmingly common.

Now a daily remover

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to combat film. Authorities have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists, nearly all the world over, are urging their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created to comply with modern requirements. These two film combatants are embodied in it. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Its unique effects

Pepsodent, with every use, attacks the film on teeth.

It also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That to digest the starch deposits which may cling to teeth and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for the acids which cause decay.

In these three ways it fights the enemies of teeth as nothing else has done.

One week will show

Watch these effects for a few days. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Enjoy the refreshing after-effects.

Do this to learn what millions know—the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. Cut out the coupon now.

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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

CARE OF THE PLAYER-PIANO AND THE PHONOGRAPH

By Horace Johnson

THERE is as much difference between a piano and a player-piano as between a bicycle and a motor-cycle. Though a piano and a player-piano are fundamentally the same type of instrument, just as a motor-cycle and a bicycle are alike, the player-piano has many added features in its complicated interior, and therefore needs added care.

The motors of player-pianos are placed in the upper right-hand corner of the piano-case. They are usually made of wood and rubberized material, and have very few metal parts. Accordingly they are not very strong and it is therefore essential that they be treated with great care and consideration to have them operate correctly.

Oil must not be put upon any part of the motor that is not metal, and when it is used for the lubrication of the metal chains and driving-sprockets, it must be used very sparingly. Two drops of oil once every six months will be all that is necessary. Indeed, two drops of oil is a sufficiency; for if three drops are used, the one little extra drop may cause considerable trouble and a sadly depleted pocketbook in case it decides to fly against a string or tuning-pin.

The most common trouble a player-piano suffers is loss of the correct speed or tempo at which the rolls are supposed to operate. This is caused by damp weather in almost all cases. The slides of the motor are made of wood and a prolonged spell of very humid weather often causes them to swell so that they move with effort, thus affecting the speed of the motor. It is an easy matter to slightly loosen the screws which fasten the motor-arm to the idler, and thus give the necessary freedom of motion. I suggest, however, that you do not attempt this remedy until you have had your piano-tuner show you where these screws are placed and how much to loosen them. Only when the motor drags should the motor-slides be tampered with, for your motor operates at maximum capacity of speed and you can gain neither strength nor force of tone by conducting experiments.

PERHAPS you have noticed tiny holes in the folds of the material which covers the wind-bellows of your motor and suspect that there is loss of pressure because of them. Unless such holes have assumed sizable proportions the motor will continue to perform its duty in spite of them, but if you feel convinced that in them lies the root of all difficulty, call your tuner for an examination. Certainly refrain from patching the holes with adhesive tape, tire patches or other material of heavy texture, for it will only result in further reducing the speed of the motor.

Fuzz off the rolls, which is sucked into the tubes, in time collects so thickly that it prevents the air from passing through and weakens the action of the keys. The first-aid instrument is the hand-pump which most piano dealers sell for this particular purpose. The best kind operates with a double action and is made of aluminum. A vacuum cleaner may be used, but care must be taken that the force of suction does not affect any other part of your instrument than the holes of the tracker-bar over which the roll passes. A bicycle-pump can also be used in emergency, provided the nozzle is changed so that the pump sucks out instead of blowing in the holes.

Some makers of player-pianos have metal tabs placed at either end of the tracker-bar which follow the edges of the roll as it unwinds. Let me warn you to be particularly careful not to move these guides from their proper alinement. Their displacement will cause the rolls to tear and wrinkle and the piano to play discords. Children should be told not to touch the tabs; servants must use care in dusting them so as not to disturb their position.

The tracker-bar is made of polished brass usually, and tarnishes easily. It has been found that a liquid metal polish is best for the removal of this sediment, as a powder polish works into the holes of the tracker and interferes with the mechanism.

In operating player-pianos all movements should be firm and deliberate, never hurried and sudden. As in driving an automobile you are taught never to shift gears with a quick jerk, so you should never shift your rewind lever suddenly. Move it deliberately and firmly so that the teeth on the sprocket-wheels mesh smoothly.

SO ALSO the foot-pedals are best played by firm, even strokes. A sudden downward pressure of the foot is liable to snap the steel V-shaped spring which supports the bellows, resulting in an inactive pedal. By lifting out the base panel-board of the piano, this broken spring is located and, with a screw-driver, can be removed. If the broken pieces of the spring are sent to a piano dealer it is possible for him to match it. The new spring can then be adjusted where the broken one was removed.

Reproducing pianos are similar in construction to player-pianos except that all are driven by an electric motor and the rolls are electrically governed. The oil-cups of the electric motor behind the base-board panel should be filled periodically. For the rest of its mechanism no oil is needed.

The reduction of power in reproducing instruments is due to all the troubles player-pianos experience with the added weakness which the loosening of one of the leather belts of the driving-motor brings. These belts can be tightened with little difficulty, though it is preferable to have a piano-tuner or an electrician fix them. In fact, if your piano seems ill and you diagnose the trouble as electrical, it is better to call an electrician for time may be saved in locating a cross-circuit which the tuner might not observe.

Many of the mysterious performances reproducing pianos render are the result of increasing the burden on the feed-wires in your neighborhood by playing the piano when all the lights in your house are being used, or the neighbors are rivaling Broadway. If your trouble is due to lack of current it would be well for you to apply to your power company for better service.

The above hints, with the brief advice which follows, is all the necessary admonition for the care of the piano and player-piano:

1. Put your instrument in the hands of a *competent* tuner and leave it to him.
2. Keep it away from excessive heat or excessive cold; from excessive dryness or excessive dampness.
3. Do not meddle with what you do not understand.

THE care of the phonograph differs in every particular from the attention required for efficient service of a piano or player-piano. With every phonograph there comes a book of instruction on how to oil the motor; if you haven't such a pamphlet I would advise that you get one from your phonograph dealer before you attempt to overhaul your machine. This book will tell you how to unscrew the winding-crank, remove the turn-table, move the tone-arm out of position and

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HOUSEHOLD EQUIPMENT

Tested devices for making housework more efficient

By Myra T. Leadwell

If you are interested in getting any household equipment which can not be found in your neighborhood, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Household Helps editor for information as to where it may be obtained

WHEN the table is set some time before the family assembles for meals, or when meals are served on an unscreened porch, a fiber-glass cover is useful to protect the food. It may also be used to cover cooked food until it has cooled sufficiently to be put in the ice-box.

It can be used in a cold closet to cover a bowl or a low crock.

Fiber glass is a yellowish transparent unbreakable material. The covers come in three sizes.

The old-fashioned wire food-cover can be very prettily decorated. One ingenious housewife painted hers white with pink flowers and green leaves making a border



A mayonnaise-whipper makes the dressing more easily and neatly

around the base. She made two butterfly wings of tin, attached them to a body of putty and painted the wings and body white.

She perched the butterfly on the food cover, puttied it fast and reinforced it with a bit of wire. Any big design shows up well on the fine wire mesh of these covers. The effect is something like that made by cross-stitch designs on a piece of material. In place of butterflies, flowers, bees or fruit with leaves can be made of putty and tin. The white paint should be allowed to dry before the colored design is added and this again must be dry before the butterfly is put on.

THE delight of having mayonnaise is often marred by the fatigue of making it. This new whipper has an oil horn which relieves the cook of the tiresome task of holding a tilted bottle while she beats the mixture. In this new utensil, the oil is put in the horn. The amount dropped in is regulated by a stop-cock at the base of the horn. The whipper comes in two sizes; a small one for every-day use and a large one for the large family, the church supper or the party.

In buying a whipper be sure that the wooden knob on the handle turns freely; a stiff one reduces its usefulness.

The mayonnaise-whipper can also be used for whipping cream, although a special cream churn which comes for this purpose whips the cream more quickly and gives it an especially fine texture.

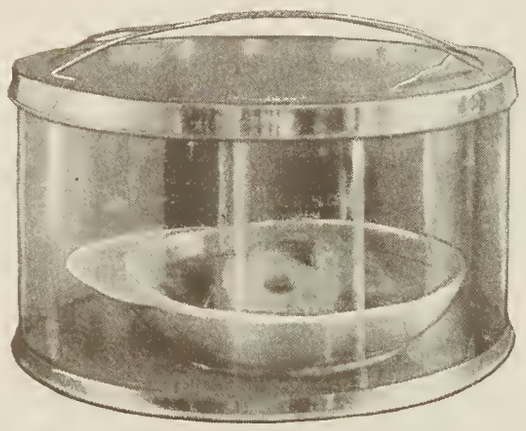
A HOLLOW glass rolling-pin that can be filled with cold water or chopped ice is especially useful for Summer pastry-making. It keeps the paste cool while it is being rolled and so enables you to have it light and flaky.

FOR the woman who has to slice a great many tomatoes, apples, lemons and other fruits and vegetables, the wire slicer shown in the illustration is a saver of labor. Put the fruit in the hollow place, close the wired top and in one operation the sharp, tightly stretched wires cut the fruit or vegetable into neat, even slices.

SINCE teaspoons and tablespoons often vary from the standard, accurate measurements of small quantities are hard to get. They are assured by using a set of measuring spoons. The four shown in the illustration are attached to each other so that they can not be scattered about and mislaid. They measure respectively a tablespoon, a teaspoon, half a teaspoon and a quarter of a teaspoon.

The smaller sizes are useful for measuring seasonings, the amounts of which are so often guessed at or measured very roughly even by women who are careful in measuring all the other ingredients in a dish.

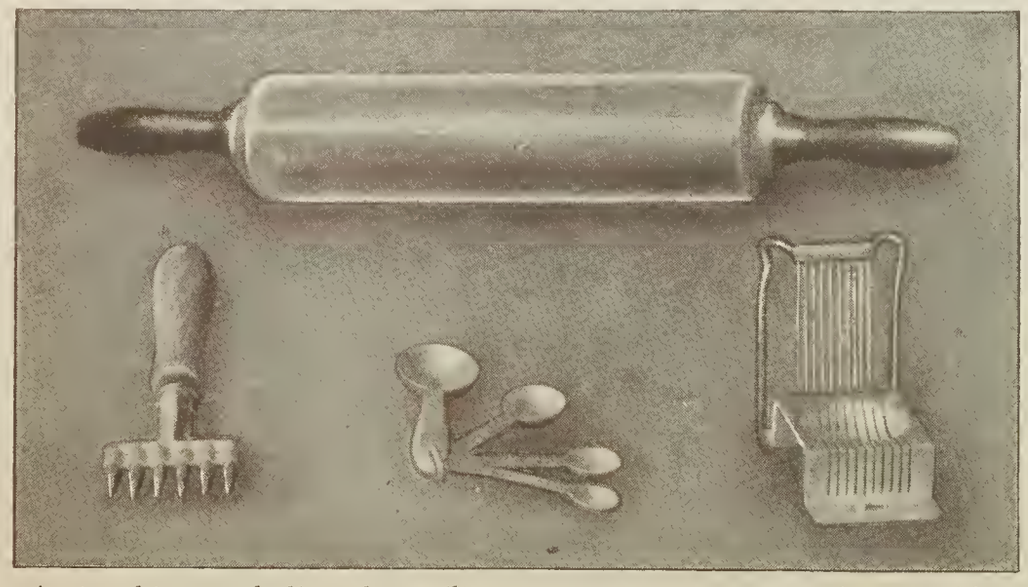
COOLING drinks, melons, cucumber, shrimp, lobster, and many other foods are especially attractive and appetizing in Summer served with finely chopped ice. A



A fiber-glass cover gives complete protection to uncovered food

special ice-chipper with a row of teeth for cutting small pieces of ice off a big block is a saver of labor and ice. It makes it possible to chip off cracked ice without first chopping large pieces from the main block and then reducing them to smaller ones.

Chopped ice which is put on the table for use in serving second glasses of iced drinks will melt less quickly if it is kept in a covered bowl. A casserole is useful for this.



An ice-chipper, a hollow glass rolling-pin, measuring spoons and a vegetable-slicer are useful pieces of kitchen equipment

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GINGER ALE



For the two of you

A bottle of Clicquot Club is the happiest, friendliest drink. You can fill two glasses from one bottle.

Two glasses of golden liquid alive with sparkling bubbles that leap joyously to the brim! No need to be thirsty to drink Clicquot. To look at it creates the desire that Clicquot satisfies.

Man or woman, boy or girl—*they all like it.*

Clicquot is purity itself—pure spring water, real Jamaica ginger, sugar, and the necessary fruit juices to make the blend and the taste.

You should try these, too

However much you like Clicquot Club Ginger Ale, you may prefer a change occasionally. You may have it. Clicquot Club Sarsaparilla, Birch Beer or Root Beer is equally pure and delightful. When you order a case of Clicquot for the home, ask for a few bottles of these flavors.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB CO.
Millis, Mass., U. S. A.







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The Lenox Sport Oxford is smart in appearance, trim fitting, cool and comfortable. Low in first cost, long in service.

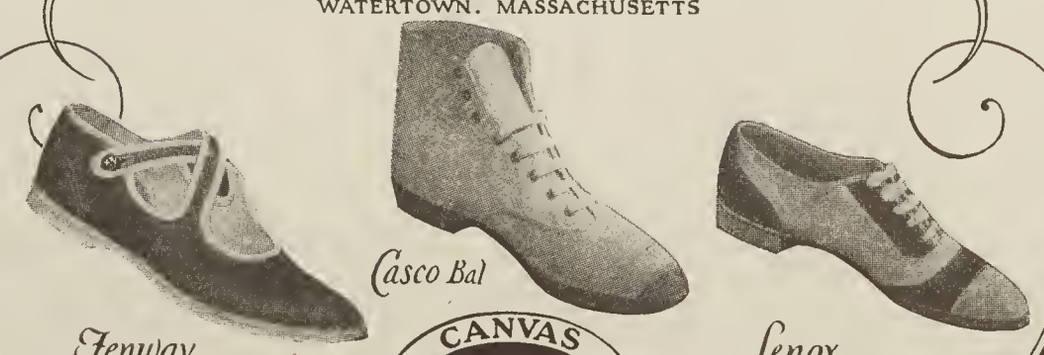
For the men, the Hood Casco is just the shoe to bring back the springy, elastic step of youth. It costs little in money and offers much in comfort and wear. Also made in boys' sizes, though the boy may want a sport trimmed shoe, in which case we suggest the Hood Sportshu.

For the little ones, no shoe has ever equalled the Hood Fenway Cross Strap Sandal in popularity. It is a wonderful shoe for youngsters. They deserve its freedom and comfort—you will appreciate its economy. It is worth while to know more about Hood Shoes. We will be glad to send you the fully illustrated Hood Buying Guides—just a post card will do.

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HOOD RUBBER PRODUCTS COMPANY *Inc.*

WATERTOWN. MASSACHUSETTS



Fenway Cross-Strap Sandal

Lenox Sport Oxford



MRS. CONRAD'S COOK-BOOK

Continued from page 11

CHAPTER I

COOKING ought not to take up too much of one's time. Even when preparing for company, one hour and a half to two hours for lunch and two and a half for dinner is sufficient, providing the stove is ready for use. But once the cooking is begun, one must give one's attention and care to it. No dish, however simple, will cook itself. One should plan to be in the kitchen while the cooking is going on.

The bane of life in a small house is the smell of cooking. Very few are free from it. And yet it need not be endured so extensively. This evil yields to nothing more heroic than a simple but scrupulous care in all the processes in making food ready for consumption. Unremitting care should be directed to the following points:

No saucepan should be allowed to boil over.

No roast should be placed in the oven in such a way as to allow the fat to sputter against the roof of the oven.

No roast should be baked in a tin which is too small for it.

No frying-pan should ever be put on the fire without the butter or fat being first placed in it, and that not before the pan is required for use. No frying-pan while in use should be allowed to remain on the fire with only the fat in it. A piece of whatever you are frying—bacon, fish, fritters—should be left in till another piece is placed in the fat and the pan removed directly when finished.

No fat once used for frying should be kept for future use without carefully straining and, if necessary, clarifying it. Glass or crockery cooking vessels must never be exposed to the naked fire, and care should be taken never to put them into cold water while hot, as they are apt to break at once. Enamelware is very satisfactory in so long as it is clean, light and strong, and if properly used will last a long time. Aluminum is equally as good as the others if properly cared for.

It is always well to have on the kitchen table a good-sized bowl of hot water so that the spoons, knives and forks used in the preparation of food can be kept washed at once, thus saving time and space.

The above recommendations are founded on personal experience. The author advances them with the greater confidence because she had to find them out for herself. They present no difficulties in practise. If they are exactly followed, and due regard is paid also to incidental remarks of the same nature contained in the body of these articles, your little house need never be invaded by the smell of cooking, generally so offensive and always unnecessary, which too often meets one in the hall, and in nine cases out of ten, if not in every case, means simply that good food is being spoiled in the kitchen.

The following recipes are calculated for a household of four persons.

VEGETABLES

GREEN VEGETABLES

Always boil vegetables with a strong flavor without a lid on.

Always plunge them into boiling water.

Never add salt or soda till the vegetables are in the water.

Never soak green vegetables lying in cold water for more than half an hour before they are to be cooked.

Cabbage, savoy, cauliflower should be soaked head down for ten minutes in a pan of cold water with a good tablespoon of salt. The stump should be cut four times across and boiled twenty-five to thirty minutes.

Onions should never lie in water or be wet before being used. Turnips, carrots and parsnips should be washed, but never allowed to lie in cold water.

Celery should be treated like cabbage.

Spinach, on the contrary, requires to be washed in seven different lots of cold water and only the last lot without salt. The dirt is removed more readily if warm water is used in washing spinach.

Fresh beans or peas should never pass through cold water.

DRY VEGETABLES

HARICOT beans should be put to soak for at least twelve hours in cold water before cooking—one pint of beans requires three pints of cold water. Do not add salt.

Dry peas (not split) are treated in the same way.

SALADS

THE root of lettuce or endive should be cut off and the outer leaves removed *and never laid in water for more than ten minutes*. If left longer it will become flabby.

All salads require this treatment, but mustard and cress should be shaken in the water while held in the hand just before serving.

Beets in vinegar are very popular in England, served for a salad. Beets should not be touched with the knife and washed very gently so as not to break the skin. Plunge them into boiling water with a good pinch of salt. No soda is to be used. Boil three-quarters of an hour before even trying with a fork. Try lightly with a carving-fork. After cooking, they are peeled and cut into thin slices as soon as they are cool enough to be held in the hand. The slices are laid in brown vinegar with one teaspoon of sugar for each beet, unless the roots are very large. In this way the beautiful, rich red color is obtained.

LETTUCE

LETTUCE should be put into a bowl of cold water with a small quantity of salt not more than an hour before it is to be used. A wire salad-basket swung round vigorously will be found the best mode of drying lettuce for salad. If lettuce is to be cooked, the cos lettuce will be found better than the cabbage variety. It will become greatly reduced in the cooking and is much improved by being slightly sautéd (fried) in a frying-pan in which a finely shredded Spring onion has been lightly fried in a little butter. Form into small mounds with a tablespoon and serve very hot.

SPINACH

SPINACH requires washing in several waters well salted. The last water should be without salt. Have ready a large saucepan about half full of boiling water. Put the spinach in when the water is boiling, then add salt and one-quarter teaspoon of soda to one quart of water. Boil with the lid of the saucepan off till the spinach is quite tender. The spinach should then be a beautiful shade of green.

Treat sorrel the same way. It will be noticed that it will change color directly it is put into the boiling water, becoming a greeny yellow. It is slightly acid in taste. It is usually eaten with veal, with poached eggs served on it, or fried bread.

THE FRENCH WAY OF COOKING SPINACH

REMOVE all stalks from four pounds of fresh spinach and wash through several waters to which a little salt has been added. Then wash in clear water. The spinach should have absorbed enough moisture to cook it in, but nevertheless have boiling in a saucepan no more than a cupful of water. This will prevent a most disagreeable smell being emitted while the spinach is cooking. Put the spinach into a saucepan. Boil for twenty minutes, keeping the spinach pressed down with a fork. It should then be quite tender; if it is not so, boil for five minutes longer. Strain in a colander and press with a plate to get all the water out; put into a bowl and beat well with a fork and then work it into another bowl through a hair sieve using a large wooden spoon. Then work in half a gill of cream, a small piece of butter and a little milk. The spinach ought then to have the consistency of thick cream. Put it into a dish and serve with croutons of lightly fried French roll or garnished with hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters. This is the French method of cooking spinach and is delicious.

TOMATOES

AS A luncheon dish for two persons select four nice sound tomatoes. Place them in a bowl large enough to hold them and pour boiling water over them. The skin will then peel off quite easily, leaving the tomato

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MRS. CONRAD'S COOK-BOOK

Concluded from page 68

perfectly whole. Cut into slices and put into a pan with a tablespoon of butter and a small quantity of salt and pepper. Break the tomatoes in the butter. Sauté (fry) gently and serve with eggs poached.

Another way is to take four or more tomatoes, remove the stalk, but not the skin. Cut the top off, scoop the fruit out, leaving a wall. Have ready some chopped lean ham, chicken or other meat and a little onion. Add to the inside which has been taken out of the tomatoes, pepper and salt. Put into a small frying-pan and sauté (fry) lightly. Put the mixture into the tomato; have a little dripping melted in the baking-tin and place the tomatoes in it. When hot, put the top on the tomato to form a lid and bake for fifteen to twenty minutes.

STUFFED TOMATOES

CUT a thin slice off each of eight large tomatoes. Remove part of the inside with a teaspoon. Put one tablespoon of fresh butter in a frying-pan (it must be fresh butter). Chop very fine one large rasher of bacon, fat and lean together, and half a Spanish onion, add a pinch of mixed herbs, pepper and salt, and the inside of the tomatoes. Heat the butter in the pan, place the tomatoes the cut side downward in it and stand on the stove with the top on. Leave for one minute and a half. Turn them and place the stuffing in the corner of the pan. Cook both together in this way for ten minutes more, taking care not to let them burn. Take out the tomatoes with a pancake-turner and place on a fairly deep meat-dish; fill them with the stuffing, having carefully taken it up with the turner so as to avoid grease. Pour over all about half a cup of meat-juice.

PEAS AND GREEN BEANS

FRESH peas should never be shelled overnight and should be kept in a covered dish after shelling till time for them to be cooked. Peas will become quite tough if exposed to the air for any length of time. Always put them into boiling water, never add salt or soda till the peas are boiling. Scarlet runner beans should only be cut in strips in time for boiling, as the edges become hard and dry if left for more than an hour. These are best kept in cold water. Dwarf beans should be treated in the same manner, but can be served with only the ends and edges removed.

GREEN PEAS

PUT into a saucepan of boiling water a quart of shelled green peas. Add two lumps of loaf sugar, a pinch of soda and a level teaspoon of salt. In England a small sprig of mint is usually added. Young peas should cook from twenty to thirty minutes over a clear fire with the saucepan lid off. Strain through a colander and when dished sprinkle with a dessertspoon of sugar, add a piece of butter about the size of a walnut and turn over with a spoon several times before serving.

Canned peas treated in this manner very closely resemble fresh peas. They should stand in a bowl in the air for an hour before cooking.

SCARLET RUNNER AND BROAD BEANS

TRIM four pounds of beans all round with a knife to remove all the strings and cut them lengthwise into thin slices. Do not put them into cold water. Have ready a saucepan three parts full of boiling water. Put in the beans with a little salt and a tiny bit of soda. Boil for twenty minutes if the beans are young and a little longer if they are not quite fresh. Strain into a colander, then pour into a vegetable-dish. After shelling them, broad beans should be treated in the same way. Add a piece of butter before dishing and sprinkle over with a little chopped parsley. It is advisable not to prepare vegetables of any kind overnight. It will be found that peas or beans will be hard, cabbage or other greens offensive and potatoes flabby.

CABBAGE

THE solid white cabbage has no attractive appearance if cooked only as cabbage, but a useful dish may be made in the following manner. Remove the white, stiff stalk from a large cabbage, running down the leaf with a sharp knife. Put the leaves into a large saucepan of boiling water and cook as for ordinary cabbage, except that the leaves will all be separate. When tender, spread on a large dish to cool. Prepare some finely minced meat, beef, ham, veal or mutton, chicken or lamb. Boil two tablespoons of rice, which is equivalent to half a teacup of boiled rice. Mix it with the minced meat and, having spread each cabbage leaf open, fill with the mixture, leaving enough of the leaf clear to roll round the meat. Have a deep frying-pan on the fire half full of either beef or mutton stock; bring it to a boil and place the stuffed leaves in the stock and cook for ten minutes. Remove on to a deep dish and serve at once while very hot.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

THIS is a favorite English dish. Chop lightly with a knife in a dish equal proportions of cold greens or cabbage and potatoes. Melt in an enameled frying-pan about two tablespoons of fresh butter. Turn the vegetables into it. While cooking, use a large fork to press the vegetables into a smooth paste, turning it over and over with the fork all the time to prevent its sticking to the pan. Vegetables so treated should work into a perfectly smooth, stiff paste and leave the pan as clean as when they went into it. Add a little pepper and salt.

Be careful to remove all the stump of the cabbage before using.

CAULIFLOWER

SELECT a young cauliflower with a firm head. Wash it in gently running cold water and let it stand head down in a bowl of cold salted water for half an hour. Take off the thick outside leaves and cut a cross on the bottom of the stump. Stand it in boiling water with the flower uppermost, allowing the water to come right over it. Add some salt and a tiny mite of soda. Boil until tender (fifteen to twenty minutes). Place upright in the serving-dish without breaking. Pour half a teacup of clarified butter over the cauliflower and sprinkle a few rolled bread-crums, which have been browned in the oven, over the top.

ONIONS

GREAT care should be taken in preparing an onion. If by accident a knife used for cutting an onion has been overlooked and it comes in contact with any other article of food, the flavor of the onion will spoil everything. It is also a fact that if an onion is cut before it is put into soup or sauce, the soup at once becomes cloudy; while on the other hand if it is merely peeled and put in whole, soup or sauce will remain perfectly clear. Then again, for onion sauce or soup which would be made with milk, never put any salt or any other ingredient in the milk till it has boiled. If the onion is added to the milk before it has boiled, it will curdle.

STUFFED ONIONS

TO THOSE who are fond of an onion, there is hardly a more appetizing dish than an onion prepared in the following manner. If directions are followed carefully it will be found extremely easy to produce. Take four or five medium-sized sound onions; small Spanish are the best. Cut rather a deep slice off the top after removing the outer skin. Remove the center, leaving about four of the outer coats or half of the onion. Have ready two or three sheep's kidneys prepared in the following manner. Skin each kidney and split it. Sprinkle lightly pepper and salt on the split side. Lay the kidney flat side first in boiling fat; place the pan on a quick fire and fry lightly, turning twice. As onions require much cooking, it is best to put the prepared onion cases into boiling dripping and cook in a hot oven twenty-five minutes. Place the kidneys in the onions (half a kidney in each onion) and replace in the oven in the baking-tin another ten minutes. Care should be taken not to overcook the kidney so that the gravy runs into the onion as it finishes cooking. Serve very hot in a casserole or dish which will hold heat.



Are your picnic dinners completely successful?

DOES that important part of every outing — *the dinner* — fall flat because the salad is warm; or the beverage lukewarm and tasteless; the things that should be cold — warm and unappetizing; and nothing hot? Serve your outdoor dinner from Icy-Hots! Have everything appetizingly hot or temptingly icy-cold — as it should be!

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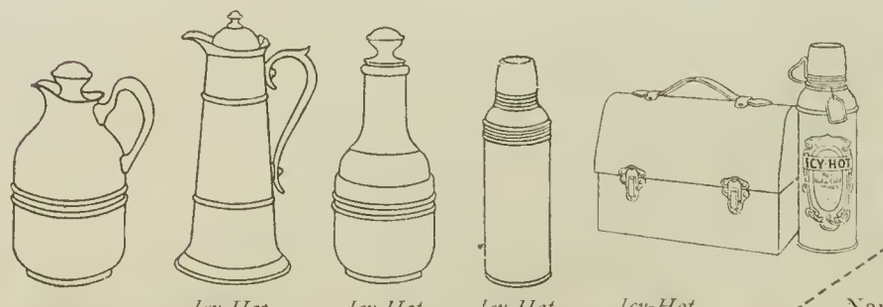
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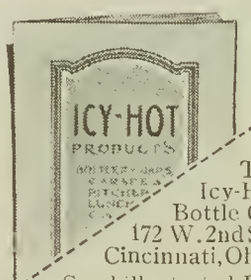
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Write for free illustrated booklet, "Ideas About Hair Dressing."





THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 20

the man's, the woman's all the duties. That was detestable to him, said Harry. Marriage in his view——

"I'll tell you this," was one thing Harry said. "I'll show it to you this way, Rosalie. I don't exactly know what a reciprocating machine is, but I know what it sounds like, and what it sounds like is what marriage ought to be—a perfect fitting together, a perfect harmonizing, a perfect joining of two perfect halves that everywhere reciprocate."

The word delighted her. A reciprocating machine! Yes, yes! Each an own part; ach with own and separate interests—their individual selves—approached together, by free will, to join toward a mutual benefit, a shared endeavor, a common advancement, a single end.

She was desperately in earnest and so was he. There was a mill near his people's home in Sussex, a watermill, and his illustration by it of the design they had, showed her how earnestly her own ideas were his. There were two wheels to this mill, Harry told her, one on either side. Each ran in its own stream, each was entirely independent of the other; they worked alone, but each helped the other's work; the mill joined them and they joined to make the mill.

That was it!

And she was not talking any generalities, nor was Harry, either. They weren't, either of them, playing with this idea of mutual independence. There would, "of course," be a business basis to it, Rosalie said. She was earning her own income and she would pay her half of the upkeep of their home together. It was a stipulation that she advanced with a definite fear that here, at last, she might be taking Harry from his depth; that by natural instinct of generosity, or by instinct of immortal custom to endow the wife with all the husband's worldly goods, he would here reveal a flaw in his till now flawless duplication of the views that were her own.

BUT Harry (the never-failing rapture of it) was every way without spot or blemish. He was looking straight and close into her eyes while she put forward this, and there moved not the least dissentient shade across his own while he received it. She need have no fear. He said, "I agree absolutely with that, Rosalie. There's only one point—" and his expansion of this point wholly entranced her because it established conditions even more matter-of-fact and businesslike than her own broad principles.

"There's only one point," Harry said. "It can't be half and half in terms of actual bisection. Look, Rosalie, in this matter of running the home we're making a contract between two parties and—don't forget I'm a lawyer—it has to be an equable and just contract, and to be that it has to be based for each party's liability— Do you like me to use the law jargon?"

She nodded. "I do, I do!" This was frightfully, entrancingly serious for her. This was a survey of the fortifications of her second line of defenses. "I do, I do!"

"Well, it has to be based for each party's liability on each party's interest, on the extent to which each party is involved. I'm making more—an uncommon bit more—than you are, Rosalie. My interest, therefore my liability—that is, my share—has to be allowed to be proportionately the more. Put it in another way. We're going to run an establishment as an establishment might be run by two or more people of different incomes who wish to join forces for mutual pleasure, two or three relatives, two or three friends. Well, there's a regular principle governing that kind of arrangement. You don't all pay the same. If you did, you'd reduce the scale of living to the level of what the poorest can afford, and half the idea of the combination is to enjoy a very much better scale. No, you run the show on the level the wealthiest is willing to go to, and to the total charge each one contributes in the proportion of his income. If one party has a thousand a year and the other five hundred, and the thousand-pounder wants to live at the rate of nine hundred a year, he pays six hundred and the other three hundred. Each is paying his just share—that's the point. That's how we'd arrange it, Rosalie."

She loved him so! If that were said a thousand times (as already perhaps too often for the robust) it still would not approach the volume of its swelling in the heart of Rosalie, for that was ceaseless. His attitude in this matter now between them, as in every matter, might have been the perfect agreement with her own view that it was and yet might so have been presented as to be much antipathetic to her. His attitude might have made her feel she ought to say, "Thank you, Harry, for agreeing to that;" it might have had the note, "I know exactly how you feel about marriage; I want to make everything just as you wish." Quicksands!

PRINCIPLES to be received as grants; bases of her defenses to be accepted as concessions. Quicksands! At either attitude, as at a foreign flavor in a cup, she would have drawn back, suspicious; at either sense within himself, of winning a favor, of accepting a hazard, she would have taken alarm, dismayed. But it was why she loved him so that here, as everywhere, his standpoint was her standpoint's own reflection. She was, as she would have said, deadly in earnest; deadly in earnest to a depth that she could let go to absurdity and never know it for absurdity; and so was he.

Approving this plan of computation of the share that each would pay, "it would have to be done strictly," she said, "as though it were strictly business. And—you don't know, perhaps—I'm making, or soon shall be, just on five hundred a year."

He smiled the nice smile of his she loved, more with his eyes than with his lips. "I'm afraid mine's a good bit more than that. Money's rather pushed at you at the Bar once it starts. You'd have to put up with that."

Her fondness in her eyes reflected his. "I know how famous you are getting. I'd not be stupid about that, Harry. It would be the just share, each according to his means; that's understood. Only, for me, it would have to *be* the just share, that's what I'm saying; not a matter of form, a strict proportion."

"If you liked," said Harry, "we'd give the figures to the cost clerk at my chambers and let him work the contributions out."

"Absurd!" she might have laughed; and as an absurdity he might, with a laugh, have prevented it. But quite gravely he made the suggestion, and quite gravely, after a moment's grave thought, "I don't think that would be necessary," she returned.

His earnestness in this thing so vital to her matched her own, and therefore she loved him; and he yet could bring to it lightly a touch which, though light, yet was profoundly based and therefore, newly, she loved him. She knew she talked with immense profligacy of words in her endeavor to make clear the principles this second line of defenses must maintain. "Each with work and with a career, each with an own and separate life." She kept repeating that. "Equal in work and in responsibility, Harry, and therefore equal in place, in privilege, in freedom."

AND Harry, with a light touch but a grave air, a happy setting for a profound meaning, put it in a sentence: "Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another."

She loved him so!

But there ought to be explained for her what, loving him so and he so loving her, she could not have known for herself. This plan of maintaining their establishment by contribution of share and share was maintained by Rosalie from the beginning to the end. She never had cause to doubt that in all the earnestness of that close conversation Harry was utterly sincere. She often recalled that steady gaze with no dissentient shade across it with which his eyes received her statement of her case and knew that only truth was in that gaze. He *did* believe what she believed. It was only afterward that she discovered that also he believed that, both for her and him the thing would mellow down as mellows down the year, her heady Aprils burned in June, her burning Junes assuaging to September; that it would pass; that time——

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THIS FREEDOM

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Yes, it must be explained. It was not active in his mind, this reservation. It was passive, underlying, subconscious, as beneath vigor's incredulity of death lies passively admission of death's final certitude. He believed what she believed; but he believed it as are believed infinity and eternity: wherein mankind, believing, reposes upon that limitation of the human mind which can not conceive infinity but sees ultimately an end, and can pretend eternity through myriad years but feels ultimately a termination. Harry believed what she believed, but only by stabilization of a man's inherent articles of faith. He was of the male kind; and observe, by an incident, what inherent processes of thought the male kind has!

When they were looking over the house which ultimately they took—an all ways most desirable house in Montpelier Crescent, Knightsbridge—Rosalie had only a single objection: it was far too big.

"Miles too big," cried Rosalie, coming up to the second floor where Harry had preceded her. "What *are* you doing there, Harry? Miles too big, I was saying. It really is. Of course I realize you must have a house suitable to your fame, but — What *are* you doing, Harry?"

"Fame, yes," breathed Harry, desperately occupied. "I've turned on this tap and I can't turn it off again. Eternal fame. After me the deluge!"

She was looking around. "But, Harry, really! Look at this floor. Two more huge rooms. What can we——"

"Mice and Mumps!" groaned Harry, straining at the tap. "Mice and Mumps!"

He came to her wiping his hands on his handkerchief. "Too big! Look here, supposing this house isn't washed away by that tap. Suppose it's still standing here tomorrow. Take a broad, courageous view of the thing. Suppose this isn't the beginning of the Great Flood of London, and that we're going to live in a house and not an ark. Well, what you've got to remember is that we're not coming in here for a week. We've got to look ahead. Take these two rooms. Why, you can see what they're for, what they've been. Opening into one another and those little bars on the windows and that protected fireplace. Nurseries. Day nursery and night nursery."

Rosalie laughed.

THAT'S all done. The thing traverses the waters of the years, as across seas a ship, and makes ostensibly a new shore, a new clime, wherein are met occasions new and strange, not anticipated by Rosalie.

Here is one.

Habitant in the new continent across these years, she is wife and, though she had laughed, is mother, and on a day is with her Harry and Harry is saying, not at all with any hardness in his voice, but very gravely:

"I have a right to a home."

She replies, as grave as he, as one debating a matter that is weighty but that is before the arbitrant, not of feeling, but of reason: "Harry, you have a home!"

A gesture of his head, much comprehensive, is made by him: "Is this a home?"

"It's where we live."

"Ah, where we live, Rosalie."

She did not reply to this. Himself, and not she, spoke next; but his note was as though she had answered and he were speaking in his turn. "I have a right to a home. The children have a right to a home."

She said: "Then, Harry, give yourself a home. Give the children a home."

He said, "Rosalie, I am a man."

She answered: "Harry, I am a woman."

Harry was smoking and he indrew an inhalation from his pipe with a long sibilant sound: her answer was well understood by him.

No, she had never anticipated this.

Yet might not she have seen. Astounding how in life one's suddenly engulfed in depths and never has perceived the shoals from which they led, suddenly entombed in night and never has perceived the gradual declination of the day! Why, when she looked back, so far away as in those days of choosing their house, had been in seed this thing that now was come to fruit. And she had watched it grow from seed to seedling, and on to bud and blossom, and never had suspected——

But had she not? Then it was curious, she knew, that, alone of all her thoughts, all her beliefs, all her theories, her observations and her deductions from her observations, curious that of them all only a certain observation, made when choosing their house, she had never told to Harry.

Choosing their house! She had gone back to her rooms from the third day of their house-hunting gently amused at an addition to her compendium of lore on the male habit. It was in a way like the cat idea; at least it was, like that, reversal of a common opinion on distinguishing traits as between men and women. It went in her mind like this and, because it arose out of Harry, she laughed softly to herself as like this she shaped it:

"THEY say a woman marries for a home. Wrong, wrong. It's man that marries for a home—a home that, having got it, superficially he cares little enough about, and superficially uses as a good place to get away from; but that's just how he uses his business, how he uses everything. Oh, he wants it, he wants it, and he marries for it far more than a woman wants it or marries for it. How plain it is! A man marries to settle down; a woman for just precisely the opposite; to break up; to get away from the constraints of daughterhood and of misshood, as a schoolgirl holiday bound from the constraints of school; to enlarge her life, not to restrict it; to aerate her life, not to compose it. Why, it's inherent in man, the desire for a home; it's in his bones. Look at little boys playing—it's caves and wigwams they delight to play at; a place they can in part discover and in part construct, and then arrange their things in, and then go off exploring and then, all the time, be coming back to the delicious cave and creep in and block up the door! Girls don't play at that; they play at shops and being grown up, at nursing dolls and not themselves being nursed. But that's your man—a hunter with a cave and the return to the cave the best part of the hunting. That's what he marries for—a home—a pitch of his own; a place to bring his things to and wherein to keep his things; an establishment; a solid, anchored base, a place where he can have his wife and his children and his dogs and his books and his servants and his treasures and his slippers and his ease, and can feel, comfortably, that she and they and it are his—his mysterious cave with the door blocked up, his base, his moorings, his settled and abiding center. Dear Harry!"

"Dear Harry!" because all this had come to her while with secret, fond amusement she had watched Harry delightedly and entrancedly fussing about the houses they explored. The boy with a cave! The man with a home! She liked the idea of a new home, and a home with Harry, but, given outstanding features obviously essential, almost any home would have satisfied her. She was animated and interested in the choosing, but not with Harry's interest and animation. Hers were the feelings with which she had established herself in the two-room suite at the boarding-house. There any two rooms would have done; here any pleasant house would do. It was not the rooms, it was the significance of her entry into their possession. It was not the house, it was the significance of all connoted by the house. The rooms had been a stepping-off place to independence larger and to triumphs new; the house was a stepping-off place to independence, to triumphs, to battle of life and to joy of life, lifted upon a place high above her old world as the stars, as bright and keen as they.

But for Harry it was a stepping-in place.

IT WAS Harry that fussed and examined and measured and opened and shut and tested and tried and must have this and must have that. It was Harry who saw everything with the eye that was going to see it and live with it permanently for all time. It was Harry who invested every square yard of every interior with the attributes that should be there when they therein were domiciled. Harry who said: "This front door! Rosalie, we're going to have a front door that will hit

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DR. L. EMMETT HOLT, the well-known baby specialist, will give you excellent advice on "The General Care of the Baby" in the September DELINEATOR. He will tell you what the baby should wear, how to prevent chafing, how to train a young baby, and many other important things a new mother should know. His article is one of a series on the care of children, that will appear in THE DELINEATOR during the year. Dr. Ralph W. Lobenstine, Dr. Owen R. Lovejoy, and Dr. William P. Lucas are a few of the well-known child specialists who will help in this great campaign for bettering American children. Every woman should read these articles.

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She sorted potatoes, went from house to house selling cooking oil, addressed thousands of circular letters, wrote for newspapers, and even scrubbed floors! These are just a few of the ways in which a student in the University of Kansas worked her way through college. Her story of her struggles is so remarkable that Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University and three other college presidents awarded her the $500 prize offered by THE DELINEATOR for the best story on the subject. It appears in the September DELINEATOR. Every girl whose parents can't afford to send her to college should read this inspiring tale.

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She was police judge in a small struggling town where intoxication was the chief charge against prisoners. She ordered them to the hotel to be locked up until they paid their own board bill! Similar economies are invented by women in office all over the country and Genevieve Parkhurst has written an interesting story about them, called "Women Mayors." Get the September DELINEATOR and read it. In this issue you will also find fiction by A. S. M. Hutchinson, Arthur Train, Frances Parkinson Keyes, Mary Imlay Taylor; beauty hints by Celia Caroline Cole; household helps by Martha Van Rensselaer; and the very latest fashion news.

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DELINEATOR

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THIS FREEDOM

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you in the eye and make you say 'Mice and Mumps!' there's a disti guished couple that live behind a door like that!' None of your wretched browns and greens and blacks and reds for our door, Rosalie! We'll have a yellow front door, gamboge. I've seen it on a house in Westminster. I'll take you there. You wait till you see it. Imagine it, Rosalie, beneath that lovely old fanlight overhead. And then yellow window-boxes tinted to match in every window and crammed with flowers. It'll be a house you'll run to get into directly you catch sight of it. Then inside here, in the hall, there'll be the thickest rugs money can buy and the brightest light and the warmest stove. You'll step in and shut the yellow door and, 'Mice and Mumps!' you'll say, 'this *is* a home!' Now, look here; here'll be my study; I'll have bookshelves built in all round there and there and there. Pictures t ere. This nook—I'll fix a little cupboard there and keep my tools in. I'll spend half my time our first weeks pottering round with hammer and a pair of pliers. We'll knock out a window there and fit it up with hot and cold water as a cloakroom. Now here's your room, your——"

"MY STUDY," she had interpolated, a little apprehensive lest for her private room he should use another word.

"Yes, your study, rather. Each of us with our own study! A lark, eh? And Rosalie, in mine there'll be a special chair for you and in yours a special chair for me—we'll stroll in on each other's work——"

She loved him for that. "Like two men in chambers," she said.

His reply was, "We'll rip out this fireplace and put you in one in oak; the walls something between gold and brown, eh? Now come into the drawing-room. This'll be *the* room. Let's start with the hearth and imagine it's Winter. This is where we'll have tea the days that I get back in time——"

"And that I get back in time."

"Of course, I'd forgotten that. Why, then, whichever of us is back first will be all ready with the tea and waiting to welcome the other. Can't you see the room? Warm, shadowed, glowing here and there, here and there gleaming, and the tea-table shining? Won't it be a place to rush back to? I say, Rosalie, it's going to be rather wonderful, isn't it?"

Dear Harry! Yes, men that married for a home.

So she had known that from the start; and, the significant thing (as later perceived), she never had mentioned it to Harry. There was not a line of her life, as lived before she knew him, that she had not revealed to him; there was not a passage of her life, when joined to his, that was not handed to him to write upon; but this (that she knew he'd married for a home) was never revealed, never inscribed upon the tablets submitted daily for his annotation.

Yes, significant!

BUT how could its significance have been perceived? Look here, there had been a night—a thousand years ago!—when a girl had turned her face to her pillow and cried, most frightfully. Significant! Why, that girl's world had lain in atoms at the significance of that girl's grief. And she that now looked back had been born out of those tears, as the first woman drawn from the side of the first man, and fondly had chid that child that no significance was there at all. There was none. There was nothing to fear. A natural joy of life that had been stifled had been embraced, a shattered world had been remolded on foundings firmer, and, ah! nearer to the heart's desire. Significant! It had been so disproved that not more possibly could fears arise from those her lovely dissipations of those fears than from its watchful mother's reassuring candle and her soothing words new terrors to a frightened child at night.

Then how, she used to ask herself, could significance have been perceived in not admitting Harry to her smiling thought on men and home? Significance—then? Nay, memory, bear witness, much, much the contrary! Bear witness, memory, it was that very thought of Harry as boy with cave, as man with home, had suddenly suffused her with——

"Dear Harry!" she had thought, and with the thought——

Anna! That cry of Anna's upon that frightening night, striking her hands against her bosom, "I have a longing here!" Never till then its meaning upon her nor even thought upon its meaning.

Then! Upon that thought "Dear Harry!" had come, with a catch at the breath as at an obscure twinge of pain, a tremor of the sense that was its meaning: thereafter flooding all her being as floods flood a pasture. A longing to be mother, Anna's longing was! A longing to be mother; to hold a tiny scrap against her breast; to have her heart, bursting from such release, torn out by baby fingers; to have her design of God, insufferably overpacked within her by the remorseless pressure of instinct through a million ages, relieved, discharged, fulfilled by motherhood. Poor Anna! Ah, piteous! "Oh, God, Thou knowest how hard it is to be a woman." Poor, piteous Anna, and poor, piteous every woman that, made vessel of this yearning, must have it unfulfilled.

Not she!

The coronet of love, denied poor Anna, was hers. He'd said, "These rooms—the nurseries;" the crown of love; and she had laughed!

O stubborn still! O still not cognizant of nature's dower to her sex. To wear the coronet and to refuse the crown! To be wife and not to be mother! To think of baby fingers and to think to put away the offer of their baby clutch!

That girl that turned her face to her pillow and began to cry, most frightfully, cried next again when she again abed had a tiny scrap, an ugly, exquisite, grotesque, miraculous scrap, a baby boy, a baby man, along her arm and watched it there. Those had been passionate and rending tears; these did not even flow. Those burned her eyes; these stood within her eyes a lovely welling up of pride and adoration, drawn from her by this newly risen wonder as by the sun at his arising moisture in lovely mists is drawn from earth.

MOTHERHOOD! When later he was christened, she and Harry named him Hugh; but it was a caressing diminutive she made out of his name by which he was always known. Her tiny son! His tiny arms hugged you as never tiny arms possibly could have hugged before, and so she called him "Huggo."

"Harry, if you could feel how he is hugging me! It's absurd he can have such strength! It's ridiculous he can love me so! And how can he possibly know that hugging's a sign of love? Harry, how can he? Take him and hold him up like that and see if he hugs you the same. He is! He is! Isn't he!"

"Mice and Mumps!" said Harry, "he is; he's throttling me, the tiger."

"Ah, give him back! I'm jealous. There's never, never been a hugger like him since the world began. He's Huggo! That's his name. Creature straight out of Heaven, you're Huggo."

Her love for infant Huggo so maternal; her unity with Harry so exquisitely one; how could she have known here to be met across the waters of the years, occasions new and strange, as that already shown, or onward yet a further voyage as this?

The matter between them touched the same as when "I have a right to a home; the children have a right to a home," Harry had said. But their tones not the same; in Harry's voice a quality of dullness as of one reciting a lesson too often conned yet never understood; in hers a certain weariness as with instruction too often given.

They had been talking a very long time. Harry hadn't any arguments. He just kept coming back and coming back to the one thing. He said again, the twentieth time, in that dull voice, "We are responsible for the children. We have a duty toward them."

The twentieth time! She made a gesture, not impatient, just tired, that was a repletion with this thing. "Ah, you say 'we' have a duty. You say 'we'; but, Harry, you mean me. Why I a duty more than you? Why am I the accused?"

Harry's dull note: "Because you are a woman."

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THIS FREEDOM

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Ineffable weariness was in the murmur that was her reply.

"Ah, my God, that reason!"

No, she had never anticipated this.

How did it happen? Within her face abode the explanation of how it happened.

There was a mirage in her face.

If she were taken (for a moment) when she had been married ten years, her age thirty-two, and then taken again when she was forty-six, when she had done, when, in 1922, she said, "I have done" and her story ceases, it is material to a portrait of her that in those fourteen years her appearance did not greatly change. Events inscribed it; but these writings were in two scripts, rendered in the two natures that were hers, and as it were, a balance was maintained between them; there remained constant the aspect that her face presented to the world; constant, that is to say, the spirit that looked out of her face.

THAT girl that at the door of the great house in Phillimore Gardens had breathed "You knew, before I knew, that I loved you," had been called beautiful. This woman that now was wife and now was mother was beautiful with that girl's beauty and with her own, matured of years, set upon it. That girl, shaded in her coloring, commonly was somber in her hue, but with a quick, impetuous spirit beneath her flesh that, flashing, somehow lightened all her tint; this woman, albeit dark, had, somehow, about her a deep golden hue as of dusk in a deep wood beheld against a sunset. Her face had always had a boyish look and still, with years, was boyish. There was a mirage in her face. The stranger glanced and saw a mother—extraordinarily shielding and maternal and benignant things; and looked again and saw a boy—astonishingly reckless and impetuous and rather boyish, hard and mutinous things. Or glanced and saw a boy, perhaps laughing and eager, perhaps obstinate and petulant; and looked again and saw only much tenderness was there.

There was a mirage in her face; and with its change her voice changed. When she was a boy her voice was April; when she was a mother September was her voice.

There were two natures in her and those were their reflections. Two lodestars set above her that by turns brightened and drew her gaze; two lodestones set within her that claimed her banners as claim the moon and earth the inconstant sea; one of head, one of heart; one of choice, one of dower; one of will, one of nature.

In that tenth year of her married life there stood for the mother in her face three children: Huggo, that then was nine; Dora, whom she called "Doda" because in her first prattle this heart's delight of hers—"A baby girl! A beloved one, Harry, to be daughter to me, and to be a tiny woman with me as little girls always are, and then budding up beside me and being myself to me again, my baby girl, my daughter, my woman-bud, my heart's own heart!"—had thus pronounced her name, who then was seven; and last Benjamin, then five, whom she named Benjamin because, come third, come after cognizance of confliction, within herself come out of such, there were such happy tears, such tender, thank-God-charged-with meaning tears to greet him, the one the last of three, the little tiny one, so wee beside the lusty, toddling others. Benjamin, she told Harry, he must be named; "Benji" she called him always.

HUGGO and Doda and Benji! Her children! Her darling ones, her lovely ones! Love's crown; and, what was more, worn in the persons of these darling joys of hers (when they were growing up to nine and seven and five years old) in signal, almost arrogant in her disdain of precedent to the contrary, that woman might be mother and yet work freely in the markets of the world precisely as man is father but follows a career.

Children! There had been a time when, speaking from the boy that would stand mutinous and reckless in her face, and with her April voice, she had expressed her view on parentage in terms of the old resentment at the old disability, encountered, bedrocked, wherever into life she struck a new trail, in terms of the old inversion of an old conceit wherever with her principles she touched conventional opinions. The catlike attributes, the marriage for a home, here the familiar saw on parenthood——

"They talk about hostages to fortune," she had expressed her idea, "they talk about a man with young children as having given hostages to fortune. You know, it's quite absurd. He doesn't. I don't say a man to whom the support of children is a financial anxiety hasn't by begetting them placed himself in a position of captivity to fortune, or to the future, or whatever you like to call it. He very much has. He's backed a bill that any day may fall due and find him without means to meet it; he's let himself in for blackmail, always over him a threat. But I'm talking about men above the struggle-line. They don't, in their children, give hostages. It's the woman does that. They don't give nor forfeit anything. It's the woman gives and forfeits. Why, when his friends meet a man who was last met a bachelor a couple or three years ago, what change do they see in him? They don't see any change at all. There isn't any change to see. He has to tell them; and he always tells them rather sheepishly, or rather boisterously, 'I'm married, you know,' he says. 'Yes, rather. Man alive, I've got two kids!' The other says 'My aunt!'—more probably he says, 'My God!'—'My God, fancy you!' and they both laugh—laugh!

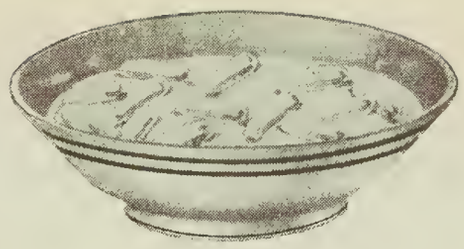
"Hostages to fortune! To a man and among men it's just a joke. It's no joke to a woman. Do you suppose a married girl, meeting old friends, has to tell them she's a mother, or if she had to tell them, would tell them like that? Can't they see it at a glance? Isn't she changed? Isn't she, subtly, perhaps, but unmistakably, altogether different from the unfettered thing she used to be? Of course she is. How otherwise? She's given hostages to fortune and she's paying, she's being bled. She's giving up things, she's not going out so much, she's not reading so much, she's not playing so much, she's not interested so much in what used to interest her. How can she? There are the children. How can she? She's given hostages to fortune. Oh, happy is the man that hath children, for they are as arrows in the quiver of a giant. But it's the woman is the arrow-bearer! It's the woman pays!"

LO, THERE had come to this intolerance the longing "Here!" that Anna's bosom had, the urge to hold a tiny scrap against her breast, to have her heart, bursting for such release, torn out by baby fingers. It had o'erborne the other. She had thrown herself upon its flood; not yielded to it as one drawn in by rising waters, but tempestuously engulfed by it and borne away upon it as swallowed up and borne away in Harry's arms when "Rosalie! Rosalie!" he had cried to her.

That which the substance revealed, adoringly she called her Huggo.

There was a mirage in her face. When, turned again toward the star to which she showed her boyish and impetuous look, and, following, felt again the call that set the mother in her face, she this time reasoned. That idea that, having children, it was the woman who gave hostages to forture! Deadly and cruelly true it was, but only by convention. Why should it be so? Why should motherhood that was the crown of love, of woman's life, be paid for in coin that no man was called upon to pay? Unjust; and need not be. She perfectly well had carried on her work with Huggo. Sleeping was the adored creature's chief lot in life. If she had ever thought (which she never had) of giving up her work and staying at home on his account, what could she have done but twirl her thumbs and watch him sleep and in his lovely lively hours superintend the nurse who required no superintendence? As it was, she was about him in the delicious exercises of transplanting him from cot through toilet and refreshment to readiness to take the air. His lordship was off in his lordship's perambulator by nine o'clock in the morning. She did not herself leave, with Harry, till shortly before ten. There, in instance, was an hour at home with not the smallest benefit to Huggo. It would have been the same,

Continued on page 74



August Mornings

Bubble Grain Delights

Let Puffed Rice add enticement to every August breakfast. You will never find a cereal dainty half so fine as this.

These are toasted rice grains puffed to bubbles. Flimsy, flavory globules—dainty food confections. Yet they form the utmost in a rice food, for every food cell is broken.

In millions of homes this morning they added joy to breakfast. Did your folks enjoy them?

Use them like puffed nuts

Puffed Rice tastes like nut-meats puffed. Mix them with your berries to add a nut-like blend. Scatter like nut-meats on ice cream. Use in candy making. Crisp and douse with melted butter for children to eat like peanuts.



Mix with berries

But count them foods—scientific foods. That's what they are—just whole rice grains made easy to digest. Be glad that children find them tidbits. Puffed Rice is good for them.

Puffed Rice Puffed Wheat



August Evenings

Float in Bowls of Milk

Puffed wheat is whole wheat, puffed to eight times normal size. It is made by Prof. Anderson's process—shot from guns. Over 125 million steam explosions occur in every kernel—one for each food cell. Thus digestion is made easy and complete.

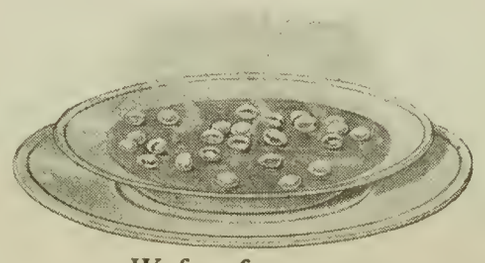
Whole wheat supplies 16 needed elements. Here those elements are all fitted to feed. So you get whole-wheat nutrition, and that's the ideal food.

Nothing else compares

Remember how children need whole wheat. Remember how they love it in this form. Then let them get it in abundance, as they wish.

Milk gains multiplied delights when these flaky, nut-like grains are floated in it.

See now if you have plenty on hand.



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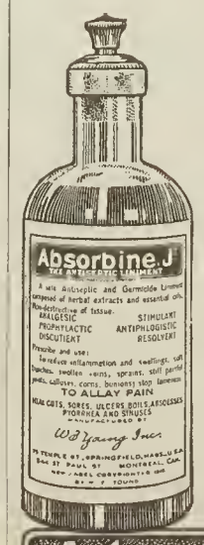
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Pack Absorbine, Jr. among your holiday or vacation trappings and you, too, will go and mix wherever good outdoor fun may be had. Use it freely. It is instantly cooling and soothing. It both prevents and stops that tormented condition of the skin after sun exposure, and the soreness and inflammation that follow.

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Absorbine Jr
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 73

had she remained at home, with three in four of all the other hours. Ridiculous to lay it down that a mother, having a good nurse and a well-ordered house and a husband out all day, must tie herself there, abandoning her own life, to attend to children! Children! Darlings of her own! Ease for this yearning in her heart! Assumption of this lovely glory that was her natural right! Yes, she had proved love not to be incompatible with her freedom; she would show motherhood as beautifully could be joined.

It seemed to her a blessing upon and an assurance in her purpose that in the precious person of a little daughter came the embodiment of this reasoning and of this design. A baby girl! A tiny woman-bud to be a woman with her in the house of Harry and of Huggo. A woman treasury into which she could pour her woman love! Her self's own self whose earliest speech chose for herself her name—her Doda.

IT ALL worked splendidly. Winged on the eager pinions of their individual lives, these two nested their joined life in a home that for every inmate was a perfect home; perfect for a husband, perfect for a wife, perfect for the babies, perfect for the servants. The peace of every home in civilized society rests ultimately on the kitchen, and the peace of half the homes known to Harry and to Rosalie was in constant rupture by upheavels thence. Not so behind the gamboge door. Rosalie always granted it to men that, as was commonly said, servants worked better for men. Men kept out of the irrational creatures' way; that was about it. The conduct of her life gave her the like advantage. Giving her orders before she left the house, she was out all day and never unexpectedly in. Positively the servants welcomed her on her return at five o'clock.

The babies, to whom then she flew, were with a perfect nurse. Harry had helped in her appointment. She had come one evening, early in the life of Huggo, when a change had to be made from the nurse who specialized only up to a point then reached by Huggo, and she had presented herself to them, seated together in Harry's study, a short body, one shape and a solid shape from her shoulders to her shoes, who announced her name as Muffett.

"Miss Muffett, I hope," said Harry gravely.

"Unmarried, sir," said Muffett with equal gravity and with a sudden drop and then recovering of her stature as though some one had knocked her behind the knees.

"There's nothing to do," said Harry, when she had gone, "but to buy her a tuffet and engage her." And there was nothing to do, when she was installed, but enjoy the babies and delight in them just as a man enjoys and delights in his tiny ones—in the early mornings before Rosalie left for her work, in the evenings when she returned home.

It all worked splendidly. In those early years, when two were in the nursery and as yet no third, there wasn't a sign that Harry, who had married for a home, ever could say: "I have a right to a home." He had, and he was often saying so, the most perfect home. He came not home of a night to a wife peevish with domestic frets and solitary confinement and avid he should hear the tale of them, nor yet to one that butterflied the day long between idleness and pleasures and gave him what was left. He came nightly to a home that his wife sought as eagerly as he sought, a place of rest well earned and peace well earned. That was it! "Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another." They had discovered and had removed the worm of disparity that eats away the heart of countless marriages. They not infrequently had friends in to dinner, not infrequently dined at tables of friends, made a point of not infrequently attending a theater or a concert; but however the evening had been passed—and the evenings alone were always agreed to be the best evenings of all—there was none but they ended sitting together, not in the drawing-room, but in Harry's study or in hers, just talking happiness. Equal in endeavor, they were thereby made equal on every plane and in every taste. "A reciprocating machine." That was it!

At least that was how, profoundly satisfied with it, she thought it was.

Then Benji came.

THERE were attendant upon the expectation and the coming of Benji certain processes of mind that had not been with Huggo or with Doda. When it was in prospect, she had vexation, sometimes a sense of injury, that again her work was to be interrupted. It would make no difference to Harry. It happened that the days of her trial were timed to fall due on the date when a criminal prosecution of sensational public interest was due for hearing at the Old Bailey. Harry, for the defense, had added immensely to his brilliant reputation when seeing it through the preliminary stages before the magistrate. The Old Bailey proceedings were to be the greatest event, thus far, in his career. He had told her—how proud and delighted to hear it she had been!—that if he pulled it off (and he had set his heart on pulling it off) he would really begin to think about "taking silk."

Well, she also had her heart in no single or sensational climax of her work, but in its every phase and every hour. It absorbed her. Two years earlier, Mr. Simcox had begun disturbing signs of health that, begun, developed rapidly. His brisk activity went out of him. His walk had the odd suggestion of one carrying a load. His perky air went dull. His mind was like a flagging match, run down. He could not concentrate, he suffered passages of aphasia, he began more and more to "give up the office," more and more to leave things to her. The agency, in both its branches, scholastic and insurance, developed well. She was the head and it absorbed her. She had a sense, that was like wine to her, of increasing swiftness of decision, of power, of judgment, of vision, of resources. She used to hurry to her office of a morning, as an artist urgent with inspiration will hurry to his colors, or a poet to his pen—avid to exercise that which was within her.

Well, it was to be stopped. Childbed. For a month at least, for two months more likely, all was to be set aside, to go into abeyance, to drift. Whereas Harry's work—Yes, vexatious! These laws that gave men the desirable place in life were not laws but conventions and she had proved them such; but with all proved there yet remained to the man privileges, to the woman restraints, that were ordinances, fundamental and not to be escaped. Yes, injurious!

THUS in these weeks of the coming of him that was to be Benji, solely the boy of aspect mutinous and impetuous was in her face; and when within a month stood her appointed time came an event that stiffened there that aspect, turned it, indeed, actively upon the child within her waiting deliverance. This event in its momentuous incidence on her career placed its occasion on parity with Harry's anticipations of the Old Bailey trial. Mr. Simcox died.

There's no use laboring why the emotions that at this loss should have been hers were not hers. That girl whose eyes had gathered tears at the picture of the little figure with flapping jacket peering through the curtains at the postman's "rat-tat-flick" was not present in the woman whose first thought at the sudden news, brought to her seated in her office, was "At such a time! Just when—Now what is to be done?" True for her that there followed gentle feelings, and gentler yet in her attendance on her patron's obsequies, in the discovery that all of which he died possessed he'd left to her, but it is the duller surfaces that are slowest to give refraction, the least used springs that are least pliant. She was come a long road from her first signs of hardening. She was past, now, the stage where, when grieving for the little old man, she would have felt contrition that her first thought at his death had been, not of him, but of his death's effect upon her work.

And there supervened immediately interests that caused the passing of Mr. Simcox merely—to have passed.

Mr. Sturgiss, of Field & Co., attending the funeral with her, said to her as he was taking his leave: "One would say this isn't a moment to be talking of other things, business

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THIS FREEDOM

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things, but after all—in a way it is the moment. Before you start settling anything I want you to have in mind the old proposition. You've been loyal to poor Simcox to the end. This business is your own now. We want it. We want you. We want you in Lombard Street."

This, cut and dried, glowingly enlarged in long interviews with Mr. Sturgiss and Mr. Field, succinctly reduced to writing by the firm that it might be fairly studied, was before her, not demanding, but eagerly absorbing, her most earnest attention when she was a fortnight from her trial. This was the event whose momentous incidence on her career placed the days then in process and immediately in prospect on parity of importance with their meaning to Harry, absorbed in preparation for his case. There was so much to weigh; and like a thrust, a doom, banked her impending banishment from affairs, distracting her, haunting her, hurrying her. There was so much to do, to settle, to wind up (for she found herself arranging for the change even while she debated it), and in the midst of it she was to be cut off as by a term of imprisonment. There was so much to scheme, to plan, to dream (her mind already elevated among the high places of her new outlook); and between now and action she was to go out of action.

Whereas Harry— Whose child it was also to be——

Yes, injurious!

Not injurious as between dear Harry and herself, but injurious as between his sex and hers. There were moments of thinking upon the difference when she could have conceived a grudge against the child she was to bear.

AND Harry could not perceive the difference. Immersed in his preparations and, when the case opened, lost to all else in his case, he presented precisely that faculty (and that permission by convention) of complete detachment from his home that long she had known to be man's most outstanding and most enviable quality. He had no attention to spare for the consideration of her own problem and ambition, and she was too honorable to his interests and too devoted to him in his interests to bother him with hers. But, more significantly to her feelings than that, he was also too immersed to offer her, in her ordeal of childbirth, the sympathy and the anxiety that, unengrossed, he would have shown. It was there, profound and loving, beneath the surface; but his work came first. He was a man, capable of detachment, permitted by convention to practise detachment, by gift of nature not inhibited from detachment. A man, he could put it beneath the surface. A woman, in conflict of her instincts and her ambitions, it was her ambitions that she must sink. That was it! Yes, injurious!

And he did not even understand.

On what proved to be the evening before her delivery, and was the third day of Harry's case, she was lying, as she had lain some days, on the Chesterfield in the drawing-room, loosely robed. Harry had thought he could get back to tea, and got back. He came to her with tenderest concern, and with immense tenderness at once was talking to her. But she could see! The apparent deepening of all the lines of his dear, striking face, as of one who for hours has been under enormous concentration; the slight huskiness of his voice, from hard service; the repressed excitement in his air; the frequent glint behind the soft regard of his eyes, as of one that has been hunting high and hunting well—she could see; she could tell where was his spirit!

Her own went lovingly to meet it where it was. "Ah, never mind at all, Harry. Tell me all that's been happening to you. How is it going, Harry?"

Dear Harry! Most mannish man! She laughed (and he laughed, too, knowing perfectly well why she laughed) to note the delight, like a dog from chain, with which he bounded off into his mind's absorption. He sat upright. He grabbed for a cigaret and inhaled it tremendously. "It's going like cutting butter with a hot knife. I started cross-examining to-day. I gave him three and a half hours of it, straight off the ice, and I'm not through with him yet. Not half. If he had as many legs as a centipede, he'd still not have one left to stand on when I'm through with him. I doubt he'll have his marrow-bones to crawl out on, the way he's crumpling up. Even old Hounslow at his worst can't possibly misdirect the jury, the way I've gummed their noses on the trail. I'll tell you——"

He told her.

She had put out both her hands and taken one of his. "It's splendid, Harry. It's too splendid. How delighted I am, and proud, proud! No one would have imagined it at the beginning. What a triumph it will be for you!"

HIS grasp squeezed hers in fond response. "Why, it won't do me any harm," he agreed. His tone was light. He released his hand and took up a cup of tea, and his tone went deep. "Mind you, I'm glad about it," he said, and stirred the spoon thoughtfully within his cup. He had come into the room declaring he was dying for some tea, but he had touched none, and he now replaced the cup untasted on the table, and she saw on his face the deep "inward" look that she knew (and loved) for the sign of intense concentration of his mind. "Yes, glad," he spoke; his voice, as was its habit when he was "inward," sounding as though it was the involuntary and not the intentional utterance of his thoughts. "I've gone all out over this case. I saw, the minute they briefed me, that one tiny flaw, his neglect to take up that option—you remember, I told you—right down at the bottom of the whole tangle, and I went plumb down for it and hung on to it and fought it up like—like a diver coming up from fathoms down."

She had a quickness of imagination. It constantly delighted him. "Yes, that's good," she declared. "Up like a diver, Harry. Not with goggles and a helmet and all that, but shot up like a flash, all shining and glistening and triumphant with the jewel aloft. What a shout there'd be. Dear Harry! You're splendid!"

He smiled most lovingly. "As a matter of fact, I feel I ought to make a mess of it. It'll be the first big case since we've been together that, while it's been on, we haven't had talks about. You couldn't, of course, with this so near you. It would be significant, and proper, if I drowned in it."

She shook her head. "Absurd! Why, the thing I'm most glad about, Harry, is that all this"—she indicated with a gesture her pose, her dress, her condition—"that all this hasn't in the least upset your work. It might have. It hasn't—and when it happens, it won't, will it?"

Harry said, "I'm rather ashamed to say it hasn't, in the least. I've thought of you, often, but I've simply put the thought away. And when it happens I shall think of you—terribly—going through it! and of the small thing. But we shall be in the crisis of the case and I shall have to forget you. I'll have to, Rosalie, as I have had to. The work must go on."

SHE agreed emphatically. "Of course it must." She then said, "Whereas mine——"

He did not attend her. The "inward" look was deep upon his face. There was the suggestion of a grimmish smile about his mouth. One could have guessed that he was rehearsing, with satisfaction, his enormous application while the work was going on.

She gave a sound of laughter, and that aroused him. "What's the joke?"

"Why, just how this does rather illuminate the point——"

"The point?"

"Your work and mine—a man's and a woman's."

"Yes, tell me, dear."

"Why, Harry, I do think of it sometimes. We've planned it and arranged it and settled it so nicely, these years, and you see the big thing in marriage comes along and shatters it to bits. Your work goes on precisely as if nothing at all were happening, mine has to stand by."

"Ah, but this," Harry said, and in his turn indicated her condition. "This—this is different. We agreed before Huggo that if we had children it need make no difference to you, to your work, in a way. And it

Continued on page 76



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NEEDLE-ART

for Summer





THIS FREEDOM

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hasn't, and needn't now—when it's over. But this time, this period, why that's bound to interfere."

"But it doesn't interfere with you. It shows the difference."

"Oh, it shows the difference," he assented.

His tone was conspicuously careless, conceding the difference but attaching to it no importance at all; and with it he rose—she had instantly the impression of him as it were brushing the difference like a crum from his lap—and announced: "I'm going to my study now for a couple of hours before dinner. I must. Our solicitor's coming in." He bent over her and kissed her lovingly. "You understand, I know."

And he went.

Yes, it showed the difference! And was not seen by him! Yes, injurious. Yes, could conceive a grudge——

THERE was a mirage in her face. Her face, that had been a boy's and mutinous these weeks, was Mary's and was lovely in maternal love when it was turned toward the scrap that on a morning lay against her breast; her thoughts, that had been stubborn, hard, resentful, while her days approached, welled up in remorse, compassion, yearning, joy, when they were past and this was come. She'd grudged him, this littlest one! Grudged his right, put her own right against it, this tiny, helpless one! When, added to these thoughts, Huggo and Doda, those lovely darlings, were permitted to see him, asleep beside her, he was so wee, so almost nothing against their sturdy limbs, and had come so unwanted—yes, unwanted this cherishable one of all!—that she knew instantly what name he must be given. Her Benjamin!

Lying much alone in the succeeding days, contrite, adoring, with frequent happy tears (she was left weak), with tender, thank-God, charged-with-meaning tears, she found a vindication of her self-reproach that immensely bound her up, forgave her, gave her comfort. She could give up her work! She could leave all and be near her darlings! Of course she could! At any time! She had grudged the right to come of this defenseless scrap. She had set against his right her own right. Ah, dangerous! A long road lay that way! In conflict of his coming, with her own rights she had been much engaged. Here, beside her, and in the nursery, overhead, were other rights. Well, when they claimed—of course she could! She had not thought enough about these things——

THERE is to be said for her that she thought not very widely nor very deeply upon them now. Her resolution—that she could, when it was necessary, give up her work—scattered them. It came to her as comes to a man, beset by poverty, scheming by this way and by that way to abate it, news of a legacy. He ceases, in his relief, his present schemes; he has "no need to worry now." Or came to her as comes a sail to one shipwrecked and adrift, painfully calculating out his final dregs of food and water. He ceases, at that emblem, his desperate plans to stretch his days. He's all right now.

It was like that with Rosalie.

She could give up the work! At any moment, by a word, by the mere formulation of the step within her mind, she could abandon her career. Not now. It was not necessary now. But if or when—she used that phrase, in set terms propounding her resolution to herself—if or when the call of her children, of her home, came and was paramount, she could give up everything and respond to it. Oh, happy! Oh, glad discharge of her remorse! When the children wanted her, she could just—come back. Field & Co., her career, her successes—what of them? She had done well in her career, she still would do well. Let the claim of home and children once come into the scale against the claim of those ambitions and—she would just come back!

Oh, happy!

"Come back?" Who was it had said something about that, something about "come back" for a woman, making the expression thus dimly familiar in her mind? Who? Laetitia? No, Laetitia was always associated with another phrase; striking because identical terms previously delivered against her. Well she remembered it! After that business happened, and on the day following Harry's visit to the house to take his deserts from poor Aunt Belle and Uncle Pyke, she also had gone there, following his high idea of what was right. She had been refused admittance. There had come for her as the last voice out of that house a quivering letter from Aunt Belle, seeming to quiver in the hand with the passionate upbraiding that had indited it, and a forlorn sentence from Laetitia. "I have done everything for you, everything, everything, and this is how you have rewarded me," had pulsed the pages of Aunt Belle's; Laetitia only had written:

"Oh, Rosalie. You could have had any one you liked to love you, but you took my Harry, and I shall never, never have another."

Miss Salmon's cry again! Twice identically accused. Once grotesquely accused; once, on the surface, rightly accused. Both times aware how poignant and pathetic was the cry; not moved the first time, not moved the second. Recurring to her now, she knew again how broken-hearted and sad it was, and knew again it ought to move, but did not. Well, not strange now. She was a long way out of those too-soft compassions. No, not Laetitia had made "come back" familiar to her. The phrase, as she seemed to recollect its context, was too profoundly practical for the Laetitia sort; and that was why, of course, it moved her nothing. She had learned, jostling off corners in the marketplace, what formerly she had only conjectured—that there was in life no room for that stuff; it clogged; it hampered; it brought sticky unreality into that which was sharply real. "Come back?" No, not Laetitia. Who? Keggo? Yes, it was Keggo; and immediately with the name's recovery was recovered the phrase's context. This very matter! "Rosalie, a woman *can't* come back."

ABSURD! But, yes, how she remembered it now. "Very dangerous being a woman," Keggo said. "Men go into dangers, but they come out of them and go home to tea. They never belong to a thing heart and soul, body and mind. Rosalie, women do! They take to a thing, *any* thing, and go deep enough, and they're *its*. I tell you this, when a woman gives herself, forgets moderation and gives herself to *any* thing, she is its captive for *ever*. She may think she can come back, but she can't come back. For a woman there is no come back. They don't issue return-tickets to women. For women there is only departure! There is no return."

Poor Keggo!

Poor Keggo had of course founded her theory upon her own bitter plight. How she had given her case away when she had said, "Look at me." It applied to her, of course, or to any woman or man, for that matter—who drank or drugged. It applied not in the least to such a case as this of her own. Keggo had tried to apply it. She had said, "You have a theory of life. You are bent upon a career in life. Suppose you ever wanted to come back?"

She had laughed and declared she never would come back. Well, look how absurd all poor Keggo's idea was now being proved! It had suddenly occurred to her that it might at some future time be required of her to come back; and all she had to do was just to come back. No difficulty about it whatsoever! No struggle! Indeed, and fondly she touched that by her side which had called up these thoughts, she would come back joyously. Of course she would! Field & Co., ambition—*that* for it, if and when her darlings called her! Yes, wrong every way, that poor Keggo. Dangerous being a woman she had said, and it was not dangerous. It could be, and she had proved it, a state that could be lived full in every aspect—full in freedom, full in endeavor, full in love, full in motherhood. Dangerous! A week ago, inimical to this advent, injurious; now, in this advent's presence, and with this resolution gladly dedicated to it, only and wholly glorious.

This one! Come after confliction, come in contrition, come to call her back when she should need to be called, the little tiny one, the belovedest one, the Benjamin one—her Benji!

Continued in the September DELINEATOR



MAKING YOUR HOUSE DISTINCTIVE

Concluded from page 16

conceivable from the old cherry-stained door with beveled plate glass.

The most effective treatment by simple and inexpensive means is the pergola treatment, with a pair of columns and short rafters, the columns set on a low brick or stone terrace.

In the houses about Philadelphia, the architects have revived the picturesque old "Germantown flood" construction of wood and plaster. It is most suitable, of course, on a Colonial house, and most unsuitable on a house of anything like English derivation. For the English type of house, the most interesting entrance is of the kind shown in the illustrations. It is developed from the old "lych gates" seen in many old English churchyards, and can add immeasurably to the pictorial aspect of the house.

The door itself can be made most interesting in a number of ways—in general by means of unusual hand-wrought hardware and a distinctive knocker. In the house of stucco, with the wood trim stained brown, the door is best designed in a ruggedly informal manner, in which the sturdy character of the wood itself, preferably oak, is brought out. The Dutch door, cut in two horizontally in the middle, is excellently picturesque; it may be all wood, or with heavily leaded glass in the upper half. Some day, perhaps, builders will forever refrain from using the distressingly popular cloudy art glass, leaded in wall-paper patterns. It goes with varnished golden oak, and you confidently expect to find a matched parlor suite within, covered in violent green velours. Leaded glass is best when it is simplest and in few colors.

THE design of the entrance can receive a final touch of the unusual by the introduction of a pair of wrought-iron lanterns, or one lantern, in any of the very artistic types which are now being made. There is a certain romantic suggestion in a lantern, even when it is wired for electricity, that imparts a quaint charm hard to define. Next to the door of the house, the windows come into consideration, and offer a great many architectural and artistic possibilities. In general, the windows look best, both inside and out, if they are grouped. An occasional bay breaks the monotony of walls, both inside and out, and even in a flat wall the group of three or four windows separated only by thin mullions is far more effective than scattered windows.

There is no doubt that the casement type of window, preferably leaded, is far more interesting than the double-hung, two-sash type, or that small panes are more picturesque than large ones. Of course, small panes are harder to clean, but the question resolves itself into whether or not one is setting convenience above architectural charm. The decision is optional. Speaking of casements, the old notion that they are bound to break is only a superstition perpetuated by people who cling to the ordinary. If a casement window is designed properly, it is as tight as any window, and now that casement hardware has been perfected to a high degree of convenience, there is no practical argument against casements—and there never was an argument on their appearance.

TO BE thought of in connection with windows are shutters. Fortunately the battened-wood or panel type is growing increasingly popular. There is always the chance to make the solid shutter individual by introducing some special device, as the pierced opening in place o the conventional (but no less beloved) half-moon, heart, clover or tree. The family crest, or some device symbolizing the name of the house, may be cut in like the squirrel in the illustration.

Makers of stock woodwork are now offering ready-made solid shutters of excellent design and construction, so the dreaded economy complex should not rule this delightful element of exterior design off the specifications. Solid-wood shutters are certainly far easier to repaint than the old slat type, and, moreover, they afford a fine chance to add a lot of color to a stucco house, or a white house of shingle or clapboard siding. Considering, for the moment, the stucco house—here are a few suggestions for striking and pleasing color schemes: Cream stucco with brown shutters; cream stucco with blue shutters; gray stucco with yellow shutters; gray or cream stucco with terra-cotta-red shutters. And there are a great many other combinations which would be both unusual and very attractive. Be it remembered that solid-wood shutters are used only on the lower story of the house; above, none at all, or the conventional slat type, or the half-and-half, with solid bottom panel and upper part fitted with slats.

At many points on the exterior very effective diversity can be attained at very little cost by well-designed latticework, either applied to the house or free-standing, as in one of the illustrations. There, too, as with solid-wood shutters, is a chance to add color to an otherwise colorless house. Brown stain, white paint, or various shades of green and blue-green can be used, according to the color scheme of the house.

THE design of roof and eaves lies in the architect's province, and it involves also the design of the chimneys. An interesting roof-line can be given an added accent and focal point of interest by the addition of one of the many well-designed weather-vanes of sheet-iron or copper that are made nowadays. The ship weather-vane illustrated is typical of the interesting possibilities.

The design of the chimney is a story in itself, but even if you have had no hand in making it interesting, you can add a distinct note of interest by applying a wrought-metal ornament, of iron, lead or copper—especially effective on a stuccoed chimney or one of white creosoted brick or stone. And I can imagine such a jolly pictorial detail as the ship chimney ornament illustrated being excellently used above the entrance door. The particular ship decoration illustrated is made of hammered lead, antique finish, with cross and star cut out and backed up with burnished bronze.

Such are a few of the unusual details that can make your house more interesting, and you can apply them to old, new or as yet unbuilt houses.

NO BOMB IN GILEAD

Continued from page 13

"It won't do you any good to telephone now," said I, adding salt to the wound. "Liz and Gilly are back by this time. And even if I'm not—they'll fib for me like gentlemen." And I debarked.

The first thing I saw upon coming into The Senior's room was the back of Gilly's coat with two old arms hugging together around it. And Gilly's head was down on the cowlicked sealskin cape.

"Don't you cry, dearie," the fairy godmother voice was saying. "You'll have your dinner. Even if all the cousins are disappointed, you and your Aunt Sophie'll have dinner. But I don't wonder you're wore out and teary. I'd be, too, if they kept me as long as you've been swinging from trapezes in a gymnasium—and in your heavy coat, too——"

"She'll keep her coat on," Liz spoke up. "And Aunt Sophie, you and Gilly are going to take your basket of turkey and go right back to Gilead and call up the cousins——"

"Oh, let's," sobbed Gilly from the sealskin. "Let's. I want to go home, Aunt Sophie. I want to be with you—and the cousins. I want some clothes from home. And I want to ride in the surprise——"

The old arms tightened around Gilly. Then they loosened, and the nice old hands began shoving each other into the mittens that hung by strings through the arm-slits of the cape.

"That—that's the best thing I've heard—ever!" We all swallowed hard when we saw a tear follow down a furrow of Aunt Sophie's face. "I took a risk. I sent my kitten out into the world. But it ain't changed her—not a mite!"

The dear old mouth began to twitch. One

Concluded on page 78



Cypress Home Plan (free) A New One

The latest addition to the internationally famous Cypress Pocket Library ("that guide, counselor and friend of all home-lovers") is the entirely new *Volume 44*. It is the Cypress Colonial Book. It gives you Complete full-size Working Drawings, on a double plan sheet supplement, covering every detail of the beautiful dwelling pictured above. The design, by an eminent architect, is original and exclusive with us—for you. Complete specifications are included. In addition there are 22 historically authentic sketches by a well known artist, depicting Colonial costumes, dancers, manners, furniture, silver, architecture, interior schemes, military attire, etc. Also much valuable editorial matter. The complete booklet comes to you on request, free with our compliments. Will you write us freely of your hopes and plans? We are here to help.

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How to Use Bias Bindings
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How to Finish Seam Edges
How to Make Tailored Pockets
How to Use Blanket Stitching and Overcasting for Trimming
How to Sew on Braid
How to Alter Patterns
How to Cut Stripes and Plaids
How to Set in Sleeves
When to Use "Padding Stitches"
What a Baby's Layette Should Contain
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What a Loose French Tack is
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CARE OF THE BABY AT BIRTH

Concluded from page 17

EARLY NURSING

AS THE breasts become more comfortable, the three-hour schedule may be changed to the four-hour in the case of the average healthy infant. At night the interval should be at least a four-hour one. In other words, from now on the baby should receive not more than one nursing between ten-thirty at night and six in the morning. The nursing should last twenty minutes.

With the distention of the breasts during the acute stage, the mother should drink almost nothing. This is highly important. With the first suggestion of the milk discomfort, a saline laxative, such as Epsom or Rochelle salts (four to six teaspoons) or citrate of magnesia (three-fourths of a bottle) should be taken. Real pain in the breasts calls for the use of ice-bags for two or three hours at a time. This will help materially. Others use hot flannel stupes on the breasts, but they must be used with great care. The writer prefers the ice-bags.

In premature infants, nursing every two to three hours with a longer interval at night is a satisfactory schedule.

Many mothers use a breast pump to get rid of the excess milk. This should be avoided, if possible. It frequently does harm, and yet it may be unavoidable, if other measures have failed.

Before and after each nursing, the nipples should be cleansed with boiled boric-acid solution. They should be kept covered with either small squares of sterilized gauze or with lead nipple-shields.

A breast binder is certainly an aid to the comfort of many patients and helps to protect the breasts.

Nursing should be carried out in *all cases* in which there is any milk in the breasts, providing the mother is in good health. If the mother is suffering from tuberculosis or severe anemia or a bad kidney condition, to nurse is almost surely to ruin what health she still possesses; but mother's milk is ideal for the baby and *no mother* should refuse to nurse because of selfish notions.

IF THE nipples become painful and tender, the application of a simple remedy, such as tincture of benzoin or castor oil and bismuth after each nursing, will usually relieve the condition. If not, direct pressure is removed by the use of the nipple-shield at the nursing.

When a small crack in the nipple develops, the raw spot should be touched with a silver-nitrate pencil. If the breasts are shielded from injury and kept scrupulously clean, they should not cause trouble after the first few days.

From time to time, however, one small section of the breast may become tender and painful. When accompanied by fever, it indicates that a small abscess in the breast is threatening. These breast infections seldom appear before the end of the second week, and often not until much later. A doctor should be notified at once. In the meantime, the application of an ice-bag is the best of all remedies in the early stage. Should pus form, a very small opening will bring relief.

If the mother's milk is insufficient in amount, or if for any good reason she can not nurse, cow's milk should be given in some form; *but artificial feeding is not nearly so easy as nursing.*

The diet of the mother must be abundant and wholesome. Contrary to the opinion of some physicians, the writer believes that certain laxatives as well as a few articles of diet, such as strawberries, cauliflower and Brussels sprouts, etc., are liable to disagree with the child. Milk and cocoa are a great help.

Artificial feeding should always be conducted under the guidance of a competent physician. The natural desire of mothers is to make the baby gain rapidly after the early loss. This is a great mistake, because overfeeding at the start nearly always results in trouble. If no good physician is available, a simple book on the care of babies can be followed.

The mother who has had no complications may sit up in bed on the fifth to the eighth day. She may sit in a chair on the ninth to the fourteenth day, and after the fourteenth day walk about slowly and gradually, depending on the need and ability of each particular case.

Many mothers are forced to resume a fairly normal life again at the end of two weeks; others pride themselves in this, but this is altogether unwise. It should be avoided if possible. Make almost any sacrifice to have a rest and to come back slowly to household responsibilities at this time. Three weeks of quiet are well worth while. Many women have organic trouble the rest of their lives because they overexert themselves after childbirth.

PATIENTS who are able to progress slowly should not go out of doors until the *fourth week*. The writer is conservative in this, but he knows the importance of this period of rest. *All* exercise should be begun slowly.

The majority of married women have heard of the condition called "milk-leg" (phlebitis). This condition appears most commonly from the ninth to the sixteenth day, although it may not appear until the third or fourth week. It is more often in the left leg than in the right and usually begins just below the groin, and is nearly always ushered in with fever. The trouble is due to a localized (generally speaking) inflammation of a vein in that part of the thigh. As a result of the irritation, the particular vein involved becomes closed and the circulation has then to be carried through other channels. More or less swelling of the thigh and lower leg ensues. There is marked local tenderness for a few days and often a considerable amount of fever. Some infection at the time of labor or during the first few days thereafter accounts for many of these cases, but *not* for all. The treatment is rest in bed, ice-bag to groin, lower leg elevated slightly. This treatment should be continued for several days after the complete disappearance of the fever and the patient should not walk until the swelling has entirely or largely subsided. Bad cases will have to wear an elastic stocking—at the recommendation of the doctor—for many weeks, as under these circumstances walking brings back the swelling, unless the leg is supported.

In closing, may the writer warn all new mothers and some fathers against undue anxiety and needless fretting. Happiness in the possession of a precious young life may be utterly marred by the loss of one's sense of proportion. If you are a fortunate young mother and are worrying, worrying over every little trifle, there is surely some consolation and relief in recalling the big inescapable fact that at the very moment you are so distressed, thousands of other mothers are doing exactly the same as you and with little or no *real* cause. No one can be blamed for anxiety over realities.

Make a friend of your doctor and your nurse. They are genuine help in times of need.

NO BOMB IN GILEAD

Concluded from page 77

red mitten went up to hide it. The other reached for the basket on the floor. Liz jumped for the basket, held it out and opened the door. After the two of them had passed through, she stood there for the longest time—looking out. There was the queerest expression on her face—queer for Liz. Hungry it was, and tender

"Well," said The Senior, unscrewing the top of her fountain pen again, "that's that. But when Gilly gets home, and the cousins and Aunt Sophie stand around, and Gilly takes off that coat, there'll be some——"

Liz let her own coat slip from her shoulders. We gasped. There stood long skinny Liz in the one-piece slip-over.

"We changed," she said. "After Dinah rounded up Buster and took him away, we changed—in the booth. There'll be no bomb in Gilead."

Cousin Martha's Advice to Brides



Summer's Joys Are Winter's Savings

IT is a pride and joy, my dear, to most housewives young and old, to pack and can summer fruits and vegetables.

You can have such delicious treats in winter, and save so much, by packing all kinds of food in summer. Think of the vegetables, fruits, soup stock and meats you can pack and the jams and preserves you can put up. Think of what you can save on eggs in winter by packing them when they are cheap in summer.

Since I was a girl I have known, as my grandmother did before me, that good old-fashioned stoneware preserves the full flavor, delicacy, and color of everything you put up as nothing else can. The vegetables and fruits you pack or preserve are far better if kept in stoneware. There are jars of every size and style for every purpose.

There is a book you ought to have by Dr. Goudiss, the food authority. His recipes for packing and preserving are splendid and he includes selected recipes endorsed by U. S. Government officials. Any stoneware manufacturer will give you a copy. Just write the nearest one for it. As ever,

Cousin Martha.

White Hall Sewer Pipe & Stoneware Co.	White Hall, Ill.
White Hall Pottery Works	White Hall, Ill.
American Clay Products Co.	Zanesville, Ohio
Zanesville Stoneware Co.	Zanesville, Ohio
U. S. Stoneware Co.	Akron, Ohio
Pfaltzgraff Pottery Co.	York, Pa.
Uhl Pottery Co.	Evansville, Ind.
Louisville Pottery Co.	Louisville, Ky.
Paducah Pottery Co.	Paducah, Ky.
Red Wing Union Stoneware Co.	Red Wing, Minn.
Western Stoneware Co.	Monmouth, Ill.

P. S.—I know that Grocery, Department, Hardware and General Stores have all styles and sizes of stoneware jars and jugs for every purpose.—C. M.



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THE CARE OF THE PLAYER-PIANO AND THE PHONOGRAPH

Concluded from page 66

unscrew the motor-board, making sure, however, not to take out the screws which hold the motor suspended to the motor-board. I can not caution you too seriously to do all this correctly according to the diagram plotted for you in the instruction booklet, for even the slightest variation in the method of procedure may cause great damage to your phonograph.

Having accomplished the breathless feat of lifting the motor from the cabinet, wash all the parts in kerosene to remove all foreign substance. Then oil the motor thoroughly with machine oil. Do not be afraid of using too much oil for this treatment, for any superfluous fluid will drain off and you can do no damage to the machine, because all parts of it are metal. It is well to do this three times a year.

NEVER attempt to take your motor apart. It has more parts than a clock and is much harder to put together. Also much serious damage may be done to you and your household furniture if the coiled motor-spring should slip out of its position and escape. I assure you that no batch of home-brew has the latent force that is concealed in the spring of a phonograph. Therefore, once a year I suggest that you ship your motor to its manufacturer or the dealer from whom you purchased the machine and let him overhaul it thoroughly. Such attention costs about two or three dollars plus the shipping charge.

Almost all phonograph breakdowns are centered in this dangerous mainspring. Many times a defect in the tempering of the steel from which the spring is made results in its breaking. The manufacturer is not to blame for this, for such a defect is discernible only through usage, and it may happen to any machine. Overwinding also is the cause of the breaking of many springs. Treat your phonograph as gently as you care for your watch or the clock in your front hall.

One other common motor trouble is what is known as "knocking," a perceptible jolt or jar which becomes apparent while the phonograph is being played. This is due either to lack of or the hardening of the graphite in the spring-box, or to the congealing of the grease around the bearings and sprockets because the motor is cold. Just as an automobile motor freezes in cold weather, so also the phonograph motor is affected by low temperature. It is often necessary to allow the machine to run freely for several minutes until the motor has warmed up and the congealed grease has expanded before records can be played.

THE reproducer into which the needles are fitted must always be handled with care. It is very sensitive and the mica shield cracks easily. If such an accident happens, the reproducer can be removed from the tone-arm, in case your dealer is not at hand, and taken to a watchmaker who may be able to fix it. This part of your phonograph can always be replaced at a slight expense, varying with the quality of reproducer desired.

Needles should be changed after they have played two records. It has been found that repeated usage of the same needle wears channels which impair the tone of the record. Be watchful that the used points are thrown away. If left loose upon the motor-board they often crawl under the turn-table and their vibrations, when the machine is in motion, cause the records played to give forth mysterious blasts which are attributed to the reproducer. In changing needles be sure that the new point is fastened securely in the socket of the reproducer. Loose needles are very often responsible for the poor tone of a record.

As a last word, I would suggest that you dust the surface of each and every record of your library with a piece of velour or Wilton carpet once a month. This can be done best by placing the records on the turn-table of the phonograph, starting the machine, and holding the duster on the surface of the record. Such attention will greatly lengthen the life of your disks.



Cold Meats and Cheese with Gulden's

A tasty lunch for August days! Cold roast beef in a thin and delicate slice, a toothsome cut of tender ham, a morsel or two of savory cheese, and as the crowning touch—a generous dash of Gulden Mustard. Gulden's is the condiment supreme, a mustard of unequalled quality. It is a special blend of imported and American-grown mustard seeds ground exceedingly fine, pure grain vinegar, and certain other spices that give to Gulden's the flavor which is so particularly its own. It is a delicious, tantalizing flavor that puts an edge on appetite. Gulden's is bottled without preservatives of any kind, and because of its purity keeps fresh to the last spoonful in the round glass jar.

GULDEN'S Mustard

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From THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

The Man Who Ran

THE first day I spent with Anne Prescott after her wedding sped on wings. For hours I buzzed about like a bee in an old-fashioned garden. Anne's house does make it a struggle to keep the Tenth Commandment!

When, at supper-time, Anne remarked that Rob was coming, I looked out the window too. Rob was running! Impulsively I asked Anne if she supposed anything was wrong. She laughed—happily. "When Rob gets here, you ask him why he ran," she suggested. A little later I did.

"Why, girl alive," exclaimed Rob, "I *always* run. Why, for all I know, there might be a new rose on our pet bush, or dinky new pulls on the living-room curtains, or Anne might have been collecting samples for a new oak floor, or any number of exciting things might have happened! Why *wouldn't* I run?"

"But I'll just be mean enough to tell you," Rob went on, "Anne doesn't deserve quite all of the credit. You know she has a pal, THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL by name. Better look it over some time."

I *have* looked it over many times since that day. Last night I caught myself running the last half-block home.

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How Mosquitoes Can be Killed By an Incense

ONLY two different kinds of mosquitoes can infect you with the bacteria of malaria or yellow fever, but just one mosquito of any kind buzzing about in a bedroom can spoil a whole night's rest. The shrill, foreboding hum—the futile slap—the minutes of lying tensely awake waiting for the next attack—so much nerve force and actual health destroyed by an insect so easy to kill.

One teaspoonful of BLACK FLAG powder placed in a thick, deep, china saucer, pinched by one's fingers into a loose cone, and set on fire with a match, will rid your bedroom of mosquitoes and insure undisturbed sleep. The light, incense-like smoke from burning BLACK FLAG is death to mosquitoes, although it is entirely harmless to human beings and its perfume is agreeable to every one.

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BLACK FLAG

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Three Sizes

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THE VILLA CLAUDIA

Continued from page 10

"Jonquils!" sighed Claudia. "Oh, Willie, my own jonquils! What will Mr. Graves say now when I take him a bouquet?"

Mr. Graves was directing legal business from his bed, where a bad cold left over from the Winter held him.

Where was Pidgin? The iris roots sent up sharp leaves and outgrew the jonquils. The narcissus was up in little clumps. In the crammed flower-beds such a jumble of sprouts appeared that Claudia did not see how she was to differentiate weeds. Where was Pidgin? Wasn't he coming back ever?

The jonquils bloomed. The narcissus followed them like dainty ladies in frilled petticoats. The flag buds showed color. The cherry-trees burst into lacy blossom and there were myriads of flower promises on the rose-vines. What was keeping Pidgin? Didn't he—care?

Then there was the tulip tragedy. The tulips came up late and their buds tarried in coming. But that wasn't the tragedy. In ordering, Claudia had been most emphatic about color. There were to be red tulips against the pale-green house. They bloomed yellow! She suspected it when she first saw the buds. And one bright Sunday morning, when the cherry-trees were at their best, she found three of them open—as yellow as—as egg-yolks on lettuce.

"Oh, dear!" she wailed.

"What's wrong?" said a pleasant voice from the gate.

Pidgin!

WHAT she said first to Pidgin or what Pidgin said first to her Claudia could never remember. Perhaps they said nothing at all. He was so good to look at, so tall and lean and strong and happy, his brown eyes shining like the Spring sunshine with something that thrilled her through and through! What was even the wonder of a garden beside the clasp of Pidgin's eager hands? And yet his first coherent words and hers were about the garden. Claudia explained about the tulips. Their second topic was Pidgin himself. He had been trying to land a job with the agricultural department of the State as farm adviser in this particular neighborhood so that he could have his headquarters in Jonesville.

"Did you get the job?" asked Claudia, fairly dizzy under the earnest regard of his brown eyes.

"That's not definitely decided yet," said Pidgin. "I got impatient and came here to ask you——"

What he would have asked her Claudia did not hear for many a weary day, for then came the first interruption of a climactic series of three. It was Willie, coming around the house breathless with a new discovery.

"Oh, it's you!" he said to Pidgin. "Claudia, I betcha there's something in our climbing roses you didn't know about. Come quick! But be awful quiet.

"I didn't know she was there," he whispered hoarsely as he led them on tiptoe to the back yard. "I was looking at the buds and I scared her off. She flew up right over my head!"

In a swirl of the rose-vines on top of the back fence was a nest—a coarse, homely, but wonderful structure of straw, string and mud plaster—and down in its cupped interior lay two clear green-blue eggs.

"Willie, you didn't touch it!" said Claudia in awe.

"No, sir!" said Willie earnestly. "I wouldn't of gone near it, even, if I'd of known. I didn't know a thing about it till she flew up."

"Isn't it the sweetest thing in the world?" murmured Claudia.

"The very sweetest," said Pidgin, ready to begin all over again; but then came the second interruption.

"Dear, dear!" lamented a noisy Irish voice. "The pretty flowers, and to think he may never see them after all!"

It was Mrs. Bray, advancing from the side yard, her arms folded where her waistline would have been if she had had one, and her broad face drooped in appropriate mourning.

"It's Mr. Graves, dearie," she said to startled Claudia. "He's taken a turn for the worse and is asking for you——"

Claudia ran off in the middle of Mrs. Bray's lamentation. She had developed a strong affection for the funny little old man whose tiny wage had made her villa possible. At the door of Mr. Graves's bedroom a chill took her as if some horror awaited her within. But she saw only a white worn face on a pillow, a hand restlessly patting a pink and white "Road to California" quilt.

"Good morning, Claudia," said Mr. Graves, his eyes warming at her presence. "How does the garden grow?"

"Beautifully," said Claudia, trying to keep her chill out of her voice. "You must get well to see those flowers."

Mr. Graves shook his head.

"Look at them with your bright young eyes," he said gently, his very gentleness depressing Claudia more than all Mrs. Bray's gloom. "Sit down, Claudia. I want to talk to you."

"IS IT that deed to the Methodist Church property?" she asked with small hope. "I checked all that up yesterday."

"This has to do only with you and me, Claudia. My dear, I'm afraid I have done you a great wrong. I should never have let you come out here."

"Why, for pity's sake! I haven't heard you say that for months. I thought we decided long ago that any little struggle I might have now and then would be small pay for the wonderful happiness I have found. Mr. Graves, I think only half of me was alive before I got that garden. I wouldn't give it up for anything in the world now."

"My dear, suppose you *must* give it up!"

"No!" cried Claudia, gripped suddenly by a new fear. "No!"

"That is the wrong I meant," sighed the sick man. "I—I suppose you have thought me a man of some means."

"Not exactly rich," said Claudia, "but what people here call 'well fixed.' You—you seemed quite busy."

"My dear, I have seventy-five dollars in the bank. And Dr. Johns says I may go now at any hour. I couldn't sneak away and let you find out for yourself what I had done."

"Please," begged Claudia, "tell me just how things are. I'm sorry to worry you, but I must know. Please!"

"If you remember," said Mr. Graves, "when I wrote to you about your uncle's house, I advised a sale; but you wrote back—I think half a dozen letters in one week—asking if there wasn't some way by which you could come here to live. Your letters affected me strangely. There was a spell of wishing in them that got right into my heart. I did my darnedest to argue you out of it on one hand and to make it possible on the other for you to come. That was the wrong. I had only a small sum in the bank, saved for my old age. Your salary had to come out of that. Now it is almost gone and I am dying and you will lose your garden!"

"I used all your money! How selfish of me!"

"HOW selfish of *me!*" corrected Mr. Graves. "I am through and you have made the last year the happiest of my life with your dreams and fancies, you and that rascal, Willie Janowitz. No other way of spending the money would have bought me half so much. But I had no right to dangle your biggest wish before your eyes when I knew it would be snatched from you very soon. I don't know what I was thinking of. I kept hoping that something would turn up. Like a doddering old fool, I even thought that young Howard might come around this Winter and see you. Of course, if he had, he would have fallen in love with you. But he didn't come, and now I hear that he is planning on bringing a bride with him when he moves into his property. Claudia, Claudia, what will you think of me—you and Willie? I—I suppose it's too much to ask you to forgive me."

All the pain in the world was in Claudia's heart right then, but she could not bear to see the old man suffer.

"Dear Mr. Graves," she said, "don't you see—if it hadn't been for you I might never have had a garden at all. You gave me one for a few months anyhow and I shall never forget it. I—I'm really grateful to you."

Continued on page 81

PYORRHOCIDE POWDER

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Pyorrhea

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THE VILLA CLAUDIA

Continued from page 80

But when, after soothing the old man into peace, Claudia came "home," over the gate of the Villa Claudia hung a tall grown boy with anxious brown eyes and a little tow-headed boy with hungry blue ones. Dear me, where would she get the strength to go through this bravely?

Nevertheless, she did solve two points of her problem quite bravely. She admitted in the beginning that she could not live on in her villa. Willie was more difficult. On the day after the lawyer's death when he was told the situation, he threw himself on the floor and kicked and howled. Claudia let him alone. It helped her a bit to see this violent duplication of her own sentiments. Then she told Willie that she had arranged for Mrs. Bray to live at the villa, keeping Willie in consideration of not having rent to pay. Pidgin, who had roomed with Mrs. Bray, would come to the villa too; only he was not to be told the plan until Claudia had gone.

For from Pidgin Claudia ran away.

"He's poor too, dear," she explained to Willie, "and hasn't got that job yet. It wouldn't be fair to let him help."

Two hours after Mr. Graves's funeral Claudia was on her way to the Jonesville station to take the train back to the city. Mrs. Bray was to give Pidgin his dinner as usual and then announce that they would be moving that afternoon. Some one, however, either Willie or Mrs. Bray, had not been true to his trust. As Claudia turned her last corner and started down the hill toward the station, she saw a familiar tall, lean figure walking like mad up and down the platform. With an exclamation of dismay Claudia crossed the street and scooted down the hill behind the small wooden building.

THERE was a narrow projection at the partition between the freight-room and telegraph and ticket office. In this corner Claudia huddled, wondering whether the knocking she heard was the vibration of the telegraph instrument or the beating of her heart against the boards. Of all the impossible things she had been asked to do in the last week, saying good-by to Pidgin would have been the hardest—worse than arguing with Willie, worse even than turning her back on the Villa Claudia. Surely no flower had bloomed that Spring without whispering to her of him, and never had the door-bell tinkled without sending her flying with a wish to find him waiting at the portal. But Fate had taken it into her malicious head to spread ruin over her dreams. Why, then, if the garden was gone, if the little nest of a house was gone, Pidgin must be gone too. That was all there was to it except the desolate ache in her heart. She could not bear words of good-by with Pidgin.

But he found her. Just as the engine screeched that it was coming, he must have decided to walk in a square about the station. So he came upon her from the rear.

"I must say," said he in a way men have of blaming their hurts on other people, "this is a fine way to treat me!"

Well, let him scold!

"I did think," he went on, "that I had at least earned the standing of a friend. If you knew all this yesterday, why didn't you tell me?"

"I couldn't," murmured Claudia, her voice about as big as the nailhead which she was poking with a nervous finger.

"What you need," said Pidgin with absolute ferocity, "is a big, strong husband."

"Please!" begged Claudia. "Not now!"

"Right this minute! I came here last Saturday night only on purpose to tell you that. Then you felt so grieved about Mr. Graves that I didn't mean to tell you until after the funeral when you'd had a chance to quiet down. And you would have sneaked

Continued on page 82



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THE VILLA CLAUDIA

Continued from page 81

away without letting me know! Don't you like me at all?"

Didn't she like him!

"The train's here," stammered Claudia, slipping out of her corner. "I must go."

"Not on your life!" stated Pidgin. His mouth was set hard. He caught her suitcase out of her hands.

"I *must!*" said Claudia. "I did think—some day—maybe—oh, my dear, can't you see how dreadful it is to be poor? If you won't let go of my suitcase, I'll leave without it."

That's what she had to do. The last she saw of Jonesville was Pidgin with both hands gripping that satchel, his brown eyes blazing, his chin poked out in a hard point three inches beyond his collar. The brakeman was holding her on the jerky steps of the moving coach.

In the city she went to stay with a friend of the old days, a public stenographer in the Exchange Building, and her mother. They would take only a small sum for board; and when the stenographer had more work than she could handle, Claudia took over the surplus end. This was lucky, for she could not find a regular position. It was one of those times when the benches in every employment bureau were lined with girls every morning.

TO CLAUDIA it seemed that the city was twice as noisy as it had ever been. She felt that she held her breath in the heavy atmosphere from Sunday to Sunday, when she could go out into the park and sit on grass and see a few birds and think of Willie and Pidgin and the villa. To keep her soul sweet in these days of bitter disappointment, she had two precious letters from Willie:

"Jonesville, Sunday, May 25th.

"DEAR CLAUDIA:

"I guess I better answer your letters. Mrs. Bray says so and haven't I any gratitude. That ain't it, Claudia. You know I don't like to write any kind of composition.

"I guess you want to here about the garden. Its fine. The roses are blooming on the fence. The peonies bloomed first though. They was all the right colors not like the tulips. Red and white and pink like you bought them.

"The baby robins are in the nest. They are all the time hungry. When I hold a worm up they open there mouths so wide you can see almost there tales.

"Mrs. Bray cooks pretty good but not like you. She never heard of chocolate pie. Pigeon and I try to tell her but she is awful dum about understanding. She says we make her tired. And it would be a fine mess if she did according to our directions. If you will send the receet we will try her once more. Then if she wont make one we will make one ourselves some afternoon when she goes visiting.

"Pigeon says he guesses you won't want to here about him. But he don't say it just like he meant it and I will tell you anyhow. Well he was awful mad at first. He wasn't going to send your trunk even. You know you forgot to buy a ticket that day and didn't check your trunk. But Mrs. Bray said it was a shame to show spite to you when you was that full of trouble you didn't have any sense. She said if Pigeon didn't sent the trunk she would. So Pigeon sent the trunk and I guess you got it alright. He feels some better now but if you would say something nice in your letters about him maybe it would cheer him up. He always reads your letters.

"Well this is the longest letter I ever wrote. So I guess I better stop. I will write again next Sunday maybe. I can't write other days on account of school and the garden and Saturday I work in the grocery store because I've got holes in all my stockings again. I hope you get a job soon. Pigeon said if you didn't he was going to write a letter to that Mr. Howard. He is awful rich.

"Yours truly,

"WILLIE JANOWITZ."

And the second one two weeks later:

"DEAR CLAUDIA:

"There is lots of news this time.

"Thank you for the chocolate pie recipe. Mrs. Bray says receet but I guess you know best. She made us two of them. The first wasn't so very good but the second one was better. It was lucky you wrote the recipe on a seperate peace of paper. Pigeon always reads your letters and looses them. But he didn't loose the peace about the pie.

"The reason I couldn't write last Sunday was because the landscraper came and we all went out to look at the Howard farm together. The yard is just like a park honest. I guess it ought to be with all the men the landscraper hired to do the work for him. Two of them are going to stay forever just to cut the grass and pull the weeds and things like that. You ought to see the birds around the fountain. You ought to see the garden to. Its doing swell just like ours and its got everything in it the same as ours. I guess its my fault they got so many things like us. I told the landscraper what we were going to plant that day we went out there the first time. The house is grand too and Mrs. Bray says mercy me who would of thought it.

"Now I don't know what to tell next. I guess I will tell about the landscraper. He wants to buy our house if you will sell it to him. He says it's just the kind of a little place he would like to come to when he is tired and take a good rest. He says Mrs. Bray can go on living here and keeping house for him and I could stay with her. And you wouldn't have to worry about me any more. When I grow up he is going to teach me how to be a landscraper. He says you could come here for your vacations just the same if you wanted to and he will pay you five thousand dollars for the house.

"Now I guess I will tell you about Pigeon. He got that job with the government. Its some kind of a thing where he tells the farmers how they can get more apples on there trees and why there pigs die and what to plant on different sides of the hills. Pigeon was awful tickled. He sang and made more noise. He said it would make him feel useful now instead of just ornamental. He has been cross a lot since you left. I asked him if he would stay here just the same and he said that all depended but I don't know where else he would stay. He is going to the city tomorrow to see Mr. Howard and ask him why he didn't see you and give you a job. He said he guessed it was because his cousin was so busy getting ready to get married.

"Well Claudia this is a longer letter than the other one so I guess I will quit now. It ain't a good plan to raise robins so near to cherry trees. I guess maybe Pigeon will tell you the rest of the news. I promised not to give it away.

"Yours truly,

"WILLIE JANOWITZ."

IT WAS the evening of a particularly blue Monday when Claudia received that letter. She had one dollar and seventy-five cents to her name and, even as Willie, holes in nearly all her stockings. She wrote back to the "landscraper," Mr. Tilton, in care of Mrs. Bray, that she would accept his offer to purchase the house, but would not take more than three thousand dollars, the actual money value of the property. She could not name its sentimental value. She asked him as a favor to her never to sell it to strangers without giving her a chance to repurchase it. She thanked him for his interest in Willie. She sealed the letter with a little sob of none too perfect renunciation.

Tuesday morning a letter came from H. P. Howard, Esq. Claudia rubbed appreciative fingers over the stationery. There was wealth and power and comfortable assurance in the steady up and down strokes of the big, beautiful handwriting. Dear me, to such people belonged the villas of the world! Never to waifs like Claudia and Willie!

"My dear Miss Stearns," said the note, "I must apologize to you for not writing sooner. Things have been in such confusion that my cousin's request that I look you up was lost in the labyrinth. His arrival from Jonesville this evening called to my attention my unpardonable negligence.

"Will you forgive me and could you find it

Continued on page 83

Vaseline

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PETROLEUM JELLY

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THE VILLA CLAUDIA

Continued from page 82

convenient to call here some morning this week between ten and eleven? I hope that I can offer you some help to your liking."

A frown was on Claudia's forehead as she studied the letter. It had a somehow familiar tone of kindly patronage. Whom had she heard speak like that? She read Willie's last letter again. There! She had it. It was the "landscraper." Was it possible that he was Mr. Howard? The more she thought of it the more probable it seemed—that grand way he had of doing big things as if they were of no importance and all that. His offer to buy her cottage and to educate Willie was consistent with this conjecture. Perhaps he had some grand scheme for her and Pidgin! Willie had hinted at a secret. She changed to her freshest frock and started out that very morning to answer the note in person.

The Howard house was an ugly mass of granite with tall narrow windows and never a porch to the four sides of it, only two ugly stone lions at either side of the front door, speaking of cold dissatisfaction and grumbling discontent as well as of pride. This was the taste of young Howard's rich grandparents, no doubt. No wonder the young man had turned "landscraper" and fled to the country.

The butler in his black suit and his striped waistcoat with brass buttons rather frightened her; and Claudia sat down, feeling very awkward, on the edge of a carved chair with a pointed back miles above her head, to wait in the great hall until Mr. Howard could see her. She faced a marble stairway turning half-way up on a landing lighted by leaded glass windows. The sunlight through these windows on the red stair-carpet was a grateful patch of warm encouragement.

THEN a door closed at the head of the steps and down the staircase came a voice which thrilled Claudia through and through and brought her trembling to her feet. It was Pidgin and she had wanted to see him terribly. The next minute she did see him. The wonder is that he did not break his neck getting down the steps to her side. Then he had both her hands and everything was right back where it had been interrupted that Sunday morning when the tulips bloomed yellow. Claudia didn't know what he said to her or what she said first to him. Perhaps they didn't say anything, only looked at each other.

"I am so glad about the government appointment," she did say by and by. "Willie told me."

"If I had received it before you ran away," said Pidgin, "would you have listened to me and stayed?"

Now, a proper heroine at this point would have found something very coquettish and clever to answer her lover. Claudia could only be honest.

"Yes," she said, her cheeks pink and her eyes misty with finding joy again.

And that settled that. The next minute Pidgin had her in his arms and was telling her in wild speech with overmuch punctuation all about everything. At least she thought then it was all about everything. She never did feel the real need of anything more.

"Oh, but, my dear!" she murmured, not trusting her happiness, "are you sure something won't happen to spoil things?"

"Nothing!" vowed Pidgin. "How could anything happen?"

"You never can tell," protested Claudia. "It's such a risk to be poor."

"But you don't know what I know," said Pidgin.

Didn't she?

"I've sold the little house to Mr. Tilton," said Claudia, feeling her way to see if she had guessed correctly. "At least I wrote to him last night that he could have it."

Concluded on page 84



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THE VILLA CLAUDIA

Concluded from page 83

"Pooh!" said Pidgin. "He'll give it back to you if you want it."

There!

"Do you suppose Mr. Howard is waiting for me?" said Claudia next.

"That's right," said Pidgin, his face sobering in its quick way. "I was going to take you up and introduce you. I forgot, but that's your fault."

"This is his study," he said, opening the door at the head of the stairs. "I left him here a minute ago."

A good long minute that had been. The room was empty of all but Pidgin and Claudia and a terrible litter of pictures and blueprints and the like.

"You'll have to excuse the disorder," apologized Pidgin. "This is where he planned his villa, you see. Would you like to look at the pictures? These are rather good interiors. Do they come up to your expectations—the fireplaces and the chairs and the deep windows you mentioned once upon a time?"

Claudia looked from the pictures in her hand to Pidgin in puzzled wonder. The man was growing terribly excited over something.

"Here's a snapshot I took just last week—a sort of close-up of the main entrance," he said, putting still another picture into her hand. "Like that?"

"It is lovely," said Claudia, hesitating only because of her wonder at his manner. "What is that little brown spot over the door?"

"That's the name-plate," said Pidgin. "I've got it here somewhere. I put it up that day just to get the effect. Wait. I'll find it for you."

He went scrambling through the blueprints and pictures on the table. He would never find anything at that rate, thought Claudia. Still she did not like to meddle.

"Here it is!" cried Pidgin. "There, what do you think of that?"

His eyes now had that warm deep shine in them that was always joy and usually mischief. Perhaps you have guessed about the name-plate. It was a small oblong of burnt wood, very queer, rudely done, and all out of style, but wonderful. "Villa Claudia," it read. Claudia was not quick at thinking right then. She had had too much for one morning.

The butler interrupted.

"Mr. Howard," he said from the doorway, "Mr. Tilton is down-stairs and the little boy and a Mrs. Bray. Shall I ask them to wait?"

"Yes, please," said Pidgin as if he owned the butler.

Then Claudia knew.

"You are Mr. Howard!" she cried, dropping the pictures, the name-plate, everything.

"Yes," said Pidgin.

Then he thought it safest, for fear that she might be hurt, to get his arms about her again. It is very hard, you know, to keep anger with your sweetheart hugging you like that.

"YOU see," said Pidgin, "I might have told you very soon after that first meeting even if I didn't want other folks to know just yet. But I loved you and wanted you so and I was so afraid you wouldn't let me into your little house or into your heart if you knew I was that Mr. Howard whom every one in town talked so foolishly about, who was only a man after all, and a very anxious man after he met you, terribly in love, realizing that all his boy dreams about country estates and things like that could be worth nothing without the one woman in the world to build for. Oh, Claudia, since that day I dug your garden, it has been your home I've been building. Ask Tilton. I'd have told you that day you ran away from Jonesville if you'd have let me. Sweetheart, you're not angry, are you? Think what a life we're going to have making all our dreams come true! And we can start right away. The wedding guests are waiting, Claudia."

"You never mean to tell me," said a hearty Irish voice in the hall below, "that she will own this place and the one out there too! And to think of her working her pretty hands off on that little shanty and hoping so big and crying her eyes out to give it up and never dreaming of the grand things that were to come to her. Think of it!"

"Think of it!" sighed Claudia.

GOOBERS—À LA FRANÇAISE

Concluded from page 7

She looked at Léon—and suddenly the whole room and Léon himself seemed to change together and in an instant to something that wasn't pleasant at all—that was only shabby and soiled. Léon's eyes were moist as he looked at her—moist and fevered.

She had been sitting here—*drinking* those horrible things—and letting Léon—*oh!*

She could feel the burning flush rise all the way from the base of her throat to the tips of her ears. She had never been so ashamed. She got up blindly.

Léon was coming around the table at her, putting his hands on her. Then her hand went up from her side almost without her knowing it, and she knew that she had most deliberately and satisfyingly slapped his dirty face.

She made for the door at a run, without looking back. A splutter of French expletives and gutter-slang behind her must be Léon, but he wasn't following—yet. The bald waiter barred her way. He was leering now.

"*Vot' consommations, mam-zelle!*"

"Oh, *here*," frantically, as she thrust some sort of a bank-note into his hand. Then she was out on the street and all she knew through the shame and the sobs that tore her was that she had to go to Roger. She had no more pride or will about it than a child who has hurt itself has when it runs to its mother—it was in the terrified, teary voice of such a child that she gulped "Café de la Cigogne—Boulevard St. Michel—toot sweet!" at a waiting taxi. Roger was the only person in the world that could help her—if she didn't find him she would die.

The taxi drew up against the curb—there was the crowd—and the dear ugly Old Carolina—she knew it all with a sudden leap of the heart. And Roger—she couldn't see Roger at first—but he must be there—he must!

She pushed her way through the crowd, all her French apologies gone to the winds. Then she reached the front rank of it and stopped suddenly—he was there. He was just making change for a chunky madame with a large net bag full of purchases clutched tightly against her lavish bosom. Then he turned and saw her.

"Lucy!"

"I—I just wanted to buy some goobers, Roger!" she gulped unsteadily, but the next moment he was trying to walk through the table to her and all the carefully piled bags of peanuts were falling on the sidewalk like spoiled jackstraws.

THERE was no official announcement made of the election of Miss Lucy Faversham of Gordonsville, Georgia, to a half-interest in the Old Carolina Peanut Roasting Corporation of Paris—owner and managing director, Mr. Roger Wayne. After all, it would all be in the family again as soon as official red tape would allow the rector of the American Church to perform a certain service for and over both of the partners, Roger explained.

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When the fat is just hot enough, plunge in the food and, when cooked, drain on unglazed paper.

As soon as the oil is cool, pour it through a fine strainer to remove crumbs of food.

If the oil is never allowed to smoke, that is, burn, it can be used over and over again without clarifying.



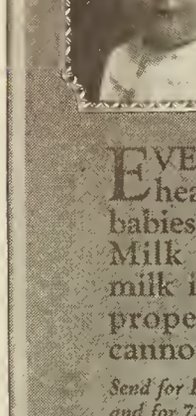
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Don't forget when writing THE DELINEATOR *for information or aid to enclose stamps with your complete address, and to direct your inquiry to the proper department. Inquiries unaccompanied by stamps and your address can not be answered nor will replies be made on a post-card. Only three folders on any subject can be posted for a two-cent stamp.*

BEAUTY

The Best Face Foremost in any phase of life is good feminine philosophy. Any woman can improve her complexion with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer special questions and will send folders prepared by experts on the care of the hair, skin and hands, posture, exercises, lotions and cosmetics. Tell us what subjects interest you most.

BABIES

The Happy Child is the healthy, properly brought-up one. Give your child the benefits of the expert advice of the greatest child specialists in America. Dr. L. Emmett Holt is the Chief Advisor of THE DELINEATOR's campaign for healthier children. Write for a list of booklets covering child-life problems, from prenatal care to the eighteenth year. The complete discussion by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, head of the Maternity Center Association, on prenatal care and the care of mother and infant at birth may be obtained for ten cents in stamps. Address, Child Welfare Department.

HOUSEKEEPING

The Home-Economics Department has prepared, under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, a list of leaflets which will lighten the housewife's burden and make scientific home-making an easy art. These leaflets range from milk recipes to the technique of laying the table. Mention specific subjects or write for a list.

CHILDREN

The Story Hour is a pretty important time in childhood. Do you know what books to read to your children? The Children's Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in the parental job of forming good reading habits. Write in to the Children's Department, too, for a Page of Prayers for children to learn.

MUSIC

Nothing But Jazz. It is your fault if that phrase describes the music in your home. First impressions are the beginning of taste. You may live far from concert-halls or opera, you may not have a piano, but you can do a great deal to familiarize your children with the best in music if you select the right records. Let our Music Editor help you. Write him your individual questions, and send for lists of specially selected records.

ETIQUETTE

Are You Uncertain about the ways of the social world? Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will send you a number of useful leaflets on manners and form, covering every social quandary. "Weddings," "Calls and the Use of Cards," "Letter-Writing," "Etiquette at the Table" are some of the titles. She will answer any puzzled inquirer.

HOUSE DECORATION

Your Home Betrays You. Its appearance, its furnishings and care reveal your own personality as a home-maker. Ugly and depressing rooms no longer are necessary because they may be transformed with little ingenuity and less money. Make your problems clear by listing your questions and giving dimensions, exposure and full description of the rooms you wish to decorate. If house-building advice is sought, send a photograph of the house, or state the amount of money you wish to spend to build a new one. Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Director of the House Decoration Department, will gladly answer your problems.

ENTERTAINMENT

Do You Hesitate to give a party because you don't know what to do with the guests? The Entertainment Department offers suggestions for dinners, dances, parties and entertainments. It will be glad to give more information, if you write the average age of the guests, the type of party and the amount of money you wish to spend.



A Favorite Dessert Fruit Minute Tapioca

Boil in a double boiler fifteen minutes, 4 heaping tablespoons Minute Tapioca, 1/4 cup sugar, pinch of salt in a quart of hot water, using all available fruit juices as part of the quart. (Use milk in place of water if a richer pudding is desired.) Remove from the fire, stir in one cup of grated or chopped pineapple or any fruit or berries, either fresh or canned, which have been sweetened to taste. Serve with milk and sugar or whipped cream slightly sweetened and flavored.

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OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGE 26

3840—Paddling one's own canoe is not at all formidable if one wears such an attractive one-piece sailor dress. It slips on over the head and is box-plaited. Use serge or flannel in navy, red, brown or green, with collar and cuffs trimmed with white silk braid or linen tape, or use fast-color cottons of good weight, with collar and cuffs trimmed with white linen tape, or use white jean, etc.

A 12-year size requires 2⅞ yards of drill 36 inches wide and ½ yard of contrasting color 36 inches wide.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 4 to 15 years.

3834—10734—Curls indicate beauty if not goodness in this maid, who wears a dress of the slip-over type. Its straight skirt is joined to a long body. The embroidery is gay. Work it in satin-stitch, eyelets and French stemming. Make the dress of gingham, chambray, cotton prints, cotton homespun, cotton crêpe, dimity, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, pongee or taffeta, etc.

A 14-year size requires 2⅛ yards of 40-inch cotton crêpe (including binding) and ¼ yard of 40-inch organdy.

The dress is smart for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

3872—10812—This one-piece dress has adopted continental traits in its deep yoke and wide sleeve. It slips on over the head and has the straight lower edge. The embroidery is new. Work the design in braiding, outline or satin-stitch. Crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, pongee, soft taffeta, China silk, flowered silks, point d'esprit, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, gingham, tissues, batiste or mull are suitable materials to use.

A 12-year size requires 2 yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine and ⅝ yard of 40-inch contrasting-color crêpe de Chine.

The dress is good for girls 2 to 14 years.

3859—10890—For the last long vacation days and the first ones of school, this one-piece gingham frock is desirable. It is a raglan type and slips on over the head. Pocket motifs are popular for children's dresses this season. These are done in appliqué, outline or satin-stitch embroidery. Suitable materials for such a dress are cotton ratine, linen, linen-finished cottons, plain cottons, gingham, chambray, etc.

A 13-year size requires 2½ yards of 32-inch gingham and ¼ yard of 40-inch organdy.

The dress is practical for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

3880—A man's task necessarily calls for real man-clothes! This little suit has a waist and straight trousers just like father wears. Make it of poplin, pongee, chambray, silk and cotton jersey, wool jersey, rep, piqué, linen-finished cottons, madras, drill or linen, all one material, or use poplin for the waist and serge for the trousers, or a madras or crêpe-de-Chine waist with silk poplin or shantung trousers, a dimity waist with poplin or linen trousers, etc.

A 4-year size requires 1⅛ yard of 36-inch pongee and ¾ yard of 36-inch linen.

The suit is nice for little boys 2 to 7 years.

3853—3727—Delicious coolness is hers who wears this romper outfit. The sunbonnet, which comes from a set containing a hat, matches the rompers. Use gingham, chambray, dimity, heavy cotton crêpe, seersucker, madras, linen-finished cottons, etc. For the sunbonnet use cotton prints, chintz, etc.

A 3-year size for rompers and sunbonnet for a child, or 20 inches head measure, require 2 yards of 32-inch gingham and ¼ yard of 40-inch organdy.

The rompers are suitable for children 1 to 5 years. The sunbonnet is good for children, also for girls, misses or ladies.

3876—Panels are particularly pleasing to juniors; these, which with the skirt join the dress at a low waistline, are loose. A frilled edging outlines them and is worked into rosettes at the waistline. The skirt of this dress is the straight type. Make the dress of soft taffeta, crêpe de Chine, pongee, silk crêpe, organdy, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, dotted swiss, crêpe voile, Georgette or point d'esprit.

A 13-year size requires 4⅛ yards of taffeta silk 36 inches wide.

The dress is smart for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

3855—10948—Her insouciant air comes from this one-piece frock with a straight lower edge and following a fashion for slip-over types. An embroidered motif adorns the skirt. This design should be worked in appliqué or outline embroidery. For this dress use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, soft taffeta, pongee, gingham, chambray, cotton homespun, linen, linen-finished cottons, plain cotton, dimity, fine cotton crêpe, etc.

A 12-year size requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch linen and ¼ yard of 36-inch organdy.

The dress is attractive for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

3830—One can aid by cheering on the side lines in a new gingham frock. This one has separate knickers and a straight lower edge. Pin-check gingham of one material or with chambray, dimity, dotted swiss or cotton prints, all one material or with plain lawn, chambray, cotton crêpe, linen-finished cottons, etc., in one or two colors, are suitable materials to use.

A 5-year size requires 2⅝ yards of gingham 32 inches wide and ¼ yard of organdy 40 inches wide.

The dress is practical for little girls 2 to 8 years of age.

3857—10954—When she wears this one-piece dress she is dressed in the costume of her little Russian cousins, for this dress of the slip-over type has a Russian closing, also a straight lower edge. The embroidery design follows the peasant type. Work it in a combination of cross-stitch embroidery and beading. Use crêpe de Chine, taffeta, silk crêpes, pongee, China silk, Georgette, cotton crêpe, cotton voile, batiste or dotted swiss for such a dress.

An 8-year size requires 1¾ yard of 40-inch cotton voile.

The dress is good for girls 2 to 14 years.



Unhealthy gums denoted by tenderness and bleeding

UNHEALTHY soil kills the best of wheat. Unhealthy gums kill the best of teeth. To keep the teeth sound keep the gums well. Watch for tender and bleeding gums. This is a symptom of Pyorrhea which afflicts four out of five people over forty.

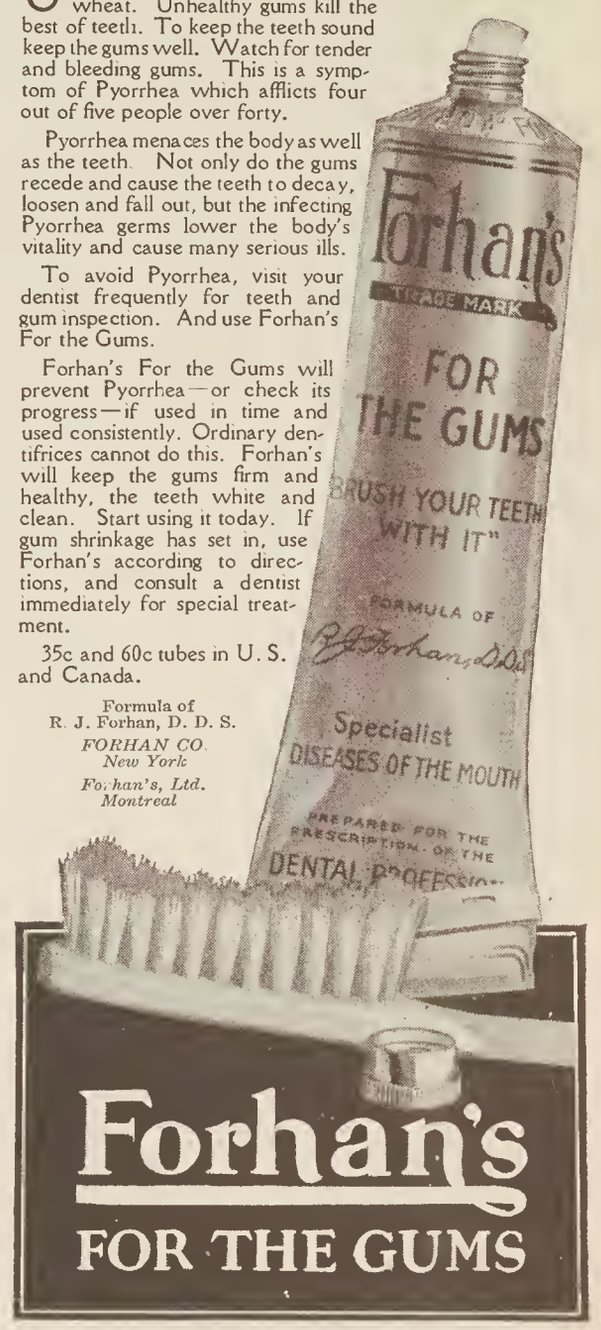
Pyorrhea menaces the body as well as the teeth. Not only do the gums recede and cause the teeth to decay, loosen and fall out, but the infecting Pyorrhea germs lower the body's vitality and cause many serious ills.

To avoid Pyorrhea, visit your dentist frequently for teeth and gum inspection. And use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum shrinkage has set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS



Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"

Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

Liquid Silmerine

is easily applied with brush. May be used with any kind of curlers. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At drug and department stores $1.

Parker-Belmont Powder Compact	$1.00
Parker-Belmont Rose Compact	1.00
Parker-Belmont Beauty Cream	1.00
Powdered Barriflower (*depilatory*)	1.00

PARKER BELMONT & CO., 2358 Clybourn Ave., Chicago

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio



Destroys Superfluous Hair Growths by Devitalizing the Roots

And now, never a care for bothersome superfluous hair. She has learned to definitely free herself of it with the **roots**—a secret for which thousands of women still yearn. If you have used depilatories, electrolysis or the razor, which leave the roots to thrive and often cause the hair to grow faster and coarser, you will immediately appreciate this superior remedy.

Zip gently lifts out the roots with the **hairs,** and thus **destroys** the growth without electricity.

Not only removes hair—but checks its future growth.

Rapid, simple to use, fragrant, safe and painless, it leaves the skin soft and smooth. **Guaranteed** not to harm even the most delicate skin.

Women everywhere are discarding the old dangerous methods and are now using **ZIP.** Avoid imitations.

Which of the **THREE TYPES** of **SUPERFLUOUS HAIR** have you? Write for **FREE BOOK,** "Beauty's Greatest Secret," which tells you, or call at my salon and let me give you a **FREE DEMONSTRATION.**

Madame Berthe's

Massage and Cleansing Cream, cannot promote hair growths . **60c**
Antiseptic Talc Delightfully fragrant **25c**
Antiseptic Solution **25c**
Emollient Balm For the hands and face, softens the skin. Excellent for sunburn and as a base for powder **50c**
Lash-Life Cleanses lashes and makes them long and lustrous . . . **50c**

AB-SCENT
The Ideal Liquid Deodorant Remedies Excessive PERSPIRATION
Harmless, cannot irritate. Colorless, contains no staining artificial colors. Attractive bottle . **50c**



At all good stores or by Mail
Add 10c for postage

Madame Berthe
Specialist with JEAN JORDEAU INC.
562 5th Ave. (46th St.) N.Y.

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NEW YORK CITY

Please send me your FREE Book "Beauty's Greatest Secret" telling of the three types of superfluous hair, also free sample of your Massage Cream guaranteed to contain no hair-growing ingredients.

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Address.....
City and State.....



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CosyToes feltwear
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FROM SUN-BLEACHED WOOL

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AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H.C—123 Drexel Ave. & 58th St. CHICAGO

OTHER VIEWS OF THESE GARMENTS ARE ON PAGE 24



3886



3737



3800



3867



3817

OTHER VIEWS OF THESE GARMENTS ARE ON PAGE 25



3839



3842



3841



3875



3836



3845



3852



"It's the prettiest dress I ever had"—

"And just think, Mother, how much we saved! No one would ever dream that it cost me only $11.65. I couldn't duplicate it for less than $40 in the shops. Then there are your two blouses and skirt, all of Dorothy's frocks and the coat for Ted—and we've only just begun. Why, Mother, we'll save $100 on our clothes this season!"

Savings like these are bringing joy to thousands of mothers and daughters now that women and girls everywhere are learning at home through the Woman's Institute to make their own clothes.

The Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts and Sciences has developed a wonderful method of teaching dressmaking by which you can learn easily and quickly in spare time, amid the comfort and quiet of your own home, to make the kind of pretty, becoming clothes you have always wanted—blouses, dresses, skirts, suits, coats, lingerie, hats, children's clothes—everything you desire for yourself, your family or others. This is an entirely new plan, so simple that you start making garments at once; so thorough that without any previous experience you can acquire in a few months, right at home, the skill of a professional dressmaker.

You save two-thirds of the money you now spend for clothes, or have three times as many dresses by learning to make them yourself. You can have absolutely new dresses at merely the cost of materials, or can make over garments of previous seasons into fresh and charming dresses in the current styles at almost no cost at all.

You can have better fitting, more becoming clothes because you will be able to develop styles just suited to your own individuality, in fabrics and colors of your own choosing.

"It would take pages to tell of the beautiful dresses I made," writes Mrs. Cora M. Gulliford. "For myself I made a very nice rose beach-cloth dress embroidered in black and I wear a narrow black leather belt with it. My entire dress cost me only $3.50 and I would have had to pay at least $15 in a store for one like it. The dress I take the most pride in is a coral crepe-de-chine with skirt beaded and embroidered and the same finish at the neck and wide sleeves. I was paid $15 for making that dress and so far have earned $365 from sewing."

Mrs. C. M. Brabbit writes: "I saw a white organdie dress in a store with dotted blue swiss overskirt and overblouse marked $27.50. I bought the goods, using dotted organdie instead of the swiss; my goods and finishings cost me only $8 and my dress is all organdie—so much nicer than the one in the store. I am quite sure that the course will save me almost $50 this summer!"

And here is a letter from Mrs. R. L. Miller: "Before I began my studies I could not sew a straight seam. Now I can make the most beautiful garments of all kinds. Besides sewing for others, I do all the sewing for my little girl and myself. Ever since I finished my fourth lesson, I have made from $10 to $40 per month."

What these women and girls have done, you can do, too. There is not the slightest doubt about it. More than 140,000 women and girls in city, town and country, in all circumstances, have proved by the garments they have made and the dollars they have saved, the success of the Institute's methods.

The training is so complete that you can take up dressmaking as a profession and sew for your friends, secure a position or have a shop of your own. Hundreds of ambitious women and girls have successfully established themselves in business through the Institute's course and now have splendid incomes.

Send for Handsome 64-page Booklet



THE Woman's Institute is ready to help you, no matter where you live or what your circumstances or your needs. And it costs you absolutely nothing to find out what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card or the convenient coupon below to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 41-H, Scranton, Penna., and you will receive, without obligation, the full story of this great school that is bringing so much happiness to women and girls all over the world.

TEAR OUT HERE

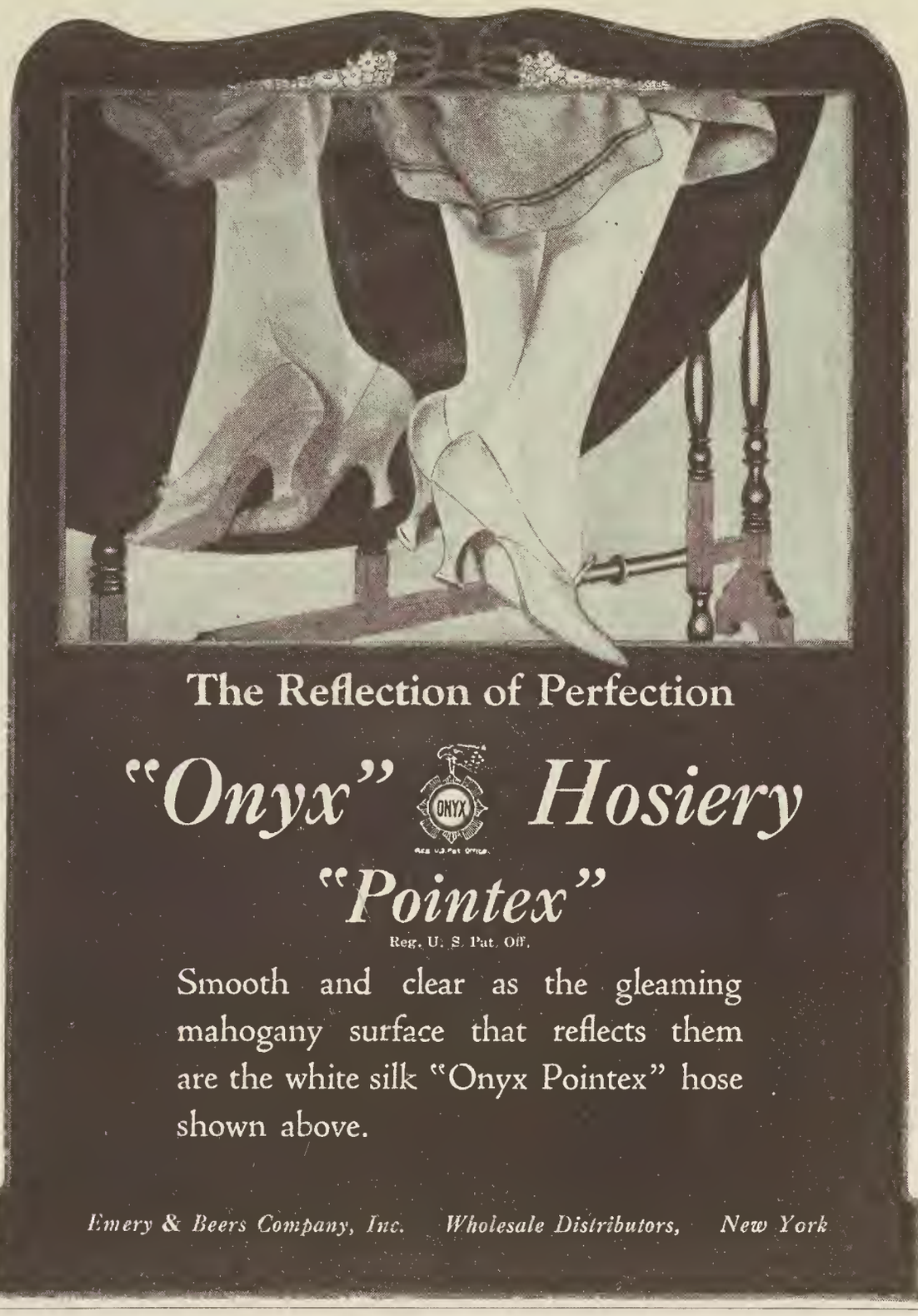
WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 41-H, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....



The Reflection of Perfection

"Onyx" Hosiery

"Pointex"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Smooth and clear as the gleaming mahogany surface that reflects them are the white silk "Onyx Pointex" hose shown above.

Emery & Beers Company, Inc. Wholesale Distributors, New York

Excessive underarm perspiration

Easily and safely corrected

YOU can be free from unsightly moisture and stain as well as objectionable odor of perspiration. Odorono, the remedy which *corrects both*, is easy to use and perfectly harmless.

Profuse underarm perspiration which so often ruins clothing, and is always embarrassing, is due to an irregularity of the sweat glands, which physicians call Hyperidrosis.

Odorono will correct this trouble without affecting the natural, healthful perspiration of the rest of the body.



Originally a physician's prescription, Odorono has become the accepted deodorant and perspiration corrective of more than two million people. It is used in 47 countries besides our own. Physicians and nurses use and prescribe it.

A clean antiseptic liquid, Odorono is not sticky nor greasy. Its mild but effective action immediately checks profuse perspiration and destroys all odor, leaving the underarm clean, dry and dainty.

You cannot afford to compromise by the hurried use of a deodorant which may be effective for only a few hours. One application of Odorono is effective for at least three days and corrects both odor and moisture, making dress shields unnecessary.

At all toilet counters—35c, 60c and $1.00, or by mail postpaid. Write for booklet. The Odorono Company, 1408 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

ODO-RO-NO

THE UNDER-ARM TOILETTE



"Open Sesame" is out of date.

The Philosopher utters *The Magic Phrase*

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For the Lawyer—Amusement—He laughs at both Sides of the Case

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Delineator 8-22

One Year $5
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OTHER VIEWS OF THESE GARMENTS ARE ON PAGE 28



3843



3843



3856



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3871

OTHER VIEWS OF THESE GARMENTS ARE ON PAGE 29



3632



3894



3819



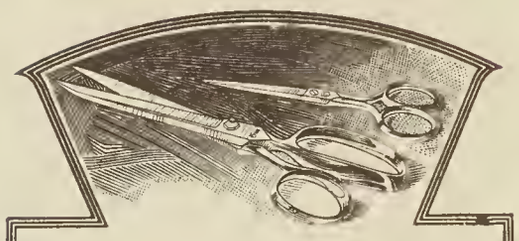
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"The recollection of QUALITY remains long after the PRICE is forgotten"—E. C. Simmons

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

KEEN KUTTER

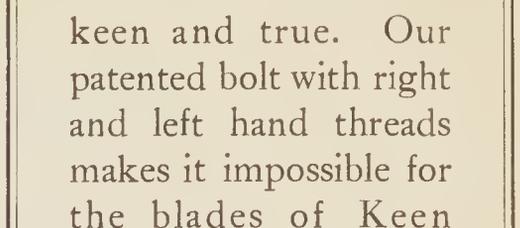
Through years of faithful service, Keen Kutter scissors and shears cut keen and true. Our patented bolt with right and left hand threads makes it impossible for the blades of Keen Kutter shears to work loose. Use Keen Kutter scissors and shears. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

Simmons Hardware Co.

KEEN KUTTER

THE "GEM" of NIAGARA

The Brand Name for Quality Notions



"GEM OF NIAGARA" fasteners, hooks and eyes and safety pins are

—absolutely rust proof
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—smooth working
—economical, they *last*

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FRANCIS MFG. CO., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

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Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*

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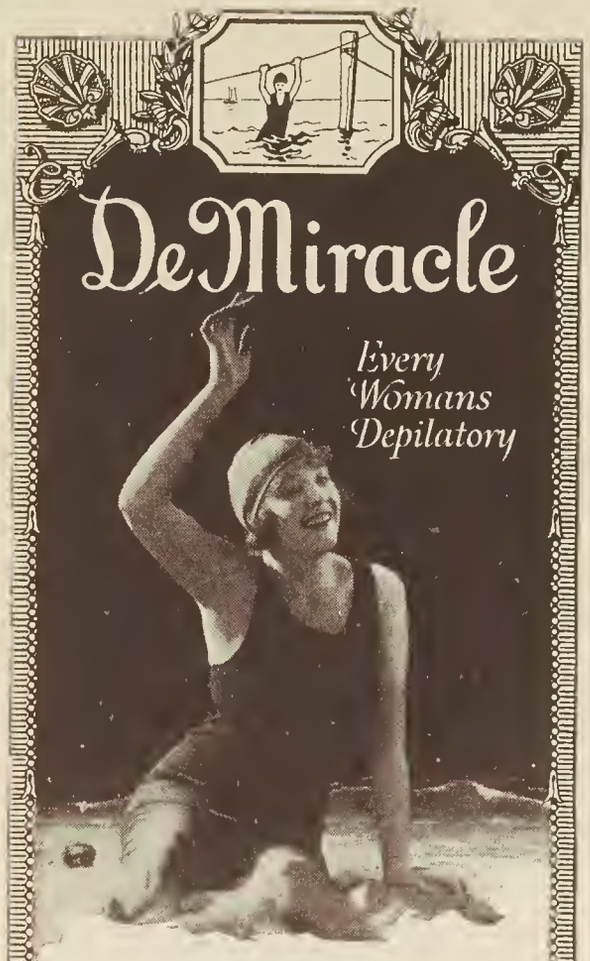
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125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



De Miracle

Every Womans Depilatory



Before Your Dip

YOU should remove unsightly hair from arms, underarms and limbs. The nicest, quickest and most simple way to remove it is with De Miracle, the original sanitary liquid.

You need not risk a penny in trying De Miracle. Use it just once and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the De Miracle Guarantee and we will refund your money. For your protection insist that any other depilatory is guaranteed in the same manner.

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At all toilet counters, or direct from us in plain wrapper, on receipt of price

De Miracle

Dept. L-26, Park Ave. and 129th St. New York



Shake It Into Your Shoes

Sprinkle It Into the Foot-Bath

Allen's Foot-Ease

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder for the Feet

Takes the friction from the shoe, relieves the pain of corns, bunions, callouses and sore spots, freshens the feet and gives new vigor.

Makes Tight or New Shoes Feel Easy

At night, when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from walking or dancing, sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in the foot-bath **and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.**



Over One Million five hundred thousand pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

BE AN EXPERT DRESS DESIGNER

Learn Designing and Making, easily by mail, at your home. Designers earn $25 week up. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. E708, Rochester, N.Y.

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGE 27

3850—The gayest little stand-up collar tops this one-piece dress for the young girl, and a pocket balances the Russian closing. The low waistline may have an arrangement of elastic in a casing or there may be a blouse body lining to the dress. It has a straight lower edge. Use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, crêpe jersey, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse, tub silks, gingham or cotton crêpe, etc.

A 17-year size requires 3 yards of 36-inch plaid tub silk and ⅝ yard of 36-inch plain silk. The lower edge of the dress measures about 54 inches.

The dress is suitable for misses 16 to 20 years. It is also very appropriate for small women.

3632—3822—The peasant character of this raglan blouse adds a frivolous note to a one-piece dress in jumper style. Both dress and blouse slip on over the head and the dress has elastic in a casing at a low waistline. Make the blouse of crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, cotton voile, etc., and the dress of cotton ratine, gingham, chambray, cotton prints, chintz, linen, linen-finished cottons, etc. The lower edge is about 1⅜ yard.

The blouse for 34 bust or a 17-year size requires 2⅛ yards of 40-inch cotton voile. A 34 bust or 17-year size requires 2⅞ yards of 36-inch novelty ratine for dress.

The blouse is good for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies. The dress is good for misses 32 to 34 bust, also nice for ladies.

3861—Two materials can combine effectively in this dainty Summer dress of the slip-over type. Its two-piece skirt is in one with the front and the back and it may have a blouse body lining. The inside pockets are convenient and the collar is a dainty trimming. Use linen, linen finished cottons, plain cottons all one color or with contrasting or gingham with chambray, cotton prints with plain cottons, cotton ratine with cotton crêpe, or use tweeds, homespun, or satin all one material, etc. Lower edge 49½ inches.

A 16-year size requires 2¼ yards of 32-inch check gingham with tuck seam at the back, and 1¼ yard of 32-inch chambray.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years. It is quite suitable for small women.

3864—For afternoon teas or the theater the college girl will find a dress like this with straight skirt and panels almost indispensable. Both the skirt and loose panels meet the blouse at a low waistline. The dress may have a long body lining. Make the dress of foulard, Georgette, or silk voile all one material, or of silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, wool crêpe, fine cotton crêpe, or crêpe voile in one or two colors. A combination of the dull or shiny surfaces or all one surface of crêpe meteor and crêpe satin is suitable.

A 17-year size requires 3⅜ yards of 40-inch cotton voile. The lower edge of the dress measures 50 inches.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20 years. It is also nice for small women.

3837—2989—10972—Russian blouses have usurped the place of blazers over separate two-piece skirts, the type with a waistline raised about 1¼ inch. The low waistline of the blouse may have elastic in a casing. The monogram is new. Work it in satin-stitch, outline or French stemming and seed-stitch embroidery. Make the blouse of crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, radium, etc., and the skirt of checks, plaids, linen, etc.

A 32 bust or 15 to 16 year size requires 1¾ yard of 40-inch silk crêpe for blouse; the skirt for 16 years requires 2 yards of 36-inch striped sport silk. Lower edge is 53 inches.

The blouse is good for misses 32 to 34 bust. also for ladies. The skirt is nice for misses 16 to 20 years; it is as good for small women.

3844—Contrasting bands do a good turn on this one-piece dress, and ma give the very vivid color touch. Wide sleeves are set into a medium deep armhole and the low waistline has an arrangement of elastic in a casing. The dress slips on over the head and may have a blouse body lining. Silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, or cotton crêpe, are materials with which to combine two colors most effectively.

A 17-year size wil' require 2⅞ yards of 40-inch crêpe satin with a tuck seam at the back and ½ yard of 40-inch contrasting material. The lower edge of the dress is about 48 inches.

The dress is stunning for misses 32 to 34 bust. It is also suitable for ladies.

3881—A long sash wears a braid trimming gracefully on this dress in Russian effect. It is a smart, new type for the young girl. The dress is a slip-over type and joins its straight skirt to the waist at a low waistline. Make the dress with a long body lining if you prefer. Silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, satin, soft taffeta, foulard, Georgette, silk voile, tissues, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe voile, or cotton voile are suitable materials to use for this type of dress.

A 16-year size requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe. The lower edge of the dress is about 59 inches.

The dress is gracefully becoming to misses 16 to 20 years. It is also attractive for small women.

3877—Buttons are the monitors of this dress since by their means the two-piece lower part may be joined to the upper, or left detachable. The dress may be made with a blouse body lining. Use taffeta with checked taffeta, crêpe jersey in two colors or with body of silk crêpe, or linen with tweed and homespun for the skirt, white linen with colored linen, chambray with gingham, checked ratine with plain ratine, or make the dress all of silk crêpes, crêpe jersey, sports silks, crêpe meteor, etc. The lower edge is about 52 inches.

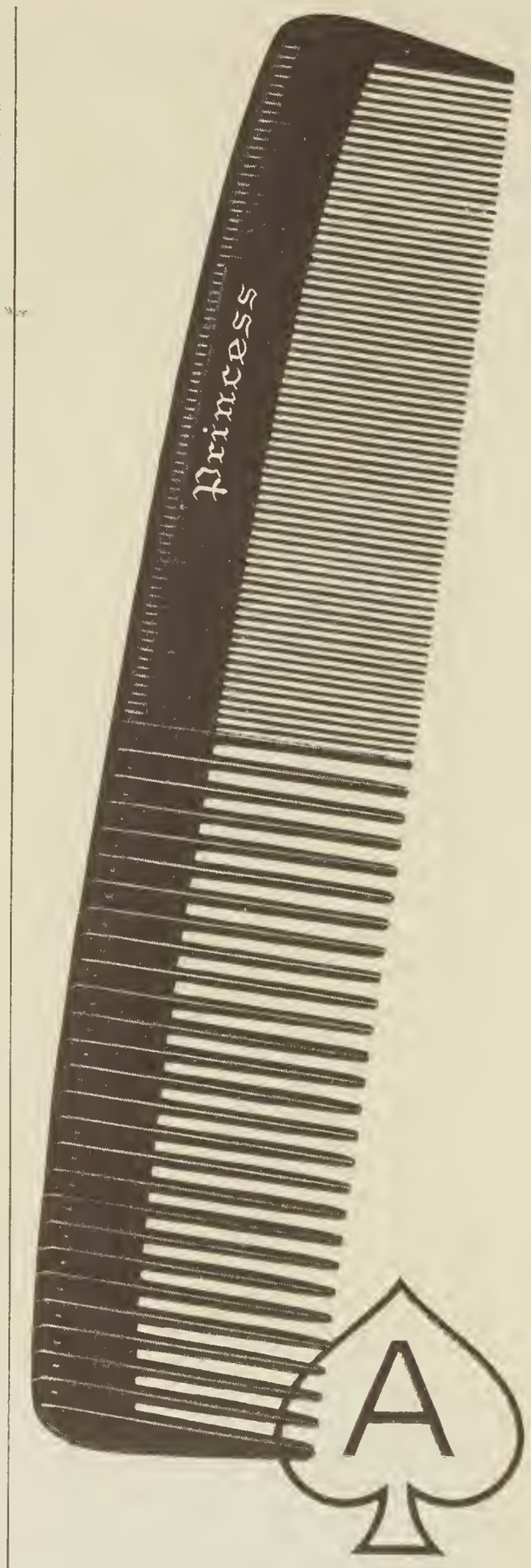
A 17-year size requires 1½ yard of 36-inch linen and 1¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

The dress is good for misses 16 to 20 years. It is also nice for small women.



3850 3837 2989 3632 3822

3861 3881 3864 3877 3844



Hair will not wedge between parallel teeth

BETWEEN the V-shaped teeth of ordinary combs the hair wedges, pulls and breaks.

Between the rounded parallel teeth of Ace Hard Rubber Combs the hair passes freely.

The special process of manufacture which makes such a desirable feature possible also permits a sufficient variety of styles and sizes of Ace Combs to meet every requirement of taste and price.

Ask your dealer to show you his wide assortment of

Princess,

HERCULES

I. R. Comb Co's **Unbreakable** Goodyear 1851

popular brands of

ACE HARD RUBBER COMBS

For Men and Women

THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

For the Up-to-Date Home-maker

Amid the flotsam and jetsam of ideas and suggestions that are daily unloaded on the "Save-a-Dollar" editor's desk in unbelievable quantities is an occasional item that rewards one for hours of search for something new or different. One red-letter day brought the following seven "Dollar-Savers" from one contributor:

"Old pieces of meat, chicken, beef, steak, etc., can be ground up and made into a very palatable dish. This is called 'hash.'

"If there are any one-eyed men or ladies in your neighborhood, get them to save their old glass eyes, as they make fine playthings for kiddies. My little boy has fourteen.

"To make a playhouse for the children: Get an old locomotive, scoop out its insides, paint it white, and hang in it college flags and cretonne. The children will love to play in it. The discarded wheels make excellent stove-lids.

"To save cobblers' bills: Old pieces of liver, pickled, make excellent rubber heels.

"To make an ermine coat without expense: Get twenty-two old, used cats, of any sex, and skin them. This should be done carefully so as not to injure the cats. Paint the skins white (any good calcimine will do) and put on dots with a fountain pen. Make into a coat. (Use the Deltor.) At night this coat can not be told from genuine ermine except by an expert.

"A very nice dish can be made by taking some old meat and vegetables and boiling them up with water. This is called 'soup.'

"If you have a golden-oak player-piano, you will find that with a little ingenuity it can be made into enough toothpicks to last your family a lifetime."

The signature of the contributing "reader" was that of Mrs. Blossom Pottle of Granville, Ohio, and the lady's originality ceased to be mystifying when the editor recalled that a character of that name appears in one of the humorous stories of Richard Connell. As Mr. Connell is the husband of Louise Fox Connell, of our Home-Makers' editorial department, the services of the office Sherlock Holmes were not required.

Preparing for the Perfect Story

When Shirley Seifert, author of "The Villa Claudia," in this issue, writes the perfect short story that it is her ambition to do, we hope to have the privilege of publishing it. "This literary stuff, as I have heard it called," writes Miss Seifert, "began way, way back when I read both covers off Hans Christian Andersen, Palmer Cox, the Grimm Brothers, and any other imaginative artist who crossed my path. I used to weep over the 'Ugly Duckling'; and the Chinese emperor, bereft of his nightingale, stirred my first appreciation of tragedy. Later, I reproduced these tales to a corps of younger sisters. So I grew up, passionately fond of books, particularly romances. Now, here I am, writing stories. That, it seems to me, is a natural outgrowth. The wonderful part is that magazines print my stories. And all my parents, aunts, uncles, cousins, friends and the people in the apartments above and below these sit around and say, with a gone look on their faces, 'I don't see how you do it.'

"Ten years of my life I spent in a town of four thousand people, the rest I have lived in St. Louis. Travels here and there have widened my vista. It is quite a help to know the small town as well as the large city. I went to school, and kept on going to school until, at the close of a post-graduate course at the second university, a male friend suggested that I was getting too educated to be comfortable. I should not want to be uncomfortable, for I have a vital, unflagging interest in people and their doings. I have a bumptious theory—but it always raises an argument, so I won't state it. It is present in all my stories.

'My favorite sports are tennis, hikes, camping, music, the theater, skating, reading, and interesting people. My chief fault is a betraying sense of humor which leads me to laugh on the most solemn occasions. My greatest joy is my host of generous, applauding friends. My greatest ambition is to write a perfect short story."

Making a Baby Famous

Admirers of the baby picture on the April Delineator cover—we are still hearing from them—will be interested in knowing that it was made from the portrait of a real American youngster. Here's proof from the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*:

"Margery Macintyre, baby daughter of Malcom Macintyre of this city, has sprung into national prominence overnight and her picture is now in more than a million homes.

"Margery may resent being referred to as a baby, for she has attained the mature age of seven years; but no one would ever guess it upon looking at the picture in question, for it was made when Margery was only two years old.

"Yesterday the April or Easter number of The Delineator arrived in Honolulu with Miss Margery Macintyre pouting on the cover, a little Dutch cap upon her head and under the picture the legend, 'Her Easter Bonnet.'

"Mr. Macintyre, upon going home last evening, took a copy with him and tossed it on the library table without remark, to await developments. They were not long in coming after Margery strolled into the room. 'Is that me?' she cried, espying the magazine, and general excitement ensued."

More About the Author of "This Freedom"

It will be remembered that Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson studied medicine before he succumbed to the lure of printers' ink and became first a journalist and later a novelist. A rereading of his first novel, "Once Aboard the Lugger," strengthens an impression that much of it is autobiographical. The hero, Bill Wyvern, is a young medical student with literary leanings. With the following passage from the book before us, we believe we are not presumptuous in supposing that it pretty accurately reflects the youthful aspirations of Mr. Hutchinson himself:

"It was Bill's burning ambition to obtain a post under a paper. Not until later did he learn that it is the men outside the papers that must have a turn for stringing sentences; that those inside are machines, cutting and serving a cheesemonger in the cheese he weighs and deals. Meanwhile, the glimpse we may take of him shows Bill Wyvern urging along his pen until clean paper became magic manuscripts; living upon a billow of hope when the envelopes were sped, submerged beneath oceans of gloom when they returned; trembling into Fleet Street deliciously to inhale the thick smell of printers' ink that came roaring up from a hundred basements, and with goggle eyes venerating the men who with assured steps passed in and out the swing-doors of castles he burned to storm."

A Loss to Literature

Our profound regret at the news of the untimely death of Miss Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, the brilliant young Canadian poet and novelist, will be shared by all of our readers who recall "Swordsmiths" in the March Delineator and "Faith" in the May issue. Miss Pickthall died suddenly in Vancouver on April eighteenth. Though not a Canadian by birth, she had moved to Canada from her English home when a small child and had lived there the greater part of her life. The picturesque local color of her adopted country was beautifully interpreted in all her work, more especially in her novel "The Bridge," which has been called the finest work of fiction turned out by a Canadian writer.

The story was considered one of the fiction "finds" of the year when it appeared in Everybody's in the Summer of 1921, and in book form is now in the third edition. Miss Pickthall's literary gifts were marked. Everything she wrote had a touch of distinction and her work was steadily growing in quality as she came nearer to realizing the full possession of her powers. Her unexpected death came at a time when her novel was beginning to secure for her a well-deserved recognition of superior talent. Only those who have prepared to watch with satisfaction the fulfillment of early promise can realize the shock of her loss.

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MIX *and* SERVE

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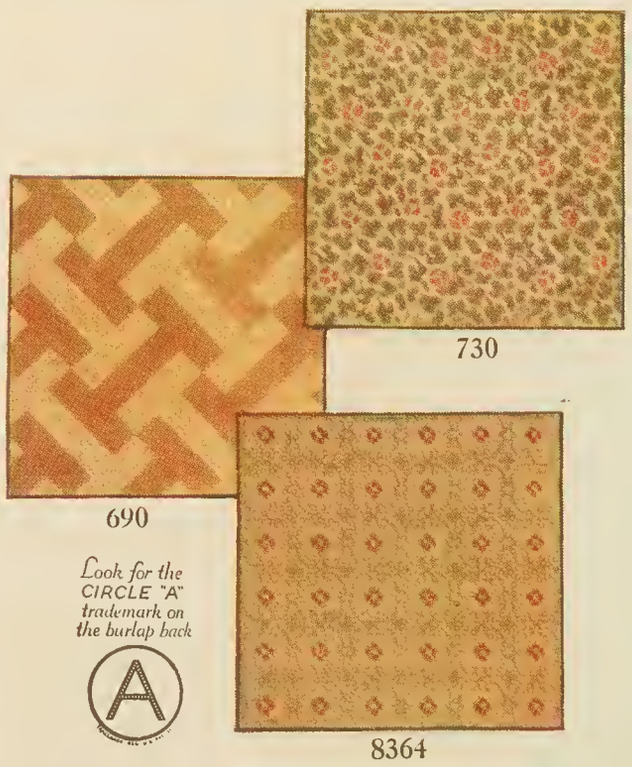
A GOOD soul in *Ogallala, Kansas* (yes, there is such a place), has been giving us a drubbing ✿ ✿ ✿ "What," she asks, "do you expect to gain by always picking on women? Have you no mother, wife, sister, sweetheart?" ✿ ✿ ✿ If the truth must be known we have so far managed to conceal from mother that we perpetrate this column ✿ ✿ ✿ Our sister gave us up as a bad job long ago ✿ ✿ ✿ Wife we have none, and *sweetheart* is a word we never use or see except in movie titles and in the stories printed in the front of The Delineator to give subscribers to this column good measure for their money ✿ ✿ ✿ It is true that we had a girl once, but parted from her more in sorrow than in anger when we discovered she was filling a *hope chest* ✿ ✿ ✿ It was a touching parting ✿ ✿ ✿ We were so moved that we went off and left a perfectly good corncob pipe on her front porch ✿ ✿ ✿ Ever since then we have been unable to abide the sight of a corncob pipe ✿ ✿ ✿ The lady survived the ordeal ✿ ✿ ✿ She now has three and one-half chins and twins of assorted sexes named *Minerva* and *Elmira* ✿ ✿ ✿ So much for romance ✿ ✿ ✿ The women in an *Arkansas* town nominated a full ticket at a recent election ✿ ✿ ✿ One of the rival men candidates discovered that none of the women had paid their poll tax, which under the State law made them ineligible for office ✿ ✿ ✿ Now the women accuse the men of using trickery to defeat them at the polls ✿ ✿ ✿ This political game has its possibilities after all ✿ ✿ ✿ *Mrs. Harriet Gunn Roberson*, head of a personality school in *Washington*, says that blondes eat more than brunettes ✿ ✿ ✿ Potential husbands with blonde leanings and an eye on the H. C. of L. may find consolation in the lady principal's assertion that blondes die earlier than the darker variety ✿ ✿ ✿ *Koran, L. I.*, has recovered from a severe influenza epidemic ✿ ✿ ✿ At a party which netted $25 for charity, forty of the fifty-one villagers present got the "flu" in pronounced form as the result of playing kissing games ✿ ✿ ✿ *Miss Celeste Miller*, of *Chicago, Illinois*, has traveled around the world six times without ever missing a train or being late for an appointment ✿ ✿ ✿ She carries two wrist-watches and an alarm-clock with a loud bell and a radium dial ✿ ✿ ✿ Women of the ultra smart set in *London* are going in for artificially produced olive-tinted skins ✿ ✿ ✿ The effect is managed by taking baths in a solution of henna dye ✿ ✿ ✿ The treatment is said to impart a delicate and lasting tint that harmonizes with the Oriental shades now in vogue in evening dresses ✿ ✿ ✿ Our fair pew-holders are urged not to try it without consulting experts ✿ ✿ ✿ Some one has at last found a use for red-haired girls with big ears ✿ ✿ ✿ *Radio engineers* have discovered that the combination is an ideal one for radio operators ✿ ✿ ✿ It seems that red hair is an indication of alertness and that generous ear areas are an aid in tuning the receiving instruments ✿ ✿ ✿ *Mrs. Ida Bentley*, noted on the *Pacific Coast* as a lecturer and writer, comes forward with a much-needed definition ✿ ✿ ✿ "The ordinary conception of a flapper," she says, "is a giddy girl of sixteen or thereabouts, but a flapper is any one without a program in life. She typifies inconsistency. She believes personality is purely physical. She classifies every one except herself. She converses in generalities" ✿ ✿ ✿ Our exclusive correspondent in *South Africa* reports that the price of native wives has dropped from the war-time high level of four bullocks per head to two bullocks ✿ ✿ ✿ The market is slow and no reason is advanced for the decline ✿ ✿ ✿ We suspect some enterprising native has discovered that a *Ford tractor* will haul a bigger load and not talk back to its master ✿ ✿ ✿ A woman in *Marion, Ohio*, stepped into a milliner's to inspect the new styles ✿ ✿ ✿ While she was trying on a new hat a green salesgirl sold her old one to another customer ✿ ✿ ✿ This incident makes forever impenetrable the mystery of how a woman can tell when she needs a new bonnet ✿ ✿ ✿ We are contemplating having copies of this column printed on *de luxe* paper for distribution in Sunday-schools, young ladies' seminaries, etc., etc. ✿ ✿ ✿ If the demand is great enough, we may be able to finance a vacation in some Eve-less Eden.

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